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# ALL AROUND THE WORLD

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

OF

## Voyages, Travels and Adventures

IN ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

EDITED BY

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**With Hundreds of Illustrations,**

AFTER DRAWINGS BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ, BÉRARD, LANCELOT, JULES NÖEL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS

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# CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

INHABITANTS OF HAVANA.

## I.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—EXTENT—HISTORY—DESCRIPTION OF HAVANA—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—GOVERNMENT—ARMY AND NAVY—REVENUE.

"How enchanting to the senses, at least," says the Earl of Carlisle, "were the three weeks I spent in Cuba! How my memory turns to its picturesque forms and balmy skies!" and the noble lord thus poetically apostrophises the beautiful scenery of the island:—

"Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers, and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her tall shade the matchless ceiba throws:

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
Save, as its rich varieties give way,
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day.

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak,
That flushed with liquid wealth, no cane fields wave;
For virtue pines, and manhood dares not speak,
And nature's glories brighten round the slave."

Cuba, styled the "Queen of the Antilles," and the "Gem of the American Seas," or, "La Siempre Fiel Isla de Cuba," as it is grandiloquently styled in all Spanish documents, was discovered by Columbus, October 28th, 1492, in his first voyage to the west, after discovering St. Salvador, one of the Lucayos or Bahama Isles. Its figure is long and narrow, approaching that of a crescent, with its convex side looking towards the north; its west portion lying between Florida and the Peninsula of Yucatan—the north-east promontory of South America. It is supposed to have been united to this part of the continent of South America by an isthmus; but now two entrances into the Gulf of Mexico are presented, formed by the action of the

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Caribbean Sea; the one to the south, between Cape Catoche and Cape St. Antonio; and the other to the north, between Bahia, Honda, and Florida.

Cuba, says Mr. Phillips in his excellent work, "The United States and Cuba," is about ninety-five miles from the nearest point of Jamaica; from Hayti fifty miles; and about one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Tobasco and Yucatan in Mexico; and one hundred and fifty miles from Florida. Like Jamaica, and most of the other islands of the Archipelago generally, it is intersected by a chain of mountains passing east and west; which chain (called Montanus del Cobre, or Snake Mountains), partaking of the curvature of the island, and sloping on each side towards the coast, raises itself up in its highest elevation about seven thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea.

It is situated in 23° 9′ north latitude, and 83° 2′ west longitude, and is 780 miles in breadth by about 52 miles in medial breadth; containing a superficial area of 43,500 square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other islands united. The largest and most important island attached to Cuba is the Isle of Pines, called by Columbus, who discovered it in 1494, Evangelista, situated on the south side of the island, about half the size of Long Island in the United States. Cuba was originally, and is at the present time, though now almost the only one, the most flourishing of the Spanish settlements in the New World, and is the largest of those that constitute the Columbian Archipelago.

The earliest period at which anything was heard respecting this island that particularly attracted the attent[illegible]rope was in 1518, when Cortes sailed from i[illegible] hundred and twenty men for his expedition. [illegible]co, under the direction of Velasquez. The latter was one of the companions of Columbus, and the first Deputy-Governor of Cuba, under Don Diego Columbus; and it was by the authority of the latter that Velasquez effected its conquest from the natives, who for a time bravely defended the lovely isle under their celebrated casique or chief, Hatuay. The circumstances attending this invasion were of great atrocity, especially in relation to this celebrated Indian. Being taken prisoner, he was ordered by Velasquez to be burnt alive. When tied to the stake, and before the fatal brand was thrown upon the pile that was to consume his body to ashes, Hatuay listened to the exhortations of a priest, who besought him to embrace Christianity.

"Are there any Spaniards in Paradise?" inquired the doomed chief.

"Without doubt there are," replied the priest.

"Ah, then, Hatuay has no wish to go there. Fire the stake and let me burn, for I have no desire to be seen where there are Spaniards."[1]

The subjugation of the island was effected by a force of about three hundred men, sent for this object from Hispaniola, now Haiti, in or about the year 1511. It had been, however, circumnavigated by Ocampo in 1508, three years previously, till which time it was supposed by Columbus to have been a continent.

The population of Cuba is estimated at the present time at nearly 1,000,000 of all classes and colours, of whom upwards of one-third are whites. According to statistics given by M. Bellou, the number of the population of the whole island is as follows:—Of whites, 603,000; of free coloured people, about 205,000; and of slaves, 442,000. But the number of slaves here given is probably underrated, as Lord Aberdeen, writing to Mr. Bulwer in December, 1843, estimated them at that time, on the authority of the most intelligent inhabitants of the island, as between 800,000 and 900,000.[2]

According to Senor Torre, the population is 1,500,000. Of this, about 1,009,060 are comprised in the settled population of the island. The proportions in 1853, which are derived from the latest official census that has been published, is as follows:—Whites, 501,988; free coloured, 176,647; slaves, 330,425: total, 1,009,060. This is the fixed population; add to this the transient, and the aggregate would be increased to 1,500,000.

Divided according to nationalities, the whole population is thus enumerated:—Natives of Spain, 90,620; of the Canary Islands, 25,000; of France, 3,000; of England, 1,000; and of America and other countries, 3,000; leaving more than 400,000 natives of the island. Among the latter are the copper-coloured American race of Cuba still existing in very small numbers, who are considered the true descendants of the aborigines found on the island when first visited by Columbus.

The total number thus given, estimating the area of the island in square leagues at 3,975, gives 254 to the square league, or 29 to the square mile, and shows that the population is more dense than that of the southern portion of the United States, or of any one of the Spanish-American States, including the whole of Brazil.[3]

On the authority of Mr. Pliny Miles, of Boston, in his pamphlet on Ocean Steam Navigation, I quote additional statistics. They are as late as 1857:—

"The total number of estates on the island is not far from 14,000, which may be divided as follows:—coffee plantations, 1,862; sugar plantations, 1,442; tobacco plantations, 912; grazing and fruits, 9,930. The annual products are valued at 60,000,000 dollars. Some of the principal are estimated as follows:—sugar, 18,669,942 dollars; fruits, 14,839,050 dollars; coffee, 6,000,000 dollars; molasses, 1,402, 728 dollars; cigars, 4,267,496 dollars; leaf tobacco, 500,000 dollars. The annual imports of the island amount to 30,000,000 dollars; the exports about 28,000,000 dollars. Cuba sends exports to England annually to the amount of about 1,500,000 dollars; and to the United States, about 7,000,000 dollars. There are also already constructed railroads measuring 397 miles."

Ethnologically considered, the races of inhabitants found at present on the island, are the Caucasian, African, American, and Mongolian. The latter are chiefly Chinese, introduced into the island since 1847, amounting to about 6,000, and included in the "transient" returns. Africans were introduced into Cuba in 1524, but from causes that will hereafter appear, rather than from climate, the multiplication of the race has never

[1] A similar tragedy to the above was acted by Pizarro, in his conquest of Mexico, towards the celebrated Inca Atahalipa.

[2] History of Cuba; or, Notes by a Traveller in the Tropics. By M. Bellou, Boston, 1854, p. 202.

[3] Compendi Geographic fisica, politica, estadistica y comparada de la Isla de Cuba. Don Jose Maria de la Torre Real of the Economics of Havana.

corresponded with what might have been reasonably expected. According to the clearest and most incontrovertible evidence their numbers have been greatly diminished by merciless oppression. It is well known that many thousands of Africans have been brought into Cuba since 1850, and that now its slave population is only little more than half a million.

Havana is now the capital city of Cuba. Formerly Baracoa and St. Jago de Cuba, situated on the south side of the island, claimed that distinction. Havana is built on the north-western coast, that situation being chosen because the channel between Cuba and the main land of North America was found the most convenient passage for merchant vessels bound to Europe from Mexico. The last-named cities are the more ancient, for they were founded by the first Deputy-Governor. Havana, however, is not only the principal city, but has long been the greatest commercial emporium of the western islands. It stands, as already said, on the north-west side of the island, distant from Kingston 740 miles, the course being south of Jamaica and of Cuba, round Capes Antonio and Corientes.

The shape of the town, like the harbour, is semicircular, the diameter being formed by the shore. Like many other towns within the tropics, it appears at a distance as if embosomed in a wood of palm and other trees of great novelty and beauty of form, to the European eye towering with proud pre-eminence over all the other visible objects the city contains. Its population is estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand.

It has been truly said that both the Old and the New World meet in Cuba. Havana seems like a piece of Spain that has drifted into the Atlantic. Approaching this city from Europe or America, the eye is rivetted by the variety and brilliancy of the panorama. On one side are fortifications, resembling those of Malta, hewn out of the dark gray rock, and along their parapets may be seen lines of soldiers in white uniforms, with the ancient Spanish banner, red and gold, waving in the passing currents of the air. Below these, along the shore to the right of the entrance to the harbour, towards the ramparts, spreads the town; not sombre, like London, nor white, like Paris, but party-coloured, like Damascus. The houses are blue, pink, scarlet, yellow, with masses of green palms gleaming above them, and shading the streets and squares with their broad feathery fronds; the whole city basking in the sun and resembling an immense number of showy articles of porcelain and glass on a stall of fancy wares. In the harbour float old-fashioned gondolas, not black, like those of Venice, but brilliant and beautiful. Altogether, Havana has a peculiar character, and a romantic life, unlike that of any other city either in Europe or America.

The riches and magnificence of Havana have frequently excited the cupidity of invaders, and it has been, therefore, repeatedly subject to attacks by hostile armaments. It was taken by a French pirate in 1563; afterwards by English and French buccaneers, and subsequently by the British, under the Duke of Albemarle and Admiral Pococke, in the reign of George III., after a siege of twenty-nine days; its capture involving a great sacrifice of lives, as well as producing a vast amount of treasure to the captors. It was, however, restored to Spain by England in the peace of 1763.

But the value and importance of the city, as also of the whole island, was rated so high, as already hinted, not only on account of the treasures it was found to contain, but still more from great political and commercial considerations; as it was the key of the Spanish possessions in South America, and the harbour in which all the galleons and merchant vessels were accustomed to assemble before they departed on their voyage to Europe.

Since the loss to Spain of her South American colonies, this island has become of especial importance to England and America, whose mutual interest it is to secure its permanent possession to Spain; or, on any disruption of the tie which binds it to Europe, to recognise it as an independent state, as it commands the Gulf of Mexico by the straits of Yucatan and Florida; the navigation of the windward passage and channel of Bahamas; with all the maritime frontier south of Georgia, in the north of the new hemisphere; and, therefore, by whichsoever of these two great maritime powers it were possessed, the balance of power would be destroyed, viz.:—that equilibrium of political influence which the civilised world instinctively feels to be essential to the maintenance of order, and the due development of all resources, mental, moral, and physical, that are within its reach; and the loss of which equilibrium, it may be feared, would involve the sacrifice of the peace and amity which have so long subsisted between these nations. No one, especially who is an inhabitant of the colonies of Great Britain in this hemisphere, but must deprecate the attempts that are obviously made by our neighbours of the United States to annex this valuable and important island to their Republic, as the evil of such an accession, by perpetuating the slavery of its vassals, and by other important results, would be deeply felt throughout the whole archipelago, entailing mischiefs that can scarcely be conceived. It has been too justly observed—The Russians call the Crimea their Italy. America sees an Italy in Cuba. She has an old quarrel with the Government of Spain, and many of her people desire to satisfy their wrongs by the annexation of this "isle of beauty."

That this is the wish of many Americans is evident from their published sentiments. "The masses among us," says a late American author, "may not busy themselves with acquiring Cuba; but the States where slavery exists, aware of the political importance it has for them, do not slumber; and their prudence, and their wise measures, and their enthusiasm in the cause, are sure guarantees that the annexation will take place at an early date."

The desire for the possession of Cuba has existed ever since the days of Jefferson, who, in his letters to President Munro, in 1823, says:—"I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico and the countries and isthmus bordering it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being." At the same time, as it is natural to suppose, there is a desire on the part of Cubans themselves for annexation. This is easily understood when the immense value it would impart at once to estates and landed property in general is considered. Thus, if there are 300,000 slaves in Cuba, worth 50,000,000 dollars, and their value should equalise with those of the United States, the result would be 150,000,000 dollars in favour of the owners for that item. It is also well known that most of the influential men around the Spanish Government are

interested in this property, and that they have a secret desire for its improvement in value.[1]

It is but justice, however, to say that there is a powerful party in the United States opposed to annexing it, even by purchase. A very popular writer in Massachusetts has lately published a work, in which he argues that to conquer the island would be a great crime, and to buy it an absurdity. He quotes in his favour a noble maxim of Roman law, "That a patriot will value the good name of his country far more than the treasures of the world."

Is it not time, it may be asked, that philanthropists everywhere should awaken to the fearful condition of Cuba, and use every means to free her from her present state and impending destiny? And is it not the duty of Jamaica, and the other West India islands generally, to interest themselves in this momentous question?

If Cuba became independent, a prosperous commerce might be maintained between her and the mother country, resulting from ancient associations, common language, and tastes, which would be far more productive than the best contrived system of colonial taxation.

Such, notoriously, has been the result to Great Britain of the establishment of the independence of the United States.

In Cuba, as in the parent state, literature has been discouraged, and but for the vestiges that remain among some of the older families, and the infusion of liberal principles among her youth by England and America, she would have sunk ere this into utter barbarism. Infidelity has been imported principally from France, and the people, submerged in ignorance, are carried away by a torrent of licentiousness and unbelief.

Nor does acquaintance with the community in general tend to elevate the notions of a reputable stranger as to their social state. Not to notice the unbounded and unblushing licentiousness that prevails, there appears but little social intercourse between the males and females of the same family. Their habits at meals partake little of social elegance, and indicate, even among the higher classes, an inferior state of civilisation. Their domestic comforts are evidently few. That state of domestic union towards which nature leads the human species by softening the heart to gentleness and humanity, is in a great degree unknown, and the married state is so unequal as to establish a cruel distinction between the sexes; stimulating the one to be harsh and unfeeling, and humbling the other to servility and uncomplaining submission.

Upon the surface lie many things unfavourable in their influence to domestic peace and social purity. Married women appear degraded. They are not here presiding spirits in the sanctuary of domestic life. The early instruction of their children—the regulation of the domestics—the entire policy of the household, are not commited to them. While they are by no means exempt from domestic cares, oftentimes those of business are superadded. The sweet lovely bloom of matronly modesty is wanting also in Cuba; the grace and affectionate influence of matronly character is not seen. The social ties are weakened, and domestic influence of the pure elevating kind is not felt.

The men luxuriate in the café, or spend their evenings in worse places of resort. It may be generally said that they pass their mornings in business, their afternoons in melting lassitude at some creole coffee-house, and their evenings in lounging on the promenade, at the opera, or in the delicious suburbs; for Cuba is a festal island, and its inhabitants are as much addicted to gaiety as to repose. Home is only a place of rest, not of enjoyment; a place of retirement, not of loving and softening influence. The marriage bond is loosely held. Not only is domestic infidelity fearfully prevalent—even female virtue is but little esteemed. In the highest circles vice of this character reigns almost unchecked, and its influence extends itself down to the lowest ranks of society. Every class is more or less tainted with the evil; both priests and people are alike. "The whole head is sick." Thus the moral condition of the masses is deplorable, and their bigotry, superstition, and vice are of no common kind.

No wonder that among the female portion of the community, even among the best of them, there should be seen an inefficient discharge of household duties.

Although, however, Spanish matrons are not generally remarkable for the social affections, nor celebrated for their domestic economy and industry, yet these virtues and qualities are not wholly unappreciated by the other sex. Hence the familiar Spanish proverb:—

> "The wife that expects to have a good name,
> Is always at home as if she were lame;
> And the maid that is honest—her cheerful delight
> Is still to be doing from morning till night."

The state of things thus detailed, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is, to a considerable degree, the effect of slavery, the greatest moral pestilence that ever withered the happiness of mankind. Like the poisonous upas, its dark shadows wither everything within its baleful influence. It is as great a curse to the enslaver as to the enslaved; it renders the one as cruel and licentious as the other is degraded and miserable; it is a crime which, if not annihilated by other means, will one day find its destruction in its excesses. Anywhere and everywhere slave-masters contract bad habits of almost every kind; they become haughty, passionate, obdurate, vindictive, voluptuous, cruel, and in general neglect all moral virtues.[2] Providence never permits the laws of nature to be outraged with impunity. That violence should be done to the affections of the heart, or that man should be made to serve as the instrument of vile ambition and avarice to his brother without a just retribution, is contrary to reason, and against the principles of God's moral government of the world. This slavery—the foulest blot on the escutcheon of Spain, and which has long given her such unenviable notoriety among the nations—exists here in all its horrors.

The government in Cuba is engrafted on that of old Spain. Being thus an integral part of the monarchy, it is governed like the provinces of the parent state, and divided into three *intendencias*—Western, Central, and Eastern; or, as more commonly designated, the Oriental, the Central, and the Occidental, under one governor.

These grand divisions are subdivided into several governments, sub-governments, and colonies. The Central and Occidental departments form the civil

[1] 1,000 negroes, in Cuba, are estimated by some authorities at £100,000.

[2] See Letters of Thomas Jefferson.

province of Havana; and the Oriental, the civil province of Cuba. For ecclesiastical purposes the island is divided into two dioceses: that of Havana, which includes all the Occidental department and the Central, with the exception of the sub-governments of Puerto Principe and Nuevitas; and that of Cuba, which includes the Oriental department, and that portion of the Central not in union with the diocese of Havana.

For the judicial purposes, the Occidental department forms the Audiencia Real of Havana; and the two other departments, that of Puerto Principe.

The "Occidental department" contains the governments of Havana and Matanzas, the sub-government of Alacranes, Bahia Honda, Bejucal, Cardenas, Guanhacoa, San Julien de Guines, Jaraco, Mariel, Nueva Felipina, Santa Maria del Rosaria, San Antonio, San Christobal, and Santiago, and the colony of La Raina Amalia, or Isla de Pinos.

The "Central department" contains the governments of Trinadad and Fernandina de Jagua, the sub-governments of Cienfuegos, Puerto Principe, Nuevitas, San Juan de los Remedios, Sagua la Grande, Santa Clara, Espurito Santo, and the colony of San Domingo.

The "Oriental department" contains the government of Santiago de Cuba, and the sub-governments of Baracoa, Bayamo, Holguin, Jiguani las Tunas, Manzanillo, and Saltadero.

The island is presided over usually by one of the nobility of old Spain, in whom are associated the double offices of Cure-Governor and Captain-General. This officer resides in Havana.

There is, however, in Puerto Principe, an Audiencia or Supreme Court, having jurisdiction over the Island of Puerto Rico, as well as that of Cuba, and which is said to be in some respects independent of the local government.

The government of Cuba, though, as already said, similar to that of the parent state, is much more oppressive. It is a kind of military despotism, or rather an oligarchy, in which the love of dominion is carried to

THE VOLANTE (HIRED CARRIAGE) OF HAVANA.

a species of fanaticism, and degraded into meanness. As nothing is too large for its ambition, so nothing is too small for its cupidity. Its appetite is insatiable, and its digestion omnivorous. There are no limits to its rapacity. Both the legislative, judicial and executive power, is almost entirely in the hands of the governor. Indeed, the power with which he is invested is almost equal in extent to that granted to governors of besieged towns. Even the higher classes may be said to have no civil rights—neither those of personal liberty, personal security, nor personal property—immunities declared by Blackstone as the inalienable birthright of every man.

The taxation is said to exceed in variety and extent that of any taxation imposed by any government in any country of its size upon earth: viz., upwards of twenty millions of dollars collected by the order and for the uses of the Spanish government alone, independently of those appropriated to the wants of the country itself for social purposes.

The revenue of the island in 1851 was reported to be 13,821,456 dollars, which is thought to be below the real aggregate. Other estimates affirm that the taxation for that year amounted to both the revenue and the expenses, viz., 25,291,206 dollars. The 13,821,456 dollars went to Spain, and the 11,969,150 was appropriated to the governor and the army of officials.[1]

The creole population are excluded from almost all influential and lucrative offices and positions. The judges and most of the officials are from Spain, and being without salaries, like so many vultures, they prey upon the unprotected within their jurisdiction. There are no means dishonest, tyrannical, or cruel which the Spanish authorities have left untried in their apparent endeavours to ruin the colony. Bribery and corruption seem to be recognised as necessary methods of their government. Some of the officials plead the excuse of necessity, and that insufficient remuneration for their services obliges them to have recourse to every possible means for adding to their incomes. Others, whose position and the amount of whose salaries ought to place them far above such dishonourable practices, satisfy

[1] Compendi, &c. Don Jose Maria de la Torre, &c.

their consciences by alleging the custom of the island. Every man has his price, from the captain-general downwards to the lowest grade of officials. The Governor even is handsomely paid for breaking his country's plighted faith in permitting the landing of Africans; as are also all his accomplices down to the lowest unpaid official. The government is composed of dealers in ambition. The advocates of moderation to-day may become, from interested motives, the advocates of tyranny to-morrow: while, to culminate misfortune, or rather misrule, the public necessities are increasing, their impoverished treasury rapidly presents greater needs, and disregarding the best-known and most-appropriate financial measures, the rulers of the colony have resorted to plans for annihilating the little commerce that remains, and to oppress the inhabitants with most grievous and ill-calculated taxes. The whole colonial policy of Spain is nothing better than injustice, and all injustice will sooner or later end in revolution. Sad, indeed, that this fair isle should be at one and the same time the richest gem in the crown of Spain and the foulest blot on her escutcheon!

Cuba thus without toleration, without civil liberty, without liberty of conscience, how degraded! What wonder at the decay of its government, or at the depravation of the national character?

As in all the former colonies of Old Spain, the laws are not so objectionable as the manner in which they are executed or evaded. The press of the country is under such servile censorship, that the very incidents of everyday life are often excluded at the will and caprice of one individual, who is appointed to scrutinise the most trifling article before it can be presented to the public. Hence the conventional, emphatic, hyperbolic style of words found in the Cuban journals, and which none but Cubans can understand. There are published in Havana four daily newspapers and one monthly periodical. The latter is entitled the "Anales." There are also two semi-monthlies: "La Revista de la Havana," and "El Almandares." At Matanzas there is issued daily the "Aurora." At St. Jago de Cuba there are three publications; and one or more in each of the principal towns: while there are also printed and circulated in the island some literary and scientific publications, edited principally by young men of the country who have voluntarily devoted themselves to the cultivation of letters.

"The despotism and exclusiveness of the mother country," says the Earl of Carlisle—alluding to the time of his personal visit—"were complete; everyone gave the same picture of the corruption and demoralisation which pervaded every department of the administration of justice," &c.

"The politics of the country," he continues, "are rather delicate ground to tread on just now, and are likely to be continually shifting. It appeared to me that all the component parts held each other in check, like the people who were all prevented from killing each other in the farce of 'The Critic.'"[1]

Thus Cuba, after all, is neither prosperous nor happy. Heavy interest on mortgage debts is breaking down the proprietary. Her internal condition is anything but what it ought to be. The despotism of the Government—the prevailing venality and thirst of gain—the bitter dissatisfaction of the creoles—the state of the slaves—the continuance of the slave-trade, which annually peoples the island with thousands of wild Africans—the longing glances which the American Paris casts upon his Atlantic Helen—all forebode a stormy future, and, it may be, a terrible and bloody crisis.

No wonder the Cuban proprietor is not happy—no wonder should the black be even more happy than the white—the crushed slave more happy than the master. For the latter no palm trees wave their massy fronds with music in the bland air; the delicious winds do not caress him; the mild blue heavens shine not upon him. Between him and all the glory of nature stands the bohea and the sugar-mill, with the negro slaves who dread him, and of whom he equally stands in dread. The mild heavens of Cuba give the slave-owner no peace. He sees the sword of Damocles hanging over his head, and the future is all dark and portentous before him. His end, therefore, and his only aim, is more than ever to augment his revenues with as little delay as possible; and, by whatever means, that he may leave Cuba for ever.

Her own patriots have said of her, "Were you to draw aside the brilliant mask which hides the state of the country, a lacerated and deformed skeleton would present itself."

Nor is she safe from foes within her citadels. Where the genius of man is forced from its natural channel, it will rise, like the waters of the fountain, to the level of its source in another. Liberty brought to the frontiers of States soon finds its way into the heart of the country, and then farewell to all the false sentiment which would invest an ivy and moss-covered ruin with the light and majesty of a noble modern temple, and denies to modern people modern habits and necessities, and imposes its chain on the welfare of every class of the community.

If the history of man—if past experience and present appearances do not deceive us, it may be confidently predicted that neither Cuba, Puerto Rico, nor Brazil, nor even the Southern States of America, can continue many years in the state in which they now exist.

Statistics of the Naval and Military force as existing in 1853, given on official authority, inform us that Cuba has an army of infantry seventeen thousand five hundred men; cavalry, one thousand eight hundred and eight men; artillery, fifteen hundred men; sappers and miners, one hundred and thirty;—total, twenty thousand. This estimate does not include the civic guard, which is also a part of the regular troops. In addition to the above forces, there are on the island regiments of militia, infantry and cavalry.

The naval force at the same period consisted of one frigate of forty-four guns; seven brigantines, carrying one hundred and four guns; eleven steam-vessels, with fifty-four guns; four schooners, with eleven guns; two gun-boats, with six guns; and two transports; in all, twenty-five vessels, and two hundred and nineteen guns, manned by three thousand men. Two steam-ships of war were still more recently added.

These united forces, it is understood, have been considerably augmented since 1853, or within the last three years, now amount, as it is said, to upwards of thirty thousand men, well paid and officered; together with the addition of an armed squadron.

[1] Lecture by the Earl of Carlisle.

## II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—ODIOUS SYSTEM OF POLICE SURVEILLANCE—STREETS OF HAVANA—HOUSES—FURNITURE—DRESS OF INHABITANTS OF BOTH SEXES—PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SPANISH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—PUBLIC VEHICLES AND DRIVERS—AGRICULTURE, TRADE AND COMMERCE.

THE characteristics of the original white inhabitants of Cuba (referring principally to those from old Spain) seem to have been pride and ambition. Their descendants exhibit to a still greater degree than their progenitors the Castilian sensitiveness and high punctilio, but also preserve much of that high sense of honour and integrity for which the Spanish character, among its best representatives, has ever been distinguished, and from which a singular taciturnity and hauteur would seem to have been always inseparable. The real Castilian and Andalusian hidalgoes are a class of men of whom it may be said, that if they have great pride, they have but little meanness. Their Cuban descendants differ widely, however, in energy and in some other respects from their ancestors, who, whatever may have been their morals, were men of consummate enterprise and bravery.

As in every country cursed with slavery, the principal inhabitants of Cuba are enervated by indolence and love of ease. An effeminate luxury distinguishes the residents of Havana, in their houses, dress, pleasures, and occupations. Symptoms of satiety, languor, and dull enjoyment are everywhere exhibited—the expiration of the spirit, if not of the breath of existence—a kind of settled melancholy, the invariable effect of inactivity, especially of indolence coupled with vice. Like many others of our race in other countries, they seem to have drunk so deep in pleasure or voluptuousness, as to stir a sediment that renders the draught unpalatable.

All are addicted to games of chance, such as cards and lotteries, together with billiards and chess. With the love of bull-fights and cock-fights—those barbarous relics of a Vandal and savage age—they seem to be infatuated.

Although the Spaniards are a grave, yet they are a pleasure-seeking people. They may be said to be eminently a dancing nation. This favourite national amusement in Cuba, as in old Spain, is often enjoyed in the open air to the guitar and tambourine, each dancer keeping time with the castanets fastened to his hands or heels. In some shady, sequestered thicket, or near some shaded fountain or rivulet, where nature holds her holiday, such groups are often to be found. The guitar or tambourine on such occasions is seldom silent; and on moonlight evenings these reveiries are often protracted to a late hour, and to the fancy of the traveller might call up the gay group of Comus, or that described by the Roman bard:—

> "Jam Cytheria choros ducat Venus eminente Luna
> Junctæque, Nymphæ, Gratiæque decentes
> Alterno terram quatiunt pede."

Balls are a very common and favourite amusement here, as in all the West India islands; but, unlike the custom in English colonies, no invitation is required to attend them—a genteel dress is a sufficient introduction.

Music, also, is a favourite recreation; and musical instruments of various kinds, and of extraordinary shapes and tones, are indispensable appurtenances to the boudoir of a Cuban belle. Guiltless of manual labour, in such trifling employments the life of these imprisoned beauties, these ladies of fashion, glides away with little variation; while that of the lower class is one perpetual scene of labour and exposure. But even the down-trodden slave has his seasons of amusement, few and far between as are the intervals of their recurrence; for even the broken spirit will sometimes regain its elasticity. Yes, the slave also has his concerts; but it must be confessed that no one with a musical ear, or unless he has resided many years in the country, and has discarded all European tastes and predilections, can be captivated with, or even patiently endure, their attempts at harmony.

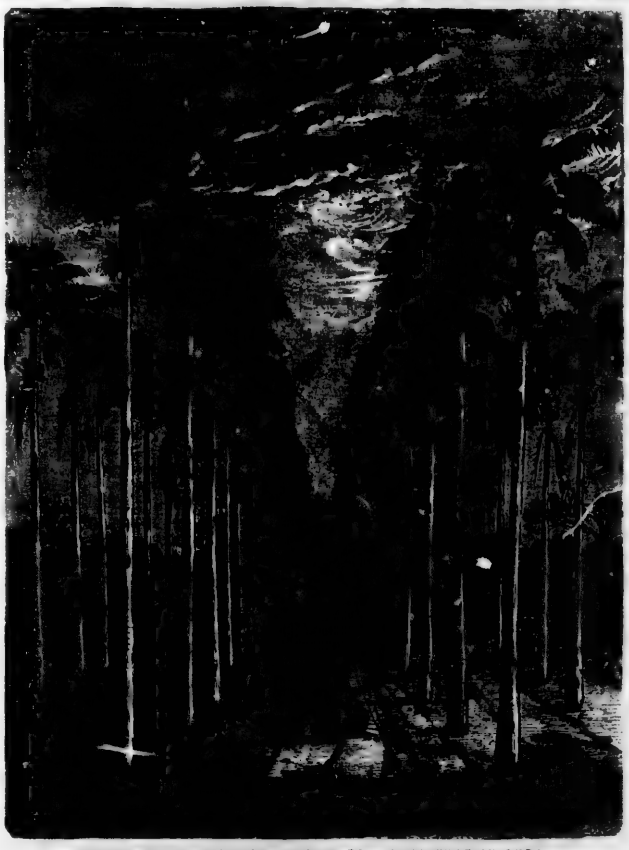
The more simple of the social amusements among the higher classes are the soft, light, airy dance of the bayadere to the cheerful sound of the castanets, the fandango, the sequidilla, or the more graceful bolero of their fatherland. The guitar is the favourite instrument of music with the ladies; and the pauses and cadences with which the fair Cubanas so feelingly, yet so simply mark the more expressive parts of their plaintive airs, are indescribably soft and soothing; especially when sitting in their verandahs in the calm stillness of a moonlight evening,—almost the only season of diversion and entertainment in the torrid zone,—and when the music, accompanied by the dulcet voice of the performer, is conveyed to a distance on the bland air. In family concerts, which are common with the accompaniments of the tambourine and triangle, the rich notes swell upwards in their strength and sink in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony; now bursting forth in the full force of gladness, now blending together in dreamy, mellow music, and suddenly ceasing, or the soft but thrilling shake of one female voice rising upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirring the very heart.

To a Cuban, or even to an European Spaniard, it scarcely need be said the smoking of cigars is common. Smoking would seem to a stranger to be a requisite of life to a Cuban; being indulged in, with few exceptions, from the highest to the lowest, at all hours, and in almost every place, at home and abroad. It has been said of the population of Cuba, that one-third is occupied in the preparation of cigars, and that the other two-thirds smoke them. It is a revolting practice when carried to excess, and much cannot be said in its favour under any circumstances; but when indulged in by *ladies*, it is intolerable. It is, however, very common among the senoritas of Havana, both old and young. Those of the more respectable classes smoke tobacco in small cigars or cigarritos of paper, or inclosed in the leaves of maize called pachillos, and contained in a case of gold or silver, which latter receptacle is usually suspended by a chain or riband from the neck of the fair proprietor, and deposited in the bosom, from which they supply themselves or friends successively by a pair of tweezers of the same metal. This practice is so habitual to some of the fair sex, that it constitutes the employment of almost every leisure moment. Groups of them may be sometimes seen indulging this plebeian taste, sitting at the unglazed, prison-like windows of their domiciles at all hours of the day.

The propensity to gambling pervades all classes—the beggar as the prince, the duenna as the don. Hence it is not only exhibited in places of public resort and fashionable entertainments, but jugglers are to be seen

in all parts of the city, seated upon a mat, on which are exhibited cards, dice, cups, balls, &c., and urging sailors, loose Spaniards, and all passers by, with considerable volubility of tongue and earnestness of gesture, to try their fortunes; to which, whoever is beguiled, is so, almost inevitably, to his serious disadvantage. These are chiefly Sabbath recreations, along with the bull-fights, which take place once a month, or more or less frequently, on that sacred day. And so deeply are the feelings of the populace wound up and centred in this last-named Sabbath recreation, that to interdict or even to control it would probably produce a revolution in the island.

The respect and devotion with which the fair sex are treated is especially remarkable, and is a Spanish characteristic which both history, romance, and poetry have combined to celebrate. A woman is regarded as a sacred object by a Cuban as by a Spaniard, and a



AVENUE OF PALM TREES LEADING TO A RESIDENCE IN CUBA.

true hidalgo would shrink from committing the slightest outrage on her person.

"White hands can never offend," is the universal consolation, even when feminine indiscretion becomes ungentle. The Spanish drama is crowded with incidents and beautiful sentiments founded on the extraordinary influence of women. The power of beauty and the influence of kings are the two great subjects of the Spanish stage.

Spanish courtesy or gallantry to a lady, indeed, is often, as would be thought at least in England, carried to an extreme. Hence, at an inn, or at a place of public entertainment, if in the presence of gentlemen, ladies are seldom allowed to pay their share of the charge, although the party may be strangers to each other. It is even so sometimes in the fashionable bazaars: one or more of the gentlemen present delicately signifies to the waiter, by a private sign, in order

that he may receive no thanks, his intention to satisfy the demand, so that the waiter, on a request by his fair purchaser for his account, politely replies that the repast, or entertainment, or purchased article, of whatever kind, "costs nothing."

It has been questioned by some writers, but with no sufficient reason, whether the physical influences of a tropical climate are not such as almost to preclude the probability of high literary efforts ever being made among a people subject to its enervating power. No doubt, however, but that some literary and scientific men, wherever educated, are to be found, in both the higher and middling classes of society. To expect to find literary attainment among the mass would be as unreasonable as for one to expect to "reap where he had not sown, and to gather where he had not strawed."

Out of a population of perhaps 500,000 free inhabitants, both white and coloured, about 1,000 only receive the blessing of lettered education of any kind; and more recently it has been proved, that there are only 10,000 children out of 100,000 under tuition—the remaining 90,000 being abandoned to ignorance and vice. With this indifference to education in general, it is scarcely to be expected that the city is adorned by any of those literary and benevolent institutions which add such a lustre to the cities and towns of England and America, and which diffuse around them an atmosphere of moral energy and hope; but few, if any, orphan asylums, or associations for the aged, infirm, and destitute, are to be found in Havana.

It can scarcely be said that a liberal education is anything like universally diffused even among the higher classes, while there is but little taste for reading among those who have acquired the accomplishment. How the Cuban fair, especially, contrive to pass away their time without the aid of books, or the business engagements which occupy their sex in protestant countries, is a mystery that few strangers can unravel. As before intimated, the church, the cigarretto, the guitar, and the siesta, are almost the only daily pastimes—the excitements of love and convivial entertainments are left to the twilight and the midnight hour.

If it is a truth that the order, the moral habits, the piety, and the happiness of families are more emphatically under the control of females than of the other sex,—if, apart from the indirect control they exercise over their own immediate families, they are intrusted with a moral power that hardly knows a limit,—if the practical virtue of the world, the tone of piety in the church, and the salvation of souls, are more affected, as is affirmed, by the current maxims and amusements of the day recognised by women than by the power or administration of civil government,—if, in morals, in religion, and in everything with which morals and religion are connected, females may do as much good or hurt as men ordinarily effect in the politics and government of the world—then how pitiable the condition, how degraded the character, and how awful the responsibility of the females of Havana!

Generally it may be said that the political and moral condition of a state depends upon the rank held in it, and the religious character sustained by woman.

It is asserted, however, that the question of public instruction has of late years excited much interest among the creole population of Cuba. The impetus to this seems to have been given by the same liberal portion of the population as that which originated the establishment of the Royal Sociedades Economics of Havana and St. Jago de Cuba.

At Havana is the Royal University, with a rector and thirty professors, as also a large edifice called the Royal College of Havana. There is a similar establishment at Puerto Principe; while both at Havana and at St. Jago de Cuba there is a College in which the several branches of an ecclesiastical education are attended to, together with the humanities and philosophy. There are, besides, several private schools, but none are accessible to the masses; they are available only to the privileged few.

Among the few charitable institutions existing in Havana, are the Infirmary or Hospital of St. Layare, and the Caza de Beneficia for Orphans; and it is somewhat remarkable that they are established on more liberal and equitable principles than similar institutions in the United States, in that their benefits are applicable to all classes, without distinction of caste or colour. But while the spirit of Christianity is exemplified in the conduct of these establishments, it is awfully outraged in other matters, particularly in the burial of the dead. In the great cemetery, "Campo Santo," the spirit of heathenism, or, rather, despotism, prevails. The bodies of the rich are interred within the lofty walls of this place of the dead with pompous ceremonials and gilded inscriptions;—the poor are carried to and deposited in their last resting-place without any token or memorial, in some cases without even a green sod over them, or a flower or a shrub to speak of life above the grave. In one part of this public dormitory of the dead is the burial-place of the negro slave, covered with the heaped-up mounds of bones and skulls. It is forbidden for a negro to be brought hither in a coffin; the bodies are therefore thrown wholly or half-naked into the ground, and quicklime, or some kind of earthy preparation which rapidly consumes the flesh, is thrown upon them. In the course of from eight to fourteen days the bodies are disinterred, to make room for other corpses, and the bones are cast up in heaps to dry and whiten in the sun.

As previously intimated, the first impression that strikes an Englishman on entering Havana as repugnant to his sense of liberty, is the military law and system of *espionage*, which appears to govern everything, and to influence every department of the civil and social state. An air of despotism seems to depress the whole population. Freedom exists only in imagination. Justice, equity, and integrity are discarded. The strong hand of power uppermost rules all. As a natural consequence, bribery and chicanery are tolerated and recognised, from the highest functionary to the meanest official. In all countries where the servants of Government are underpaid there is a temptation to resort to secret or open plunder as a means of increasing their emoluments: thus in Cuba, as already stated, the official guardians of law and order are the first to break them.

No passengers can land without passports and fiadors. The cost of the former is six dollars and a half. Not without these, obtained at so exorbitant an expense, can you proceed to any part of the country, or even to the environs of the city. At every ferry, wharf, stair, or stone for embarkation, in every street, lane, alley, in every hole and corner you encounter the chaco (a kind of military policeman), with his bright-barelled musket, linen coatee, yellow worsted epaulettes, and saffron visage.

Nor less striking to a stranger on first entering the

city, especially to a Briton, are the houses, shops, men, women, costumes, animals, and carriages; all present a remarkable contrast to any and everything either English or American.

The streets in Havana are formed generally at right angles, and are narrow, confined, irregular, unpaved, and undrained, shaded by heavy awnings, while here and there is seen a stone-built mansion, through the arched entrance to which is visible an exquisite garden laid out with taste, and adorned with beautiful flowers Causeways line each side of the street, but they are so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to pass on them. Many of the thoroughfares also are, in wet weather, dirty and muddy, to the no small inconvenience of pedestrians, especially on the passing and repassing of carriages. Some of the more public streets are paved, though very indifferently, and the frequent rains, or rather cataracts, washing away the soil and sand from between the huge stones, render the footing insecure, and therefore dangerous both to man and beast.

The massive houses, with their projecting parapets, as solid and heavy as if each were designed to stand a siege, together with the awnings, cast a constant shade over the narrow streets, so that during the heat of the day any unnecessary exposure to the sun may be avoided. The houses have no window-sashes, nor jalousies, but iron or wooden bars, or gratings, with loose curtains inside. By this arrangement and style of building, the interior is necessarily made gloomy, even at midday, but at the same time that light is thus excluded, its inmates are defended from the heat; an advantage which, in a tropical climate, more than compensates for the inconvenience otherwise sustained. A current of air also passes through and ventilates the lofty rooms, but during rain, and when the shutters are closed, the inmates are involved in almost total darkness.

The houses are plain in their architecture, and are after the Moorish or Saracenic model—they seldom exceed two stories in height, and are usually painted blue, green, yellow, orange, or some other bright or gaudy colour, frequently adorned with fresco painting. They are said to be tinted to avoid the glare of sunlight on the white walls, which is considered injurious to the sight.[1] The buildings in general present a great mixture of regularity and irregularity—of old and new—of splendid and dilapidated. Close beside an elegant arcade, with its gaily painted walls, stands a half-ruinous wall, the fresco paintings of which are half-obliterated or have peeled off with the decayed mortar.

All residences of the best description are built upon one unvarying plan—that of a hollow quadrangle. Flat roofs are almost universal, and are much occupied in the evening. These terraces are called *azotea*, and are surrounded by a low parapet, ornamented with urns and other similar devices Utility is principally studied in this arrangement of the houses, as it is unquestionably the best for promoting a free circulation of air.

A lofty portal, with solid mahogany doors from fifteen to twenty feet high, opens to the entrance hall, serving as a coachhouse for the *volante*, or as a store for merchandise. A small square court filled with shrubs, plants, flowers, and creepers, ornamented and rendered doubly attractive by a tiny *jet d'eau*, or larger fountain in the centre, which is considered an almost necessary appendage to every respectable domicile, because of the delightfully cool and agreeable appearance they present.

The interior court is surrounded by galleries, attached to which are the sitting, public, dining, and bedrooms, with the general staircase leading to the whole; the servant's rooms and offices occupy the basement story, and frequently shops of mean appearance are seen opening to the street below a magnificent suite of apartments. There is, however, a heavy grandeur, and an antique, almost Vandal character about the whole which cannot fail to strike the stranger; but with all this magnificence, occasionally exhibited, there is a great deficiency in comfort and convenience.

The floors of the houses in general are either of hardwood, plank, terrace, or tiles. Some are in imitation of mosaics. A few are flagged with marble, but this is by no means common. A carpet is utterly unknown. The nearest approach to this European luxury is a grass mat tastefully plaited, called an "estera."

The iron bars in every window remind a stranger of a common prison or a penitentiary. These gratings are the substitute for glass, or standing venetian blinds, throughout even the inner apartments, as well as in the exterior of the buildings, so that the interior of the best houses partakes in appearance so much more of a prison than an abode of innocence as to occasion reflections as to the cause of this internal defence, this security of the domestic retreat, this fortified place of refuge, as also to suggest the obvious and natural conclusion—Slavery! pestilential slavery! fear of its consequences—terror at the chance of an outbreak—the still small voice that whispers of deep wrong inflicted, and conjures up a phantom, a dim and shadowy image, in the minds of the Spaniards, of their splendid rooms converted into citadels, valuable for their strength, yet yielding doubtful protection to the hard-hearted and oppressive taskmasters.

The bedrooms have but little privacy; the principal apartments have often bare walls, or here and there exhibit gaudy dull paintings, and are heavily, though in some instances, elegantly furnished. The furniture of others, whose tenants are less wealthy than the most privileged orders, is inadequate to the size of the rooms, and otherwise unattractive, except to the lovers of the antique; some old-fashioned, high-backed, hardwood chairs, covered with leather and gilt nails, as if made at Grenada in the time of the Moorish kings, with a profusion of tarnished gilding—a table or two in the same style, the seeming relics of the first importations of such conveniences from old Spain, with a long grass hammock slung from the ceiling, intersecting the room diagonally and nearly touching the floor.

In some of these establishments beds are never to be seen; their place is supplied by stretchers, which are simply transverse pieces of wood, covered with canvas; these, with cots and hammocks, that are folded and put aside during the day, embrace almost all the furniture of the sleeping apartments.

In the hotels (those kept by Americans and some other foreigners probably excepted) the sleeping places are cots without mattresses or coverlets, in a room with red-tiled floors, without glazed windows, but, as in private houses, with iron-barred apertures in the wall for the admission of light and air. The bill of fare, especially beyond the precincts of the city, is usually

[1] The houses in Jamaica and other West Indian islands, excepting the Spanish, are usually surrounded by jalousies or standing venetian blinds painted green, thus obviating inconvenience to the sight.

not very tempting to a fastidious palate. It consists of eggs, fried pork, and Castilian wines, with bread and vegetables—the meals only twice a day

The celebrated "olla podrida," composed of fowl, with a proportion of beef, pork, garbanzos, onions, and other vegetables, with garlic, saffron, and pepper, may here be had in true national perfection.

Havana, as to house-rent, boarding, clothing, food, as to almost everything, indeed, necessary to support life and promote its comfort, is said to be one of the most expensive places in the world.

In personal appearance the dons and hidalgoes of Cuba are naturally assimilated to their ancestors of old Spain; while the character of the general population is extremely varied, both as to physical features and costume—circumstances which add greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole scene—Spanish, French, American, Italian, Dutch, African, Creole, Indian, Chinese, presenting every shade of colour and variety of countenance that can be imagined. These, with their diversified costumes, combine to form a picture of living mortality at Havana, which, to the same extent, and with equal power of pictorial expression, is not perhaps equalled in any other city in the world, not even excepting New Orleans.

The different styles of physiognomy among the natives of old Spain are also very evident in the population of the city. One has refined features, an oval countenance, a proud and often a gloomy expression—this distinguishes those of Castilian descent. Another has a round countenance, flat, broad features, and a jovial but plebeian expression—this marks the Catalonian. The former is spare in form; the latter stout. The Castilian is generally found among government officials; the Catalonian among merchants and trades-people.

The ordinary dress of the whites, such as merchants and professional men, differs but little from that of the residents in other West India Islands, except as to the prevalence of gingham coats or coatees, with skirts flying in the breeze, and, to some extent, white jean small-clothes, with white silk stockings. Whiskered and mustachioed faces, shaded by huge broad-brimmed Panama hats, are not uncommon among the inhabitants of the English Antilles. In general the clothing is light. Neckcloths or stocks are uncommon, except at set parties. The necks of shirts are in general adorned with gold buttons or clasps; the collars are allowed to hang down loose after the manner of those seen in the portraits of Lord Byron. Some, also, within doors, wear a kind of black or white skull-cap, similar to those worn by the French, while the hair is usually worn close cut to the head. On particular occasions, however, the hidalgoes appear in the costumes characteristic of the province of old Spain that gave them birth.

The full dress of a mayoral or overseer of an estate is thus described:—"A wide-brimmed straw hat; blue striped small clothes fastened to the waist; a blue embroidered shirt hanging loosely over them like a sack; a very large straight sword, with a silver handle ornamented with precious stones; the shirt collar and sleeves confined with gold buckles; an embroidered cambric handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; pumps, cut quite low, and adorned with heavy silver spurs."

Occasionally, an European-Spaniard is to be seen, with an open jacket of green velvet highly embroidered, with light leggings of the same material, ornamented with a profusion of silver buttons; his linen of the purest white; his high round hat decked with beads, and carelessly or jauntily turned aside; a second jacket also richly embroidered; with dark curls carefully arranged round a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; and a countenance of manly beauty.

A Catalonian or an Andorran cavalier is seen in his vest of blue velvet; his red silk sash and fine cotton stockings appearing over his hempen spartillas. Not unfrequently a peasant is to be seen, with a red Montero cap, with his capa over his shoulder, and with loose linen bragos or trousers. A Guigaro, with his wild, dark eye, expressive gesture, and imperturbable self-possession, is seen in a richly-worked shirt of fine linen, worn on the outside, as is usual; a long and elegantly-embroidered sash fastening to his side the silver handled sword or marchette; silver spurs and low slippers. And sometimes Monteros or countrymen are seen galloping through the streets, each with his high-crowned straw hat with broad brim, his loose shirt over his other garments, its tail fluttering in the breeze, and his long sword lashed to his waist by a handkerchief, and dangling at his back. The Creole-Spaniard is sometimes dressed in a camisa of striped gingham, breeches of ticking, and a chequita or sleeved tunic of the same material as the camisa; half-boots or mocassins of untanned hide, a sportsman's belt, a girdle furnished with a heavy hunting knife, and a wide-flapped sombrero or hat of palm-leaf, complete his equipment. Of some of the Caballeros it may almost be said, as was reported of some of the black slaves of Darien, that their whole summer costume consists of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs.

The large black eye, and raven hair escaping in endless tresses—the dark expressive glance—the soft, blood tinted olive of the glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty and beauty of the Spanish female. The Moorish eye is the most characteristic feature of the Andalusian. This is very full, and reposes on a liquid somewhat yellow bed; of an almond shape; black and lustrous. Their eyes have been pleasantly compared to dormant lightnings, terrible in wrath, and hiding liquid fires.

In dignity of mien and gait the fair Castilian and Andalusian are allowed to be unrivalled. Their deportment is dignified and queen-like. Their every motion is instinct with grace. In stature they are generally tall and well-proportioned; as also erect in their figures, which are generally good, no efforts being made to alter the natural shape. A finely-formed and diminutive foot is highly estimated by the Spaniards in general among the attributes of female beauty, and hence great attention is usually paid by the Spanish ladies to this part of their persons on their appearance in public.

"Excepting some rare instances of Irishwomen of true Milesian descent," says a well-known writer, "none but a Spanish lady can *walk*. French, English, and Scotch only stump, shuffle, and amble in comparison." In no other respect, however, are we willing to admit that the descendants of ancient Hesperia are rivals of the fair daughters of Albion and her colonies.

The variety of costumes which occasionally appear on the public Alamadas, as on the Prado in Madrid, renders the scene peculiarly attractive. The gentlemen in their capas mingled with the ladies in their mantillas; the white-kilted Valencian contrasts with

the velveteen glittering Andalusian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer; all meet on perfect equality as in church; and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety.

Few Spaniards walk arm-in-arm, and still more rarely is this good old English fashion followed by a Spanish lady and gentleman, married or single. Also, in accordance with Cuban etiquette, ladies are accustomed to bow to their acquaintance in the street, but seldom make a courtesy. One of the most marked characteristics of the Spaniards, both male and female, is their love of dress. There is no self-denial to which all classes and sexes will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. But Spaniards, even the most wealthy, only really dress when they go abroad on business or pleasure. At home they are enveloped in a *deshabills* which is far from either costly or elegant. Those whose circumstances will not admit of an expensive costume, seldom or ever leave their domiciles, except at a very early hour of the day, when they are less liable to recognition.

The full dress of the ladies, as seen on the Alamada and some other public places, is remarkably costly and superb—I should rather say, elegant—after the style of old Spain; beautifully embroidered; with lace mantillas or scarfs, the ends hanging down on each side, or crossing over the bosom; and in their hand the never-failing, never-to-be forgotten companion of the Spanish lady—the expressive fan. Black is almost the universal colour, and the robe is in general most tastefully worked and vandyked.

The mantilla, used also as a veil, is usually of black silk or lace, sometimes of white lace, thrown over the head, supported by a high comb of a value in accordance with the circumstances or pride of the individual, leaving the face uncovered, and displaying the flowers with which the wearer often adorns her dark tresses; the ends of the mantilla either crossing over the bosom, falling gracefully over the shoulders, or confined to the waist by the arms, or by a richly worked and ornamented zone—*la centura*;—a style of head-dress this which is said to create the graceful and dignified mien and gait for which the Spanish ladies are so celebrated. Hence those who have never worn it are said to be quite plebeian in their gait and figure in comparison.

Some wear no other head-dress than the hair variously arranged and ornamented. The most usual is to plait or roll it as a bandeau round the head, the crown of which is fastened to a knot, surmounted by a comb, after the manner of the ancient Romans. Some also wear a cap of fine linen, formed like a mitre, called *hamito*, over which is thrown a veil—that beautiful emblem of female modesty and elegance. But the most becoming ornament to the Spanish maiden is the *trensa*—an arrangement of the hair in two long, dark, shining braids.

Some are seen with a *pollera*, or thin silk petticoat, and a thin white jacket worn loose, or a short tunic when they go abroad. The richness of their dress consists of the finest linen, laces, and jewels, the latter so disposed as to occasion very little inconvenience, and to produce the most ornamental effect. In Cuba, as in old Spain, the prevalence of dark tints in costume is remarkable, black having always been the favourite national colour.

In this detail of the full dress of the Spanish lady, the *fan* is too characteristic to have no more than a passing notice. Its use is universal; and its size or weight and splendour is the pride of the fair proprietor. Some are of the value of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars each. The most costly are of ivory set with gold, and ornamented with small oval mirrors on the outer sides. The manœuvring with the fan is a regular science, in which the Spanish lady comprehends the old language of signs, and by which she converses freely with the friend of her heart.

The morning dress of the Spanish lady, or the principal morning vestment, as already intimated, is either a loose flowing robe or a black or white silk kind of habit-skirt (*basquiro*) over a white under-garment, made full from the waist upwards, plentifully adorned with frills and bows—the former appearing as if suspended by small straps from the shoulder, and either covering or supplying all minor defects and deficiencies of attire.

Some of the middling class and the free blacks dress very fantastically; in muslin gowns, scarlet mantillas, and light blue or violet-coloured satin shoes. Many of these women are really beautiful; and their jet-black hair, and clear, rich, olive complexions are often becomingly relieved by a gay-coloured silk handkerchief, which the French and Spaniards, and West Indians in general, know well how to arrange about their heads with good effect. Black females are occasionally seen in shining calico frocks, with silk shoes worn slipshod, red shawls, the hair arranged in fine braids, and with a bandanna or other handkerchief as a head-dress:—

> "Black, but such as in esteem
> Prince Memnon's sister might beseem."

But there are other inhabitants of Havana, and throughout Cuba generally—down-trodden slaves—who appear in the streets with scarcely a rag to cover their emaciated forms.

The carriages in use, and which stand in the great square and in different parts of the city like the hackney coaches in London, are called *volantes*. They are of the most grotesque form and clumsy construction that can be imagined—a sort of cabriolet, with four posts or uprights supporting a canopy covered with leather, with a high dash-iron or splash-board in front, and surrounded with curtains of blue or scarlet cloth, that may be let down as rain or dust require. The vehicle is supported by massive, straight, columnar shafts and two wheels, each of the wheels six feet in diameter, and placed quite behind the centre of gravity, giving the vehicle a very awkward appearance, but a very easy, agreeable motion. "They look," says the Earl of Carlisle, "as if they had been intended to carry Don Quixote." Of anything in the shape of a vehicle for the accommodation of human kind it bears the nearest resemblance perhaps to a sedan chair—open in front and partly on each side; suspended by springs on the cumbrous shafts described; the body resting upon the springs between the wheels and the horses, the latter being considerably in advance of the carriage itself, which for the most part is supported by them. These vehicles are drawn by mules or small horses, and driven by negro slaves *à la* postilion, the drivers ensconced in a grotesque livery, in one hand exhibiting a huge thong of bullock's hide, and with the other guiding their steeds. The harness of the animals is in perfect keeping with the habiliments of the drivers and the rest of the equipage.

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THE CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA.

Some of the private volantes are very elegant, though in the same style, and the liveries exceedingly rich, corresponding with the rank and wealth of the owner—such as an embroidered coat, cocked hat, and large hussar boots with silver spurs, the latter seeming to have been manufactured in the time of the crusades, the rowel of them an inch or more in diameter. The driver of one of these vehicles is called a *calashero*, and both he and the horse are sometimes richly caparisoned with silver to the value of several thousand dollars.

The cabriolets or bullock cars that are in common use in the country are as rude in their construction as those represented in the illustration of the "Georgics" of our oldest Virgils.

The trade of Havana is immense. Upwards of one thousand vessels are supposed to enter it for purposes of commerce in a year. Its revenue is twenty millions of dollars, and its outward and inward trade sixty millions.

The principal products of the country—a very considerable part of which are exported from this city—are sugar and tobacco.

Among the lesser staples may be reckoned ginger, long pepper, mastic, cocoa or chocolate, coffee, bees' wax, honey, manioc, and aloes.

There are at present in Cuba 1,650 sugar plantations, 5,128 cattle farms, 13 chocolate plantations, 224 cotton plantations, 34,432 fruit and vegetable farms, 7,979 tobacco plantations, and 2,284 *colmenarias* or farms devoted exclusively to the production of honey and wax.

The circulating medium is entirely metallic. The weights, measures, and moneys are those of Spain, but the French metrical system is about to be introduced.

The number of cattle on the island is 898,199: in the Occidental department, 267,033; in the Central, 458,166; and in the Oriental, 173,000.

Notwithstanding the unsettled state of Cuba and her cloudy future, internal improvements have been progressing. Railroads have been constructed in several localities. There are at present lines of railway extending over three hundred and fifty-one miles, connecting some of the most important places. They unite Havana to Matanzas and Cardenas, and extend to Botobano, St. Phillipe, Puerto Principe, &c.

The electric telegraph is also in operation in several parts of Cuba. The wires in general follow the railroads, and may be said to intersect the country, embracing east west, and south, to Botobano, Havana, St. Jago de Cuba, Matanzas, and Cardenas.

## III.

Climate, Scenery, &c.—Vegetable Productions—Rivers—Mountains—Domestic and Wild Animals—Mineral Riches—Principal Objects of Attraction to a Stranger—Architecture and General Description of Churches—Cathedral—Church of San Domingo—Vice-regal Palace—Chapel of Columbus—Plazas—Convent at Regla—Plaza del Toros or Colosseum for Bull Fights.

The climate of Cuba, especially in the suburbs of Havana, is considered the most salubrious of any of the West India Islands, with the exception of Puerto Rico. It is impossible to convey to those who have never been among the beautiful islands of these tropical seas any idea of the fragrant delightfulness of the early dawn. The exquisite freshness of the morning, and the soft coolness of the breezy evening, when the very soul seems refreshed and strengthened, and the pulse of life beats fuller and clearer, produce sensations to be enjoyed only—never to be described.

Havana itself, however, is unhealthy, partly from a want of drainage and general cleanliness, but principally from its being situated near a wide spreading morass, pregnant with malaria, generating fever and the other pestilent diseases so fatal to European strangers. The climate differs considerably from that of Jamaica in temperature, although the difference of position in the two islands does not exceed five degrees. In the cold season the thermometer almost every year descends in Havana to 60°, and sometimes to 55°; whilst at Kingston and Spanish Town it is seldom seen below 67° or 68° The meridian heat in Havana is 77°; that of July, the hottest month, 84°; and that of the coldest, 70°. Ice is sometimes formed at about 300 feet above the level of the sea; while in Jamaica, congelation does not take place but at an altitude of from 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Snow, however, never, or but very rarely, falls in Cuba, even on its highest mountains. The changes of the temperature are also greater and more sudden in Havana than in Kingston and in Jamaica generally.

Cuba has thus the most temperate climate of all the West Indies. At Ubajay, fifteen miles from Havana, the thermometer has been known to go down to zero. At times, however, the heat is so excessive as to convert life into bare existence: and the tempests are terrific, the clouds being surcharged through the much greater absorption caused by a tropical sun.

The evenings are usually brilliant and beautiful, with soft, blue skies, and a freshness only to be appreciated near the equator, where the stillness of the atmosphere and the suffocating sultriness of the day well nigh exhaust all the energies of man's nature.

At the same time there is a great variety of temperature in the mountains, occasioned by their different elevation above the sea. Elevation above the level of the sea, or the general level of a country, as is well known to the intelligent reader, causes a regular variation of temperature. The first 300 feet usually makes a difference of about one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. After ascending 300 feet, it is estimated that the thermometer falls a degree in 295 feet, then in 277, 252, 223, and 192 feet successively.

On these principles the limit of perpetual frost has been calculated. It is made a little more than 15,000 feet at the equator, and from that to 13,000 feet between the tropics, and from 9,000 to 4,000 feet between latitudes 40° and 59°. It has been found, however, that the above rule is subject to great variations, owing probably to the course and superposition of the atmospheric currents which prevail in different altitudes.

Colder currents are often found resting upon, or interposed between, those of a higher temperature, and *vice versa*. On the Himalaya Mountains in Asia, between the latitudes of 28° and 34° north, the region of vegetation has been found to extend several thousand feet above the supposed line of congelation in those latitudes.

It is also remarkable that the line of perpetual snow is found at a much greater altitude on the northern side of these mountains than on the southern side in a lower latitude. From this it may be inferred that the

temperature in high regions, as well as in lower situations, is greatly affected by the geographical course and physical condition of the currents of atmosphere which prevail in these regions; and the atmosphere of Cuba, it is well known, is particularly affected by its contiguity to the Gulf Stream.

From the great difference between the temperature of the day and night in the mountain regions, owing to the frequent calmness and stillness that prevail, added to the heat of the atmosphere and the cloudless skies, the deposition of dew is often so abundant as almost to supply the want of rain, or at least to preserve vegetation in a state of verdure, when in the plains scarcely a blade of green grass is to be seen.

The splendour of the early dawn in Cuba, as in the tropical islands in its vicinity, has been referred to. The whole sky is often so resplendent that it is difficult to determine where the orb of the day will appear. Small fleecy clouds are often seen floating on the north wind, and as they hover over the mountains and meet the rays of the sun, are changed into liquid gold, and a hundred intensely vivid dyes more splendid than the tints of the rainbow. During the cooler months the mornings are delightful until about ten o'clock, the air soon after dawn becoming agreeably elastic, and so transparent that distant objects appear as if delineated upon the bright surface of the air; the scenery everywhere, especially when viewed from an eminence, is indescribably rich and glowing; the tops of the rising grounds and the summits of the mountains are radiant with a flood of light; while the vapour is seen creeping along the valleys, here concealing the entrance to some beautiful glen, and there wreathing itself fantastically around a tall spire or groves of palm trees, that mark the site of a populous village.

The finest and most gorgeous sunsets occur in the West Indian Archipelago during the rainy seasons. The sky is then sublimely mantled with gigantic masses of cloud glowing with a thousand gorgeous dyes, and seeming to collect at the close of day as though to form a couch for the sun's repose. In these he sinks, flooding them with glory; touching both heavens and earth with gold and amber brightness long after he has flung his beams across the other hemisphere, or perhaps half-revealing himself through gauze-like clouds—a crimson sphere at once rayless and of portentous size.

The azure arch, which by an optical illusion limits our view on every side, seems here, and in the tropics generally, higher than in England—even higher than in Italy. Here is seen, in a perfection compared to which even Italian heavens are vapid and uninteresting, that pure serene, boundless sky—that atmosphere of clear blue or vivid red, which so much contributes to enrich the pencil of Claude Lorraine.

When looking out towards the sea from a high mountain-range, the water and the firmament have appeared one scene of deep and brilliant blue, reminding the student of the Bible of the beautiful interrogation of Job, "Hast thou spread out the sky strong as a molten looking-glass?" an allusion to the ancient mirrors, which were not of glass but of polished steel, and possessed, therefore, much of that brilliant, deep blue cast, which is so characteristic and striking in an Arabian sky, of whose depth of tint no one can form a correct idea who has not been in equatorial regions.

The atmosphere of Cuba, as everywhere within the tropics, except when the high winds prevail, is so unpolluted, so thin, so elastic, so dry, so serene, and so almost inconceivably transparent and brilliant, that every object is distinct and clearly defined as if cut out of the clear blue sky. All travellers agree in praising the calm depths of the intensely blue and gloriously bright skies of the inter-tropical latitudes.

In the temperate zone, it is estimated that about 1,000 stars are visible to the naked eye at one time; but here, from the increased elevation and wider extent of the vault, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, especially as seen from a high mountain-chain,[1] there is every reason to suppose that the number is greatly augmented. If, however, these luminaries are not seen here in greater numbers, they certainly shine with greater brilliancy.

The different constellations are indeed so greatly magnified as to give the impression that the power of the eye is considerably increased. Venus rises like a little moon, and in the absence of the greater, casts a distinguishable shadow from the larger buildings or trees; while the satelites of Jupiter are sometimes distinctly visible through a telescope of ordinary power.

By night the Southern Cross, the glory of the Centaur stars, and the magnificent star *Canopus* in the ship Argo, so dear from its legendary associations, stand bright above the horizon in the southern heavens,[2] while the planets shine forth with amazing magnitude and brilliancy; and the moon, when she takes her place in the deepening blue of the sky, bathes the whole hemisphere with an exquisite light which has all the brilliancy of day without its glare.

It is even said that an occultation of Venus is not unfrequently visible in Cuba at noonday by the help of a pocket telescope.

Stars are here also seen that are not visible in an English or an European sky. There, the northern

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[1] Saussure has observed that the higher we ascend on mountains, the deeper and blacker the sky becomes, so that the deepest blue ribbon is hardly deep enough to represent it.

[2] The Constellations of the Cross, that beautiful and expressive symbol of the Christian's faith, which, from its blessed associations and from its position, can scarcely fail to draw his thoughts as well as his eyes, from earth to heaven, is thus noticed by Baron Humboldt, when not far from Cuba:—"The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapour for some days. We saw distinctly for the first time the cross of the south, only in the night of the 6th and 5th of July, in the 16th degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightning, reflected a silver light. The pleasure felt on discovering the southern cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith, planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a-day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend!' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the sources of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the southern cross, warns them that it is time to separate."

Polar star is directly vertical, but here, the north and south poles are nearly in the horizon; thus many of the constellations around the arctic pole, that never set in Europe, here scarcely rise, but in their stead Orion through the north pursues the Pleiads; Sirus, or the star in the leg of Bootes, is in the zenith; in the south appears the Wolf, and the Great Bear is scarcely above the horizon. Here, also, among many other splendid

CHINESE COOLIES IN THE HAVANA.

across the disc of a telescope in an hour, is here seen divided into constellations, and the whole galaxy is of so dazzling a whiteness as to make it resemble a pure flame of silvery light thrown across the heavens, turning the atmosphere into a kind of green transparency. Besides this, there are vast masses of stellar nebulæ of infinite diversity and form—oval, oblate, elliptical, as well as of different degrees of density, diffused over the firmament, and discoverable through a common telescope, all novel to an inhabitant of temperate climes, constellations unseen in an English sky, are the Ark, the Raven, or Noah's Dove, the Altar, the Cross, the Centaur, the Serpent, and the River Eridanus.

The Milky Way, which in the temperate zone has the appearance of a luminous phosphorescent cloud, and, as is well-known, derives its brightness from the diffused light of myriads of stars condensed into so small a space that fifty thousand of them are estimated to pas and recalling the exclamation of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, . . . the firmament showeth forth his handy work."

"The stars
Are elder scripture, writ by God's own hand,
Scripture authentic, uncorrupt by man."[1]

[1] It is thought by some to be more than poetically true that the stars are "elder scripture." The original sphere was, according to some writers, a prediction of the great events of the world immediately succeeding the deluge. Mr Maurice asserts that the

An interesting phenomenon sometimes occurs here as in other islands of the West Indies, which was long supposed to be seen only in the eastern hemisphere. A short time before sunrise or sunset, a flush of strong white light, like that of the Aurora Borealis, extends from the horizon a considerable way up the zenith, and so much resembles the dawn, as to prove greatly deceptive to a stranger. As he watches the luminous track, he sees it decrease instead of becoming more vivid, and at length totally disappear, leaving the heavens nearly as dark as previous to its appearance. This is the zodiacal light. The real dawn takes place soon afterwards, but after a considerably longer lapse of time than in northern regions.

The colour of the light varies according to the state of the atmosphere, but it is in general of a pure rose tint. Its extent, from the horizon to its vertex, varies from 45 to 120 degrees. It has been conjectured that this is really a luminous atmosphere of the sun reaching beyond the orbit of Mercury, and that it derives its form—that of a long and narrow ellipse, only the half of which is perceived—from its rapid revolution with the sun on its axis. But the most eminent astronomers differ in opinion concerning it.[1]

The appearance of the environs of Havana and of the island altogether—although inferior, in the opinion of many, to Jamaica—is most picturesque and beautiful; gay, beyond the power of language to express, in verdure and floral ornaments, splendid forests, highly cultivated plains, and rich savannahs.

"O gorgeous land
Where giant mountains as thy guardians stand,
Lifting their sunlit heads to yonder sky,
Where fairy clouds in softest beauty lie.
Land of delight! than which the rolling sun
A fairer, lovelier scene ne'er shines upon,—
Ne'er flings his beams to welcome brighter flowers
Than scent with fragrance all thy summer bowers."

The trees, which everywhere adorn the lower hills, crowd in luxuriant confusion, variegated and bespangled with all the beauties of colour which the wealth of nature alone can exhibit—often canopied with fantastic wreaths of flowering foliage, as may be said of the sweeping mimosa, the arbutus, and the agave; while the cocoa-nut, the palma royal, the stately cedula, and a thousand other beautiful trees and shrubs, make endless variety. These forests have for their crowning glory those giants of the vegetable kingdom nowhere to be seen but in tropical regions, and exhibit vast, exhaustless, and leafy solitudes, covering with a glowing splendour of colour vast ranges of mountains, whose summits mingle with the clouds.

As within the tropics are revealed the luminous worlds which spangle the firmament from pole to pole, so also all the vegetable forms of the earth are here found, including more especially the most beautiful productions of nature—palms, tree-ferns, bananas, arborescent grasses, and delicately-feathered mimosas, of which the puny plants that represent them in Europe, pent up in hot-houses, convey but a faint idea.

It is not only that beneath the glowing rays of a tropical sun the noblest forms of vegetation are developed, but here it is that they seem alone to flourish.

Social plants (*plantæ sociales*) which give such uniformity to European vegetation, are almost wholly unknown in the equatorial regions. The excessive variety of their rich sylvan flora, renders it vain to ask of what the primeval forests consist. Numberless families of plants are here crowded together, and even in small places, plants of the same species are rarely associated. Every day, and with every change of place, new forms present themselves to the traveller's attention.

A voyager from Europe, an admirer of natural scenery, on approaching the shores of Cuba, and for the first time in his life gazing on a West Indian landscape, would almost imagine it but lately sprung forth from the hand of the Almighty, and prepared for the abode of some happy beings who owed their existence to special divine favour; or fancy might deem it "a spot for angels to alight upon—a kind of resting-place between heaven and earth." It was to this lovely island Columbus referred in his first communication to Ferdinand and Isabella. "The loveliness of this new land," says he, "is like that of Campina de Cordoba. The trees are all covered with ever-verdant foliage, and perpetually laden with fruits and flowers. The plants on the ground are tall and full of blossoms. The breezes are like those of April in Castille. The nightingales sing more sweetly than I can describe. . . . Once I came into a deeply inclosed harbour, and saw high mountains which no human eye had ever seen before, from which the lovely waters (*ciudas aguas*) streamed down. The mountain was covered with firs, pines, and other trees of very various forms, and adorned with various flowers. Ascending the river, which poured itself into the bay, I was astonished at the cool shade, the crystal clear water, and the number of singing birds. It seems to me as if I could never quit a spot so delightful—as if a thousand tongues would fail to describe it—as if the spell-bound hand would refuse to write."

Cuba is considered even more fertile than any of the other islands, with the only exception, probably, of Trinidad. Sugar-cane and tobacco being the staple productions, large establishments for the growth and manufacture of these articles are scattered over the greater part of the island, forming some of the most beautiful and picturesque features in the landscape.

The cultivated portion is not supposed to exceed one-seventieth of the uncultivated parts, the latter of which contain large prairies or savannahs, in which it is estimated that upwards of a million and a half of cattle are reared and pastured; but the greater portion is

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whole of the southern constellations are a commentary on the books of Moses, and decidedly prove their truth. On the ample and recorded tablet of the skies, he says he has discovered Noah, his Altar and Sacrifice; the Raven and the Dove sent forth from the ark; the Ark itself, and the emblem of the Deity who preserved it; Nimrod, the mighty hunter, with the Dogs, pursuing his cruel vocation; and a variety of other objects referred to in the Old Testament scriptures. Montgomery has an idea of a similar kind in his Pelican island:—

"Through the calm sky alone, the ship of heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the dove
On silver pinions, urged its peaceful way;
There at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,
The altar kindled from his presence blazed;
And there all else excelling meekly shone,
The cross, the symbol of redeeming love.
The heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament displayed his handy work."

[1] It is stated, that one of the results of the late expedition from the United States to Japan, is the discovery that the zodiacal light is a belt extending entirely round the earth, after the manner of Saturn's ring. This supposed discovery has excited considerable interest among astronomers, some of the ablest of whom are said to consider the fact established by the observations taken. —*American Almanac*, 1857.

The light appears part of the year in the morning before sunrise, and part after sunset.

overrun with large forest trees, some of which supply excellent timber for all useful and ornamental purposes.

Gardens in Cuba are common and extensive, but exhibit, with some exceptions, a mixture of fruit trees, vegetables, and corn patches, disposed without taste or arrangement, yet combining many pleasing elements of effect. Some of them in the country are covered with a gorgeous carpeting of heliotropes, verbenas, and scarlet salvias. Occasionally there is attached to these rural homesteads a fruit and flower garden, ornamented with groves of the lofty and graceful palts, or with avocado pear, orange, lime, lemon, and citron trees, and the delicious granidillo, or fruit of the passion flower, which hangs over the boughs in rich profusion. In the midst of this garden is perhaps a *jet d'eau*, the play of whose waters gives an inexpressible charm of melody and freshness.

The gay luxuriant views that break upon the traveller as he winds among the hills appear like scenes of fairy enchantment, or those represented in the enraptured visions of the poets. As he advances, the scenery is always diversified and new, till at length, between the receding heights, the eye catches a glimpse of the distant waters of the ocean fading into the blue and cloudless horizon.

Much of the coast of Cuba is of coral formation; and the coral tower scarcely lifts its head above the waters before it seems a basket of waving flowers. The most beautiful algæ and corals, together with the most exquisitely tinted shells and flower-like weeds, are gathered on the sea-beach.

The domestic animals are the same as in Europe and the British West Indies; whilst many of the wild species, indigenous to the islands, still exist. The forests abound with wild cattle and swine, which originated in their importation by the early settlers; while very little difference exists between the inferior quadrupeds and those of the other Antilles. Among the birds existing here, which are not found in the other islands, are the canary and the linnet. The beautiful flamingo abounds on the coasts, as also the parroquet. The latter, when disturbed in their haunts, spring up suddenly in hundreds, and in their flight flash in the sun like a shower of emeralds. Of all the insect tribes, the butterflies of Cuba are the most beautiful. The most splendid is the *unaria*—of a dark green colour, with a gloss like velvet. Alligators and crocodiles infest the mangrove swamps; and other reptiles are numerous. Fresh fish are found in the blue and gleaming waters in great abundance, in rare varieties, and with all the hues of the prism;—the colours are also of an indescribable clearness and distinctness—blue, yellow, red, gold-tinted, and edged with gold and violet. In some animals, as in the humming-bird, all these colours seem combined.

No rivers of any magnitude or extent are found; but a considerable number of small streams, computed at two hundred, issue from the mountains, watering the island on its northern and southern sides. In some of these rivers or brooks, clear as crystal, rushing from the mountains to the sea, are seen by the traveller as he passes into the country, numbers of black women washing clothes. Sometimes many are grouped together with the most picturesque effect; some standing in the middle of the stream beating their linen upon the stones; others spreading them on the sunny bank; the whole presenting a scene that would deeply interest either a poet or a painter.

Salt ponds and springs of mineral water are also found in Cuba. One of the springs contains 0·64 of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, 10·5 of sulphate of lime, 1·0 of hydrochlorate of magnesia, and one quarter of carbonate of magnesia—properties which, perhaps, it is almost superfluous to say, render it of peculiar efficacy in cases of scrofula and other cutaneous diseases.

Although this island may be deficient of water, and of some other valuable products, it has been considered richer than any of the others in mineral productions.

Mines abounding in copper are found, which long supplied the other Spanish colonies with their utensils, and have for some years enriched the European market. Nor is loadstone unknown. Green rock crystal abounds in the Isle of Pines. Gold is not unfrequent in the rivers. The hills in the neighbourhood of Havana are of primitive formation, containing pyrites—gold, copper, and iron. Some veins of chalcedony have been discovered among them in alluvial lands; as also coal, marbles of various kinds, serpentine quartz, and mineral bitumen. Coal is found in the neighbourhood of Havana, as well as in other parts of the island; and with the produce of Guanabacoa, in its immediate vicinity, steamships have always been supplied. It is pronounced by the Spanish engineers to be excellent in quality—superior to the best English. Analysis shows this coal to consist of the following parts: — Carbon, 71·74; oxygen, 6·32; hydrogen, 8·44; ashes, 13·50—100·00. The railroad from the port to the mine is in rapid progress towards completion. As the bed is believed to be very extensive, the enterprising proprietors anticipate handsome profits on their outlay whenever the West India steamers shall regularly call at Havana for a supply of fuel. Sienite exists in large quantities in different parts of the island; and in the west, rocks of secondary formation are common, containing various ores as well as organic remains.

On all the coasts of Cuba, but principally on the northern, are found immense deposits of salt. Only a few months since, a rich mine of lead and silver was discovered, which promises a rich reward to the proprietors. Sulphur, granite, clay, flint, and crystal abound in some districts.

The vegetable soil of the island is considered to rest almost universally on one great mass of calcareous rock, of a porous and unequal character. Comparatively little, however, is known of the geological and mineralogical structure of the island, owing to the thickness of the forests, and the ruggedness of the mountains; while it is a remarkable contrast which this island presents to Jamaica, that limestone is said to be uncommon, as also stony substances or earthy concretions in general of any magnitude.

In approaching Havana from the sea, a chain of undulating mountains runs from east to west, until lost in either horizon. To the right are two mountains at some distance from each other, apparently detached from the grand ridge, leaving between them a kind of concave shore of bright and sparkling sand. Declining from the mountains eastward, the land is comparatively low, and thickly covered with tall and stately looking trees. On either hand, as it approaches the harbour, the land is again elevated, rising in a gentle acclivity from the sea, and covered with an ever-verdant carpet of grass, scarcely equalled by the finest English lawn.

Nearly on the summit of two hills, of gently slop-

ing declivities, at unequal distances from the town, are two large Forts—Fort Cabanas and Fort Principe—leaving in their rear, to the right and left, a landscape picturesquely studded with neat villas, surrounded by gardens or green spots produced by artificial irrigation, sometimes smiling with all the charms of vegetation, amidst shrubs and flowers of mingled colours, at others embosomed in clumps of orange, cocoa-nut, palma royal, and other trees of diversified foliage and height. Directly before you is the town,—of imposing aspect and extensive dimensions; adorned with trees of attractive forms, and buildings of respectable architecture. Above the whole, several churches rear their taper spires or rugged turrets, reflecting the light of the sun, and casting long shadows on the neighbouring streets.

The whole landscape, including the spacious background, adorned with estates and villas, pens and mountain settlements, and the shining shore, with its numerous white houses inclosed in thickets of orange and cedar trees, aloes, and palmettos, presents as fine a subject for a picture as could be desired by the ablest artist. Every element of nature contributes to the joint effect—infinite affluence reigns everywhere.

And how enchanting the scene that presents itself from the harbour! On one side stands the city of Havana; on the other, the town of Regla. The latter is ornamented by some large public buildings and a church. The church appears from some points, as though situated on the brow of an inclining eminence. The shore, on either side, is skirted with several buildings that belong to the naval or other public departments. The whole town seems to stand on rising ground; and the church, situated on the part of the acclivity at a little distance from the basin, is surrounded by the richest verdure. Sometimes you see it as through a green and gently sloping vista reaching to the water's edge, and seeming as if cut through houses and woods, and originally intended to form a peculiar feature of the landscape.

When the eyes of the writer, now some years since, first looked upon the scene, it was the last hour of that day's sun which was shedding his level rays on the beautiful shore; they had fallen upon the tall spire of the church as it lifted itself up above the high trees which embosomed the dwellings, and were pouring in a stream of soft and mellowed radiance upon the gothic windows, at the same time tremulously floating through the verdant branches of the woody inclosure in all the magic glories of massive light and shade. The purple blue and glowing depth of shadow that we read of in an Alpine prospect had already settled upon the distant mountains. The clouds blushed with a thousand rich and varied splendours. The waters were like a polished mirror, dark, and smooth, and beautiful,—melting away, as it were, in the reflected light of earth and sky.

A distant mist slowly crept in one direction along the horizon, forming a striking contrast to the brilliancy above it, yet apparently covered with prismatic colours. I would compare the entire scene, in some respects at least, to the Temple Groves so celebrated in ancient story; or to that Vale of Thessaly, where all is beauty to the eye and fragrance to the sense.

But the sublimest and most beautiful features of this landscape acquired yet greater sublimity and interest from the reflection that it had been called forth from nothing by the hand of Almighty power! This thought at once filled the mind with the sentiment uttered by the immortal Milton, with a thrill of holy aspiration and with adorning rapture overflowing in gratitude and admiration,—

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!"

So the poet sang, and how I longed for his heaven-born gifts while I gazed upon this scene! But in tropical regions there are few poets. Man here, it is said, lives in a poetry realised—he breathes the warmest air—he gazes on the most glowing light—the earth around him is gorgeously attired in its most magnificent flowers—birds of the brightest hues flit bodily before his eyes—and the genius of poetry languishes, because the imagination can add but little to the beautiful where nature has already been so lavish.

The valleys in the distance, covered with sugar-canes and fruit trees, add their charms to the landscape,—the latter producing an abundance and variety of fruits pleasing to the palate as well as grateful to the eye.

> "The soil untilled
> Pours forth spontaneous and abundant harvests;
> The forests cast their fruits in husk or rind,
> Yielding sweet kernels, or delicious pulp,
> Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
> In rich and exquisite variety."

The city and suburbs of Havana, altogether, contain nine parish churches, six others connected with military orders, five chapels or hermitages, eleven convents, two colleges, a botanical garden, an anatomical museum with lecture rooms, an academy of painting, a school of navigation, and several ordinary schools for both sexes, although chiefly, if not entirely, for children of the white inhabitants.

The principal objects of attraction to a transitory visitor, are the Cathedral, the Church of San Domingo, the Vice-regal Palace, the Square, Columbus's Chapel, the Admiralty, Arsenal, Post Office, the Alamadas, the Royal Tobacco Manufactory, the Convent in honour of the Black Virgin, and the Plaza de Toros for the bull fights, the two latter situated at Regla.

The Cathedral (*See* p. 425) is supposed by some to have been coeval with the foundation of the city by Velasquez, but by others to have been founded by the Jesuits about a century since, and only on their banishment from the island to have been converted into a cathedral. It exhibits some magnificence in its general outline, and an elegance in its statuary and paintings far exceeding what might have been anticipated; indeed, it displays a rare and odd combination of gothic grandeur and ceremonial frippery. I think it must be unique in its architecture. Ovid, in describing the Palace of the Sun, informs us that the workmanship exceeded the materials, but it is not so in relation to the cathedral of Havana; here the materials are good and elegant, but the want of taste and genius in the architect is strikingly contrasted.

There is an air of grandeur about some parts of the interior of the building, with which other parts are not in unison. Indeed, no architectural rule whatever appears to have been observed either as to its interior or exterior. The building is a mixture of Gothic, Mexican, African, and Moresque; a description which applies, more or less, to the other public buildings of the city, none of them certainly exhibiting in form or construction much of the genius of a Palladio.

It is ornamented with several pictures of superior

VIEW OF HAVANA, THE CAPITAL OF CUBA

merit, and some mosaics; the altar is adorned with gold and silver ornaments, and a few fine marble monuments, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. On the right of the latter an urn, containing the remains of Columbus, is inclosed in the wall, behind a fine white marble tablet bearing the bust in "basso relievo" of the Great Discoverer, of the size of life, under which is the following inscription:

> "O restos é Imagen del grande Colon,
> Mil signòs durad guardados in la urna,
> Y'en la remembrancia de nuestra a nacion."

Thus translated:—

> "Oh remains and image of the great Columbus,
> For a thousand ages continue preserved in this urn,
> And in the remembrance of our nation."

Columbus died at Valadolid, in Old Spain, on the 20th of May, 1566, aged 70. His remains, together with the chains with which he was loaded at Hispaniola, by Francis de Bovadilla, were deposited in a brass coffin, and buried in the Carthusian Convent of Santa Maria de las Cuenas, at Seville in Andalusia. From thence, in accordance with an order contained in his will, he was removed to the cathedral of Santa Domingo, in Hispaniola, then the principal city of Spanish origin in the New World. Subsequently, in 1796, when the southern part of the last named island was ceded to the French, his descendants directed the coffin with its contents to be removed to Havana. Arrived at this city—the capital of that island which was the first of his discoveries, and now almost the last of the splendid possessions which he and his descendants secured to Spain—his remains with their appendages, appear first to have been deposited on the site occupied by the chapel that bears his name, and finally transferred to the cathedral where they now repose.

Opposite to the tomb of Columbus, there is a small but beautiful painting, probably by Murillo, and said to represent the pope and cardinal celebrating mass previous to the expedition of Columbus. One of the pictures represents the spirits in purgatory; above the flames float the Madonna and Child glancing down with compassionate eyes. Some of the souls becoming aware of them are captivated by their beauty, and whilst they gaze upon them with involuntary prayer, they are miraculously raised out of the flames. Another represents the Virgin standing upon the globe, her eyes lifted to heaven and her feet resting upon a serpent, which glides away over the earth.

The Church of St. Domingo is the most magnificent in Havana, but that of San Francisco the most characterised by a correct architectural taste.

The Governor's Palace is a large square structure, in the lower part of which are several public offices, the gaol for prisoners, and the prisons of the Inquisition.

The Square is formed partly by the house of the Governor and the residences of the Intendante and the Great Admiral—the three dignitaries of the island thus occupying three sides of the square; some public offices, Columbus's chapel, and a row of private houses, one of which is an English and American hotel, called the "Mansion House," complete the sides, leaving a garden in the centre, which abounds in choice plants and flowers, and is intersected by walks. This garden is wholly open to the public.

Amidst the mass of beautiful flowers and shrubs which here attracted my attention were the red and white camellias; the pomme rosa tree, most beautiful and of exquisite fragrance; the beautiful *lacrymos cupido* or cupid's tears; but these tears are not the tears of sorrow, they are rather glowing tears gushing from the fountains of an overflowing blissful heart—or they are wept by nature and winged lovers, for the humming birds pay daily court to them.

Although this beautiful oasis, in the midst of the sultry city, is uninclosed, and thus entirely exposed to all classes of the inhabitants, yet so different are the people in their habits and manners to those of England, that the delicate plants from year to year receive no injury beyond what the changes of the weather produce. Not a tree is barked, nor a plant or flower in any way injured. The trees and shrubs are of great vegetable and floral magnificence, infinitely more varied than in Europe. Numbers of them are such as are trained and nursed in the hot-houses of Europe, and but few of them have been introduced into the conservatories of France and England.

Columbus's Chapel, called "El Templetre," erected and named in honour of that great navigator, has something of simplicity and symmetry about it that is attractive, but it is by no means on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the fame of that illustrious man. This is in some measure, however, atoned for by its historical associations and deep moral lessons.

It was built by Don Dionysius Vives, an obelisk having been previously erected on the spot by governor Don Francisco Cagigal, soon after the foundation of the city, viz., in the year 1515, when it was inaugurated by the cognomen of St. Christopher, and grand mass was celebrated in order to commemorate the landing of Columbus. The ceremony took place beneath the branches of a gigantic silk-cotton tree (Bombay ceiba), at the foot of which the ashes of Columbus were deposited, prior to their being removed to the cathedral, where, as previously noticed, they now repose. Arate informs us that this enormous tree was in full bloom in 1755, which led him to conclude that it must have been 400 years old at that period. At the close of that year, however, this vegetable Methuselah showed symptoms of approaching decay, so that the government gave orders to have it removed, and the monument was erected in its place, which was eventually superseded by the present temple.

This was the very spot where the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by the first conquerors of the island; the very ground then skirted by the beautiful groves that bordered the lovely shores. Here, perhaps, stood Columbus when he first planted the royal standard of Spain in this lovely island of the New World; here his followers prostrated themselves and embraced their mother earth; here the wonder-stricken native chief endeavoured to propitiate the invaders by asserting his belief of a God and of a future state. How interesting, yet how solemn the reflection! Who could forbear, on such a spot, and amid such associations, to look with interest upon the scene, or to brand with infamy the pompous names of conquest and enlarged dominion! And what feelings but those of indignation and sorrow can any friend of his species indulge, who traverses for the first time the fields where he is assured the feet at least of the haughty Velasquez, Las Casas, and Cortes, if not those of Columbus, have trodden, and, tracing in the same

dust the footsteps of Narvaez, and the whole herd of barbarous conquerors, recollects, amidst the splendid palaces that now rise around him, the groans and blood of the unoffending Indians?

There are two promenades; one in the suburbs of the town, called the Plaza de Tacon, or the promenade "el Paseo de Isabella Secunda," which extends upwards of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues, and fountains, and which is the finest promenade that can be imagined; the other is the Plaza des Armes. In the vicinity of the former is the governor's villa, with its gardens laid out in the style of those of Versailles, and presenting beautifully picturesque effects. The latter, which is near the governor's palace, is the more favourite resort, being more easy of access, and rendered more attractive by the military band that plays from eight to nine o'clock on certain evenings of the week. The centre of the latter also is ornamented with four small fountains, flanked by waving palm trees, and adorned with a statue of Ferdinand VII., which, it must be stated, to the discredit of the Cubans, is kept in good preservation, whilst the monument of the great discoverer is allowed to crumble into dust, and the tombstone of Velasquez, the founder of the city, is said to form the steps that lead to an humble dwelling in an obscure street of the city of St. Jago! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

There is besides an esplanade or lofty terrace at some distance from the city, called "la Cortine de Valdes," raised along the harbour on the opposite side of the Morro. This promenade is short, but commands a most beautiful view of the environs of the city.

These promenades are much resorted to by the Cuban fair on fine evenings, who, on such occasions, are dressed with much taste and elegance; the costumes being similar to those of the Prado, the mirror of Madrid, and the mantilla being worn in all its national varieties. The surrounding scenery and the climate are well calculated to dispose the spectator to view them with an indolent complacency; for the balmy richness of the evenings, the gorgeous magnificence of the sunsets, and the breezes perfumed with orange scent, all enhance the pleasure; while an animating succession of carriages and crowds of gay pedestrians give a gentle excitement to the gazer's mind.

The cigar manufactory, and other public buildings, including the custom-house (*la aduana*), which is a large sky-blue structure, surmounted by a tower, surrounded by iron railings, and guarded at each entrance by mustachioed sentries, looking suspicious and fierce at every stranger, merit no particular description.

And the Blue Convent at Regla is only deserving of notice from the fact of its being devoted to the black Virgin Mary, in whose special honour fêtes are celebrated there.

The Plaza del Toros is a circular building, open-roofed, with successive tiers of seats, after the manner of the Roman amphitheatre, surrounding the arena, in which the bull contests are carried on, and capable of holding about 15,000 spectators. This is the great seminary in which the Cubans from their early youth imbibe their lessons of insensibility and cruelty; the rendezvous (as was said of that last and noblest monument of Roman grandeur and Roman crimes—the Colosseum) whither the people resorted to receive the finishing touch of degradation to their national character, and to conceal their fallen spirit under the mask of a brutal ferocity, by witnessing spectacles which, for seven centuries, corrupted and brutalised the Roman manners. The same low heathenish pastimes, added to her wanton wicked traffic in human flesh and blood, are now completing the degradation of Spain, and expose her whole population, from the monarch to his distant colonial subjects, to the opprobrium and pity of the entire civilised world.

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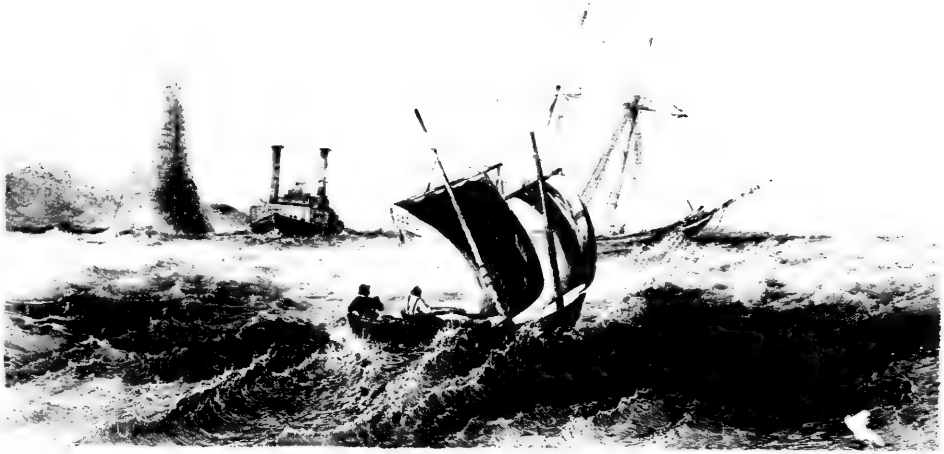


# TO CUBA AND BACK.

By R. H. Dana.

## I.—THE VOYAGE.

On Saturday, the 12th of February, 1859, I left New York, in the mail-packet *Catawba*.

The Heights of Neversink are passed. The night closes in upon the sea, dreary, cold, and snowing; our signal-lanterns—the red, the white, and the green—gleam out into the mist; the furnace-fires throw a lurid light from the doors below, cheerful or fearful as may be the mind of the person looking on; the long swell lifts and drops the bow and stern, from side to side; the sea-bells begin to strike their strange reckoning of the half-hours; the wet and the darkness drive all below but the experts and the desperate, and our first night at sea has begun.

Next day there was not a sail in sight, except the steamer *Colombia* for Charleston, and she soon disappeared below the horizon.

We are near Cape Hatteras; it is night, and soon the light of Hatteras throws its bright cheerful beam for thirty miles over a huge burial-ground of sailors. Soon after nine p.m., we stand out direct, to cross the Gulf Stream. A bucket is thrown over the side, and water drawn; its temperature is at 42°. In fifteen minutes more it is thrown again, and the water is at 72° 30′. We are in the Gulf Stream.

What can exceed the beauty of these nights at sea? —those moonlight nights, the still sea, those bright stars, the light, soft, trade-wind clouds floating under them, the gentle air, and a feeling of tropical romance stealing over the exile from the snow and ice of New England! There is something in the clear, blue, warm sea of the tropics, which gives to the stranger a feeling of unreality. Where do those vessels come from, that rise out of the sea, in the horizon? Where do they go to, as they sink in the sea again? Are those blue spots really fast-anchored islands, with men and children, and the horses and machinery, and schools, politics, and newspapers on them?—or, are they afloat and visited by beings of the air?

On the 17th of February, after dinner, Captain Bullock tells us that we shall soon see the high lands of Cuba, off Matanzas; the first and highest being the Pan of Matanzas. It is clear overhead, but a mist lies along the southern horizon in the latter part of the day. The sharpest eyes detect the land about four p.m., and soon it is visible to all. It is an undulating country on the coast, with high hills and mountains in the interior, and has a rich fertile look. That height is the Pan, though we see no special resemblance in its outline to a loaf of bread. We are still sixty miles from Havana; we cannot reach it before dark, and no small vessels are allowed to pass the Mazzo after the signals are dropped at sunset.

We coast the northern shore of Cuba, from Matanzas westward. There is no waste of sand and low flats, as in most of our Southern States; but the fertile, undulating land comes to the sea, and rises into high hills as it recedes. "There is the Moro! and right-ahead!" "Why there is the city too!" Is the city on the sea? We thought it was on a harbour or bay! There, indeed, is the Moro, a stately hill of twenty rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea and jutting into it, with walls, and parapets, and towers on its top, and flags and signals flying, and the tall light-house just in front of its outer wall. It is not very high, yet commands the sea about it; and there is the city, on the sea-coast indeed, the houses running down to the coral edge of the ocean. Where is the harbour, and where is the shipping? Ah! there they are. We open an entrance, narrow and deep, between the beetling Moro and the Punta; and through the entrance we see the spreading harbour and the innumerable masts. But the darkness is gathering, the sunset-gun has been fired. We can just catch the dying notes of trumpets from the fortifications, and the Moro lighthouse throws its gleam over the still sea. The little lights emerge and twinkle from the city. We are too late to enter the fort, and slowly and reluctantly the ship turns her head off to seaward. The engine breathes heavily, and throws its one arm leisurely up and down. We rise and fall on the moonlit-sea; the stars are near to us, or we are raised nearer to them; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon, and all night long two streams of light lie upon the water, one of gold from the Moro, and one of silver from the moon. It is enchantment! Who can regret our delay, or wish to exchange the scene for the common, close anchorage of a harbour.

## II.—HAVANA.

Bang! goes the morning gun. We steer in under full head, the morning gun thundering from the Moro, the trumpets braying and drums beating, from all the fortifications, the Moro, the Punta, the long Cabana, the Casa Bianca, and the City walls, while the broad sun is fast rising over this magnificent spectacle. What a world of shipping—the masts make a belt of dense forest along the edge of the city, all the ships lying

head-in to the street, like horses at their mangers; while the vessels at anchor nearly choke up the passage-ways to the deeper bays beyond. There are the red and yellow stripes of decayed Spain; the blue, white, and red-blood to the fingers' end of La Grande Nation; the union crosses of the Royal Commonwealth; the stars and stripes of the Great Republic; and a few flags of Holland and Portugal; of the States of Northern Italy; of Brazil, and of the Republics of the Spanish Main. We thread our slow and careful way among them, pass under the broadside of a ship of the line, and under the stern of a screw frigate, both bearing the Spanish flag, and cast our anchor in the Regla Bay.

The health officer then inspects the ship, another examines our passports, and, in a few minutes after, I instal myself in a *volante*, under the care of a black postilion, and am rattling through the narrow streets of this surprising city.

The streets are so narrow, and the houses built so close upon them, that they seem to be rather spaces between the walls of houses than highways for travel. It appears impossible that the vehicles should pass abreast; yet they do so. There are constant blockings of the way. In some places awnings are stretched over the entire street, from house to house, and we are riding under a long tent. What strange vehicles those *volantes* are! (*See* p. 417.) A pair of very long timber shafts, at one end of which is a pair of big wheels, and at the other end a horse with his tail braided and brought forward and tied to the saddle, an open chaise body resting on the shafts, almost one-third of the way from the axle to the horse, and on the horse is a negro, in large postilion boots, long spurs, and a bright jacket. It is an easy vehicle to ride in, but it must be a sore burden to the beast. Here and there we pass a private *volante*, distinguished by rich silver mountings, and postilions in livery. Some have two horses, and with the postilions, and the livery, and the long dangling traces, and a look of superfluity, have rather an air of high life. In most a gentleman is reclining, cigar in mouth, while in others is a great puff of blue or pink muslin or calico, extending over the sides of the shafts, topped off with a fur, with signs of a face behind it.

Here is the Plaza d'Armes, with its garden of rich fragrant flowers in full bloom, in front of the Governor's palace. At the corner is the chapel erected over the spot, where, under the auspices of Columbus, mass was first celebrated in the island.

We drove through the Puerta de Monserrate, a heavy gateway of the prevailing yellow or tawny colour, where soldiers are on guard, across the moat, out upon the *Paseo de Ysabel Secundo*, and are now *extramuros*—without the walls. The Paseo is a grand avenue, running across the city from sea to bay, with carriage drives abreast, and two roads for foot passengers, and all lined with trees in full foliage. Here you catch a glimpse of the Moro, and there of the Presidio. This is the Teatro de Tacon, and in front of this line of tall houses, in contrast with the almost uniform one-storey buildings of the city, the *volante* stops. This is Le Grand's Hotel. Le Grand is a Frenchman; his house is a restaurant, with rooms for lodgers; the restaurant is paramount; the beds are canvas sacking without mattresses—sleeping places in fact. You sleep on a canvas, with a curtain to shelter you from mosquitoes. Shut your windows at night, for the morning air is cool; and do not walk with your feet on the floor; there are insects called chigas, that make nests under your toe-nails.

After dinner, walked along the Paseo de Ysabel Secundo, to see the pleasure-driving, which begins at about five o'clock and lasts until dark. The most common carriage is the *volante*, but there are some carriages in the English style, with servants in livery on the box. I have taken a fancy for the strange looking two-horse *volante*. The postilion, the long dangling traces, the superfluousness of a horse to be ridden by the man that guides the other, and the prodigality of silver, give the whole a look of style that eclipses the neat, appropriate, English equipage. The ladies, rich in full dress, *decolletées*, without hats. The servants on their carriages are not all negroes. Many of the drivers are whites. The drives are along the Paseo de Ysabel, across the Campo de Marte, and then along the Paseo de Tacon—a beautiful double avenue lined with trees—which leads two or three miles, in a straight line, into the country.

At eight o'clock drove to the Plaza d'Armes, a square in front of the Governor's house, to hear the "Retreta," at which a military band plays for an hour every evening. There is a clear moon above, and a blue field of glittering stars; the air is pure and balmy; the band of fifty or sixty instruments discourse most eloquent music under the shade of palm-trees and mangoes; the walks are filled with promenaders, and the streets around the square lined with carriages, in which the ladies recline, and receive the salutations and visits of the gentlemen. Very few ladies walk in the square, and these probably are strangers. It is against the etiquette for ladies to walk in public in Havana.

I walk leisurely home in order to see Havana by night. The evening is the busiest season for the shops. Much of the business of shopping is done after gas-lighting. *Volantes* and coaches are driving to and fro, and stopping at the shop-doors, and attendants take the goods at the doors of the carriages. The watchmen stand at the corners of the streets, each carrying a long pike and a lantern. Billiard-rooms and *cafés* are filled, and all, who can walk for pleasure, will walk now. This is also the principal time for paying visits. There is one strange custom observed here in all the houses. In the chief room rows of chairs are placed, facing each other, three, or four, or five in each line, and always running at right angles with the street wall of the houses. As you pass along the street you look along this row of chairs. In these the family and the visitors take their seats in formal order. As the windows are open, deep, and wide, with wide gratings and no glass, one has the inspection of the interior of all the front parlours of Havana, and can see what every lady wears, and who is visiting her.

The best hours of the day for an inquiring traveller are those of the early morning. We have been told of sea-baths, cut in the rock, near the Punta, at the foot of our Paseo. I walk down, under trees, towards the Presidio. What is this clanking sound? Can it be cavalry marching on foot, their sabres rattling on the pavement? No; it comes from that crowd of poor working creatures who are forming in files in front of the Presidio. It is the chain gang! Poor wretches! I come nearer to them, and wait until they are formed, numbered, and marched off. Each man has an iron

band riveted round his ankle, and another round his waist, and the chain is fastened, one end into each of these bands, and dangles between them, clanking with every movement. This leaves the wearers free to use their arms, and indeed their whole body, it being only a weight and a badge, and a note for discovery, from which they cannot rid themselves. It is kept on them day and night, sleeping or waking, working or eating. In some cases two are chained together.

A little to my left, in the Calzada de San Lázaro, are the Banos de Mer. These are boxes, each about twelve feet square, and six or eight feet deep, cut directly into the rock, which here forms the sea-line, with steps of rock, and each box having a couple of feet-holes, through which the waves of this tideless shore wash in and out. This arrangement is necessary, as sharks are so abundant that bathing in the open sea is dangerous. The pure rocks, and the flow and reflow, makes these bathing boxes very agreeable, and the water, which is that of the Gulf Stream, is at a temperature of 72°. The baths are roofed over, and partially secured on the inside, but open for a view out on the side towards the sea; and as you bathe you see the big ships floating up the Gulf Stream—that great highway of the equinoctial world. The water stands at depths of from three to five feet in the baths; and they are long enough for short swimming. The bottom is white with sand and shells. These baths are made at the public expense, and are free. Some are marked for women, some for men, and some for the "*gente de color.*"

I was not long at Havana without noticing in the streets, and at work in houses, many an Indian complexion, with coarse black hair. I asked if they were native Indians, or of mixed blood? No, they are the coolies! (*See* p. 429.) Their hair, full grown, and the usual dress of the country which they wore, had not suggested to me the Chinese; but the shape and expression of the eyes make it plain. These are the victims of the trade of which we hear so much. I am told there are 200,000 of them in Cuba, or that so many have been imported, and all within seven years. I have met them everywhere; the newly-arrived, in Chinese costume, with shaved heads, but the greater number in pantaloons and jackets, and straw hats, with hair full grown.

After dinner, drove out to the Jesus del Monte, to deliver my letter of introduction to the Bishop. The drive by the way of the Calzada de Jesus del Monte, takes me through a wretched portion—I hope the most wretched portion—of Havana, by long lines of one-storey wood and taud hovels, hardly habitable even for negroes, and interspersed with an abundance of drinking shops. The horses, mules, asses, chicken, children, and grown people use the same door; and the back-yards disclose heaps of rubbish. The looks of the men, the horses tied to the door-posts, the mules with their panniers of fruit and leaves reaching to the ground, all speak of Gil Blas, and of what we have read of humble life in Spain. The little negro children go stark naked, as innocent of clothing as the puppies. But this is so all over the city. In the front hall of Le Grand's, this morning, a lady, standing in a full dress of spotless white, held by the hand a naked little negro boy, of two or three years old, resting, in black relief, against the folds of her dress.

Then we rise to the higher ground of Jesus del Monte. The houses improve in their erection. They are still of one storey, but high, and of stone, with marbled floors and tiled roofs, with courtyards of grass and trees; and through the gratings of the wide, long, open windows, I see the decent furniture, the double, formal row of chairs, prints on the table, and well-dressed women manœuvring their fans.

As you go up the hill, a glorious view lies upon the left—Havana, both city and suburbs (*See* p. 433); the Mole, with its batteries and lighthouses; the ridge of fortifications called the Cabana, and Casta Bianca; the castle of Atores, near at hand, a perfect truncated cone, fortified at the top; the higher and more distant Castle of Principi,

> "And poured round all,
> Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

No! not so! young Ocean, the ocean of to-day! the blue, bright, beautiful, glittering, gladdening, inspiring, ocean! Have I ever seen a city view so grand? The view of Quebec from the foot of the Montmorenci Falls may rival, but does not excel it. My preference is for this; for nothing, not even the St. Lawrence, broad and affluent as it is, will make up for this living sea, the boundless horizon, the dioramic vision of gliding distant sails, and the open arms and motherly bosom of the harbour.

On my way back to the city, I directed the driver to avoid the disagreeable road by which we came out, and we drive by a cross road and strike the Paseo de Tacon at its outer end, where is a fountain and statue, and a public garden of the most exquisite flowers, shrubs, and trees; and around them are standing, though it is nearly dark, files of carriages, waiting for the promenaders, who are enjoying a walk in the garden. I am able to take the entire drive of the Paseo. It is straight, very wide, with two carriage-ways and two foot-ways, with rows of trees between, and at three points has a statue and a fountain. One of these statues, if I recollect right, is of Tacon, one of a Queen of Spain, and one is an allegorical figure. The Paseo is two or three miles in length, reaching from the Campo de Marte, just outside the walls, to the last statue and public garden, on gradually-descending ground, and lined with beautiful villas, and wide gardens full of tropical trees and plants. No city in America has such an avenue as the Paseo de Tacon. This, like most of the glories of Havana, they tell you they owe to the energy and genius of the man whose name it bears.

The Cubans have a taste for prodigality in grandiloquent or pretty names. Every shop, the most humble, has its name They name the shops after the sun and moon and stars; after gods and goddesses, demi-gods and heroes; after fruits and flowers, gems and precious stones; after favourite names of women, in the pretty fanciful additions; and after all alluring qualities, all delights of the senses, and all pleasing affections of the mind. The wards of jails and hospitals are even known by some religious or patriotic designation; and twelve guns in the Moro are named for the apostles. Every town has the name of some apostle or saint, or of some sacred subject. The full name of Havana, in honour of Columbus, is San Christobal de la Habana; and that of Matanzas is San Carlos Alcazar de Matanzas. It is strange that this island itself has defied all the Spanish attempts to rename it. It has been solemnly named Juana, after the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel; then Ferdinand, after Ferdinand himself; then Santiago; and lastly, Ave Maria; but it has always fallen back upon the original name of

Cuba. And the only compensation to the hyperbolical taste of the race is, that they decorated it on state and ceremonious occasions, with the musical prefix of "*La siempre fidelissima Isla de Cuba.*"

## III.—MATANZAS AND THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS.

(*See Illustration*, page 445.)

As there are no plantations to be seen near Havana, I determined to go down to Matanzas, near which the sugar-plantations are in full operation. A steamer leaves here every night at ten o'clock, reaching Matanzas before daylight, the distance, by sea, being between fifty and sixty miles. We got under weigh punctually at ten o'clock, and steamed down the harbour. The dark waters are alive with phosphorescent light. From each ship that lies moored, the cable from the bow, tautened to the anchor, makes a run of silver light. Each boat, gliding silently from ship to ship, and shore to shore, turns up a silver ripple at its stern, and trails a wake of silver behind; while the dip of the oar-blades brings up liquid silver, dripping from the opaque deep. We pass along the side of the two-decker, and see through her ports the lanterns and men; under the stern of one frigate and across the bows of another (for Havana is well supplied with men-of-war), and drop leisurely down by the Cabana, where we are hailed from the rocks; and bend round the Moro, and we are out on the salt, rocking sea. Having a day of work before me, I went early to my berth, and was waked up by the letting off of steam, in the lower harbour of Matanzas, at three o'clock in the morning.

Matanzas has about 25,000 inhabitants, and stands where two small rivers, the Yumuri and the San Juan, crossed by handsome stone bridges, run into the sea, dividing the city into three parts. The vessels lie at anchor from one to three miles below the city, and lighters, with masts and sails, line the stone quays of the little rivers. The city is flat and hot, but the country around is picturesque, hilly and fertile. To the westward of the town rises a ridge, bordering on the sea, called the Cumbre, which is a place of resort for the beauty of its views; and in the front of the Cumbre, on the inland side, is the deep, rich valley of the Yumuri, with its celebrated cavern.

In my morning walk, I saw a company of coolies, in the hot sun, carrying stones to build a house, under the eye of a taskmaster, who sits in the shade. The stones have been dropped in a pile from carts, and the coolies carry them in files to the cellar of the house. They are naked to the waist, with short-legged cotton trowsers coming to the knees. Some of these men were strongly, one or two of them powerfully, built, but many seemed very thin and frail. While looking on, I saw an American face standing near me, and getting into conversation with the man, found him an intelligent shipmaster from New York, who had lived in Matanzas for a year or two, engaged in business. He told me, as I had heard in Havana, that the importer of the coolies gets 400 dollars a head for them from the purchaser, and that the coolies are entitled from the purchaser to four dollars a month, which they may demand monthly, if they choose, and are bound to eight years service, during which time they may be held to all the service that a slave is subject to. They are more intelligent, and are put to higher labour than the negro. He said, too, it would not do to flog a coolie. Idolaters as they are, they have a notion of the dignity of the human body, at least as against strangers, which does not allow them to submit to the indignity of corporal chastisement. If a coolie is flogged, somebody must die; either the coolie himself, for they are fearfully given to suicide, or the perpetrator of the indignity, or some one else, according to their strange principles of vicarious punishment. Yet such is the value of labour in Cuba, that a citizen will give 400 dollars, in cash, for the chance of enforcing eight years labour, at four dollars per month, from a man speaking a strange language, worshipping strange gods or none, thinking suicide a virtue, and governed by no moral laws in connection with his master—his value being not further diminished by the chances of natural death, of sickness, accident, escape, and of forfeiting his services to the Government, for any crime he may commit against laws he does not understand.

The Plaza is in the usual style, an inclosed garden with walks; and in front of the Government House. In this spot, so fair and so still in the noonday's sun, some fourteen years ago, under the fire of the platoons of Spanish soldiers, fell the patriot and poet, one of the few popular poets of Cuba, Gabriel de la Conception Valdez. Charged with being the head of that concerted movement of the slaves for their freedom, which struck such terror into Cuba in 1844, he was convicted and ordered to be shot. At the first volley, as the story is told, he was only wounded. "Aim here!" said he, pointing to his head. Another volley, and it was all over. The name and story of Gabriel de la Conception Valdez are preserved by the historians and tourists of Cuba. He is better known, however, by the name of Placido, that under which he wrote and published, than by his proper name. He was a man of genius, and a man of valour, but he was a mulatto!

Took the train for Limonar at 2 30 p.m. There are three classes of cars, all after the American model. The brakemen on the train are coolies. As we leave the terminus we rise on an ascending grade, and the bay and the city lie open before us. The bay is deep on the western shore, under the ridge of the Cumbre, and there the vessels lie at anchor; while the rest of the bay is shallow, and its water, in this state of the sky and light, is of a pale green colour. The lighters, with sail and oars, are plying between the quays and the vessels below. All is pretty, and quiet, and serene.

I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba (*See* p. 449). I could not have a more favourable day; the air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky; the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm trees every where! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and, though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bondage of gray canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men, and it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty,—a strange fascination over the eyes and the fancy that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten.

What are these groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin, soft coating half changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruit plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But that sad, weeping tree, its long, yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground, what can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbour's tenth cigarrito, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft, green melon becomes the hard shell we break with our hammers.

Now we came to acres upon acres of the sugar-cane, looking, at a distance, like fields of overgrown broom-cane. It grows to the height of eight or ten feet, and very thick; an army could be hidden in it. This soil must be deeply and intensely fertile.

There, at the end of an avenue of palm-trees (*See page 420*), in a nest of shady trees, is a group of white buildings, with a sea of cane-fields about it, with one high furnace-chimney pouring out its volumes of black smoke. This is a sugar plantation; my first sight of an *ingenio;* and the chimney is for the steam-works of the sugar-house. It is the height of the sugar season, and the untiring engine toils and smokes night and day. Ox-carts, loaded with canes, are moving slowly to the sugar-house from the fields; and about the house, and in the fields, in various attitudes and motions of labour, are the negroes, men and women and children, some cutting the cane, some loading the carts, and some tending the mill and the furnace. It is a busy scene of distant industry in the afternoon of a languid Cuba day.

Now these groups of white, one-storey buildings became more frequent, sometimes very near each other, all having the same character—the group of white buildings, the mill, with its tall furnace-chimney, and the look of a distillery, and all differing from each other only in the number and extent of the buildings, or in the ornament and comfort of shade-trees and avenues about them. Some are approached by broad alleys of the palm, or mango, or orange, and have gardens around them, and stand under clusters of shade-trees, while others glitter in the hot sun, in the flat sea of cane-fields, with only a little oasis of shade-trees and fruit trees immediately about the houses.

The life of Cuba must be studied in the plantations—first, as the farm-house shows the heart of New England, and the mansion-house and cottage, the heart of Old England.

"Limonar" appears in large letters on the small building where we next stop. I inquire for the plantation of Senor C——. They point to a group of white buildings about a quarter of a mile distant, standing prettily under high shade-trees, and approached by an avenue of orange-trees. All about me is rich verdure, over a gently undulating surface of deeply fertile country, with here and there a bright hill in the horizon, and, on one side, a ridge that may be called mountains. There is no sound but that of the birds, and in the next tree they may be counted by hundreds. Wild flowers, of all colours and scents, cover the ground and the thickets. This is the famous red earth, too. The avenue looks as if it had been laid down with pulverised brick, and all the dust on any object you see is red. Now we turn into the straight avenue of orange-trees—prim, deep-green trees, and glittering with golden fruit. Here is the one-story high-roofed house, with long, high piazzas;—there is a high wall, carefully whitewashed, inclosing a square with one gate, looking like a garrisoned spot. That must be the negroes' quarters; for there is a group of little negroes at the gate, looking earnestly at the approaching stranger. The negro carrying my luggage stops at the path and touches his hat, waiting permission to go to the piazza with the luggage; for the negroes do not go to the house-door without previous leave, in strictly-ordered plantations. I deliver my letter, and am received with cordial welcome.

The plantation in which I was, was named The Labyrinth, and was for thirty years a prosperous *cafetal* (coffee plantation). The causes which broke up the coffee estates of Cuba carried this with the others; and it was converted into a sugar plantation, under the new name of L'Ariadne, from the fancy of Ariadne having shown the way out of the labyrinth.

The change from coffee-plantations to sugar-plantations—from *cafetal* to the *ingenio*—has seriously affected the social, as it has the economic, condition of Cuba.

Coffee must grow under shade, consequently the coffee estate was, in the first place, a plantation of trees, and by the hundred acres. Economy and taste led the planters, who were chiefly the French refugees from St. Domingo, to select fruit-trees, and trees valuable for their wood, as well as pleasing for their beauty and shade. Under these plantations of trees grew the coffee-plant, an evergreen and almost an ever-flowering plant, with berries of changing hues, which twice a year brought its fruit to maturity. That the coffee might be tendered and gathered, avenues wide enough for waggons must be carried through the plantation at frequent intervals. The plantation was, therefore, laid out like a garden, with avenues and foot-paths all under the finest trees, and the space between the avenues were groves of fruit-trees and shade-trees, under which grew, trimmed down to the height of five or six feet, the coffee-plant. The labour of the plantation was in tending, picking, drying, and shelling the coffee, and gathering the fresh fruit of trees for use and for the market, for preserves and sweetmeats, and in raising vegetables and poultry, and rearing sheep, horned cattle, and horses. It was a beautiful and simple horticulture on a very large scale. Time was required to perfect the garden—the Cubans called it paradise; but when matured, it was a cherished home. It required and admitted of no extraordinary mechanical power, or of the application of steam or of science, beyond the knowledge of soils of simple culture, and of plants and trees.

For twenty years or more it has been forced upon the knowledge of the reluctant Cubans, that Brazil, the West India Islands, to the southward of Cuba, and the Spanish Main, can excel them in coffee raising. The successive disastrous hurricanes of 1843 and 1845, which destroyed many and damaged most of the coffee estates, added to the colonial system of the mother country, which did not give extraordinary protection to this product, are commonly said to have put an end to the coffee plantation. Probably they only hastened a change, which must at some time have come; but the same causes of soil and climate which made Cuba inferior in coffee-growing, gave her a marked superiority in the cultivation of sugar. The damaged plantations were not restored as coffee-estates,

but were laid down to the sugar-cane; and gradually, first in the western and northern parts, and daily extending easterly and southerly over the whole island, the exquisite cafetals have been prostrated and dismantled, the groves of shade and fruit trees cut down, the avenues and foot-path ploughed up, and the denuded land laid down to wastes of sugar-cane.

The sugar-cane allows of no shade. Therefore the groves and avenues must fall. To make its culture profitable, it must be raised in the largest possible quantities that this extent of land will permit. To attempt the raising of fruit, or of the ornamental woods, is bad economy for the sugar-planter. Most of the fruits, especially the orange, which is the chief export, ripen in the midst of the sugar season, and no hands can be spared to attend to them. The sugar-planter often buys the fruits he needs for daily use, and for making preserves, from the neighbouring cafetals. The cane ripens but once a-year. Between the time when enough of it is ripe to justify beginning to work the mill, and the time when the heat and the rains spoil its qualities, all the sugar-making of the year must be done. In Louisiana this period does not exceed eight weeks. In Cuba it is full four months. This gives Cuba a great advantage. Yet these four months are short enough; and during that time the steam engine plies, and the furnace fires burn night and day.

The sugar plantation is no grove, or garden, or orchard. It is not the home of the pride and affections of the planter's family. Thus the estates, largely abandoned by the families of the planters, suffer the evils of absenteeism, while the owners live in the suburbs of Havana and Matanzas, and in the Fifth Avenue of New York. The slave system loses its patriarchal character. The master is not the head of a great family, its judge, its governor, its physician, its priest, and its father, as the fond dream of the advocates of slavery, and sometimes, doubtless, the reality made by him. Middlemen, in the shape of administrators, stand between the owner and the slaves. The slave is little else than an item of labour raised or bought. The sympathies of a common home, common childhood, long and intimate relations, and many kind offices; common attachments to house, to land, to dogs, to cattle, to trees, to birds—the knowledge of births, sicknesses, and deaths; and the duties and sympathies of a common religion:—all these things, that may ameliorate the legal relations of the master and slave, and often give to the face of servitude itself precarious but interesting features of beauty and strength—these they must not look to have.

The process of sugar-making is that of squeezing by rollers the juice from the canes into reservoirs. The squeezed cane furnishes fuel for the furnace. The juice purges itself in defecators warmed by the waste steam of the engine. It then passes into a succession of cauldrons, where it is scummed or skimmed with ladles. In the final cauldron it crystalises, and it is then transferred to coolers, whence to hogsheads to drain, the drippings being molasses.

The engineer I found to be an American. He is one of a numerous class whom the sugar-culture brings annually to Cuba. They leave home in the autumn, engage themselves for the sugar-season, put the machinery in order, work it for the four or five months of its operation, clean and put it in order for lying by, and return to the United States in the spring. They must be machinists as well as engineers; for all the repairs and contrivances so necessary in a remote place fall upon them. Their skill is of great value, and while upon the plantation their labour is excessive. The occupation, however, is healthful, their position independent, and their pay large. This engineer had been several years in Cuba. He tells me, which I had often heard in Havana, that this plantation is a favourable specimen. On many plantations, on most, I suspect, from all I can learn—the negroes, during the sugar season, are allowed but four hours for sleep in the twenty-four, with one for dinner, and a half-hour for breakfast, the night being divided into three watches, of four hours each, the labourers taking their turns.

The regular and permanent officers of a plantation are the *mayoral* and *mayor domo*. The *mayoral* is under the master or his administrador, the chief mate or first lieutenant of the ship. He has the general oversight of the negroes, at their work or in their houses, and has the duty of exacting labour and enforcing discipline. The *mayor domo* is the purser, and has the immediate charge of the stores, produce, materials for labour, and provisions for consumption, and keeps the accounts.

Under the *mayoral* are a number of *contra mayorals*, who are the boatswains' mates of the ship, and correspond to the "drivers" of our southern plantations. One of them goes with every gang of negroes when set to work, whether in the field or elsewhere, and whether man or woman, and watches and directs them, and enforces labour from them. The drivers carry under the arm, at all times, the short limber, plantation whip, the badge of their office, and their means of compulsion. They are almost always negroes; and it is generally thought that negroes are not more humane in this office than the low whites.

At six o'clock the bell tolls for the ovation or prayer. The day's work is over. The distribution of provisions is made at the storehouse by the mayor domo, my host superintending it in person. The kitchen fires are lighting in the quarters, and the evening meal is prepared. I went into the quarters. A high wall surrounds an open square, in which are the houses of the negroes. This has one gate, which is locked at dark; and to leave the quarters after that time is a serious offence. The huts were plain, but unusually neat and comfortable in their construction and arrangement. In some were fires, round which, even in this hot weather, the negroes like to gather. This visit left a strange impression on my mind. At night, in my neat chamber, I realized that I am far away in the hill-country of Cuba, the guest of a planter under this system, by which one man is enthroned in the labour of another race, brought from across the sea. The song of the negroes breaks out afresh from the fields, where they are loading up the waggons—that barbaric undulation of sound:—"Na-nu—A-ya—Na-nu—A-ya," and the recurrence of here and there a few words of Spanish, among which "Manana" seemed to be a favourite. Once, in the middle of the night, I woke to hear the strains again as they worked in the fields under the stores.

At last came the day for departure. A quiet amble over the red earth to the station, in a thick morning mist, almost cold enough to make an overcoat comfortable; and, after two hours on the rail, I am again in Matanzas. The objects to be visited here are the

Cumbre, and the Valley of the Yumuri. As soon as the sun began to decline, I set off for the Cumbre, mounted on a "pacer," with a negro for a guide. We take our winding way up the ascent. The bay, town, and shipping lie beneath us. The Pan rises in the distance, to the height of some 3,000 feet; the ocean is before us, rolling against the outside base of the hills; and, on the inside, lies the deep, rich, peaceful valley of the Yumuri. There are several fine points of view, but it is late, and I must not pass the Yumuri; so we drove down the short, steep descent, between high, overhanging cliffs, and along the side of a still lake, and strike a bridle-path, and re-enter into the gaslight and noises of the city. We have missed the cave—abounding, they tell me, in stalactites, and resembling, though much smaller, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

In place of returning to Havana by sea, I took the railway, which unites the two cities by a journey of one hundred miles, through the interior into the country. The railway is supported by the sugar-freights, and therefore goes winding in and out amongst the plantations.

I cannot weary of gazing upon these new and strange scenes; the stations, with the groups of peasants, and negroes, and fruit-sellers that gather about them, and the stores of sugar and molasses collected there: the *ingenios*, glimmering in the heat of the sun, with their tall furnace-chimneys; the cane-fields, acres upon acres; the slow ox-carts, carrying the cane to the mill; then the intervals of unused country; the jungles, adorned with little wild flowers; the groves of the weeping, drooping, sad, homesick cocoa; the palm—which is to trees what the camel or dromedary is among animals—seeming to have strayed from Nubia or Mesopotamia; the stiff, close orange-tree, with his golden balls of fruit; and then the remains of a *cafetal*, the coffee-plant growing untrimmed and wild, under the reprieved groves of plantain and banana. How can this tire an eye that, two weeks ago to day, rested on the mid-winter snow and mud of the close streets of lower New York?

A little later in the afternoon the character of the views begins to change. The *ingenios* and cane-fields become less frequent, then cease altogether, and the houses have more the appearance of pleasure-retreats than of working estates. The roads show lines of mules and horses, loaded with panniers of fruits, or sweeping the ground with the long stalks of fresh fodder laid across their backs, all moving towards a common centre. Pleasure-carriages appear. Next comes the distant view of the Castle of Atares, and the Principi; and then the harbour and the sea; the belt of masts; the high ridge of fortifications; the blue, and white, and yellow houses, with brown tops; and now we are in the streets of Havana

It seems like coming home; and I feel as if I had been an age away, when it is only eight days since I first saw Cuba. Here are the familiar signs—*Por mayor y menor, Posada y Cantina, Tienda, Panaderia, Relojeria*, and the fanciful names of the shops; the high-pitched falsetto cries of the streets; the long files of mules and horses, with panniers of fruit, or hidden all but their noses and tails under stacks of fresh fodder; the *volantes*, and the motley multitude of whites, blacks, and Chinese; soldiers and civilians, and occasionally priests; negro women, lottery-ticket vendors, and the girl-musicians, with their begging tambourines.

## IV.—SLAVERY IN CUBA.

With all its social and political discouragements with the disadvantages of a duty of about 25 per cent. on its sugars paid in the United States, and a duty of full 100 per cent. on all flour imported from the United States, and after paying heavier taxes than any people on earth pay at this moment, and yielding a revenue which nets after every deduction and discount not less than sixteen millions a-year—against all these disadvantages, this island is still very productive and very rich.

There are three classes of persons in Cuba, from whom the visitor receives contradictory and irreconcilable statements—the Cubans, the Spaniards, and foreigners of other nations. By Cubans, I mean the Criollos (Creoles), or natives of Cuba. By Spaniards, I mean the Peninsulares, or natives of Old Spain. In the third class, are comprised the Americans, English, French, Germans, and all other foreigners, except Spaniards, who are resident on the island, but not natives. This last class is large, possesses a great deal of wealth, and includes a great number of merchants, bankers, and other traders.

The Spaniards, or Peninsulares, constitute the army and navy, the officers of the Government in all departments, judicial, educational, fiscal, and postal, the revenue and the police, the upper clergy, and a large and wealthy class of merchants, bankers, shop-keepers, and mechanics.

The higher military and civil officers are from all parts of Spain; but the Catalans furnish the great body of the mechanics and small traders.

It is difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion as to the number of slaves in Cuba. The census of 1857 puts it at 375,000; but neither this census nor that of 1853 is to be relied upon. The Cubans are taxed for their slaves, and the government find it difficult, as I have said, to get correct returns. No person of intelligence in Cuba, however desirous to put the number at the lowest, has stated it to me at less than 500,000. Many set it at 700,000. I am inclined to think that 600,000 is the nearest to the truth.

The census make the free blacks, in 1857, 125,000. It is thought to be 200,000 by the best authorities. The whites are about 700,000. The only point in which the census seems to agree with public opinion, is in the proportion. Both make the proportion of blacks to be about one free black to three slaves; and make the whites not quite equal to the entire number of blacks, free and slave together.

The fact that one negro in every four is free, indicates that the laws favour emancipation, and favour the free black after emancipation. The stranger visiting Havana will see a regiment of one thousand free black volunteers, keeping guard in the Obra Pia. When it is remembered that the bearing arms and performing military duty as volunteers is considered an honour and privilege, and is not allowed to the whites of Creole birth, except to a few who are favoured by the Government, the significance of this fact may be appreciated.

Every slave has a right to go to a magistrate and have himself valued, and on paying the valuation, to receive his free papers. The valuation is made by three assessors, of whom the master nominates one and the magistrates the other two. The slave is not obliged to pay the entire valuation at once, but may

pay it in instalments of not less than fifty dollars each.

There is another provision, which at first sight may not appear very important, but which is, I am inclined to think, the best practical protection the slave has against the ill-treatment of his master; that is the right to compulsory sale. A slave may, on the same process of valuation, compel his master to transfer him to any person who will pay the money for the purpose; he need establish no cause of complaint. It is enough if he desires to be transferred, and some one is willing to buy him. This operates as a check upon the master, and an inducement to him to remove especial causes of dissatisfaction. The children of slaves are, by law, baptised into the church, and receive Christian burial. But there is no enforcement of the obligation to give the slaves religious instruction, or to allow them to attend public religious service. Most of those in the rural districts see no church and no priest from baptism to burial.

Marriages by the Church are seldom celebrated. As in the Roman Catholic Church it is a sacrament and indissoluble, it entails great inconvenience upon the master, as regards sales or mortgages, and is a restraint upon the negroes themselves, to which it is not always easy to reconcile them. Consequently, marriages are usually performed by the master only, and, of course, carry with them no legal rights or duties.

For the rest, it is extremely difficult for a mere passenger in Cuba to attain an exact idea of the relative position of the whites and blacks.

If persons coming from the north are credulous enough to suppose that they will see chains and stripes and tracks of blood, and if, taking letters to the best class of slave holders, seeing their way of life, and hearing the dinner-table anecdotes and breakfast-table talk of the ladies, they find no outward sign of violence or corruption, they will probably also be credulous enough to suppose they have seen the whole of slavery. They do not know that that large plantation, with its smoking chimneys, about which they hear nothing, and which their host does not visit, has passed to the creditors of the late owner, who is a bankrupt, and is in charge of a manager, who is to get all he can in the shortest time, and to sell off the slaves as he can, having no interest, moral or pecuniary, in their future. They do not know that that other plantation, belonging to the young man who spends half his time in Havana, is an abode of licentiousness and cruelty. Neither do they know that the tall hounds, chained at the kennel of the house they are visiting, are Cuban bloodhounds, trained to track and to seize. They do not know that the barking last night was a pursuit and capture, in which all the white men in the place took part; and that, for the week past, the men of the plantation have been a committee of detective and protective police. They do not know that the ill-looking man who was there yesterday, and whom the ladies did not like, and all treated with ill-disguised aversion, is a professed hunter of slaves. They have never seen or heard of the Sierra del Cristal, the mountain range at the eastern end of Cuba, inhabited by runaways, where white men hardly dare to go.

## V.—FAREWELL TO CUBA.

A WORD on the material resources of this beautiful Spanish colony.

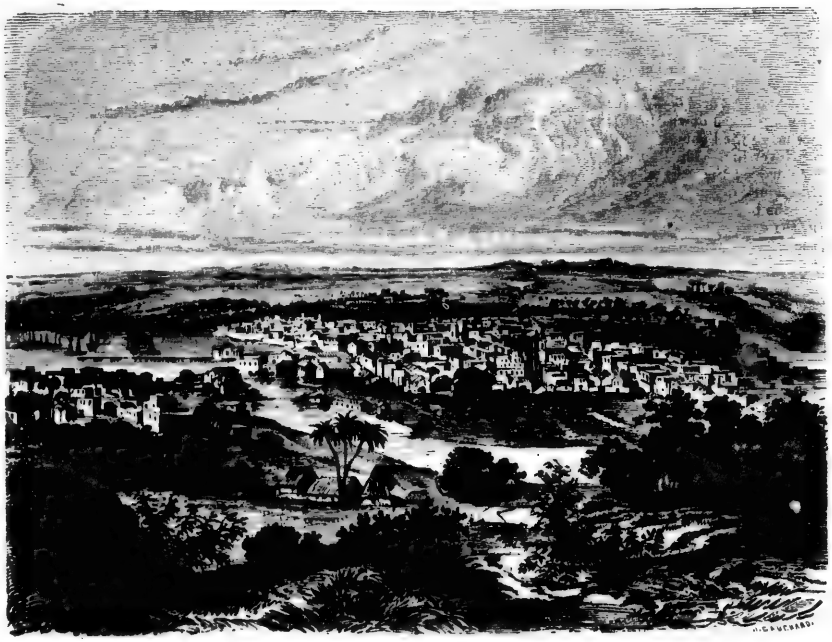
Cuba contains more good harbours than does any part of the United States south of Norfolk. Its soil is very rich and there are no large wastes of sand, either by the sea or in the interior. The coral rocks bound the sea, and the crags and sea come down to the coral rocks. The surface of the island is diversified by mountains, hills, and undulating lands, and is very well wooded, and tolerably well watered. It is interesting and picturesque to the eye, and abounds in flowers, trees of all varieties, and birds of rich plumage, though not of rich notes. It has mines of copper, and probably of iron, and is not cursed with gold or silver ore. There is no anthracite, but, probably, a large amount of very soft bituminous coal, which can be used for manufactures. It has also marble and other kinds of stone; and the hard woods, such as mahogany, cedar, ebony, iron-wood, lignum vitæ, &c., are in abundance. Mineral salt is to be found, and probably, in sufficient quantities for the use of the island. It is the boast of the Cubans, that the island has no wild beast or venomous reptiles. This has been so often repeated by tourists and historians, that I suppose it must be admitted to be true, with the qualification that they have the scorpion, tarantula, and chiga, the wounds inflicted by which, though painful, are not dangerous to life. The chiga (sometimes called chigoe and by the English, corrupted into jigger) is troublesome; and, if it be permitted to lie long under the flesh, is ineradicable, and makes amputation necessary.

As to the climate, I have no doubt that in the interior, especially on the red earth, it is healthy and delightful, in summer as well as in winter; but on the river borders, in the low lands of black earth, and on the savannahs, intermittent fever, and fever and ague, prevail. The cities have the scourge of yellow fever; and of late years also the cholera. In the cities, I suppose, the years may be divided, as to sickness, into three equal portions: four months of winter, when they are safe; four of summer, when they are unsafe; and four of spring and autumn, when they are passing from one state to the other. There are, indeed, a few cases of *vomito* in the course of the winter, but they are little regarded and must be the result of extreme imprudence. It is estimated that 25 per cent. of the soldiers die of yellow fever the first year of their acclimation, and during the year of the cholera 60 per cent. of the newly-arrived soldiers died. The mean temperature in winter is 70°, and in summer 83°, Fahrenheit. The island has suffered severely from hurricanes, although they are not so frequent as in others of the West Indian Islands. They have violent thunder-storms in summer, and have suffered from droughts in winter, though usually the heavy dews keep vegetation green through the dry season.

The steamer *Catawba*, that is to convey us back to New York, is hourly expected. All day there have been earnest looks to the north-west for the smoke of the *Catawba*—we are willing and desirous to depart. The smoke of a steamer is seen in the horizon, in the line the *Catawba* would take. "Let us walk down to the Punta, and see her come in." It is between four and five o'clock and a pleasant afternoon (there has been no rain, or sign of rain, in Cuba since we first saw it—twelve days ago), and we saunter along, keeping in the shade, and sit down on the boards, at the wharf, in front of the Presidio, near to where politicians are garrotted, and watch the progress of the steamer, amusing ourselves at the same time with seeing the negroes swimming and washing horses in the

shallow water off the bank. A Yankee flag flies from the signal-post of the Moro, but the Punta keeps the steamer from our sight. It draws towards six o'clock, and no vessel can enter after dark. We begin to fear she will not reach the point in time. Her cloud of smoke rises over the Punta, the city clock strikes six, the trumpets bray out, the sun is down, the signals on the Moro are lowering. "She'll miss it?" "No, there she is!"—and round the Punta comes her sharp black head, and then her full body; her toiling engine and smoking chimney, and peopled decks, and flying stars and stripes—Good luck to her!—and, though the signal is down, she pushes on and passes the forts without objection, and is lost among the shipping.

When you come to leave, you find the strange and picturesque character of the city has interested you more than you think; and you stare out of your carriage to read the familiar signs, the names of streets, the Obra Pia, Lamparella, Mercaderes, San Ignacio, Obispo, O'Reilly, and Officios, and the pretty and fantastic names of the shops. You think even the narrow streets have their advantages, as they are better shaded, and the awnings can stretch across them, though, to be sure, they keep out the air. No city has finer



VIEW OF MATANZAS.

avenues than the Ysabel and the Tacon; and the palm trees, at least, we shall not see at the North. Here is La Dominica. It is a pleasant place in the evening, after the Retreta to take your tea or coffee under the trees by the fountain in the courtyard, and meet the Americans and English,—the only public place, except the theatre, where ladies are to be seen out of their *volantes*. Still, we are quite ready to go; for we have seen all we have been told to see in the Havana, and it is excessively hot, and growing hotter.

At last the *Catawba* is ready for departure, and we hasten down to the Quay.

Along the range of piers, where the bows of the vessels run in, and in which the labour of this great commerce is performed, there runs a wide roof, covering all from the intense rays of the sun. Before this was put up, they say that workmen used to fall dead with sun-strokes, on the wharves.

I found on board the *Catawba* my cargo of oranges from Iglesia, my sweetmeats from Dominica, and my cigars from Cabanas, punctually delivered. All the passengers assemble: the deck is covered with mountains of orange-boxes; the anchor is raised; the steamer goes out of port handsomely, with the stars and stripes at her peak. The western sky is gorgeous with the setting sun; and the evening chimes and trumpets sound from the encircling fortifications, as we pass the Casa Blanca, the Cabana, the Punta, and the Moro.

After tea all are on deck. It is a clear night, and no night or day has been else than clear, at sea or on shore since we first crossed the Gulf Stream, on our passage out. The Southern Cross is visible in the south, and the North Star is above the horizon in the north. No winter climate of Cuba, on mountain or in plain—the climate of no land can be compared with the ocean—the clear, bracing, saline air of ocean! How one drinks it in! And then again, the rocking cradle that nurses one to sleep! Nothing but the necessity of sleep, the ultimate necessity of self-preservation, can close one's eyes upon such a night as this in the equinoctial seas.

*Saturday, March 5.*—Fine breeze, clear cool weather, fresh blue sea, off the coast of North Carolina; but as we keep in the Gulf Stream we make no land. We are in the highway of commerce, of all the central part of America, yet, as before, how few vessels we see! only one in three days!

*Sunday, March 6.*—Cooler; out of the Gulf Stream; awnings taken down. At four o'clock next morning we make the lights of Barnegat; at [illegible] heights of Neversink. The long shore of Ne[illegible] is open on our lee; the harbour of New York is [illegible] four or five hours' off. On the low sand-beach of Long Island are the bones of the *Black Warrior*, our consort. Far in the eastern horizon, just discernible, is the smoke of the *Europa*, due from Liverpool. The water, far out to sea, twenty or thirty miles from the harbour, is dotted with little boats, fishing for the all-consuming market of New York; and steam-tugs, short and low, just breathing out a little steam, are watching, far out at sea, their chances for inward bound vessels. We leave the twin lights of Neversink astern, and are abreast of the low, white spit of Sandy Hook, when a pilot comes bobbing over the waves. We heave-to, lower the steps, the pilot jumps aboard.

No harbour has a more beautiful and noble entrance than New York. The Narrows, Staten Island, the heights of Brooklyn, the distant view of the Hudson River Island, the densely populous outskirts in all directions, the broad bay, its rich tributaries on the north and the east, and then the tall spires and lofty warehouses of the city, and the long stretches, north and east, and south and west, of the close-packed hulls and entangled spars of the shipping

There is no snow to be seen over the landscape, or on the house tops, yet the leafless trees, the dry grass, the thick overcoats and furs, are in strange contrast with the palm-leaf hats, white linen coats, fluttering awnings, coveted shades, and the sun baked harvest of five days ago.

We drew into our docks as silently and as surely as everything is done in the *Catawba*. A crowd of New York hackmen is gathered on the pier, looking as if they had stolen their coaches and horses, and intended to steal our luggage. There are no policemen in sight. Everybody predicts a fight. The officers of the boat say that the police are of no use at present, for their indifference and non-intervention rather encourages the fighters.

We had been talking high patriotism to some Cuban passengers; and all the comparisons hitherto had been favourable to our country,—the style of the vessels, the manner in which the three boats, the health-boat, the revenue-boat, and the news-boat discharge their duties. But here was rather a counterset. The strangers saw it in rather a worse light than we did. We knew it was only a lawless fight for fares, and would end in a few blows, and perhaps the loss of a bag or trunk or two. But in their eyes it looked like an insurrection of the lower orders; they did not know where it would end. One elderly lady in particular, with a great variety of luggage, and speaking no English, was in special trepidation, and could not be pursuaded to trust herself, or her luggage, to the chance of the conflict, which she was sure would take place over it.

But it is the genius of our people to get out of difficulties as well as to get into them. The affair soon calms down; the crowd thins off; passengers select their coachmen, and leave the boat; and an hour or so after we touch the wharf; the decks are still; the engines are breathing out their last; the ship has done its part in the commerce of the world; Bullock and Rodgers are shaken by the hand, complimented and bade adieu by all; and our chance-gathered household of the last five days, not to meet again on earth or sea, is scattered among the streets of the great city, to the snow-lined hills of New England, and over the wide world of the GREAT WEST.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

## VI.—CIEN FUEGOS—SUGAR PLANTATIONS—CONDITION OF SLAVES.

AND now for the impressions made upon an Englishman—Mr. Anthony Trollope—one of our most picturesque writers, and at the same time, strange to say, as stout an annexationist as the most out-and-out Yankee, of this largest as well as most fertile island belonging to any European Power in the American Seas, and which, formerly coveted by the Slave Confederation, for the sake of preponderance in Congress, is still looked to by the whole Union as one more "Star" looming in the horizon.

"Cuba is the largest and most westerly of the West Indian Islands. It is in the shape of a half-moon, and with one of its horns nearly lies across the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico. It belongs to the Spanish crown, of which it is by far the most splendid appendage. So much for facts, geographical and historical.

"Cien Fuegos is a small new town on the southern coast of Cuba, created by the sugar trade, and devoted, of course, to commerce. It is clean, prosperous, and quickly increasing. The streets are lighted with gas, whilst those in the Havana still depend upon oil lamps. It has its opera, its governor's house, its alaméda, its military and public hospitals, its market-place, and railway station; and unless the engineers deceive themselves it will in time have its well. It has also that institution which in the eyes of travellers ranks so much above all others, a good and clean inn.

"My first object after landing was to see a slave sugar-estate. I had been told in Jamaica that to effect this required some little management; that the owners of the slaves were not usually willing to allow strangers to see them at work, and that the manufacture of sugar in Cuba was as a rule, kept sacred from profane eyes. But I found no such difficulty. I made my request to an English merchant at Cien Fuegos, and he gave me a letter of introduction to the proprietor of an estate some fifteen miles from the town, and by their joint courtesy I saw all that I wished.

"On this property, which consisted altogether of eighteen hundred acres—the greater portion of which was not under cultivation—there were six hundred acres of cane pieces. The average year's produce was eighteen hundred hogsheads, or three hogsheads to the acre. The hogshead was intended to represent a ton of sugar when it reached the market, but judging from all that I could learn it usually fell short of it by a hundred weight. The value of such a hogshead at Cien Fuegos was about twenty-five pounds. There were one hundred and fifty negro men on the estate, the average cost-value of each man being three hundred and fifty pounds: most of the men had their wives. In stating this, it must not be supposed that either I or my informant insist much on the validity of their marriage ceremony: any such ceremony was probably of rare occurrence. During the crop-time, at which period my visit was made, and which lasts generally from November till May, the negroes sleep during six hours out of the twenty-four, have two for their meals, and work for sixteen. No difference is made on Sunday. Their food is very plentiful, and of a good and strong description. They are sleek, and fat, and large, like well-preserved brewers' horses. And with reference to them, as with reference to the brewers' horses, it has probably been ascertained what amount of work may be exacted so as to give the greatest profit. During the remainder of the year, the labour of the negroes averages twelve hours a-day; and one day of rest in the week is usually allowed to them. I was of course anxious to see what was the nature of the coercive measures used with them; but in this respect my curiosity was not indulged. I can only say that I saw none, and saw the mark and signs of none. No doubt the whip is in use, but I did not see it. The gentleman whose estate I visited had no notice of our coming, and there was no appearance of anything being hidden from us. I could not, however, bring myself to inquire of him as to their punishment.

"The slaves throughout the island are always, as a rule, baptised. Those who are employed in the town, and as household servants, appear to be educated in compliance with, at any rate, the outward doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. But with the great mass of the negroes—those who work on the sugar-canes, all attention to religion ends with their baptism.

"The works at the Cuban sugar-estate were very different from those I had seen at Jamaica. They were on a much larger scale, in much better order, overlooked by a larger proportion of white men, with a greater amount of skilled labour. The evidences of capital were very plain in Cuba, whereas the want of it was frequently equally plain in our own island.

"Not that the planters in Cuba are as a rule themselves very rich men. The estates are deeply mortgaged to the different merchants at the different ports, as are those in Jamaica to the merchants of Kingston. These merchants in Cuba are generally Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, from the American Republics—anything but Cubans; and the slave-owners are but the go-betweens who secure the profits of the slave-trade for the merchants."

## VII.—THE HAVANA—ITS HOTELS—THE PASEO—THE HARBOUR AND THE QUAY.

"From Cien Fuegos I went to the Havana, the metropolis, as all the world knows, of Cuba. Our route lay by steamer by Batavano, and thence by railway. The communication round Cuba—that is from port to port—is not ill arranged or ill conducted. The boats are American built, and engineered by Englishmen or Americans. Breakfast and dinner are given on board, and the cost is included in the sum paid for the fare. The provisions are plentiful, and not bad, if oil can be avoided. As everything is done to foster Spain, Spanish wine is always used, and Spanish ware, and, above all things, Spanish oil. Now Spain does not send her best oil to her colonies.

"Labour generally is dear, a workman getting a dollar or four shillings and twopence, where in England a man might earn perhaps half-a-crown. A porter, therefore, for whom sixpence might suffice in England, will require a shilling. A volante—I shall have a word to say about volantes by-and-by—for any distance within the walls, costs eightpence. Outside the walls the price seems to be unconscionably higher. Omnibuses which run over two miles charge some fraction over sixpence for each journey. I find that a pair of boots costs me twenty-five shillings. In London they would cost about the same. Those procured in Cuba, however, were worth nothing, which certainly makes a difference. Meat is eightpence the English pound. Bread is somewhat dearer than in England, but not much.

"House rent may be taken as being nearly four times as high as it is in any decent but not fashionable part of London, and the wages of house servants are twice as high as they are with us. The high prices in the Havana are such therefore as to affect the resident rather than the stranger. One article, however, is very costly; but as it concerns a luxury not much in general use among the inhabitants this is not surprising. If a man will have his linen washed he will be made to pay for it.

"There is nothing attractive about the town of Havana; nothing whatever to my mind, if we except the harbour. The streets are narrow, dirty, and foul. In this respect there is certainly much difference between those within and without the wall. The latter are wider, more airy, and less vile; but even in them there is nothing to justify the praises with which the Havana is generally mentioned in the West Indies. It excels in population, size, and no doubt in wealth any other city there; but this does not apply a great eulogium. The three principal public buildings are the Opera House, the Cathedral, and the palace of the Captain-General. The former has been nearly knocked down by an explosion of gas, and is now closed. I believe it to be an admirable model for a second-rate house. The cathedral is as devoid of beauty, both externally and internally, as such an edifice can be made. To describe such a building would be an absurd waste of time and patience. (*See* illustration, p. 425.) We all know what is a large Roman Catholic church, built in the worst taste, and by a combination of the lowest attributes of Gothic and Latin architecture. The palace, having been built for a residence, does not appear so utterly vile, though it is the child of some similar father. It occupies one side of a public square or plaza, and from its position has a moderately-imposing effect. Of pictures in the Havana there are none of which mention should be made.

"But the glory of the Havana is the Paseo—the glory so called. This is the public drive and fashionable lounge of the town—the Hyde Park, the Bois de

Boulogne, the Cascine, the Corso, the Alaméda. It is for their hour on the Paseo that the ladies dress themselves, and the gentlemen prepare their jewelry. It consists of a road running outside a portion of the wall, of the extent perhaps of half-a-mile, and ornamented with seats and avenues of trees, as are the boulevards at Paris.

"The Cuban ladies may generally be seen out of doors with their hair uncovered. Though they are of Spanish descent, the manilla is unknown here. Nor could I trace much similarity to Spanish manner in other particulars. The ladies do not walk like Spanish women—at least not like the women of Andalusia, with whom one would presume them to have had the nearest connection. The walk of the Andalusian women surpasses that of any other, while the Cuban lady is not graceful in her gait. Neither can they boast the brilliantly dangerous beauty of Seville. In Cuba they have good eyes, but rarely good faces. The forehead and the chin too generally recede, leaving the nose with a prominence that is not agreeable. But as my gallantry has not prevented me from speaking in this uncourteous manner of their appearance, my honesty bids me add, that what they lack in beauty they make up in morals, as compared with their cousins in Europe. For travelling *en garçon*, I should probably prefer the south of Spain. But were I doomed to look for domesticity in either clime—and God forbid that such a doom should be mine!—I might perhaps prefer a Cuban mother for my children.

"The amusements of the Cubans are not very varied, and are innocent in their nature; for the gambling as carried on there I regard as rather a business than an amusement. They greatly love dancing, and have dances of their own and music of their own, which are peculiar, and difficult to a stranger. Their tunes are striking, and very pretty. They are fond of music generally, and maintain a fairly good opera company at the Havana. In the plaza there—the square, namely, in front of the Captain-General's house—a military band plays from eight to nine every evening. The place is then thronged with people, but by far the majority of them are men.

"It is the custom at all the towns in Cuba for the family, when at home, to pass their evening seated near the large low open window of their drawing-rooms; and as these windows almost always look into the street, the whole internal arrangement is seen by every one who passes. These windows are always protected by iron bars, as though they were the windows of a prison; in other respects they are completely open.

"Four chairs are to be seen ranged in a row, and four more opposite to them, running from the window into the room, and placed close together. Between these is generally laid a small piece of carpet. The majority of these chairs are made to rock; for the Creole lady always rocks herself. I have watched them going through the accustomed motion with their bodies, even when seated on chairs with stern immoveable legs. This is the usual evening living-place of the family; and I never yet saw an occupant of one of these chairs with a book in her hand, or in his. I asked an Englishman, a resident in the Havana, whether he had ever done so. 'A book!' he answered; 'why, the girls can't read, in your sense of the word reading.'

"The young men, and many of those who are no longer young, spend their evenings, and apparently a large portion of their days, in eating ices and playing billiards. The accommodation in the Havana for these amusements is on a very large scale.

"The harbour at the Havana is an interesting sight. It is in the first place very picturesque, which to the ordinary visitor is the most important feature. But it is also commodious, large, and safe. It is approached between two forts. That to the westward, which is the principal defence, is called the Moro. Here also stands the lighthouse. No Englishman omits to hear, as he enters the harbour, that these forts were taken by the English in Albemarle's time. Now, it seems to me, they might very easily be taken by any one who chose to spend on them the necessary amount of gunpowder. But then I know nothing about forts.

"This special one of the Moro I did take; not by gunpowder, but by stratagem. I was informed that no one was allowed to see it since the open defiance of the island contained in the last message of the United States' President. But I was also informed—whisperingly, in the ear—that a request to see the lighthouse would be granted, and that as I was not an American the fort should follow. It resulted in a little black boy taking me over the whole edifice—an impudent little black boy, who filled his pockets with stones and pelted the sentries. The view of the harbour from the lighthouse is very good, quite worth the trouble of the visit. The fort itself I did not understand, but a young English officer, who was with me, pooh-poohed it as a thing of nothing. But then young English officers pooh-pooh everything. Here, again, I must add that nothing can exceed the courtesy of all Spanish officials. If they could only possess honesty and energy as well as courtesy!

"By far the most interesting spot in the Havana is the Quay, to which the vessels are fastened end-ways, the bow usually lying against the Quay. In other places the side of the vessel is, I believe, brought to the wharf. Here there are signs of true life. One cannot but think how those quays would be extended, and that life increased, if the place were in the hands of other people.

"I found it difficult to learn what is exactly the present population of Cuba. I believe it to be about 1,300,000, and of this number about 600,000 are slaves. There are many Chinese now in the island, employed as household servants, or on railways, or about the sugar-works. Many are also kept at work on the cane-pieces, though it seems that for this labour they have hardly sufficient strength. These unfortunate deluded creatures receive, I fear, very little better treatment than the slaves."

LANDSCAPE IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

# THE SEARCH FOR THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

## I.

THE DISCOVERY YACHT "FOX" AT THE DANISH SETTLEMENTS IN GREENLAND—BOBY WITH THE ICE IN MELVILLE BAY—AN ARCTIC WINTER—DRIFTING IN THE ICE—ESCAPE FROM THE PACK—MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO MELVILLE BAY—CROSS BAFFIN'S BAY—DETAINED IN POND'S BAY—THE ICE OPENS AND THEY REACH BEECHY ISLAND—ERECT A MONUMENT—SAIL DOWN PEEL'S STRAIT—TURNED BACK BY THE ICE—MAKE REGENT'S INLET AND BELLOT STRAIT—WESTERN END OF STRAIT BLOCKED UP WITH ICE—WINTER QUARTERS.

THE "tiny" *Fox* and her gallant crew, who were destined to find the relics of Sir John Franklin and of his companions in misfortune, left this country on their adventurous voyage on the 1st July, 1857, passed through the Pentland Firth on the 2nd, and sighted the ice-locked continent of Greenland on the 12th. Steam carried the little ship, after eighteen hours buffeting through the ice, into a broad belt of clear water which always exists between it and the land at midsummer, and thus they were enabled to touch at the Danish settlement of Fredericksbaat, Fiskernaes, and Disco, from which latter place they obtained the necessary supply of coal and sledge dogs. A young Esquimaux, named Christian, also volunteered his services as dog-driver.

It is to be remarked that all the Esquimaux along this coast have become Christians, the Danish government doing much more for them than we have within our own territories of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, supplying each settlement with a clergyman, a doctor, and a schoolmaster, whose duty it is to give gratuitous instruction and relief.

After touching at Upernivik, the most northerly of all the Danish settlements, the *Fox* stood out to sea to try and penetrate the middle ice. The edge was reached on the 8th of August, and after steaming some distance to the south, all hopes of a middle passage were given up and they steered to the northward, till on the afternoon of the 12th they were fast to an iceberg in Melville Bay. The ice covered the whole bay to the northward quite on to the steep face of the glacier.

"There is much," says Captain (now Sir F. L.) M'Clintock, in his interesting and graphic narrative,[1] "to excite intense admiration and wonder around them. One cannot at once appreciate the grandeur of this mighty glacier, extending unbroken for forty or fifty miles. Its sea-cliffs, about five or six miles from them, appear comparatively low, yet the icebergs detached from it were of the loftiest description. Here, on the spot, it does not seem incorrect to compare the icebergs to mere chippings off its edge, and the floe-ice to the thinnest shavings.

"The far-off outline of glacier, seen against the eastern sky, had a faint tinge of yellow: it is almost horizontal, and of unknown distance and elevation.

"There was an unusual dearth of birds and seals: everything around them was painfully still, excepting when an occasional iceberg split off from the parent glacier; then we heard a rumbling crash like distant thunder, and the wave occasioned by the launch reaches us in six or seven minutes, and made the ship roll lazily for a similar period. It can scarcely be imagined that within the whole compass of nature's varied aspects there could be presented to the human eye a scene so well adapted for promoting deep and serious reflection, for lifting the thoughts from trivial things of everyday life to others of the highest import."

As immense herds of rein-deer appear and disappear at Upernivik, it is supposed that they migrate at intervals to unexplored feeding grounds beyond the glacier.

To the infinite vexation of Captain M'Clintock and his companions, the *Fox* remained beset by the ice in Melville Bay all autumn. There was nothing for it but to prepare for wintering in the pack. Seals became more rare and timid, bears kept aloof, and even the sharks deserted them. As animal life became scarce, so the dogs became ravenous. They would even eat their own puppies, and, making charges, would actually board the ship in search of provisions. On the 1st of November the sun paid his last visit for the year, and after that they had to take their meals by lamp-light. White and blue arctic foxes remained about the ship all winter; it is surprising what they find to live upon; birds and hares were exceedingly rare. Perchance they find dovekies and the scraps of seal rejected by the bears. On the 27th of February the first seal of the year 1858 was shot; it came in good time, for the fifty-one seals shot in autumn were finished only two days before. On the 2nd of March four fat seals and some dovekies were shot.

All the time that the *Fox* was thus wintering in the ice and in darkness it was really drifting in an irregular manner to the south. They had been beset in August, 1857, in Melville Bay; on the 7th of March, 1858, without any movement on their part, they found themselves abreast of Disco Island. On the 12th of April, they drifted, in their own words, ingloriously out of the Arctic regions. On this occasion a gull and a few terns, their first summer visitors, were seen. Fulmar petrels and snow buntings followed. Polar bears abounded upon very loose broken ice, drifting into the Atlantic 120 miles from the nearest land. By the 26th of April the *Fox* had drifted into the open sea, clear of the pack, but the escape was not without danger—danger enough to bleach the face of the hardiest sailor—for after that day's experience Captain M'Clintock says he can understand, how men's hair have turned gray in a few hours. During their 242 days in the packed ice of Baffin's Bay and Davis' Straits, they had drifted 1,194 geographical or 1,385 statute miles—the longest drift on record.

On the 25th of April they were once more anchored among the Greenlanders at Holsteinborg, a charming change after their position only a few days back. On the 13th of May they fetched Disco; several English whalers had preceded them. On the 18th of June the

[1] A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D., &c., &c. John Murray.

*Fox* was nearly wrecked, her bows having stuck fast in a reef of rocks off Buchan Island, and which being capped with ice was not distinguishable from the floating masses around. Luckily the little vessel floated off with the night-tide unhurt, after having been eleven hours on the reef.

On the 19th of June, the *Fox* had once more made its way up to Melville Bay. On the 19th, the land-ice broke away inshore, and they were again drifting south, but on the 25th, thanks to the aid of steam, they regained the edge, and, on the evening of the 27th, they reached Cape York, where they communicated with the natives. These Arctic Highlanders have diminished lately in numbers from famine and disease.

The passage across Baffin's Bay, from Melville Bay to Cape Horsburg in North Devon, was effected without any misadventure. Jones' Sound appeared open. They spoke three families of Esquimaux, apparently the only tenants of the coast. Lancaster Sound, when sighted, was found to be crammed full of floes and icebergs. There was, consequently, no getting beyond Cape Warrender, and after much vexatious delay, on the 17th they crossed to the southern shore off Cape Hay, and thence made Pond's Bay, to await there for a change of weather. Here they communicated once more with whalers and with the natives.

At length, on the 6th of August, they steamed from Pond's Bay northward, and Lancaster Sound was found to be nearly cleared of ice—the wind, however, blowing a gale—directly up Barrow Strait. Under such fortunate circumstances, Beechy Island was fetched on the 11th of August, and then Captain M'Clintock erected a marble tablet, sent out by Lady Franklin in the American expedition of 1855, under Captain Harstein, but which had been left at Godhaven in Disco. Upon this raised flagged square, in the centre of which stands the cenotaph recording the names of those who perished in the Government expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, and where is also a small tablet to the memory of Lieutenant Bellot, the inscription ran as follows:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
**FRANKLIN**
**CROZIER, FITZJAMES,**
AND ALL THEIR
GALLANT BROTHER OFFICERS AND FAITHFUL
COMPANIONS WHO HAVE SUFFERED OR PERISHED
IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE AND
THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY,
**THIS TABLET**
IS ERECTED, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE
THEY PASSED THEIR FIRST ARCTIC
WINTER, AND WHENCE THEY ISSUED
FORTH TO CONQUER DIFFICULTIES OR
**TO DIE**
IT COMMEMORATES THE GRIEF OF THEIR
ADMIRING COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS,
AND THE ANGUISH, SUBDUED BY FAITH,
OF HER WHO HAS LOST, IN THE HEROIC
LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, THE MOST
DEVOTED AND AFFECTIONATE OF
HUSBANDS.
*"AND SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THE HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE."*
1855—

There was at this time, strange to say, no ice in Barrow Strait, and on the 16th, the discovery yacht sailed away to Cape Hotham, and on the 17th, shooting gallantly past Limestone Island, they were steering down Peel Strait, all in a wild state of excitement—a mingling of anxious hopes and fears! But the hopes excited, were destined to early disappointment. On the 18th they came in sight of unbroken ice, extending across the Strait from shore to shore! The disappointment at this interruption to progress was as sudden as it was severe, but Captain M'Clintock never hesitated; he turned about at once for the open sea of Barrow Strait, in order, if possible, to reach Bellot Strait, by Prince Regent Inlet, before winter should set in.

On the 19th, the yacht anchored off Port Leopold, and by the 21st, an unsparing use of steam and canvass, had forced the ship half-way through Bellot Strait.

Its western capes are lofty bluffs, such as may be distinguished fifty miles distant in clear weather. Between them there was a clear broad channel, but five or six miles of close heavy pack intervened, the sole obstacle to their progress. Of course this pack would speedily disperse; it is no wonder that they should feel elated at such a glorious prospect, and content to bide their time in the security of Depôt Bay. A feeling of tranquillity, of earnest, hearty satisfaction, came over them. There was no appearance amongst them of anything boastful; they had all experienced too keenly the vicissitudes of Arctic voyaging to admit of such a feeling.

At the turn of tide they perceived that they were being carried, together with the pack, back to the eastward, every moment their velocity was increased, and presently they were dismayed at seeing grounded ice near them, but were very quickly swept past it at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, though within 200 yards of the rocks, and of instant destruction! As soon as they possibly could, they got clear of the packed ice, and left it to be hurled wildly about by various whirlpools and rushes of the tide, until finally carried out into Prentford Bay. The ice-masses were large, and dashed violently against each other, and the rocks lay at some distance off the southern shore; they had a fortunate escape from such dangerous company. After anchoring again in Depôt Bay, a large stock of provisions and a record of their proceedings were landed, as there seemed every probability of advancing into the Western Sea in a very few days.

The appearance of Bellot Strait was precisely that of a Greenland fiord: it was about twenty miles long and scarcely a mile wide in the narrowest part; and there, within a quarter of a mile of the north shore, the depth was ascertained to be 400 feet. Its granitic shores were bold and lofty, with a very respectable sprinkling of vegetation for lat. 72°. Some of the hill-ranges rise to about 1,500 or 1,600 feet above the sea.

Anxious to know the real state of the ice in the western sea, upon which their hopes so entirely depended, Captain M'Clintock started on the 1st of September, with a boat party up the strait. Upon this occasion, a long narrow lake was discovered. Sir James Ross's furthest research in 1849 was at once recognised, and an impression was received of a wide channel leading southward. The *Fox* was accordingly steamed through the strait, on the return of the boat party, as far as to its western outlet, which was found to be blocked up by large stout fields of ice, of more than one winter's growth, and apparently immovable in consequence of the numerous islets and rocks which

THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE "EREBUS" AND "TERROR" IN THE ICE.

rose through it, and held it fast. There was no alternative. By the 12th, that is only six days after arriving at the western extremity of Bellot Strait, the *Fox* was already in winter quarters at the entrance of a creek previously explored, and which was designated as Port Kennedy. (*See* p. 4[illegible]) What rendered this detention still more vexatious, than before being finally frozen in for winter, on the 19th of September, the *Fox* steamed once more through Bellot Strait, and took up its former position at the ice-edge, off its western entrance. And this belt of islet-girt ice was found to be scarcely four miles in width, and beyond it was open sea.

## II.

Narrow Escape of a Sledge-Party—Interview with the Boothian Esquimaux—Relics of Franklin—Ascertain that one of the Ships was Sunk—Start of the Extended Searching Parties — Intelligence of another Ship Stranded — Parties Separate — Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock Examines East Coast of King William Island and Mouth of Back's River—Return by South and West Coast of King William Island—Examine Cairns—Discover a Skeleton—Note from Lieutenant Hobson—The Record—A Boat and Two more Skeletons.

Once established in their winter-quarters, Captain M'Clintock's chief attention was directed to preparing provisions and equipments for the travelling parties. His scheme of sledge-search comprehended three separate routes and parties of four men; to each party a dog-sledge and driver to be attached; the captain to lead one party; Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., another; and Captain Young, of the Mercantile Marine, the third. So early as on the 25th of September, Hobson started upon a journey of fourteen or fifteen days' duration, with seven men and fourteen dogs, to advance the depôts along shore to the south. He returned on the 5th of October, having been stopped by the sea washing against the cliffs in latitude 71½°, and to which point they had advanced the depôts. It was quite evident from this that no more travelling could be accomplished until the ice formed a pathway along shore. Rein-deer were seen at this time almost daily; they, too, were waiting the freezing-over of the sea, to continue their southern travels.

On the 19th, Hobson started again on another sledge expedition, from which they did not return till the 6th of November. They had had a narrow escape for their lives: —

For the first six days they journeyed outwards successfully; on that night they encamped upon the ice; it was at spring-tide, a N E. gale sprang up, and blowing off shore detached the ice and drifted them off! The sea froze over on the cessation of the gale, and two days afterwards they fortunately regained the land near the position from which they were blown off; they had, indeed, experienced much unusual danger and suffering from cold.

As soon as they discovered that the ice was drifting off shore with them, they packed their sledges, harnessed the dogs, and passed the night in anxious watching for some chance to escape. When the ice got a little distance off shore, it broke up under the influence of the wind and sea, until the piece they were upon was scarce twenty yards in diameter; this drifted across the mouth of a wide inlet[1] until brought up against the opposite shore. The gale was quickly followed by an intense frost; which in a single night formed ice sufficiently strong to bear them in safety to the land, although it bent fearfully beneath their weight."

On the 7th of November, Mr. Brand, the engineer, a steady, serious man, died suddenly, and was buried in a grave on shore. Game began to be scarce, and the cold unusually trying. Still they kept up their spirits, and they were all as jolly as could be expected under such circumstances, and the festivities of Christmas were kept up with due hilarity — venison, beer, and a fresh stock of clay-pipes, being the most prized luxuries. This, whilst a fierce north-wester was howling loudly through the rigging, the snow-drift was rustling swiftly past; no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between seventy-six and eighty degrees below the freezing point. It is surprising how human nature could withstand such intense cold, yet the hearty tars welcomed in the new year with music—flutes, accordion, and gong—and merry songs.

On the 26th of January part of the sun's disc loomed, for the first time, above the horizon, and gladly did they scan the features of their returning friend. On the 14th, Captain M'Clintock and Captain Allen Young started in sledges to communicate with the Boothians in the vicinity of the magnetic pole. The expedition was successful; on the 1st of March they fell in with four Esquimaux.

Captain M'Clintock and Petersen, his interpreter, immediately buckled on their revolvers, and advanced to meet them. The natives halted, made fast their dogs, laid down their spears, and received them without any evidence of surprise. They told them they had been out upon a seal-hunt on the ice, and were returning home: they proposed to join them, and all were soon in motion again; but another hour brought sunset, and they learned that their snow village of eight huts was still a long way off, so they hired them at the rate of a needle for each Esquimaux to build them a hut, which they completed in an hour; it was eight feet in diameter, five and a-half feet high, and in it they all passed the night. Perhaps the records of architecture do not furnish another instance of a dwelling-house so cheaply constructed!

They gave them to understand that they were anxious to barter with them, and they very cautiously approached the real object of their visit. A naval button upon one of their dresses afforded the opportunity; it came, they said, from some white people who were starved upon an island where there are salmon (that is, in a river); and that the iron of which their knives were made came from the same place. One of these men said he had been to the island to obtain wood and iron, but none of them had seen the white men. Another man had been to "Ei-wil-lik" (Repulse Bay), and counted on his fingers seven individuals of Rae's party, whom he remembered having seen.

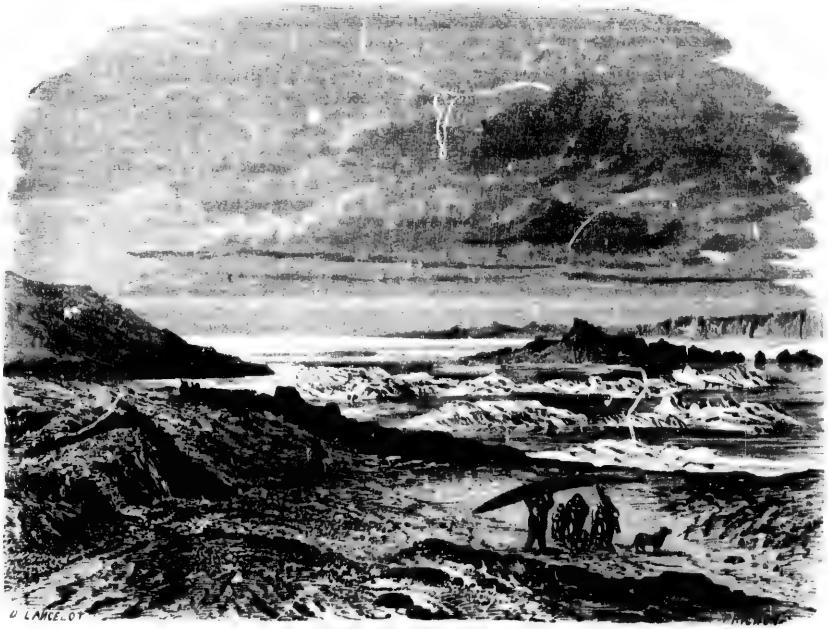
These Esquimaux had nothing to eat, and no other clothing than their ordinary double dresses of fur; they would not eat biscuit or salt pork, but took a small quantity of bear's blubber, and some water. They slept in a sitting posture, with their heads leaning forward on their breasts. Next morning, they travelled about ten miles further, by which time they were close to Cape Victoria; beyond this Captain M'Clintock would not go, much as the Esquimaux

[1] Named after Lord Wrottesley, in remembrance of the support given by him to the expedition, his advocacy of it in the House of Lords, and of the facilities granted by the Royal Society, of which he was President, for the pursuit of scientific observations.

wished to lead them on; they therefore landed, and the natives built them a commodious snow hut in about half-an-hour: this done, they displayed to the natives their articles for barter—knives, files, needles, scissors, beads, &c., expressed their desire to trade with them, and promised to purchase everything which belonged to the starved white men, if they would come to them on the morrow. Notwithstanding that the weather was now stormy and bitterly cold, two of the natives stripped off their outer coats of rein-deer skin, and bartered them for a knife each.

Despite the gale which howled outside, they spent a comfortable night in their roomy hut.

Next morning the entire village population arrived, amounting to about forty-five souls, from aged people to infants in arms, and bartering commenced very briskly. First of all they purchased all the relics of the lost expedition, consisting of six silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, the property of Mr. A. M'Donald, assistant-surgeon, part of a gold chain several buttons, and knives made of the iron and wood of the wreck, also bows and arrows constructed of material obtained from the same source. Having secured these, they purchased a few dozen salmon, some seals' blubber and venison, but could not prevail upon the natives to part with more than one of their fine dogs. One of the sledges was made of two stout pieces of wood, which might have been a boat's keel.



MOUTH OF BACK'S RIVER.

All the old people recollected the visit of the *Victory*. An old man told Captain M'Clintock his name was "Ollooria:" the captain recollected that Sir James Ross had employed a man of that name as a guide, and reminded him of it; he was, in fact, the same individual, and he inquired after Sir James by his Esquimaux name of "Aggluggu."

Captain M'Clintock inquired after the man who was furnished with a wooden leg by the carpenter of the *Victory*. No direct answer was given, but his daughter was pointed out. Petersen explained that they do not like alluding in any way to the dead, and that, as this question was not answered, it was certain the man was no longer amongst the living.

None of these people had seen the whites: one man said he had seen their bones upon the island where they died, but some were buried. Petersen also understood him to say that the boat was crushed by the ice. Almost all of them had part of the plunder: they said they would be there when the Captain returned, and would trade more with him; also that they should find natives upon Montreal Island at the time of their arrival there.

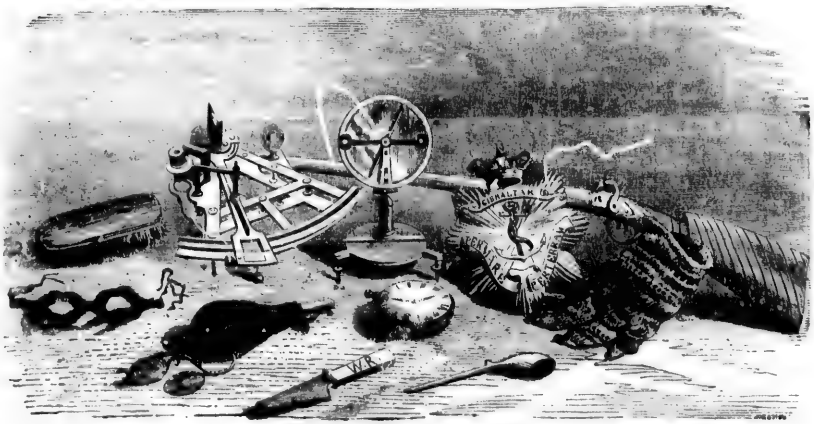
Next morning, 4th March, several natives came to them again. Captain M'Clintock bought a spear six and a-half feet long from a man who told Petersen distinctly that a ship having three masts had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William Island, but that all the people landed safely; he was not one of those who were eye-witnesses of it;

the ship sunk, so nothing was obtained by the natives from her; all that they have got, he said, came from the island in the river. The spear-staff appears to have been part of the gunwale of a light boat. One old man, "Oo-na-lee," made a rough sketch of the coast-line with his spear upon the snow, and said it was

OPENING OF A CAIRN.

eight journeys to where the ship sank, pointing in the direction of Cape Felix. They could make nothing out of his rude chart.

The information they obtained bears out the principal statements of Dr. Rae, and also accounts for the disappearance of one of the ships; but it gives no clue to the whereabouts of the other, nor the direction whence the ships came. One thing was tolerably certain,



RELICS OF FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

the crews did not at any time land upon the Boothian shore.

These Esquimaux were all well clothed in rein-deer dresses, and looked clean: they appeared to have abundance of provisions, but scarcely a scrap of wood was seen amongst them which had not come from the lost expedition. Their sledges, with the exception of the one already spoken of, were wretched little affairs, consisting of two frozen rolls of seal-skins coated with ice, and attached to each other by bones, which served

as the crossbars. The men were stout, hearty fellows, and the women arrant thieves, but all were good-humoured and friendly. The women were decidedly plain; in fact, this term would have been flattering to most of them; yet there was a degree of vivacity and gentleness in the manners of some that soon reconciled them to these Arctic specimens of the fair sex. They had fine eyes and teeth, as well as very small hands, and the young girls had a fresh rosy hue, not often seen in combination with olive complexions.

Esquimaux mothers carry their infants on their backs within their large fur dresses, and where the babes can only be got at by pulling them out over the shoulder. Whilst intent upon bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from Captain M'Clintock for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before him in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60° below freezing-point Petersen informed him that she was begging for a needle for her child. It is needless to say he gave her one as expeditiously as possible; yet sufficient time elapsed before the infant was again put out of sight to alarm him considerably for its safety in such a temperature. The natives, however, seemed to think nothing of what looked to him like cruel exposure of a naked baby.

They now returned to the ship with all the speed they could command; but stormy weather occasioned two days' delay, so that they did not arrive on board until the 14th March. Though considerably reduced in flesh, Captain M'Clintock and his companions were in excellent health, and blessed with insatiable appetites On washing their faces, which had become perfectly black from the soot of the blubber lamp, sundry scars, relics of frost-bites, appeared; and the tips of their fingers, from constant frost-bites, had become as callous as if seared with hot iron.

In this journey of twenty-five days, they travelled 360 geographical miles (420 English), and completed the discovery of the coast-line of Continental America, thereby adding about 120 miles to the charts. The mean temperature throughout the journey was 30° below zero of Fahrenheit, or 62° below the freezing point of water.

On reaching the ship, Captain M'Clintock at once assembled his small crew, and told them of the information they had obtained, pointing out that there still remained one of the ships unaccounted for, and therefore it was necessary to carry out all their projected lines of search.

During this journey Captain M'Clintock says he acquired the Arctic accomplishment of eating frozen blubber, in delicate little slices, and vastly preferred it to frozen pork.

Captain Allen Young and his party returned on the 3rd of March, having placed their depôt upon the shore of Prince of Wales' Land, about 70 miles S.W. of the ship, and the gallant captain started again on the 18th with the men and eighteen dogs for Fury Beach, in search of provisions, although it was blowing a gale from the north-west at the time. On this occasion Captain Young and one of his men became blind as kittens, and the third man had to lead them. What would have become of them had he gone blind also?

The bustle of preparation for the extended searching journeys was now going on in earnest. On the 2nd of April, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson started each with a sledge drawn by four men, besides a dog sledge and dog driver. Mr. Petersen managed Captain M'Clintock's sledge. Captain Allen Young was to follow. The procession, Captain M'Clintock says, looked imposing—it certainly was deeply interesting. The ship hoisted the Royal Harwich Yacht flag, and the sledges displayed their gay silk banners: the captain's own was a very beautiful one, and was given to him by Lady Franklin; it bore her name in white letters upon a red ground, and was margined with white embroidery; it was worked by the sisters of Captain Collinson.

On the 20th April they fell in with two families of Boothian Esquimaux, the people whom they had communicated with at Cape Victoria, in February. Old Oo na-lee laid his hands on Petersen's shoulders to measure their width, and said, "He is fatter now." True enough, says Captain M'Clintock. The February temperature and sharp marching had caused them both at that time to shrink considerably. After many anxious inquiries, they learned from these people that *two ships* had been seen by the natives of King William Island; one of them was seen to sink in deep water, and nothing was obtained from her; a circumstance at which they expressed much regret; but the other was forced on shore by the ice, where they suppose she still remains, but is much broken. From this ship they had obtained most of their wood and other relics, and the place where the ship had grounded was known to them by the name of *Oot-loo-lik*. Formerly, many natives lived there, but very few remained now. It is much to be regretted that Captain M'Clintock's expedition was not enabled to visit this important station, supposed to be on the coast of Victoria Island. One of the Esquimaux told them that the body of a man had been found on board the ship, that he must have been a very large man, and had long teeth, but this was all he recollected having been told, for he was quite a child at the time. They also said that this was in the fall of the year—that is August or September—when the ships were destroyed, and that all the white people went away to the "large river," taking a boat or boats with them, and that in the following winter their bones were found there.

On the 28th of April, they reached Cape Victoria in Boothia, a little south of the magnetic pole, and here Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson parted, the latter crossing the ice at Ross' Strait to Cape Felix at King William Island, and following the western shores of that island, while the former explored its eastern shores. The pack in Ross' Strait was very rough, and it was not without labour and difficulty that the sledges were got across it. Captain M'Clintock met with only one snow village and a single snow hut along the east coast of King William Island. (*See* p. 461.)

Captain M'Clintock purchased from the natives six pieces of silver plate, bearing the crests or initials of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and M'Donald; they also sold them bows and arrows of English woods, uniform and other buttons, and offered them a heavy sledge made of two short stout pieces of curved wood, which no mere boat could have furnished them with, but this of course they could not take away; the silver spoons and forks were readily sold for four needles each.

The natives were most obliging and peaceably disposed, but could not resist the temptation to steal, and were

importunate to barter everything they possessed; there was not a trace of fear, every countenance was lighted up with joy; even the children were not shy, nor backward either, in crowding about them, and poking in everywhere One man got hold of their saw, and tried to retain it, holding it behind his back, and presenting his knife in exchange; they might have had some trouble in getting it from him, had not one of the men mistaken his object in presenting the knife towards the Captain, and ran out of the tent with a gun in his hand; the saw was instantly returned, and the poor people seemed to think they never could do enough to convince them of their friendliness; they repeatedly tapped him gently on the breast, repeating the words, "Kammik toomee" (We are friends).

Having obtained all the relics they possessed, they purchased some seal's flesh, blubber, frozen venison, dried and frozen salmon, and sold some of their puppies. They told them it was five days' journey to the wreck,—one day up the inlet still in sight, and four days overland; this would carry them to the western coast of King William Land; they added that but little now remained of the wreck which was accessible, their countrymen having carried almost everything away. In answer to an inquiry, they said she was without masts; the question give rise to some laughter amongst them, and they spoke to each other about fire, from which Petersen thought they had burnt the masts through close to the deck in order to get them down.

There had been many books they said, but all had long ago been destroyed by the weather; the ship was forced on shore in the fall of the year by the ice. She had not been visited during this past winter, and an old woman and a boy were shown to them, who were the last to visit the wreck; they said they had been at it during the winter of 1857-8.

Petersen questioned the woman closely, and she seemed anxious to give all the information in her power. She said many of the white men dropped by the way as they went to the Great River; that were buried and some were not; they did not themselves witness this, but discovered their bodies during the winter following.

They could not arrive at any approximation to the numbers of the white men, nor of the years elapsed since they were lost.

This was all the information they could obtain, and it was with great difficulty so much could be gleaned, the dialect being strange to Petersen, and the natives far more inclined to ask questions than to answer them. They assured them they should find natives upon the south shore of King William Island, only three days' journey from there, and also at Montreal Island; moreover, they might find some at the wreck. For these reasons Capt. M'Clintock did not prolong his stay with them beyond a couple of hours. They seemed to have but little intercourse with other communities, not having heard of their visit to the Boothians two months before; one man even asked Petersen if he had seen his brother, who lived in Boothia, not having heard of him since last summer.

It was quite a relief to get away from these good humoured, noisy thieves, and rather difficult too, as some of them accompanied them for miles. They had abundance of food, were well clothed, and were a finer race than those who inhabit North Greenland, or Pond's Inlet; the men had their hair cropped short, with the exception of one long straggling lock hanging down on each side of the face, like the Boothians; the women had lines tattooed upon their cheeks and chins.

On the morning of the 12th of May, they crossed from King William Land to the mainland of North America, at Point Ogle, and they encamped the same evening upon the ice in Back's or the Great Fish River. (*See* page 456.) On the 15th, they reached Montreal, in bad weather, snowing, with much wind, and one of the men sick. No relics of the lost expedition were found on this island save a piece of a preserved meat-tin, two pieces of iron hoop, some scraps of copper, and an iron-hoop bolt. These were supposed to be part of the plunder obtained from the boat On the evening of the 19th, they commenced their return journey; but for three weeks their route led them over new ground, as they examined the south coast of King William Island.

They were now upon the shore, along which the retreating crews must have marched. It is likely that they passed over many sad relics, for the sledges had to travel upon the sea-ice, and the beach was covered with deep snow; yet, in one place, where the winds had partially bared a gravel ridge of snow, they came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow.

The skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones either disevered or gnawed away by small animals.

A most careful examination of the spot was of course made, the snow removed, and every scrap of clothing gathered up. A pocket book afforded strong grounds for hope that some information might be subsequently obtained respecting the unfortunate owner, and the calamitous march of the lost crews, but at the time it was frozen hard. The substance of that which they gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:—

This victim was a young man, slightly built, and perhaps above the common height; the dress appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant, the loose low knot in which his neck handkerchief was tied not being used by seamen or officers. In every particular the dress confirmed their conjectures as to his rank or office in the late expedition—the blue jacket with slashed sleeves and braided edging, and the pilot cloth great coat with plain covered buttons. They found also a clothes-brush near, and a horn pocket-comb. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen upon his face in the position in which they found him.

It was a melancholy truth that the old woman spoke when she said, "they fell down and died as they walked along."

Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock does not think that the Esquimaux discovered this skeleton, or they would have carried off the brush and comb, superstition prevents them from disturbing their own dead, but would not keep them from appropriating the property of the white man if in any way useful to them. Dr. Rae obtained a piece of flannel, marked "F. D. V., 1845," from the Esquimaux of Boothia or Repulse Bay; it had doubtless been a part of poor Des Vœux's garments

At the time of their interview with the natives of King William Island, Petersen was inclined to think

that the retreat of the crews took place in the fall of the year, some of the men in boats, and others walking along the shore; and as only five bodies are said to have been found upon Montreal Island with the boat, this fact favoured his opinion, because so small a number could not have dragged her there over the ice, although they could very easily have taken her there by water. Subsequently this opinion proved erroneous, Captain M'Clintock mentions it to show how vague their information was—indeed, all Esquimaux accounts are naturally so—and how entirely they were dependent upon their own exertions for bringing to light the mystery of their fate.

The information obtained by Dr. Rae was mainly derived second-hand from the Fish River Esquimaux, and should not be confounded with that received by them from the King William Island Esquimaux. These people told them they did not find the bodies of the white men (that is, they did not know any had died upon the march) until the following winter.

The remains of those who died in the Fish River may very probably have been discovered in the summer shortly after their decease

A cairn was found at Point Gladman, which was taken down stone by stone—(*See* p. 457.)—and carefully examined, but nothing found. A still more important cairn was examined at Cape Herschel, with similar unsatisfactory results. Captain M'Clintock, who says, "There will be few spots more hallowed by English seamen than this cairn on Cape Herschel," believes that it had been plundered by the natives, for it is not likely that the retreating party proceeding this way to Back's River would have quitted King William Land without leaving some record behind them.

About twelve miles from Cape Herschel, Captain M'Clintock's party found a small cairn built by Hobson's party, and containing a note. He had reached his extreme point six days previously, without having seen anything of the wreck, or of natives, but he had found a record—the record so ardently sought for of the Franklin expedition—at Port Victory.

That record, Captain M'Clintock observes, is indeed a sad and touching relic of our lost countrymen, and to simplify its contents he points out separately the double story it so briefly tells.

In the first place, the record paper was one of the printed forms usually supplied to discovery ships for the purpose of being inclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents, blanks being left for the date and positions; any person finding one of these records is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty with a note of time and place; and this request is printed upon it in six different languages. Upon it was written, apparently by Lieutenant Gore, as follows:—

"28 of May, 1847. { H.M. ships 'Erebus' and 'Terror' wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05' N., long. 98° 23' W.

"Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechy Island, in lat. 74° 43' 28" N, long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

"Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

"All well.

"Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men, left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

"GM. GORE, Lieut.

"CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate."

There is an error in the above document, namely, that the *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered at Beechy Island in 1846-7—the correct dates should have been 1845-6; a glance at the date at the top and bottom of the record proves this, but in all other respects the tale is told in as few words as possible of their wonderful success up to that date, May, 1847. We find that, after the last intelligence of Sir John Franklin was received (bearing date of July, 1845) from the whalers in Melville Bay, his expedition passed on to Lancaster Sound, and entered Wellington Channel, of which the southern entrance had been discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1819. The *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed up that strait for 150 miles, and reached in the autumn of 1845 the same latitude as was attained eight years subsequently by H.M.S. *Assistance* and *Pioneer*. Whether Franklin intended to pursue this northern course, and was only stopped by ice in that latitude of 77° north, or purposely relinquished a route which seemed to lead away from the known seas off the coast of America, must be a matter of opinion; but this the document assures us of, that Sir John Franklin's expedition, having accomplished this examination, returned southward from latitude 77° north, which is at the head of Wellington Channel, and re-entered Barrow's Strait by a new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands.

Seldom has such an amount of success been accorded to an Arctic navigator in a single season, and when the *Erebus* and *Terror* were secured at Beechey Island for the coming winter of 1845-6, the results of their first year's labour must have been most cheering. These results were the exploration of Wellington and Queen's Channel, and the addition to our charts of the extensive lands on either hand. In 1846 they proceeded to the south-west, and eventually reached within twelve miles of the north extreme of King William Land, when their progress was arrested by the approaching winter of 1846-7. That winter appears to have passed without any serious loss of life; and when, in the spring, Lieutenant Gore leaves with a party for some especial purpose, and very probably to connect the unknown coast-line of King William Land between Point Victory and Cape Herschel, those on board the *Erebus* and *Terror* were "All well," and the gallant Franklin still commanded.

But, alas! round the margin of the paper upon which Lieutenant Gore in 1847 wrote those words of hope and promise, another hand had subsequently written the following words:—

"April 25, 1848.—H.M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37' 42" N., long. 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

(Signed)

"F. R. M. CROZIER,

"Captain and Senior Officer.

"JAMES FITZJAMES,

"Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*."

"And start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

This marginal information was evidently written by Captain Fitzjames, excepting only the note stating

when and where they were going, which was added by Captain Crozier.

There is some additional marginal information relative to the transfer of the document to its present position (viz., the site of Sir James Ross's pillar) from a spot four miles to the northward, near Point Victory, where it had been originally deposited by the *late* Commander Gore. This little word *late* shows us that he too, within the twelvemonth, had passed away.

In the short space of twelvemonths how mournful had become the history of Franklin's expedition; how changed from the cheerful "All well" of Graham Gore! The spring of 1847 found them within ninety miles of the known sea off the coast of America; and to men who had already in two seasons sailed over 500 miles of previously unexplored waters, how confident must they have then felt that that forthcoming navigable season of 1847 would see their ships pass over so short an intervening space! It was ruled otherwise. Within a month after Lieutenant Gore placed the record on Point Victory, the much-loved leader of the expedition, Sir John Franklin, was dead; and the following spring found Captain Crozier, upon whom the command had devolved, at King William Island, endeavouring to save his starving men, 105 souls in all, from a terrible death by retreating to the Hudson Bay territories up the Back or Great Fish River.

A sad tale was never told in fewer words. There is something deeply touching in their extreme simplicity, and they show in the strongest manner that both the leaders of this retreating party were actuated by the loftiest sense of duty, and met with calmness and decision the fearful alternative of a last bold struggle for life, rather than perish without effort on board their ships; for we well know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were only provisioned up to July, 1848.

Lieutenant Hobson's note recorded that he found quantities of clothing and articles of all kinds lying about the cairn, as if these men, aware what they were retreating for their lives, had there abandoned

SNOW HUTS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

everything which they considered superfluous. Encouraged by this important news, Captain M'Clintock's party exerted their utmost vigilance, in order that no trace should escape them. Nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. On the 30th of May they encamped alongside a large boat—another melancholy relic which Hobson had found and examined a few days before. A vast quantity of tattered clothing was lying in her, and this was first examined. Not a single article bore the name of its former owner. The boat was cleared out and carefully swept, that nothing might escape them. The snow was then removed from about her, but nothing whatever was found.

But all these were after-observations; there was that in the boat which transfixed them with awe. It was portions of two human skeletons. One was that of a slight young person; the other of a large, strongly-made, middle-aged man. The former was found in the bow of the boat, but in too much disturbed a state to enable Hobson to judge whether the sufferer had died there; large and powerful animals, probably wolves, had destroyed much of this skeleton, which may have been that of an officer. Near it was found the fragment of a pair of worked slippers. They had originally been eleven inches long, lined with calf-skin with the hair left on, and the edges bound with red silk ribbon. Besides these slippers there were a pair of small strong shooting half-boots. The other skeleton was in a somewhat more perfect state,[1] and was enveloped with clothes and furs; it lay across the boat, under the after thwart. Close beside it were found five watches; and there were two double-barrelled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked, standing muzzle upwards against the boat's side. It may be imagined with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinised, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets and pocket-books,

[1] No part of the skull of either skeleton was found, with the exception only of the lower jaw of each.

journals, or even names. Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the *Vicar of Wakefield*. One little book, *Christian Melodies*, bore an inscription upon the title-page from the donor to G. G. (Graham Gore?) A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. Besides these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-book were found.

Amongst an amazing quantity of clothing there were seven or eight pairs of boots of various kinds—cloth winter boots, sea boots, heavy ankle boots, and strong shoes. I noted, says Captain M'Clintock, that there were silk handkerchiefs—black, white, and figured—towels, soap, sponge, tooth-brush, and hair combs; mackintosh gun-cover, marked outside with paint A 12, and lined with black cloth. Besides these articles we found twine, nails, saws, files, bristles, wax-ends, sail-makers' palms, powder, bullets, shot, cartridge, wads, leather cartridge-case, knives—clasp and dinner ones—needle and thread cases, slow-match, several bayonet scabbards cut down into knife-sheaths, two rolls of sheet lead, and, in short a quantity of articles of one description and another truly astonishing in variety, and such as, for the most part, modern sledge-travellers in these regions would consider a mere accumulation of dead weight, but slightly useful, and very likely to break down the strength of the sledge-crews.

The only provisions they could find were tea and chocolate; of the former very little remained, but there were nearly 40 pounds of the latter. These articles alone could never support life in such a climate, and they found neither biscuit nor meat of any kind. A portion of tobacco and an empty pemmican-tin, capable of holding 22 pounds weight, were discovered. The tin was marked with an E: it had probably belonged to the *Erebus*. None of the fuel originally brought from the ships remained in or about the boat, but there was no lack of it, for a drift tree was lying on the beach close at hand, and had the party been in need of fuel they would have used the paddles and bottom boards of the boat.

In the after-part of the boat they discovered eleven large spoons, eleven forks, and four tea-spoons, all of silver; of these twenty-six pieces of plate, eight bore Sir John Franklin's crest, the remainder had the crests or initials of nine different officers, with the exception of a single fork which was not marked; of the nine officers, five belonged to the *Erebus*—Gore, Le Vesconte, Fairholme, Crouch, and Goodsir. Three others belonged to the *Terror*,—Crozier (a tea-spoon only), Hornby and Thomas. It is not known to whom the three articles with an owl engraved on them belonged, nor who was the owner of the unmarked fork, but of the owners of those that can be identified the majority belonged to the *Erebus*. One of the watches bore the crest of Mr. Crouch, of the *Erebus*, and as the pemmican tin also came from that ship, Captain M'Clintock is inclined to think the boat did also.

Sir John Franklin's plate perhaps was issued to the men for their use, as the only means of saving it; and it seems probable that the officers generally did the same, as not a single iron spoon, such as sailors always use, has been found. Of the many men, probably twenty or thirty, who were attached to this boat, it seemed most strange that the remains of only two individuals were found, nor were there any graves upon the neighbouring flat land; indeed, bearing in mind the season at which these poor fellows left their ships, it should be remembered that the soil was then frozen hard, and the labour of cutting a grave very great indeed.

But what excited their astonishment was to find the sledge was directed N.E., exactly for the next point of land for which they themselves were travelling.

The position of this abandoned boat is about 50 miles as a sledge would travel from Point Victory, and therefore 65 miles from the position of the ships; also it is 70 miles from the skeleton of the steward, and 150 miles from Montreal Island: it is, moreover, in the depth of a wide bay, where, by crossing over ten or twelve miles of very low land, a great saving of distance would be effected, the route by the coast-line being about 40 miles.

A little reflection led them to satisfy their own mind, at least, that the boat was returning to the ships, and in no other way could they account for two men having been left in her, than by supposing the party were unable to drag the boat further, and that these two men, not being able to keep up with their shipmates, were therefore left by them supplied with such provisions as could be spared to last until the return of the others from the ship with a fresh stock.

Whether it was the intention of the retreating party to await the result of another season in the ships, or to follow the track of the main body to the Great Fish River, is now a matter of conjecture. It seems highly probable that they had purposed revisiting the boat, not only on account of the two men left in charge of it, but also to obtain the chocolate, the five watches, and many other articles which would otherwise scarcely have been left in her.

The same reasons which may be assigned for the return of this detachment from the main body, will also serve to account for their not having come back to their boat. In both instances they appear to have greatly overrated their strength, and the distance they could travel in a given time

Taking this view of the case, we can understand why their provisions would not last them for anything like the distance they required to travel; and why they would be obliged to send back to the ships for more, first taking from the detached party all the provisions they could possibly spare. Whether all or any of the remainder of this detached party ever reached their ships is uncertain; all that is known is that they did not revisit the boat, which accounts for the absence of more skeletons in its neighbourhood; and the Esquimaux report that there was no one alive in the ship when she drifted on shore, and that but one human body was found by them on board of her.

After leaving the boat, M'Clintock's party followed an irregular coast line to the N. and N.W., up to a very prominent cape, which is probably the extreme of land seen from Point Victory by Sir James Ross, and named by him Point Franklin, which name, as a cape, it still retains.

It is almost needless to say that throughout the whole of the journey along the shores of King William Land, a most vigilant look-out was kept to seaward for any appearance of the stranded ship spoken of by the natives; their search was, however, fruitless in that respect.

## III.

ANOTHER RECORD FOUND—RETURN TO THE "FOX."—A NAVIGABLE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE?—HOBSON'S JOURNEY—SUFFERINGS FROM SCURVY—CAPTAIN ALLEN YOUNG'S JOURNEY—DISCOVERS M'CLINTOCK CHANNEL—THE "FOX" LIBERATED FROM HER ICE PRISON—THE EXPEDITION RETURNS HOME—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

On the morning of the 2nd June they reached Point Victory. A note left there by Hobson informed Capt. M'Clintock that he had not found the slightest trace either of a wreck anywhere upon the coast or of natives to the north of Cape Crozier. The same note also made mention of a second record having been found deposited by Lieutenant Gore in May, 1847, upon the south side of Back Bay, but it afforded no additional information. Captain M'Clintock remarks upon these records:—

Brief as these records are, we must needs be contented with them; they are perfect models of official brevity. No log book could be more provokingly laconic. Yet, that any record at all should be deposited after the abandonment of the ships, does not seem to have been intended; and we should feel the more thankful to Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, to whom we are indebted for the invaluable supplement; and our gratitude ought to be all the greater when we remember that the ink had to be thawed, and that writing in a tent during an April day in the Arctic regions, is by no means an easy task.

A great quantity and variety of things lay strewed about the cairn, such as even in their three days' march from the ships, the retreating crews found it impossible to carry further. Amongst these were four heavy jets of boat's cooking stoves, pickaxes, shovels, iron hoops, old canvas, a large single block, about four feet of a copper lightning conductor, long piece of hollow brass curtain-rods, a small case of selected medicines containing about twenty-four phials—the contents in a wonderful state of preservation; a dip circle by Robinson, with two needles, bar-magnets and light horizontal needle, all complete, the whole weighing only nine pounds; and even a small sextant, engraved with the name of "Frederic Hornby," lying beside the cairn without its case. The coloured eye shades of the sextant had been taken out, otherwise it was perfect, the moveable screws, and such parts as came in contact with the observer's hand, were neatly covered with thin leather to prevent frost-bite in severe weather. (*See* page 457.)

The clothing left by the retreating crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* formed a huge heap four feet high; every article was searched, but the pockets were empty, and not one of all these articles was marked,—indeed, sailors' warm clothing seldom is. Two canteens, the property of marines, were found, one marked "88 Co., Wm. Hedges," and the other "89 Co., Wm. Hether." A small pannikin made out of a two-pound preserved meat tin, had scratched on it "W. Mark."

Captain M'Clintock's search for traces of the lost ones ended at this point. Lieutenant Hobson found two other cairns, and many relics, between that position and Cape Felix. It is Captain M'Clintock's opinion, as well as Lieutenant Hobson's, that no part of the coast between Cape Felix and Cape Crozier has been visited by Esquimaux since the fatal march of the lost crews in April, 1848; none of the cairns or numerous articles strewed about—which would be invaluable to the natives—or even the driftwood they noticed had been touched by them. From this very significant fact it seems quite certain that they had not been discovered by the Esquimaux, whose knowledge of the "white men falling down and dying as they walked along," must be limited to the shore-line southward and eastward of Cape Crozier, and where, of course, no traces were permitted to remain for them to find. It is not probable that such fearful mortality would have overtaken them so early in their march as within eighty miles by sledge-route from the abandoned ships, such being their distance from Cape Crozier; nor is it probable that they could have passed the wreck had she existed there, as there are no off-lying islands to prevent a ship drifting in upon the beach; whilst to the southward they are very numerous; so much so that a drifting ship could hardly run the gauntlet between them so as to reach the shore.

The coast from Point Victory northward is considerably higher than that upon which they had been so many days; the sea, also, is not so shallow, and the ice comes close in; to seaward all was heavy close pack, consisting of all descriptions of ice, but for the most part old and heavy.

They succeeded in reaching False Strait on the morning of the 18th June, and pitched their tent just as heavy rain began to descend; it lasted throughout the greater part of the day. After travelling a few miles upon the Long Lake, further progress was found to be quite impossible, and they were obliged to haul their sledges up off the flooded ice, and commence a march sixteen or seventeen miles overland for the ship. The poor dogs were so tired and sore-footed, that they could not induce them to follow them; they remained about the sledges. After a very fatiguing scramble across the hills and through the snow-valleys, they were refreshed with a sight of the poor dear lonely little *Fox*, and arrived on board in time for a late breakfast on the 19th June.

With respect to a navigable north-west passage, and to the probability of their having been able last season to make any considerable advance to the southward, had the barrier of ice across the western outlet of Bellot Strait permitted them to reach the open water beyond, Captain M'Clintock thinks, judging from what he has since seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that the chances were greatly in favour of their reaching Cape Herschel, on the S. side of King William Land, by passing (as he intended to do) eastward of that island.

From Bellot Strait to Cape Victoria, they found a mixture of old and new ice, showing the exact proportion of pack and of clear water at the setting in of winter. Once to the southward of the Tasmania Group, he thinks their chief difficulty would have been overcome; and south of Cape Victoria he doubts whether any further obstruction would have been experienced, as but little if any, ice remained. The natives told them the ice went away, and left a clear sea every year. As their discoveries show the Victoria Strait to be but little more than twenty miles wide, the ice pressed southward through so narrow a space could hardly have prevented their crossing to Victoria Land, and Cambridge Bay, the wintering-place reached by Collinson, from the *west*.

No one who sees that portion of Victoria Strait which lies between King William Island and Victoria Land, as they saw it, could doubt of there being but one way of getting a ship through it, that was being

the *extremely* hazardous one of drifting through in the pack.

The wide channel between Prince of Wales' Land and Victoria land admits a vast and continuous stream of very heavy ocean-formed ice from the N.W., which presses upon the western face of King William Island, and chokes up Victoria Strait in the manner just described. The North-West Passage could never be sailed through by passing westward—that is—to windward, of King William Island.

If the season was so favourable for navigation as to open the northern part of this western sea[1] (as, for instance, in 1846, when Sir J. Franklin sailed down it), but comparatively little difficulty would be experienced in the more southern portion of it until Victoria Strait was reached. Had Sir John Franklin known that a channel existed eastward of King William *Land* (so named by Sir John Ross), it is not probable that he would have risked the besetment of his ships in such very heavy ice to the westward of it; but had he attempted the north-west passage by the *eastern* route, he would probably have carried his ships safely through to Behring's Strait. But Franklin was furnished with charts which indicated no passage to the eastward of King William Land, and he supposed that land (since discovered by Rae to be an island) to be a peninsula attached to the continent of North America; and he consequently had but one course open to him, and that the one he adopted.

Captain M'Clintock's preference for the route by the east side of the island is founded upon the observations and experience of Rae and Collinson in 1851-2-4. He is of opinion that the barrier of ice off Bellot Strait, some three or four miles wide, was the only obstacle to their carrying the *Fox*, according to his original intention, southward to the Great Fish River, passing *east* of King William Island, and from thence to a wintering position on Victoria Land. Perhaps some

THE "FOX" IN BELLOT'S STRAIT.

future voyager, profiting by the experience so fearfully and fatally acquired by the Franklin expedition, and the observations of Rae and Captains Collinson and M'Clintock, may succeed in carrying his ship through from sea to sea; at least he will be enabled to direct all his efforts in the true and only direction. In the meantime to Franklin must be assigned the earliest discovery of the North-West Passage, though not the actual accomplishment of it in his ships.

Hobson's report is a minute record of all that occurred during his journey of seventy-four days, and includes a list of all the relics brought on board, or seen by him. He suffered very severely in health: when only ten days out from the ship, traces of scurvy appeared; when a month absent he walked lame; towards the latter end of the journey he was compelled to allow himself to be dragged upon the sledge, not being able to walk more than a few yards at a time; and on arriving at the ship on the 14th June, poor Hodson was unable to stand. How strongly this bears upon the last sad march of the lost crews! And yet Hobson's food throughout the whole journey was pemmican of the very best quality, the most nutritious description of food that we know of, and varied occasionally by such game as they were able to shoot. In spite of this fresh-meat diet, scurvy advanced with rapid strides.

After leaving Captain M'Clintock at Cape Victoria he says—"No difficulty was experienced in crossing James Ross Strait. The ice appeared to be of but one year's growth; and although it was in many places much crushed up, we easily found smooth leads through the lines of hummocks; many very heavy masses of ice, evidently of foreign formation, have been here arrested in their drift: so large are they that, in the gloomy weather we experienced, they were often taken for islands."

[1] This channel is now named after the illustrious navigator, Sir John Franklin.

Again, at Cape Felix, he observes,—"The pressure of the ice is severe, but the ice itself is not remarkably heavy in character; the shoalness of the coast keeps the line of pressure at a considerable distance from the beach; to the northward of the island the ice, as far as could be seen, was very rough, and crushed up into very large masses." Here was noticed the gradual change in the character of the ice as Hobson left the Boothian shore and advanced towards Victoria Strait. The "very heavy masses of ice, evidently of foreign formation," had drifted in from the N.W. through M'Clure Strait, Victoria Strait was full of it; and Hobson's description of the ice he passed over clearly illustrates how Franklin, leaving clear water behind him, pressed his ships into the pack when he attempted to force through Victoria Strait. How very different the result might and probably would have been had he known of the existence of a ship-channel, sheltered by King William Island from this tremendous "polar pack!"

Hobson left King William Island on the last day of May, having spent thirty-one days on its desolate shores. During that period one bear and five willow grouse were shot; one wolf and a few foxes were seen. One poor fox was either so desperately hungry, or so charmed with the rare sight of animated beings, that he played about the party until the dogs snapped him up, although in harness and dragging the sledge at the time. A few gulls were seen, but not until after the first week in June.

It has already been explained how Hobson found the records and the boat: he exercised his discretionary power with sound judgment, and completed his search so well, that, in coming over the same ground after him, Captain M'Clintock could not discover any trace that had escaped him.

The latter quite agrees with him that there may be many small articles beneath the snow; but that cairns, graves, or any conspicuous objects could exist upon so low and uniform a shore, without their having seen them, is almost impossible

Captain Young's report comprised seventy-eight days of sledge-travelling, and certainly under most discouraging circumstances. Leaving the ship on 7th April, he crossed the western strait to Prince of Wales' Land, and thence traced its shore to the south and west. On reaching its southern termination—Cape Swinburne, so named in honour of Rear Admiral Swinburne, a much-esteemed friend of Sir J. Franklin, and one of the earliest supporters of this final expedition—he describes the land as extremely low, and deeply covered with snow, the heavy grounded hummocks which fringed its monotonous coast alone indicating the line of demarcation betwixt land and sea. To the north-east of this terminal cape the sea was covered with level floe formed in the fall of last year, whilst all to the north-westward of the same cape was pack consisting of heavy ice-masses, formed perhaps years ago in far distant and wider seas.

Young attempted to cross the channel which he discovered between Prince of Wales' Island and Victoria Land; but from the rugged nature of the ice, found it quite impracticable with the means and time remaining at his disposal. He expresses his firm conviction that this channel is so constantly choked up with unusually heavy ice as to be quite unnavigable; it is, in fact, a continuous ice-stream from the N.W. His opinion coincides with Captain M'Clintock's, and with those of Captains Ommanney and Osborn, when those officers explored the north-western shores of Prince Wales' Land in 1851.

Fearing that his provisions might run short, he sent back one sledge with four men, and continued his march with only one man and the dogs for forty days! They were obliged to build a snow-hut each night to sleep in, as the tent was sent back with the men; but latterly, when the weather became more mild, they preferred sleeping on the sledge, as the constructing of a snow-hut usually occupied them for two hours. Young completed the exploration of this coast beyond the point marked upon the charts as Osborn's farthest, up nearly to lat. 73° N., but no cairn was found. He, however, recognised the remarkably shaped conical hills spoken of by Osborn, when he at his farthest, in 1851, struck off to the westward.

The coast-line throughout was extremely low; and in the thick disagreeable weather which he almost constantly experienced, it was often a matter of great difficulty to prevent straying off the coast line inland. He commenced his return on 11th May, and reached the ship on 7th June, in wretched health and depressed in spirits.

Directly his health was partially re-established, he, in spite of the Doctor's remonstrances, again set out on the 10th with his party of men and the dogs, to complete the exploration of both shores of the continuation of Peel Sound, between the position of the *Fox* and the points reached by Sir James Ross in 1849, and Lieutenant Browne in 1851. This he accomplished without finding any trace of the lost expedition, and the parties were again on board by 28th June. The ice travelled over in this last journey was almost all formed last autumn.

The extent of coast line explored by Captain Young amounts to 380 miles, whilst that discovered by Hobson and Captain M'Clintock amounts to nearly 420 miles, making a total of 800 geographical miles of new coast-line which were laid down.

On Wednesday, the 10th day of August, the south wind having cleared away a passage for the *Fox* out of Brentford Bay, they started under steam, leaving behind them the graves of two shipmates, tastefully sodded round and planted over with the usual Arctic flowers: a record in a conspicuous cairn at the west point of Depôt or Transition Bay, and three cases of pemmican near the east end of Long Lake, and the travelling boat near its west end, at the head of False Strait. On the 15th they passed within a mile of Ferry Beach; on the 17th Leopold Island, and on Sunday evening, the 21st, they were at sea out of sight of land! After a brief stay at Godhaven, a single week of favourable gales took the stalwart little *Fox* from Cape Farewell to within 400 miles of the Land's End, or about 1,100 miles of distance; and on the 20th of September Captain M'Clintock landed at Portsmouth, on his safe return from this most interesting and adventurous voyage.

The battle of the Arctic regions, we may now truly say, has been fought out and out again. On the one side is man, by nature weak, sensitive, and frail; on the other, privation, gloom, and cold, stern and ever-enduring. But, on the one hand, is also mind, ever ready, like the tiny *Fox* that is fitted up for the encounter, by its workings, to penetrate into its ice encumbered seas, or, like the Aurora, to light up into life and cognizance remote shores wrapped in the silence and solitude of death. But has mind always been victorious? How many

ships have now been abandoned to the relentless frost since the *Fury* was first stranded on the coast of North Somerset? How many gallant fellows have paid for the heroic resolution to face and overcome difficulties, sent in this instance not by man but by nature, with their lives? What a picture of helplessness is presented to us in what remained of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, dropping one by one as they made their last endeavour to leave the battle-field behind them? And is the sad picture relieved by a few daring escapes and brilliant successes, or even by M'Clintock's dauntless search for bones and relics? We fear not. The struggle is not equal. When Providence closes up a portion of the globe in ice and snow, and wraps it up in night for half of the year, leaving all around without life, or movement, or light, it sets its seal upon that region as if it was tabooed of humanity, and marks it as a land whose outskirts even the stubborn Esquimaux can only starve on precarious seals' flesh and blubber.

Far would it be from us to underrate the gallantry and heroism of our brave and unflinching countrymen in carrying out these struggles, now renewed with what has been done by others for about the hundred and thirtieth time; we estimate it at the very highest, as requiring higher qualities of courage, fortitude, and endurance, than any amount of struggle between man and man, and we are as much carried away by the mystery and romance of untrod regions of perpetual ice, and remote lands bathed in gloom and darkness, as it is perhaps possible to be. We honour the graves of those who have died there, and weep for the memory of the unburied.

But what has this sacrifice of life and vessels, and this persistent expenditure, which would have almost sufficed to construct a railway from Constantinople to Lahore, or to have united the St. Lawrence with Fraser's River by an iron bond, been incurred for? In the first place, to solve a geographical problem; in the second, to serve the cause of humanity. Both honourable incentives, and worthy of good and true men, and of an enterprising and grateful nation. The problem was the discovery of a north-west passage; and we are now told that Sir John Franklin was the first to effect it. This is no doubt the case, viewed in the light of an open way beyond being known to the unfortunate navigator. As much cannot be said of Sir Edward Parry's first expedition, when he discovered Parry's Strait, and afterwards crossed the meridian of 110° west, for which he obtained the reward of £5,000, albeit, as far as practical results are concerned, this first expedition may be said to have determined the existence of a north-west passage as much as any that have followed it: just as much as when Sir R. M'Clure reached Melville Island from Banks' Land in 1852, or when Lieutenant Pym and Sir R. M'Clure met, one coming from the east and the other from the west, and the Atlantic shook hands with the Pacific, on the 6th of April, 1853—one of the most touching incidents in Arctic exploration. Prince Regent's Inlet has been since shown to communicate by Bellot Strait with continuous sea, and Parry's Strait—or, as it is now called, Parry or Melville Sound—to communicate with the same sea by Prince of Wales's Strait and M'Clure's Strait. Captain Sir R. M'Clure was no more successful in conveying his ship through the strait that bears his name, and which lies between Bank's Land and Melville Island, than Parry was in navigating from the east. Captain Collinson, on his part, was no more successful in navigating his ship coming from the west by Victoria Strait, between Victoria Land and King William Island, to Lancaster Sound, than Sir John Franklin was in navigating his ships through the same strait coming from the east. The *Erebus* and *Terror* were beset in the ice in Victoria Strait in September, 1846, and were abandoned in the same ices in April, 1848. Almost all the Arctic travellers have been on the track of the north-west passage; none have effected it, even by foot or sledge, save Sir R. M'Clure and his party, to whom the reward has been justly decreed, and none have succeeded in carrying their ships through.

Sir F. L. M'Clintock says: "With respect to a *navigable* north-west passage, and to the probability of our having been able last season to make any considerable advance to the southward, had the barrier of ice across the western outlet of Bellot Strait permitted us to reach the open water beyond, I think, judging from what I have since seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that the chances were greatly in favour of our reaching Cape Herschel, on the south side of King William's Land, by passing (as I intended to do) *eastward* of that island."

It does not become us to question the judgment of so experienced an officer; but we may be permitted to say that a mere glance at the map which accompanies M'Clintock's narrative would show that, if the only chance of navigating between the two oceans lay through such a devious channel as Ross' Strait, Rae Strait, and Simpson's Strait, when the wide Strait of Victoria was right before them, it was a very small chance indeed.

That which is equally remarkable is, that Sir R. M'Clure, when he reached the Bay of Mercy, where the *Investigator* was frozen in and abandoned, was but a very short distance of the parallel attained by Parry on the 16th of August, 1820. Had he been able to effect the remaining space, the north-west passage would have been carried out, but by two different ships, one coming from the east, the other from the west, and that in the same strait. Captain Collinson, it may also be remarked, when he reached his farthest in Prince of Wales Strait, which was only a trifle beyond what M'Clure reached in the same strait, attained nearly the same parallel of west longitude as Sir Edward Parry did in the north in 1820. So that the north-west passage was on that occasion once more nearly effected by two different navigators coming in opposite directions. And that which is almost equally remarkable is, that when Captain Collinson wintered in Cambridge Bay, in Victoria Land, in 1852-3, he explored the coast of that land along the strait of the same name, and between it and King William Island, to a point northward, or beyond where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned in 1848. It is not at all probable that, if Captain Collinson had pushed on his sledge parties to the eastward of King William Island, he would have found any survivors of the Franklin expedition, but he would have anticipated M'Clintock in ascertaining their fate, if he had not discovered the sad but interesting document brought home by the last-mentioned intrepid traveller.

Apart from these curiosities of Arctic travel and exploration, quite enough has been shown, as far as a north-west passage is concerned, that, whether attempted by the way of Banks's Straits, Prince of Wales Strait, or by Franklin or M'Clintock's Channels, and then by

Ross' or Victoria Strait, the so-called passages are seldom or ever free from ice, and that a number of contingencies are essential to a successful navigation from one ocean to another. Among the first of these is the attainment of any one of these before-mentioned straits—a task of no ordinary magnitude, and generally entailing the loss of one season; the second is to get through the ice accumulated at the entrance of the straits; and the third is, supposing the season to be one of those in which the ice breaks up, to be exactly at the spot, to move along with the floe or pack, or to fight through it or against it, as the circumstances may be. The abandonment of the *Investigator*, and of a whole squadron of ships, by Sir Edmund Belcher, and the fact that the *Erebus* and *Terror* lay two years beset in the ice of Victoria Strait, anxiously waiting for an opening which their crews were never doomed to see, show what little hope there is of an *available* north-west passage ever being discovered. The thing seems to be quite out of the question; and unless some change of climate should occur (and which is not impossible, for there are evidences of such a change both in natural phenomena and in the fact of the Esquimaux having once dwelt in higher latitudes than they venture to do at present), it is not likely that the north-west passage will ever be navigated.

There is one further fact connected with this question which has been eliminated by Captain M'Clintock's voyage, and which ought not to be lost sight of, and that is, that if Bellot's Strait presents a navigable channel to the west, it could be reached by Hudson Strait and the Gulf of Boothia, as well as by Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound; or, *vice versâ*, if attained from the west, a ship could sail home by Hudson Strait instead of Baffin's Bay. It will remain for Arctic travellers to determine whether the pack in Baffin's Bay, which has carried so many ships, and the little *Fox* the last among them, back resistless to whence they started, is more difficult to overcome than the ice-clogged straits and narrows which intervene between Hudson Strait and the Gulf of Boothia. They are, at all events, in more southerly latitudes.

A further result of these numerous and arduous expeditions has been undoubtedly to add considerably to our geographical knowledge, to enlarge the domains of science, and to create and uphold that spirit of enterprise and perseverance which it is to be hoped will never be found wanting in the British sailor or the man of science. Hopes were held out for a time of the existence to the north of an open sea, replete with animal life, and over which benignant, if not balmy gales, were to waft even ordinary sailing vessels from the Northern Ocean to Behring's Straits, or even round the circum-polar regions to the same ocean from whence they proceeded. But these hopes, founded, as they were, upon but partial recognisances and imperfect data, arising from accidental openings and an unusual congregation of living things, have not been doomed to be substantiated.

While in the present day the line of the northern limit of the distribution of the human race makes a curve from the coast of America up and across Cockburn Island to still more northernly latitudes in Greenland (and M'Clintock found the Arctic Highlanders, as he calls them, of Cape York rapidly diminishing in numbers from famine and disease), whales of two or three kinds, narwhals, walruses, seals, dolphins, grampus, cod, and various fish; musk oxen, reindeer, Polar bears, Arctic foxes and hares, geese, ducks, auks, divers, gulls, and snow-buntings, have all been met with in the high latitudes of Wellington Channel. But these and other evidences, as those of occasional open water, drift wood, and Esquimaux relics, are not sufficient to prove the existence of an open Arctic Ocean in the circum-polar regions.

Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock has, we believe—for the appendix to the journey of the *Fox* has not yet been published—corroborated the determination by Sir James Ross of the position of the north magnetic pole, by which we find, as in the case with the magnetic equator, or that line around the earth's central circumference upon which the magnetic needle is horizontal, and has no dip, that it does not coincide with the terrestrial equator, so the point of the vertical dip of the north magnetic pole—and the same thing has been observed of the south magnetic pole—is by no means coincident with the geographical poles. This would tend to show that the position of the magnetic poles is liable to change, and this is rendered all the more probable as the lines of greatest magnetic intensity (or isodynamical *versus* isoclinial lines) present two foci in the northern hemisphere—the one in North America, and the other in Siberia; and these appear to coincide with the two points of greatest cold—phenomena that may vary with the seasons

Materials for forming a general conception of the geological structure of the Arctic Archipelago have been gradually accumulating, and Professor Haughton, availing himself of the additional facts obtained by M'Clintock, has condensed the whole into a judicious summary and a comprehensive map, as eloquent in its distinctive lines as the gaudily coloured saxifrages, parryas, oxyrias, drabas, dryas, papavers, and other characteristic Arctic plants, which are so pleasantly grouped together in Dr. Sutherland's account of the searching expedition under Mr. Penny, give a general idea, and that at one glance, of the peculiarities of Polar vegetation.

Murchison Promontory, which bounds Bellot Strait to the south, has been determined now to be the most northerly point of the American continent—its Arctic Cape Horn. But, after all, Boothia is a mere peninsula, like the Melville peninsula; its isthmus is even narrower, and neither will ever be looked upon much as continental adjuncts.

Sir R. I. Murchison has attached to M'Clintock's narrative a small map representing all the lands and seas of the Arctic regions to the west of Lancaster Sound which were known and laid down previous to Franklin's last expedition, and the unknown waters traversed by the *Erebus* and *Terror* during the two summers before the ships were beset—strange to say, in the most southerly latitudes which they attained—and the novelty, range, rapidity, and boldness of the route, Sir Roderick remarks, as thus delineated, may well surprise the geographer, and even the most enterprising Arctic sailor.

Captain M'Clintock has also himself made considerable additions to the previous knowledge of the Arctic Archipelago, besides determining the course followed by the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He has more particularly explored the hitherto unknown coast-line of Boothia, southwards from Bellot Strait to the magnetic pole, delineated the southern part of Prince of Wales Island, laid down the whole of King William Island, and determined the existence of a new and capacious, but

ice-choked, channel between Victoria Land and Prince of Wales Island.

An immense number of new names have been thus added to the maps—it is grievous to think they are little more than names, for few of them indicate a site inhabited by human beings, or a point of any interest or importance whatsoever, except as beacons to save the future explorer from destruction. Captain M'Clintock has, however, shown unusual judgment and good taste in the designations which he has bestowed upon places. Hitherto, all the great blocks of land, with some few exceptions, have been devoted to the Admiralty, or to those in power, from that lively sense of gratitude which is said to anticipate favours to come. The exceptions are Boothia, North Somerset, North Devon, Grinnel Land, and a few others. M'Clintock has not only rendered justice to real gratitude in affixing the names of Ackland, Murchison, Fitzroy, Pasley, De la Roquette, and other supporters of Arctic research, to various points, but he has honoured science in the persons of Brodie and Livingstone; and he has not even forgotten the claims of literature, for we have now a Point Charles Dickens and a Point Thackeray in the Arctic Archipelago, where the Melvilles, and the Dundasses and the Bathursts, and the Barrows have hitherto had it all their own way. Pity it is that callous map-makers will, in future atlases, clip and crop this redundancy of Arctic nomenclature with an iron pen, and leave nothing but what has a geographical meaning and import, not a mere human one. It is to be regretted that the names of the leaders of the expeditions were not attached at the onset to the discoveries originally effected by them, or by those associated with them. We should then have Parry's Land, Ross Land, Franklin Land, Richardson Land, Beechey Land, Kelley, Collinson, M'Clure, Austin, Belcher, Osborn, M'Clintock, Inglefield, and Rae Lands; worthy monuments to the gallantry and devotion of those who, themselves and their companions, ran so many risks, and suffered so many privations and hardships in first determining their existence—results in now notorious instances achieved only by the most heroic sacrifice of life.

It is vain, however, to reflect or to moralise upon all the infinitesimal bearings of Arctic exploration. It has the deep attraction of enterprise and adventure attached to it. It is indelibly imprinted in the more noble, aspiring and humane attributes of our nature. The mere notion breathes of romance, heroism, and glory. It is, in fact, a part of civilised nature to pant after the Unknown, and in future times the Russians, as they progress in enterprise and enlightenment, will probably explore the lofty and extensive lands that have been seen north of Behring's Straits, with the same zeal, if not the same indomitable courage and power of endurance, that the British have exhibited in tracing their Arctic Archipelago amidst the snow, the ice, and winter gloom of the Polar regions.

# DALMATIA.

TZETINIE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

## I.

FIRST VIEW OF DALMATIA—DALMATIAN NATIONALITY—SITUATION AND ASPECT OF RAGUSA—THE KNIGHT OF ROMANCE, ORLANDO—GUARD HOUSE AND CLOCK TOWER—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—CHURCHES AND CONVENTS—FORTS—RAGUSAN SOCIETY.

THE Alps and the Apennines of Italy, as well as the Parnassus of Greece, are all parts of one and the same range of mountains. The chain begins in Calabria, and for a space keeps nearer to the Adriatic than to the Neapolitan waters; but, at San Marino, crosses over to the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeping round Piedmont, towers up into the Alps; then, running eastwards, passes down the other side of the Adriatic, and so onwards through Albania and Greece, till it terminates in the Ægean at the marbled steep of Cape Sunium.

The modern and Slaavic names of these Illyrian Apennines, that run down the east of the Adriatic—sometimes approaching and sometimes receding from the sea-shore—is the Vellebitch. The narrow strip of territory, three hundred miles in length, which intervenes between the Vellebitch and the Adriatic, is Dalmatia, and on the other sides are Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, provinces of Turkey in Europe, albeit the latter upholds a greater amount of independence than most other so-called Turkish provinces.

It was at Carlstadt, in Hungary, Mr. A. A. Paton relates,[1] in the month of November, 1846, that I took my place in the weekly diligence that runs from Vienna to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. As we approached the Adriatic, even the most unobservant traveller must have perceived that we were in the vicinity of a southern region. The peasants wore the classic sandal. In the midst of the faces of Slaavic form, those with the regular features, which are the rule in Italy and the exception to the north of the Alps, grew more frequent. Fresh Zara almonds were presented at a hedge beer-house; and so strong grew this feeling before crossing the last mountain-ridge, that I even fancied that all the birds flew to the southwards.

At length, just before dawn, on the third morning after leaving Carlstadt, I woke up in the diligence, which had stopped to change horses at the post-house on the top of the Vellebitch; my limbs were benumbed with cold, in spite of great coat and lined cloak, and a keen wind saluted me as I stepped out of the carriage in deep snow. The chill, clear, starry heavens enabled me to see that I had gained the summit of a pass bordered with pines and surmounted

[1] Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic, including Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. By A. A. Paton.

with pinnacles of rock; and a square block of stone on my left attracting my attention, I held the lantern to it, and read on one side, "Croatia," and on the reverse, "Dalmatia." A thrill of satisfaction passed through me as I felt myself on the threshold of a new and interesting field of study; and the foretaste of novel scenes and strange manners renewed the illusions of youthful travel. Seeing a dull red charcoal-fire gleaming through the window of a hut on my right, in which sat a watch of frontier guards, I entered and warmed myself, the conductor proferring to make the descent by daylight.

As I re-entered the coach, the blue diamond-studded night had disappeared as a dream; and as the dawn approached, the silver icicles glistened on the dark-green branches of the mountain-pines. As we traversed the summit of the ridge, one snowy peak after another was lighted up with the break of day; and a turn of the road at length bringing us to that side of the Vellebitch which fronted the Adriatic, Dalmatia, in all her peculiarity, lay stretched before me. Here was no tantalising descent of long narrow valleys, as in Italy. To the eye, the transition from the world of the North to the world of the South was immediate. Like the traveller who, after the painful gyrations of a high tower, emerges from darkness to the bird's-eye view of a new and curious city, I had the whole space, from the hill-tops to the distant islands, before me at a single glance. A long, deep gash in the land, parallel with the mountain, was the Canal of the Morlacks, a gulf of the sea, like a wide river flowing between its banks. Zara, Bencovatz, Nona—plain and mountain, city and sea—were all before me. The sun rose apace; the mist cleared away from the distant island capes; the snow died a lingering death as we sunk to the temperature of the genial Adriatic; and the wind, combated as a bitter enemy an hour ago, blew a gentle truce, and was invited as a friend. Yesterday morning, on awaking, the carriage-wheels were rattling over a road crisped with hard frost; and the pointed spire of a Croatian church rose, clear and distinct, out of the gray and crimson distance. Obrovazzo, a small town, to which we now descended, had the campanile of the south of the Alps; and in the domestic architecture of the town I at once recognised the Venetian character: here the charm was not that of mere novelty, but sweet recognition of the features of an old and well-beloved friend, recalling days of enjoyment, mingled with instruction.

But the greatest curiosity was the road by which I had effected my descent. The Vellebitch, instead of sloping down to the coast, breaks off with an abruptness that borders on the precipitous, and must have tasked the energies of the most scientific road-maker. With the experience of the Simplon, the St. Gotha, and the others leading over the Alps, the Vellebitch is the most perfect of all, and, viewed from below the road, appears like a gigantic staircase cut in the face of a rock. One great blank in the landscape to which we descended was a scantiness of vegetation: the air was warm, the colours clear, brilliant and southern; but the scattered figs and olives, the red earth mingled with rock, and the starved shrubbery, formed a counterpoise that told me not to forget my native verdure-clad north.

Obrovazzo is situated on the lips of a yawning land-crack, through which a Rhine or Danube would have space enough to flow; but the intense green of the motionless waters shows that there is more of salt sea than of fresh water to float those barques that lay along the quay.

Nothing in Christian Europe is so picturesque as the Dalmatian peasant's dress; for he wears not the trousers or pantaloons and round hat of Austria or Hungary, but a dress analogous to that of the old Turk. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, with red fez on his head, and huge pistols in his belt, we recognise the Slaav of the Adriatic—the brother of the Servian in blood, in language, and also, to a considerable extent, in religion; but while the varnish of civilisation in Servia is German and new, here it is much older, and has come from Venice. The graceful dialect which Goldoni has immortalised is as indigenous in the Roman races of Dalmatia as in Venice; and the High Street of Obrovazzo looks like a dry alley in one of the islands of the Lagoon, or of some of those neighbouring villages of *terra firma* with which the pencil of Canaletti has so charmingly familiarised us.

But before we proceed further let us pause to trace the antecedents of this curious social marriage that carries the mind alternately from the heights of the Balkan to the mouths of the Brenta.

A dark mist hangs over the nationality of Dalmatia previous to the Roman conquest by Augustus; but it is probable that the language was Thracian—that is to say, the parent of that dialect which formerly covered a greater part of the countries between the Black and the Adriatic Seas; a dialect which, related to the Greek, Roman, and Slaavic languages, had something of them all.

The pre-Roman period appears to have been one of free republics; and, from the mountainous nature of the territory and the unruly spirit of the people, it was long before Dalmatia was completely subjugated to the Roman power. It was in the sixth year of the Christian era, on the occasion of the levying of recruits to the legions destined for Germany, that the whole coast rose to shake off the yoke of Imperial Rome. "The Roman dominion," said Bato, the leader of the revolt, "is insupportable to the people of Illyria. To the loss of our fortunes and liberties we must add that of the blood of our children, dearer to our hearts than either. Up, then, Illyrians! and, remembering our ancient freedom, let us prefer an honourable death to the servitude of Rome."

The contest was maintained with vigour for many years; at length Germanicus and Tiberius successfully suppressed the revolt, and a large Roman colonisation gave a new character to the east of the Adriatic.

The introduction of Christianity forms the next great event in the history of Dalmatia; and the advent of Paul, who had been preceded by Titus, is thus recorded by himself: "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ."[1] There can be no doubt that Dalmatia was one of the first countries that embraced Christianity; and in the time of Diocletian a majority were Christians. In no province of the Roman dominions were the persecutions of that Emperor more severe than in his own; and in 303 all the Christian bishops of Dalmatia were executed.

To the vicissitudes of the reigns of Constantine and

[1] Rom. xv. 19.

Julian succeeded the permanent establishment of Christianity; and in the year 400 we find St. Jerome, an Illyrian by birth, organising the hierarchy over all the highlands and islands of Dalmatia; and so on to his death in 420. But the political fabric of the empire was tottering to its fall. Dalmatia lying out of the way of the main armies of Attila and the invaders, was at first less exposed than Italy; but several irruptions of the Slaavs from the Carpathians took place in the fifth and sixth centuries; and in the beginning of the seventh century, the Avars, an Asiatic race, pouring in a mass over Dalmatia, joined the ruthless lust of destruction to the cupidity of wealth. But the Avars were in their turn subdued by the Croats, who have proved permanent settlers; and with the final destruction of Epidaurus and Salona, the principal Roman cities, and the subjugation of the whole coast, commences the modern history of Dalmatia, and the final adoption of the Croat language and nationality, although the Latin language, in a vulgar form, lingered in Ragusa and Zara to the eleventh century.

A patriarchal Slaavic state was now constituted, governed by Bans and Zhupans. The nominal sovereignty of Constantinople was acknowledged; but in matters of faith Dalmatia remained true to the authority of the West, and received from Rome, and not from Constantinople, her spiritual conductors. At length, in 970, Duke Dircislaav first received the ensigns of royalty from the Emperor Basil, and Croatia and Dalmatia henceforth became a kingdom.

On the death of Zwonomir, the last native king, in 1090, the Croats and Dalmatians, unable to agree among themselves on the choice of a successor, and fearing the rising ambition of Venice, turned for protection rather to the vigorous kingdom of Hungary than to Constantinople — that lean and slippered pantaloon of the great Roman empire, once so robust in arms and august in magistracy; and thence Hungary and Croatia became *one regno*. But the Hungarian Government was of an entirely Asiatic character, they encamped, but did not colonise; the tribute was collected, and the country governed; but except a few remains of feudal castles, and a few charters generously endowing the Church, there is little in Dalmatia to record their existence.

Quite different was the impress of Venice on Dalmatia. Long and bloody were her contests with Hungary for its possession. It was on the walls of Zara, in 1346, that Marino Faliero earned his laurels by the most daring assault in the annals of the kingdom, and opened for himself the avenue to that exercise of the highest powers of the state, and experience of the last vengeance of the law, which leaves a blank in the portrait gallery of the Ducal Palace of Venice, but has furnished an immortal theme for the pen of a Byron. Everywhere the arts of Venice followed in the trace of her arms. In the public monuments, as well as in the domestic architecture, and even in the strongholds of the coast, constructed by Sammicheli, we admire the taste and genius of the artist combined with the skill of the engineer.

Dalmatia remained Venetian to the expiry of that republic in 1797, and, after various vicissitudes, is now an integral part of the Austrian Empire.

Ragusa, the chief port although not the capital—the head-quarters of the Austrian officials being at Zara—of Dalmatia, is situated on the southern side of a small isthmus. The ancient port of the city itself was fitted only for the galleys of antiquity and of the middle ages; but, half a mile off, is the beautiful harbour of Gravosa, which, like Cattaro, further to the south, is a land-locked anchorage where a fleet of three deckers can lie safe from the accidents of the sea. Cattaro, says Paton, is sublime, but Gravosa is beautiful; and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson speaks of the valley of Ombla, which opens on the Bay of Gravosa, as one of the most beautiful spots in Dalmatia.[1] No mountains tower in the distance, but there is a steep accidented shore, along which is scattered a profusion of Italian villas, with that peculiar tone of landscape and vegetation which is seen in Gaeta and Castelmare, but which no minuteness of description can convey a perfect conception of.

Ragusa, the capital of one of the four circoli or departments of Dalmatia, is a highly interesting city, both from its history and its appearance. The houses have much the character of Venetian buildings; and there is an air of former wealth about it, which inspires a feeling of regret for its bye-gone greatness. The effect of earthquakes, visible at every turn—the melancholy records of the past—recall the dreadful sufferings endured by the Ragusans: and the streets, paved with fragments of stone, bearing imperfect inscriptions and family arms, seem intended to show the inhabitants the possibility of a recurrence of similar misfortunes.

Here, for the first time, the winged lion of St. Mark ceases to appear; and the absence of this emblem of Venetian subjugation, the boast of the Ragusans, cannot fail to inspire everyone with respect for a people who preserved their country from the all absorbing power of Venice.

"I landed," says Paton, "and getting porters to convey my luggage, for no carriage was to be seen, followed them up the narrow valley at the end of the bay by an excellent road, until I arrived at the top of the hill, from which the walls of the venerable Ragusa were clearly visible—but what lofty and solid masonry, having in some places sixty and seventy feet of sheer upright construction!—and the angle next the land, and overlooked by the hill above, fortified by an enormous round tower, a most picturesque relic of the interval between the rude middle ages and the modern art of fortification. (*See* p. 497.) After entering a ponderous gate, I found myself in the high street of Ragusa, called by themselves Stradone, the like of which is not to be seen in all Dalmatia for width and excellence of its construction. Not far from the gate is the hotel Alla Corona, where I got a good room, and was treated with great civility; but in all other respects it was deficient in the comforts and conveniences of even a tolerable hotel. Being the only one in the town, I removed to private lodgings in the house of a respectable widow lady, whose father had, some forty years before, been consul of the republic of Ragusa at Smyrna."

Ragusa is situated upon a narrow space that intervenes between a high chain of hills and the sea; and standing on the outer side of the city, next the sea, its domes and campaniles, seen against the mountain side, have a most picturesque appearance. The space in which the city is built being so small, the houses are lofty, and the streets in general narrow, but clean and well paved; and in no city of so small a size can so many elegant edifices be seen congregated together.

[1] Dalmatia and Montenegro, &c. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S.

Yet do the streets look deserted; grass grows between the stones; and the absence of that activity, which indicates a flourishing trade, sadly contrasts with the evident signs of its ancient prosperity, in the style of its buildings.

The main street, called Stradone by some, the Corso by others, is about 1000 feet in length, extending in a straight line through the town from the western to the sea gate. It is of proportionate width, with a commodious side pavement, and the houses are regular and good, though of unpretending architecture. At the west end are the Church of the Redeemer, the Franciscan Convent, and a public fountain; and at the other extremity are the Clock Tower, the Custom House, and a small square; between them and the Cathedral another spacious street meets this at right angles, and extends from the Cathedral to the Palace.

The rest of the streets are narrow, and some have steps, as at Curzola; but they are not less clean and well paved, and some of them present very picturesque vistas. The houses are strongly built, and of excellent stone; many have the handsome balconies, with treble windows, common in Venetian towns. Before some of the smaller houses, in the back streets, are vines, trained over lattice work, which gives them a cheerful appearance, the more so from their contrast to the ruined walls of those destroyed by the great earthquake in 1667. Many never have been built up again.

The principal buildings at Ragusa are the Palace, Custom House, Cathedral, Franciscan Convent, the Jesuits, afterwards the Schuole Pie, and many other churches and convents, which are so numerous that they occupy a very large portion of the whole city. In no place, indeed, is the profusion of sacred buildings greater than at Ragusa; and when it is remembered that every noble family had its own chapel, we cease

PALACE OF THE ANCIENT DOGES AT RAGUSA.

to wonder at the number, or at the merit claimed by the Ragusans of being "the supporters of religion, and the authority of the clergy."

The Palace (*See illustration* above), which is in the Florentine style, is interesting from its associations, having existed during the most flourishing days of the republic. It was the residence of the chief of the state, called at different times, Priore, Conte, and Rettore, and is now occupied by the Capo Circolare or Governor of the district of Ragusa. The original building was nearly all destroyed by the great fires, which happened in 1023, 1296, and 1459, so that it does not date previous to the fifteenth century, no portion of it having been saved from the last fire, except the treasury and archives. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson refers the columns, recorded by Appendini (to which tradition grants its adherence) to have been brought from Epidaurus, and upon the capital of one of which is the curious representation of a chemist at his labours (the supposed Esculapius), to the sixteenth century. (*See illustration*, page 480). The court within is open in the centre, and surrounded by a corridor on arches. It has a handsome staircase on one side, and round the upper corridor runs another corridor; the whole very similar to some of the palaces of Italy.

The massive Roman arches, the curious middle-aged sculptures, the spirit of Gothic detail haunting the revival of the forms of antiquity, render it a most picturesque and original edifice, and denote the transition of taste when the beauties of antique art were perceived and admired, but approached without confidence or experience. There sat the chief in grave council or animated debate, received ambassadors, represented the state, and devised those wise measures which preserved the little commonwealth unscathed by the misfortune of the surrounding provinces, from the dark ages up to the first year of the present century.

Under the colonnade of the palace is the great gate of cast bronze, its rivets and knockers the re

*plus ultra* of florid elaboration; and beyond the deep shadows of the vaulted entrance is seen the court-yard, with a flood of light falling on the green bronze bust of Michel Prazatto, one of the merchant princes of Ragusa, and a munificent donor to the republic. Close by is a square kind of pillar, once used for supporting the flagstaff of the standard of St. Biagio, and in front is the figure of a knight in plate armour, representing Roland or Orlando, and which formerly stood on the Piazza before the Custom House and Cathedral near the sea-gate; and round it a small space was railed off between four columns, where public edicts were proclaimed. This peculiar symbol of jurisdiction is curious, but it is still more remarkable that the favourite hero of German, French, and Italian romance should have obtained the same traditional honours in Dalmatia.

The Piazza of Ragusa is, like that at Venice, beyond all comparison the most attractive part of the town. "Ragusa," says Paton, "is the place where the marriage of Slaavic vigour and Italian elegance has been consummated. The language, the nationality, and the manners of the mass of the people, are Illyrian, but Illyrian conjugated with Italy's happiest moods and tenses of embellishment. Servia and her woods call up little of the past, and the Servian awaits a great futurity. Ragusa, in the seventeenth century, from her taste, her learning, her science, her wealth, her commerce, and the long roll of illustrious men she produced in every walk of life, earned the title of the Slaavic Athens. Wealth, commerce, science, and population, have melted away, but the outward city still remains to nourish the patriotism of the Ragusan."

As the Venetian, standing in the Piazzetta of his capital, reads the history of the great republic in the monuments around him, so the concentration of edifices of various styles forming the Piazza of Ragusa record, on an humbler scale of architecture, the glorious antecedents of this meritorious republic. The

HARBOUR OF GRAVOSA, NEAR RAGUSA.

Dogana, or Custom House, an extensive pile of Gothic architecture without, and like an Oriental khan within, carries the mind to the period when the factories of the republic of Ragusa, with separate and independent jurisdictions, were spread over all Turkey in Europe, when Constantinople was as yet unconquered by Muhammad II., when Ragusa, the weak but determined opponent of Venice, was in high favour at the court of Adrianople, and boasted those capitulations with the Porte which were the germs of modern consular jurisdiction.

In most other towns one gets readily to the open quay, not so in the wall-girt Ragusa. A single archway opens to the port, which is very small, scarcely large enough for half-a-dozen square-rigged vessels; and, indeed, all ships, including the steamer, prefer the spacious and secure bay of Gravosa. At the entrance of the port, in a niche of the rampart, is the statue of San Biagio or Saint Blasius, to whom the cathedral is also dedicated, and who succeeded St. Sergius and St. Bacchus as protector and patron saint of Ragusa. Appendini, the chronicler of Ragusa, says, "Nothing can be more reasonable or just than the devotion of the Ragusans to this saint, for his patronage has proved most prompt and efficacious in a thousand private and public calamities."

The Custom House stands at the eastern or port extremity of the main street, close to the sea-gate. It is built in the Venetian style, with a triple window in the centre, and single side-windows on the first floor; and before the entrance is a covered corridor on arches. The interior consists of an open court, with arches on columns on two sides, leading to several magazines, each of which is dedicated to a particular Saint, whose name is written over the door. The office of the original Custom House is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, with the motto "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and over the arch at the upper end of the court, where all the goods were weighed, is a Latin inscription, relating to just

weights, and ending "*Pundero cum mirces ponderat ipse Deus.*"

Beside the palace is one of those architectural incidents which abound in Italy, but are rarely seen in the imitative countries of the north of Europe, where the greater efforts of southern art are alone copied. The guard-house presents a lofty portal flanked with columns, and in the centre of the pediment is the colossal head of Roland or Orlando, in casque and plume, flowing over all the Piazza. Above is the Torre del Orologio, or clock-tower, crowned with an open cupola, and by a mechanical arrangement, two bronze figures, the size of life, armed cap à-pie, strike the bell with maces at the evolution of each hour.

Inferior in architectural interest is the cathedral, built after the earthquake in the Italian style, or, as Paton has it, in what the northerns call the style of Louis Quatorze. The history of the original foundation of the edifice possesses an interest to all Englishmen, from its connection with the fate and fortunes of the Lion-hearted Richard. The gallant crusader was wrecked on his return from the Holy Land on the Island of Chroma, opposite the town A church was begun from the funds with which he endowed it, out of gratitude for his deliverance, which augmented with the lapse of time, withstood the elements for five centuries, but succumbed in that dread hour when mountains were shaken to their foundations.

The church and convent of the Franciscans are spacious, and the cloisters are handsome. The library contains a collection of curious and rare books. The church adjoining it, called Chiesa del Redentore, was founded in compliance with a vow, made by the nobles of Ragusa, during the earthquakes of 1820. In style it bears some resemblance, externally, to the Cathedral of Sevenico, though it is much smaller. Before it is a fountain, supplied by an aqueduct from Gionchetto, a village distant about two miles and a-half, and having the date 1438.

The approach to the church and convent of the Jesuits is by a flight of steps, which looks like a humble imitation of the ascent to the Trinita at Rome This church is considered the finest building in Ragusa. It is of the seventh century, in the Greco-Italian style of that period; and contains the tomb of the celebrated Boscovich, who died at Milan in 1787. After the order of Jesuits was suppressed in 1773, this building was given to the Padre Scolopi (a strange corruption of Della Schuole Pie), to whom the church still belongs, the convent being converted into a military hospital. Near it is the Piazza del Erba, or Place of Herbs; which, on market days, is crowded with peasants in various costumes.

Near the north-east corner of the walls is a tower, called Mincetto; and on the east, the fort of Rivellino, or Fortezza Pia. The fort of San Lorenzo stands on a rock in the sea, to the west, and is seen on approaching the town from Gravosa, through the suburb of Pille. The walls, with projecting towers as at Curzola, resemble those of the middle ages, and are little adapted to resist the modern improvements in military science. On the summit of Monte Sergio, 1,443 feet above the level of the sea, stands the Fort Imperiale, erected by the French during their occupation of Dalmatia, and to which a zig-zag road leads from the town.

Ragusa has two suburbs, one on the east, called Borgo Plocce, the other on the west, called Borgo Pilla, corresponding to the two gates of the same name. Outside the Porte Plocce, or sea-gate, is the Lazaretto; and near it is a large space, surrounded by a wall, where the bazaar is held three times a-week. The Turkish caravan meets at Bergato near the confines of Herzegovina, about three miles from Ragusa, noticed in our account of Trebigue, and is escorted by a guard to the bazaar; whence it is reconducted in the same manner in the evening. Ragusa has neither carriages, nor draught-horses, every thing being carried by porters, and the sedan-chairs employed in former times by the nobles, are now out of use.

The appearance of the population is a complete contrast to that of Cattaro. The costumes of the men in the city and its vicinity have more of the Turkish character than those of the Morlacchi. That of Breno is the most remarkable, though the dress of the Brenese women is neither peculiar nor elegant, and might be pronounced Italian. The women of Canali wear a singular costume, and often adopt the *opanche*, or sandals of the mountaineers; and this is the one most frequently seen in the town on market days. Several erect old aristocratic figures moving about show that this city has been long a seat of culture; and the toilets of the fair part of the creation, according to another traveller, with a complete absence of finery, shows a taste and elegance that are unmistakeable—albeit understood, using the mode of Europe. But in the market-place, at the foot of the flight of stairs that lead up to the church of the Padre Scolopi, various costumes are to be seen. A tall ruddy-faced man from Brenno or Breno, with red bonnet, loose brown jacket, and wide breeches, with game hung over his shoulder, may be seen talking to a dame who holds in her hand a large green cabbage—a subject for a modern Mieries; he is full of natural ease and politeness, and is a complete contrast to the rude Morlack boor.

The old society of Ragusa was not without some local peculiarities which are worthy of notice. With the ease, elegance, and opulence of the eighteenth century was mingled a frivolity of manners which did not escape the satiric pen of the ruder and homelier Dalmatian, and have furnished a sketch wherein a slight deduction must be made for the jealousy of Ragusa, from which the neighbouring Dalmatian is not to this day altogether free.

The Countess sat in her drawing-room on her birthday awaiting visitors; what intoxication in her patches and high-heeled shoes! She has the very last fashions from Venice and Naples; and a universal coquettry consoles her for the marriage of convenience which she made with the old count. Her confessor is said to have a powerful quiet influence over her; and as she receives with undisguised pleasure the flatteries of that elegant young man who has just entered, there is a latent hostility between them. What a bow the dandy makes her and all the company around! You would swear that he had learned his manners at Versailles, except that he betrays too unskilfully the furtive glances which he, from time to time, casts at the large mirror to admire his own attitudinising, and the graceful disposition of his dangling sword.

The mob of Ragusan fashionables now crowds upstairs; and among them two plebians enter the room. Solomon the Jew broker (whose name stands between the wind and the Count's nobility, as owner of the ships in which he has a chief share) enters, and placing a bouquet on the table, salutes the lady, and retires forthwith. The other is a rustic priest, who in his

younger days began by household offices, but was subsequently brought up to be parish priest and chaplain, and, at the same time, steward of the Count's estate.

The mingling of voices, as a sedan chair is set down, tells of another visitor, and Monsignore the Archbishop of Ragusa is announced. This lofty personage is much less formidable on a nearer view; nothing can exceed the courtesy of the address, or the pliability of his manners. He must be a foreigner, according to the laws of the republic, and his salary is only a hundred zecchins a year, but for all that he lives in good archiepiscopal style; for he has to beg from time to time donations from the Senate, and the political powers that be are thus guaranteed against spiritual ambition.

What a kind salutation the Archbishop gives the Jesuit? Because the Senate rules the Archbishop, the Count rules the Senate by his influence, the Countess rules the Count, and the Jesuit rules the Countess. As to the poor fribble, he *counts* for nothing.

General Reiche, at that time commanding in Ragusa, having had the kindness to ask his Platz Lieutenant to shew Mr. Paton round the walls and military establishments, "I went next morning," he relates, "to his office, and found an intelligent middle-aged man writing at a desk in a well-warmed room. Germans from the north of the Alps keep themselves too well heated for an English taste; but, on the other hand, nowhere did I ever suffer so much from cold as in these two first days in Ragusa. No room in the hotel had a fireplace; but according to the custom of the town I dressed myself in the Ragusa manner, shivering with cold; for although the thermometer was below zero, the only source of heat was a miserable earthenware pot of charcoal, which warmed only my hands. In this office the heat was up to seventy-five Fahrenheit at least For a moderate climate, such as that of Ragusa, our open English fires would be preferable to this intense German heat.

"Accompanied by a sergeant carrying a great bunch of keys, we now began our journey in cold clear sunshine, and about a hundred yards off, the man opening a door in the wall, we entered and went up a high flight of steps, and then another flight, and then another, and at length stood on the parapet The walls of Ragusa have no resemblance to a modern fortification, with bastions and fosses making a mathematical figure; but are those of a rock-built city, being of enormous height, thickness, and solidity, rising irregularly, from the irregularities of the locality, interspersed with great towers, and looking just like one of those cities one sees in the prints of old bibles. Looking over the rampart, I saw the sea playing against the base of the rock; looking outwards, I saw the clear expanse of the Adriatic in the intensest of blue, the bare bold promontories of the coast to the south and the north jutting into the sea, and the intervening recesses filled with vegetation. If I turned from the sea to the town at my feet, I saw an irregular surface of reddish-tiled and yellow walled houses, with green Venetian blinds, from out of which rose a couple of blue lead cupolas, and the edifices of the Piazza. The lieutenant was for walking on, but I stopped a moment; the music of the murmuring waters, the painting of the line of coast, and the architecture of the town, formed such a union, that if a thousand troubles had infested my brain, so fair a prospect must have beaten them off.

"We now continued the tour of the walls, the sea far below us on our left, and the streets of the town also far below us on our right; but soon we came to a large building on an elevation within the walls, no longer below us but on the same level; this was the barracks, containing 1200 Hungarians, the garrison of the town; so we entered to see the establishment. A thin cake of ice was on a little pool in the courtyard, which, from the high building, the sun could not reach, and the sergeant said that it was the first that had been seen for twelve years, which speaks for the mildness of the climate. Ascending a wide white-washed staircase, we came to the barrack room, a long gallery, furnished on each side with beds, above each of which was a shelf containing the knapsack, the hat, and the odds and ends of the soldier, and in the middle was a long black board for teaching reading and writing. It was the dinner-hour, and I had, just before entering, seen across the roofs of the houses the two mechanical figures in bronze strike their hammers twelve times on the bell of the Torre del Orologio, announcing the hour of midday. Each man had a basin of soup, a plate of boiled beef and vegetables, and his loaf of bread; and on tasting the soup, I pronounced it sufficiently strong and nourishing. The pay of the Austrian soldier is only twopence per day; so that he can indulge in no disorders, but almost all he needs is found him. How much better it would be with the British soldier, if he had less money for drink, and the difference made up in healthy comforts.

"When we went down stairs we found ourselves on the rampart again, and ascending an outside flight of steps, I saw some red jackets hanging out to be aired on the wall, and some uncouth dark-looking men in undress standing about. The uniform of the Hungarian regiment being white, with sky-blue light trousers. I asked what these red ones could be, and was informed that they belonged to the men I saw, who were the gipsy musicians of the regiment; so I entered into conversation with the sergeant about them, and he told me in answer to a question, that if they had any religion of their own, they must keep it a secret, for they are entered as Catholics, and attend mass with the other soldiers. Their talent and aptitude for music is unquestionable; and before I left Ragusa I spent a most agreeable hour at the lodgings of the officer who takes charge of the music here—for the regular band of the regiment, consisting of forty performers, was at Zara, and this was only a subordinate division—but although they played several opera airs, it was evident that their favourite style was the waltz.

"Continuing our walk, we now went down, inside a long flight of steps, to the level of the town, and entered the canteen, in which were two soldiers drinking beer. A tall Moll Flagon looking woman was standing at the counter, with bottles, glasses, keys, and stores of pipe-clay, which showed that that article came out of the twopence a day. The woman looked alarmed at seeing an officer and a stranger enter with the two sergeants with keys (for the other one carried the keys of the prison), and the two poor men drinking their beer were equally flurried, and, rising up, stood mechanically in a row, as if about to be marched off handcuffed; but it was soon seen that our motive was curiosity. From the canteen we went to the barrack-prison, which was a dark apartment, and, as we entered, found the prisoners plucking sparrows for dinner, with all the feathers scattered on the floor. They were fourteen in number, and stood up in a row, some fettered, and some not; as the garrison was altogether 1,400 strong,

the prisoners formed one per cent.; the usual offences being petty thefts from their comrades, and insolence to their superiors. The rest of our promenade offered no circumstance worthy of a notice.

"The environs of Ragusa are interesting; and a few nights after the promenade which I have described, while the moon was shining with unwonted brightness, three Ragusans entered my room—Don Marco K., Signor R., and Signor B.

"'We have our renowned Ragusan moonlight,' said the first of these gentlemen, 'which you will find neither in Venice, in Rome, nor in Milan; and we propose to take you a turn up the hill to show you the town under a new aspect.' These worthy gentlemen having heard so much of the fogs of England, thought to procure me a moonlight view, such as I never had seen before, so I thankfully accepted; but, in good truth, I believe there is nothing in the world comparable to the Moyœd in Cairo, when seen by the light of the full moon.

"As we went out at the northern gate we found ourselves in the alley of trees, gently ascending to a rising ground that juts out from the line of mountains behind the town; and, after a short way, we turned to the right, up a narrow lane, inclosed by high garden-walls, and then, ascending some broken steps, found ourselves on the brow of the mount, from which we overlooked the town and environs—a strange picturesque confusion of towers, cupolas, and house-tops, rising in their pale-green high lights and impenetrable shadows. A wall had partly concealed the view in the other direction, and, to my surprise, on proceeding a little further along the pathway, I saw before me such a noble villa as one might behold in the environs of Rome. Above the basement were the large Palladian windows of the Gran Piano, and a great alcove was paved with slabs of marble, but the interior was a complete ruin: hemlock and night-shade grew where nobles and senators had feasted, the spacious tesselated terraces overlooked a garden choked with weeds, around which pillars of a Byzantine style of architecture supported the rotten trellis of a shady walk; confusion and desolation were all around. Further on, another villa told the same tale of taste and elegance that had passed away: arbours, terraces, kiosks, marble pavements, sculptures, all wreck and ruin. At first I thought I was in the midst of the havoc of the great earthquake; but as every wall was standing, and every cornice without even a gutta awanting, I found that this was the Pille, the town of ruins—the mountain slope, on which every great family of Ragusa had a summer villa—which was destroyed by the Montenegrines in 1806, and showed, on a small scale, in what way the great Roman empire must have fared at the hands of Hun, Goth, and Vandal."

## II.

Environs of Ragusa—Lofty Cavern Southward of Ragusa—Bath of the Demon Mathematician—Villa of Ghetaldi—Turkish Islands of St. Mark and St. Barbara—Island and Monastery of La Chroma—Richard Cœur de Lion at Chroma—Bay of St. Hilary—Ragusa Vecchia.

The coasts and islands to the south of Ragusa are full of historic interest and romantic beauty, and a little trip, in which the accomplished and erudite Professor Kalugera acted the obliging cicerone, afforded me, says Mr. Paton, two of the pleasantest days I passed in the Adriatic. It was on one of the finest days of the *faithful* month of January, so called from the number of calm days in it which follow the blasts of late autumn, and precede the still ruder ones of February and March, that the professor and myself entered a boat at the quay near San Biagio, and were rowed across the bay to a lofty cavern southwards of Ragusa. Not a breath of air was in motion, and an English September seemed to usher in the new year of Ragusa; the Adriatic ebbed and flowed among the fragments of rocks in the gentlest of whispers; a veil of golden gauze trembling on the dark roof of the cavern, and reflecting the sunlight playing on the sea, was the only ocular evidence of its motion; while the depths of the cavern gave back each stroke of the great bell of the city tolling solemnly across the tranquil waters.

It was in the first years of the seventeenth century, when Bacon and Shakespeare were completing the cyclopean foundations of English science and literature, that a man in middle age, with sharp visage, and those penetrating eyes which make the stranger curious to know their owner's fate and fortunes, surmounted by the broad-brimmed peaked hat of the period, might be seen in this cave. Strange instruments surround him; they show that the age of alchemy is gone, and that of sound experiment commenced. Marino Ghetaldi, the individual in question (1566-1627), was one of the first astronomers and natural philosophers in Europe; his *Promotus Archimedes* showed a dim perception of the coming discoveries of Newton; and it certainly was Ghetaldi and not Des Cartes who first applied algebra to geometry. He spent six years in travels through Europe; at Venice, Paolo Sarpi called him "Angelo di costumi, e demonio in matematica—an angel in manners, and a demon in mathematics," in allusion to his attainments and that modesty which is generally inseparable from true greatness; and he confesses in his *Promotus*, "Malim scire quam nosci, discere quam docere." So high was his reputation, that the magistrates of Louvain in Flanders pressed him to be professor of mathematics in their university, when it was to Antwerp as the Padua of that northern Venice. But Ghetaldi had studied and travelled for Ragusa: "Patria non quia magna sed sua" was the small but powerful magnet which re-attracted him to the shores of the Adriatic. Here, in cool grot, undisturbed by the hum of the city commerce, he pursued his experiments. Strange and improbable traditions still exist of his having been addicted to magic, and more than one Ragusan captain attributed tempestuous weather to the incantations of the cavern; even the fishermen, for ages after his death, never passed without an appeal to San Biagio against the machinations of the mysterious cavern.

At one side of the cave a dark recess, about three feet deep, with which the sea-water communicates, was the bath of Ghetaldi, and all around on the rocks is the beautiful Adiantum, Capillus Veneris, with jet black stem and fine small green leaf. At one side of the cave, next the sea, is a staircase cut in the rock, and Don Marco (as the professor was usually called) informed me that it was in communication with the villa above. A door, almost rotten with sea-air and water, barred the passage; but Don Marco, applying his hands to his mouth, shouted aloud, so that the rock-vault echoed again, and in a minute a servant-girl was seen descending the stairs to the door, which she opened.

Passing over slippery rocks, we got within the door, and, ascending the steps, wound round the rock that flanked the entrance to the cave, and found that we had gained a narrow terrace in front of a villa overhanging an abrupt precipice, and looking straight across to Ragusa, with its round towers and high ramparts. Don Marco, who seemed to know everybody, ushered me into the parlour of the little villa of Ghetaldi, where pictures somewhat in the Bolognese school were hanging from the walls. Madame S., the spouse of a descendant of the co-heiress of Ghetaldi, now entered, and received us with Ragusan courtesy. She regretted that his portrait, which adorned the room, had been taken to her town-house; but Don Marco and myself joined in a prayer to see it restored to its true position.

From the revolutions of science the works of Ghetaldi are unread and forgotten, but his name blooms fresh in the memory of the Ragusans; and a large slab of pavement in the Dominican church, with three fleur-de-lis and two stars, is still regarded with veneration, as covering his remains.

When we got into the boat again, Don Marco ordered the men to row us to La Chroma, a small island about a mile from the cave, which seemed to be entirely covered with wood and shrubbery, and without any habitation, except a small modern fort which crowned the top of the hill. Other islands lay to the south, and, on asking their names, I found that they were called Marcana and Bobara (St. Mark and St. Barbara). "They are mere rocks," said Don Marco, "fit for sea-fowl, and not fit for a man, unless he be a passionate fowler; and yet they have often played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of Ragusa."

"Rather extraordinary," said I; "you churchmen are not generally fond of bleak barren positions. The clergy have capital taste for landscape-gardening in general. You see that Benedictine convent at the extremity of the bay, how snugly sheltered under the point of land, with plenty of vegetation and a fine view."

"They are both Turkish islands," said Don Marco, "in the diocese of Trebigne; and whenever the Ragusan Archbishops wished to escape dependence on the Senate, they used to hold their councils here in security."

We soon rounded the wooded point of the island, and found ourselves in a little bay, beyond which was a level plain of turf between a wood of pines and the hill on which the fort was built; and in the most sheltered part of this little valley was a ruined convent, and a church of a period much anterior, and evidently of Byzantine form. This was the island and monastery of La Chroma, at which Richard Cœur de Lion landed on his return from the Holy Land. It appears that the tempest off Albania must have been most violent, and Richard made a vow to erect a temple to the Virgin in the first place of his landing. Presenting himself to the monks, he declared his design to build a church there, for which he gave, or would give, 100,000 *nummi argentei*. No sooner did the rector hear of Richard's arrival, than he went with the senate to congratulate him on his escape, and offer him the hospitality of Ragusa, which Richard accepted, along with "magnificent spectacles;" but the rector begged him to write to the Pope, to commute the locality of his votive offering from the island to the city of Ragusa itself, the cathedral of which was small and inconvenient; to which Richard consented, on the condition that, every second of February, being the Purification of the Virgin, the superior and monks of the convent of La Chroma would be allowed to celebrate the mysteries of that festival. It appears, however, that in the sixteenth century the Archbishop wished to resist this right, and a hot dispute was the consequence, which led to a research of the archives, and the right of the monks was confirmed by a curious decree of the rector and senate. This privilege they retained till 1667, when the earthquake threw down both the cathedral of Richard and a great part of the convent of La Chroma.

The illustrious author of *Ivanhoe* had perhaps never heard of this island, but it might well have furnished a splendid chapter to this great inventor: a tempest-tost King of England landing from Palestine; the monks giving hospitality to a stranger, to find that their guest is a king, and the taker of Acre; and the quaint crossing in all the pomp of middle-age magnificence to welcome the valiant chevalier and crusading king.

"Do you know," said Don Marco, as we walked among the sequestered foliage, "that for us Britannia is a poesia; her whole history, down to Victoria, is an epic poem."

"Does not France," said I, "come up to your idea of greatness?"

"No," said he; "the French character is less phlegmatic, and with us more sympathetic than the English; but Italy began our modern civilisation, and England is completing it. France is a country of elegant writers; but for a steady, constant, and enduring succession of illustrious deeds, we must go to Albion."

"Many people on the Continent," said I, "maintain that, having arrived at her full growth, she must soon begin to decay."

"*Niente affatto*, not a bit of it," answered the professor; "if she has not extended her branches, she has been growing at the roots; if the conquests of this generation have not been so extensive as former ones, her mercantile navy, the root of all her power, has increased; a nation that perpetually wars with the elements needs never fear the corrosion of a long peace."

Leaving La Chroma, we now rode some miles to the southwards, and, passing a bluff point, a new prospect opened on us; a beach of yellow sand, glistening with white pebbles in the unclouded sun, skirted a bay, which formed a graceful semicircle. The precipitous mountains fell away inland, and broken but richly cultivated ground, interspersed with vines, olives, pastures, and occasional oak-trees, intervened between the bluff point we had passed, and the promontory of Epidaurus, some miles ahead. This was the renowned bay of St. Hilary, not less celebrated in the annals of Christianity than the bay of St. George in Syria, where the dragon was killed. Three hundred and sixty-five years after Christ, St. Hilary landed in this bay, and defied and vanquished by miraculous power, according to tradition, a terrible serpent that invested the coast; the serpent being of the family of St. George, that is to say, no other than the Greek mythology, whose death-rattle sounded in the fourth century through all the Roman world. Titus and St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Illyria, St. Hilary followed in their footsteps, and St. Jerome, a native of Dalmatia, com-

pleted the work, and speaks with enthusiasm of the reputation for piety which Hilary had left in the whole region; but, in writing the life of his predecessor, he might surely have spared us the miracle of the serpent, and the restraining of the threatening sea during the apostacy of Julian.

In the middle of the bay is the village of St. Hilary (St. Ilarione), with a few boats drawn upon the beach, but without the unpleasant odours, the ill-dressed children, and the untidy houses of a fishing village; behind it is the plain of Breno, the agricultural garden of the east of the Adriatic. Ombla is a wild, highland loch, fitter for a country-house than the labours of agriculture; but here, every nook is fenced and cultivated, so that the traveller might think himself in the environs of an Italian capital. The olive-trees and all the other products showed at once the traces of that superior culture which makes the berry the largest and fattest of the coast, even surpassing that of the opposite Gallipoli. The aspect of the peasantry fully corresponded with the appearance of nature; instead of the drunken, patched misery of Dalmatia, the men were all coarsely but tidily and decently dressed. The women, although sunburnt, had clear, healthy complexions, that showed the purity of the air and the results of an orderly material existence. Although I was delighted to find, in so distant a part of Europe, a region that in every respect might vie with its centres, with one exception; the vicinity of the Turks had led the Ragusan republic to the policy of having no roads practicable for artillery.

We had not walked above half an hour along the plain, when I saw approaching a middle-aged man, with broad-brimmed hat, and a collar of white linen turned down over a stock studded with little blue beads, and wearing black knee-breeches and silver buckles in his shoes. This was the clergyman of Breno, the friend of Don Marco, who had come to meet us, and conducted us to the parsonage, a neat, new house, on a rising ground a quarter of a mile off, embosomed in cypresses. He apologised for the roads as contrasted with the new ones that had lately been made in various parts of Dalmatia, and mentioned an old local proverb, "Deus fecit Brenam, vias autem ejus diabolus."

The parsonage-house was a small new stone building; the folding doors being of iron, studded with bolts, like a prison entrance. Don Marco joked him on his precautions; but the clergyman reminded him that he was the banker of the savings of the parish, and that a few desperadoes might be tempted to rob the whole parish, and cut his own throat; for they were within a few miles of the Turkish frontier. During dinner the conversation fell on the comparative morality of the Ragusan peasant and the Dalmatian, which possessed much interest for me, because the clergy are best acquainted with the condition of the peasantry. Both the Ragusans and the Dalmatians are very poor in money; for a woman of Breno will carry a load of firewood six miles to gain fourpence. The peasant of the environs of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, will walk the same distance to sell a pair of fowls for a shilling; but instead of taking home the money to his wife, he never leaves the Piazza dell' Erbe until the half of it be squandered in liquor or disorder.

The landed proprietor of Ragusa deals more easily with the peasant than the landlord of Dalmatia. In Breno, the countryman, instead of farming the land, divides the produce with the landlord. When corn lands are good and productive, the landlord on giving the seed, receives the half of the produce. If the peasant furnish the seed, and the land be easily worked, the landlord receives a third; but if the land be poor and inconveniently worked, he receives only a fourth, or perhaps less. In Dalmatia the peasantry are lazy and vindictive, not so in the territory of Ragusa; here every scrap of manure on the roads is carefully picked up, and put round the trunks of the olives. The cultivators are mild and fair spoken; but the proprietor must look very sharply after the division of the spoil, otherwise he will find himself short of his due. The best property is that of olives; and instead of florins, such and such a landlord is said to be worth so many barrels of oil a-year. Permanent absenteeism is almost impossible. A proprietor wished to let his lands, and live at Venice, but he could not find a middle-man or farmer of adequate capital and character willing to give him a certainty, except at a great sacrifice.

I found that tile draining, subsoil-ploughing, and other processes, were unknown, for the enemy to be combated in the long droughts of summer; the territory of Ragusa suffering, in a minor degree, from the dryness of the neighbouring Dalmatia. In the middle ages all the seaward slope of the Vellebitch was covered with wood, mulberries below, and pines above; which not only retained the soil on the slopes by the reticulation of their roots, but, attracting and retaining the moisture, caused the rains to be more frequent, and the running streams to be more copious even in the heat of summer. But the Turkish war ruined Dalmatia, and the Venetian policy was to keep the people dependent on the republic for subsistence. Paoli Sarpi, in his report on Dalmatia, in the capacity of Consultatore, shows his narrow bigotry, by openly avowing that this kingdom, with its robust population, must be kept needy in order to remain in subjection; hence the inhuman extirpation of the mulberries, and the prohibition of the silk culture, a most impious interference with the part assigned by Nature to Dalmatia in the territorial division of labour. This was not the fault of Venice alone, but pervaded the colonial policy of all other nations—of Spain and America, as well of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and from which the history of our own settlements in India and America shows that we were not free.

By a calm pleasant evening we returned to the village of St. Hilary, which we examined more in detail; the habitations are scattered among thick grown gardens, and mills in motion; a stream dashing over a low precipice, and glistening in the evening sun, loses itself for a short way under the willows, planes, and poplars, and re-appearing, fretted with its combat with the mill wheel, intersects the yellow beach, and mingles its spent force with the ripple of the bay. Here we embarked for Ragusa Vecchia, at the southern extremity of the bay, where the hills again approach close to the sea. The port is small, and the modern town of Ragusa Vecchia is a mere village, forming a wretched contrast to the magnificence of Epidaurus, which covered the neighbourhood.

Each city of Dalmatia has its own sphere of action. Zara, nearest to Austria, is the military capital; Spalato is the seat of the trade of Bosnia; but Ragusa, from its literary tastes, cultivated manners, and the cheapness of living, ought to be the seat of a regular university for the formation of members of the liberal

professions, as well as the civilians and clergy, who might in time effect an educational revolution on all the coast, from Istria to Albania—in short, it is by becoming a university and a seat of learning, that Ragusa is most likely to prosper. The Bishop has perfectly understood this question. A Dalmatian by birth, he is sensible of the defects of his fellow-countrymen, of their many excellent native qualities which lie dormant or are misdirected, and of the necessity of a more enlightened class of rural clergy, as well as of the advantage of enabling the rising generation of Ragusa to have superior instruction on the spot. He is sensible of the great capacity of this people for intellectual pursuits, and has earnestly applied himself to realise the local funds for this excellent object.

## III.

### Haven of Gravosa, or Santa Croce—Val d'Ombla—Subterranean River—Pic-nic at the Springs disturbed by a Sirocco.

We have seen that steamers and merchantmen alike prefer the haven of Gravosa to the small port of Ragusa, and indeed it has been justly remarked that the city ought to have been built on this bay; and nothing but attachment to their native town, and that reluctance to abandon a place hallowed by early associations, which are common to all countries and ages, can account for the inhabitants not quitting Ragusa for this spot, particularly after the city had been destroyed by earthquakes, and had become insecure on the introduction of gunpowder and artillery.

The port of Gravosa has also the name of Santa Croce; and it was called Gravosa from the ancient Agravonites, who are mentioned by Livy as the inhabitants of this coast. The rich Ragusans had their villas here, and the gardens in which they took so much delight; and when Ragusa was in its days of prosperity, the wealth of its nobles and merchants was immense. (*See* page 473.)

Opening on this bay is the valley of Ombla (Val d'Ombla), before noticed as one of the most beautiful spots in Dalmatia. For though the Ragusans pride themselves on their own name, and abhor that of Dalmatians, we may be allowed to include Ragusa and its neighbourhood under the general term; and now that the Venetian Republic no longer exists, they may not regret being part of that province.

The entrance to the Val d'Ombla is a short way to the north-west of Gravosa, and an hour's row brings the visitor to the end of that picturesque valley. At the first village, on entering it, is a sulphureous spring, very similar to that of Spalato. Advancing up the estuary or loch, the beauty of the scenery increases; and, as its course is winding, a diversity of views present themselves. The lower part of the hills is covered with a variety of foliage; amidst which the dark-green of the cypress contrasts well with the gray olive that thrives here, and bears much fruit; and rock and wood, hamlet and villa, mingled together and reflected in the water, with the circle of mountains above, form a succession of beautiful pictures: a principal feature of which is the church of the Franciscan convent, standing on a point of land near the end of the valley, where the river expands into a loch.

This river is the ancient Ario or Arion, and the size of this sheet of water, and the short distance from which the river comes before it expands into this great breadth, are alluded to in the verse of Elio Cervino:—

> "Danubio, et obilo non villor Ombla fuisset,
> Si modo progressus posset habere suos."

The sun was bright, the air was warm, the ever-verdant cypresses rose from the high grass, and the green waters, clouded like malachite with the depths and shallows of the gulf, or eddies produced by the waters of the Ombla, and clasped all around with high wooded hills, had a loneliness and a loveliness so strange and rare, that no scene of my travels, says Mr. Paton, recurs to me oftener than the vale of Ombla.

We now, says the same traveller, describing his visit to this fairy spot, entered a boat and rowed up the river, between the meadows, to its source, for which a quarter of an hour sufficed; for never before did I see such a body of water with so short a course. At the source, a river almost as large as the Thames at Richmond, bubbles and boils out of the earth, so that it looks like a giant's cauldron. Here are fuller's mills, and several women of Herzegovina were standing round the troubled waters, with a most amusing difference of costume—those who wore a brass ornament at the back of the head were married; those who wore on their temples silver Turkish five piastre pieces were unmarried.

From the arrangements that had been made, the rest of the day was spent in festivity, and never did I see the cares of life driven away with greater success than by the Ragusan philosophers; but in the midst of our gaiety, the room gradually darkened, and a cry of "Scirocco, scirocco!" was heard. Out we went, and the whole scene was in an instant black and dismal: a herd of thick clouds had invaded us, all of a sudden, from the south, and getting into a boat, as being most likely to save us from rain, we made the men row as swiftly as possible to Gravosa. Gusts and lulls of wind succeeded each other by turns, and still no rain; but I saw by the hints to pull quick, that the storm was brewing, and, long before we reached Gravosa, down it came, with such violence, that we were, in a few minutes, drenched through. How melancholy whistled the wind through the caves and detached rocks on our left! As pleasantly as I had a few hours before wandered through the cypress-groves of the Villa Sorgo, so equally unpleasant did I sit in the stern of the boat, casting a glance, from time to time, on the sea boiling among the wave-worn rocks, while thick, irregular masses of clouds shot across the face of the sky.

It was black night when we arrived at Gravosa, and our boat was challenged by the Austrian corvette; but on the assurance that we were travellers, and not smugglers, we landed.

We shall show, when describing the country of Trebinitza, on the Turkish side of the Vellebitch, that the Ombla or Ario is in reality only the subterranean outlet on the Dalmatian coast, of the Herzegovinian river of Trebinitza.

Mr. Paton has also given a further graphic account of a visit paid by him to this interesting valley, with its loch or fiord and its river head. "We proceeded," he relates, "out of the northern gate of Ragusa, and ascending the hill above Gravosa, walked on till we came to a cleft in the mountain chain, where the little gulf, overhung by high rocks, forked suddenly inwards; here we followed a bridle road, and turning sharply round

to the right, found ourselves in the Vale of Ombla, the semicircle we had described having completely shut out from our view the Gulf of Gravosa. Rich vegetation rose from the deep sea-green water, which here formed a sort of lake, inclosed by mountains, at the further extremity of which a river, gushing out of the rock, mingled its fresh water with the salt of the gulf. Here is a most unusual sight in Dalmatia, a level plain of rich meadow land, part of it planted with cypresses, and forming the grounds of the villa of the Dukes of Sorgo, to which we descended. The villa was quite in disorder, but the large gardens showed the care and expense of former occupants; for the ducal line being extinct, the place had been purchased by a retired ship-master.

"A large and open corridor in the upper floor, paved with red marble, had its walls adorned with frescoes something in the manner of Giulio Romano, and representing mythological subjects. A broad flight of steps, with a fine Italian balustrade, led down to the water's edge; and on the other side of the villa were the ruined parterres of the garden, and the groves of cypresses, beyond which appeared the lofty nook of precipitous rocks, from which the river issued. Seeing a sheaf of rye cut on the wall, I asked its story, and was informed that, in the year 1200 and odd, when a famine raged in Ragusa, a rich merchant of Albania brought a cargo of rye-grain (sorgo) and distributed it to the poor. Touched by this humane munificence, the Senate of Ragusa granted him the patriciate of the republic, and an ear of sorgo stood for six centuries on the blazon of the family to commemorate this origin. The family is now extinct, the last duke having died at Paris some years ago without issue."

CAPITAL IN THE PALACE AT RAGUSA.

## IV.

## THE MEN OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

### MONTENEGRINES OR TCHERNAGORI.

WARLIKE CHARACTER OF THE MONTENEGRINES—A SLAVONIC RACE—THEOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT—INVADED BY THE TURKS—PROTECTORATE OF RUSSIA—DISCOMFITURES OF THE TURKS—A MONTENEGRINE IMPOSTOR—CONNECTION WITH AUSTRIA—INDEPENDENCE RE-ESTABLISHED—COMBATS WITH THE FRENCH.

FOUR Montenegrines, and their sister, aged twenty-one, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Basilio, were waylaid by seven Turks in a rocky defile, so narrow that they could only thread it one by one; and hardly had they entered between the precipices that bordered it on either side, when an unexpected discharge of fire-arms killed one brother, and desperately wounded another. To retrace their steps was impossible without meeting certain and shameful death, since to turn their backs would be to give their enemy the opportunity of destroying them at pleasure.

The two who were unhurt therefore advanced, and returned the fire, killing two Turks, while the wounded one, supporting himself against a rock, fired also, and mortally injured two others, but was killed himself in the act. His sister taking his gun, loaded and fired again, simultaneously with her two brothers, but at the same instant one of them dropped down dead. The two surviving Turks then rushed furiously at the only remaining Montenegrine, who however, laid open the skull of one of them, with his yatagan, before receiving his own death-blow. The hapless sister, who had all the time kept up a constant fire, stood for an instant irresolute; when, suddenly assuming an air of terror and supplication, she entreated for mercy, but the Turk, enraged at the death of his companions, was brutal enough to take advantage of the unhappy girl's seeming agony, and only promised her life at the price of her honour. Hesitating at first, she pretended to listen to the villain's proposal, but no sooner did she throw him off his guard, than she buried in his body the knife she carried at her girdle. Although mortally wounded, the Turk endeavoured to make the most of his failing strength, and plucking the dagger from his side, staggered towards the courageous girl, who, driven to despair, threw herself on her relentless foe, and with superhuman energy hurled him down the neighbouring precipice, at the very moment when some shepherds, attracted by the continued firing, arrived just too late for the rescue.

Such is the character of the Montenegrines, as illustrated in the above anecdote. Trained from earliest youth to the use of arms, which are through life inseparable from their persons, living in hereditary and perpetual hostility with the Turks, with the memory of cruelties and suffering inflicted upon their forefathers traditionally handed down, their ferocious feeling of vengeance upheld by human trophies, and considering it a grace of God to die in battle, no wonder that the Montenegrines should be brave, and that such a natural and hereditary courage even be participated in by the women; nursed in the same traditions, and companions by Christianity of man, although by custom, slaves of Montenegrine husbands. But who, it might be pertinently asked, are the Montenegrines, or Tchernagori?

Already consigned by rude map-makers within Turkey in Europe, and several times ravaged by the Turks, has Montenegro ever been really subjected or organised by the Turks? has it ever received Mussulman rulers or laws, and even if diplomatically acknowledged as subject to Turkey, has it ever considered itself so?

The Montenegrins, or Tchernagori or Black Mountaineers, who number some 11,700 families, giving a population of 107,000, of whom about 20,000 or 25,000 would take up arms in defence of their country, are identical with the Servians in blood, language, and religion, and Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire, the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower Empire.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who by the loss of the battle of Kossovo, in 1385 and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Servia. "To this day," says Mr. A. A. Paton, "the heroes of Servia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their eyes suffuse with tears."

Stephen, the grandson of Balsa, was the friend and ally of Scanderbeg, but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle:

MONTENEGRINS.

Montenegro alone, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Black Mountain, surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour worse than a thousand deaths was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust with ignominy from the ranks of his own sex.

Such is Paton's account of the origin of the Montenegrin principality. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in whose excellent work, "Dalmatia and Montenegro," a detailed history of the Black Mountain is given, tells us that, at the time of the Servian empire, it was called Zeta or Zeuta, and that at the fall of that empire "it preserved its independence under the rule of Prince George Balsha." According to the same authority, it was not Stephen who finally withdrew to the Black Mountain, but Ivan, his eldest son, who, being refused the assistance of Venice, abandoned, not Scutari, but Zsabliak, which had been

the residence of himself and predecessors, and retired to the mountain, where he founded the convent of Tzetinie, the correct etymology of the Cettinge of the papers, and transferred the metropolitan see to the new capital. This took place in 1485; and Zablink, which has already played a part in the present campaign, has since that time continued to be the frontier town of Albania.

The family of Tzernoievich (Czernojevich of Paton) soon passed away. Pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by the Turkish influences, one brother, Andrew, surnamed the Valiant Arnaut, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris; while George, who had succeeded his father, Ivan, having married a Venetian lady, of the family of Mocenigo, she prevailed upon him to retire with her to her native city. He, therefore, with the consent of the people, transferred the government of Montenegro to the hands of the spiritual chiefs, and withdrew to Venice in 1516. From that time the theocratic form of government has existed in Montenegro, and the spiritual and temporal power have been vested in the Vladikas, or prince-bishops, an office now hereditary in the house of Petrovich; but as every Vladika is consecrated bishop, and cannot marry, the succession always falls to a nephew, or some other of the family. This fact, Sir G. Wilkinson remarks, of the episcopal office being hereditary, is singular, considering the doctrines of Christians in regard to apostolic succession. The late Vladika, on his return from Russia, where each Vladika is successively consecrated, read to the senate and people a note from the Russian government, to the effect that, in accordance with the wishes of the Montenegrins and of the senate, his majesty the Emperor Nicholas had consented to Prince Daniel not taking holy orders, and had further empowered him to appoint a bishop in his stead. There was formerly also a local governorship, but this was suppressed in 1832, in consequence of the then governor making an attempt to get the power into his hands, or, as some say, intending to betray the country to the Austrians.

When Sulaiman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire, all Europe quaked again. In 1523 Montenegro was invaded, Tzetinie was delivered over to the flames, and all the strongholds were stormed by the Turks, under the Pasha of Scutari. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who derived his materials for the history of Montenegro chiefly from the secretary of the Vladika, appears to have been misled by the latter to confound this invasion with one said to have been made in 1623, by one Sulaiman, Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Sulaiman, Mr. Paton observes upon this exploit, are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrin, and the almost inaccessible nature of their rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the conquest of the small but far from insignificant archbishopric of Montenegro. But although the more exposed parts of this country were laid waste, these hardy mountaineers so successfully harassed their formidable enemies, that they were soon obliged to abandon the country, and retire into Albania, after sustaining severe losses, with the glory of having conquered the Montenegrins, but the disgrace of not being able to hold their country.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain—the Montenegrins continued to be allied to the Venetians rather than to the Turks and they were always ready to co-operate with the latter in their wars against the Porte. But still the Turks managed to obtain an influence in the country, not so much by force of arms, which availed them nothing, as by wily policy, and, according to Spencer, also by the seductive charms of Muhammadanism; hence, as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were also converted in the "Black Mountain" itself.

Paton justly remarks upon this that in the fifteenth century, both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out, and the very same rottenness that made Slavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, both Slavonians, to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe, one-half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now, as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that altogether the Slaves, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century, the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians: in that year Daniele Petrovich of Nugowich, became archbishop; and from that time the spiritual power has been hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. This founder of a dynasty having been treacherously imprisoned by the Turks, he resolved to make a clean sweep of Islamism, and to that effect he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by his order and arrangements, a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediately baptism became the only means of escape.

In the year 1706, the Turks of Hersegovina attacked Montenegro, but this expedition met with a total defeat; and 157 Turks, who were taken prisoners, suffered the ignominy of being ransomed for the same number of pigs.

Oppressed, however, by the incessant attacks of a powerful enemy, and no longer protected by Venice, the Montenegrins soon afterwards sought the protection of Russia, and for this purpose, having declared themselves subjects of Peter the Great, they took the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, who, in return, promised them protection; while the Montenegrins on their part, engaged to co-operate with the Russians in their wars against the Porte. One writer places the era of this event in 1796; but already, in 1711, the Montenegrins took up arms by order of Peter the Great, and made several incursions into the Turkish territory. This protectorate of Russia does not, however, appear to have denied the sovereign rights of the Sultan, but rather to have been confined to the protection of the national church, towards which a considerable annual contribution has been since made. Kohl, however, estimates this contribution at only £400 a year. But Russia contributes to the maintenance of the Greek Church almost everywhere throughout Turkey in Europe, and

more especially in the Danubian province. Even the principal Greek churches of Constantinople take pride in exhibiting to the visitor pictures, plate, and other donations of the Tsar.

In 1712, the "Black Mountain" was invaded by Ahmet Pasha, at the head of 60,000 men, but the Turks were signally defeated. Another, and a still more formidable expedition, was sent in 1714, under the Grand Vizier, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, who, in concert with the Pashas of Bosnia and Herzegovina, invaded Montenegro at the head of 120,000 men. This immense force made its way to Tsetinie, burnt the convent which had been rebuilt by the Vladika Daniele, pillaged and destroyed the villages, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. The war that followed between the Turks and Venetians alone saved the Montenegrins from further calamities; the country was abandoned by the invaders, and the fugitive mountaineers, returning from their places of concealment, rebuilt their villages, and were soon in a condition to act as allies of the Venetians. Many gallant deeds of arms are recorded of the Montenegrins as performed during these Venetian wars; one of the most noted of which was in 1750, when Nickats Tomanovich, with forty valiant companions, penetrated through a Turkish army of 20,000 men, killed the Kaiha Pasha, and succeeded, though desperately wounded, in cutting his way back, with few surviving comrades.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and, circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior-shepherd, and the republican member of a savage horde. Hence Europe, in the eighteenth century, seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the Lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's "Decline" of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. In 1767 an adventurer named Stephen Mali (little Stephen) arrived among the Montenegrins, with whom the story of Peter the Great's living at Saardam as a shipwright is a household tale, and passed himself off as the Russian Emperor Peter III., who had been strangled by order of Catherine, in 1764. The manner in which this impostor imposed upon the credulity of the brave but ignorant mountaineers, even to turning the tables against Prince Dolgorouki, commissioned by Catherine to expose the adventurer, is amusingly told by Mr. Paton in his work on the "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic." This comedy had, however, a very tragic termination, for the Turks were induced, by that spirit of arch-diplomacy which makes mountains of mole hills, to look upon Stephen as a real Russian agent, and to invade the country at the head of 100,000 men, under three different Viziers. Pashas with three tails (mushirs), were much more common in those days than at present; and the "Black Mountain" was once more ravaged and devastated, its metropolis again laid in ashes, its people exterminated or driven to their usual rocky hiding-places. The Montenegrins were placed at further disadvantage on this occasion by the Venetians being hostile to them; and they were thus deprived of ammunition, a single cartridge having, it is said, cost during that war a sequin.

The first historical connection of Montenegro with Austria, dates back to the Russo-Austrian war against the Turks in 1787-1791, when the Montenegrins, with 400 soldiers, under Major Vukassovich, made incursions into Albania, pillaged several villages, and defied the Turks within their own territories. A writer, speaking of this epoch, says: "In 1791, it (Montenegro) still formed part of the Turkish empire, for by the treaty of Sistow, between Austria and the Porte, it was expressly stipulated that none of the inhabitants of Montenegro should be disquieted, molested, or punished for having declared against their proper sovereign." Another writer says upon this, that "the attempt which has been made to show that the territory of Montenegro was placed in absolute dependence on Turkey by the treaty of Sistow, in 1791, is, in our opinion, quite untenable. For the very same article of that treaty which touches Montenegro includes also Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, all provinces which, as is well-known, have long paid only a qualified tribute and allegiance to the Porte." The latter writer is undoubtedly quite right. Montenegro has stood, for a great lapse of time, in the unenviable position of an independent district within an acknowledged territory. It has struggled more incessantly, and with greater success, against the Osmanlis, than either Moldavia, Wallachia, or Servia, and its allegiance to the Porte has never been established *de facto*, or acknowledged by the Montenegrins.

These gallant mountaineers themselves give quite a different story of the treaty of Sistow, or Sistovo. They declare that the two powers, omitting to stipulate for their independence (indeed, it is acknowledged that they only stipulated that they should not be punished for having declared against "their proper sovereign"), left them to be invaded by the Turks, and to resist as best they could. And nobly indeed did they maintain their freedom against the overwhelming power of the Porte, after having resisted every attempt to induce them to acknowledge its authority over their country.

The battle, Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, which was fought upon this occasion with the Pasha of Scutari, was the most glorious and decisive of all that ever took place between the Montenegrins and the Turks; it established the independence of Montenegro; and the moral effect both in that country and in Turkey has continued to the present day. The Montenegrins were commanded by their late Vladika, Pietro Petrovitch.

Having chosen a favourable spot for opposing the enemy, he posted five thousand men in a difficult pass, with orders to distribute their red fez caps over the rocks, to light numerous fires at night, and to do everything to make the Turks believe the whole army was before them, whilst he led the main body, by a forced march, to their rear. Next morning, the Turks advanced to force the pass; but the difficult nature of the ground, the narrowness of the way that led up the

steep ascent, and the firmness of those who defended it, made superiority of numbers of no avail; and the front and flanking fire of 5,000 good marksmen, kept the whole force of the enemy at bay until noon, when the Vladika, attacking them in the rear, decided the fate of the battle. The Turks, now no longer assailants, were obliged to defend themselves between their two foes, and, after an obstinate fight of three days and two nights, were nearly all cut to pieces. Thirty thousand Turks were killed, and among them the Pasha of Albania, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia, whose head was cut off, and is still kept at Tzetinie as a trophy of the victory. The effect of this defeat has never been forgotten by the Turks; no similar expedition has since been sent against Montenegro; and the interest frequently made to obtain the head of the pasha, shows how sensitive they are to the disgrace.

Of all the feats of arms, however, that have conferred distinction on the Montenegrins, the assistance given to Russia in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and their successful combats single-handed against the French under Marmont, undoubtedly stand pre-eminent. It was only when the grasping genius of Napoleon forcibly took possession of Venice and her dependencies in the Adriatic, that the allied powers became fully aware of the value and importance of a warlike principality like that of Montenegro. An eye-witness of this campaign, M. Broniewski, says "The best French *voltigeurs* on the advanced posts were always destroyed by them; and the enemy's generals found it more advantageous to remain under the cover of their cannon." Again: "Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced bands of the French. Attacking the columns of the enemy in front and flank, and acting separately, without any other system than the inspirations of personal courage, they were not afraid of the terrible battalion-fire of the French infantry."

Still more interesting to us, as English, is the fact that we also occupy a page in Montenegrin history. It was in conjunction with the English that the Montenegrins succeeded in obtaining possession of the admirable port and strong fortress of Cattaro, which, according to a treaty with their Vladika, was henceforth to form a part of their territory, and which they constituted the capital of Montenegro. But this did not suit the views of Austria, and, by one of the articles of the Congress of Vienna in 1814, Cattaro, with the other dependencies of despoiled Venice, was handed over to that power; hence, when the whole of Europe enjoyed the blessing of peace, Cattaro sustained a murderous siege. And it was not till the mountaineers had expended their last cartridge against the Austrians, and saw before them the horrors of starvation, that they surrendered.

The Piesmi, or Bardic Poems of the Tchernagori, according to Mr. Spencer ("Travels in European Turkey," Vol. I., p. 398), describing the siege and the treachery of the allied powers, pathetically appeal to their old comrades, the Ingleski, the lions of the sea, to come to their assistance, and cause the treaty with their Vladika to be respected. England responded not, and the mountaineers had no other alternative but submission. They made, it is true, several ineffectual attempts to recover possession of a port which brought them in direct communication with the civilisation of the west, so necessary to the prosperity of their little state.

The Turks, on the other hand, were constantly trying to subjugate this unfortunate people, abandoned first by the Venetians, then by the English, bereft of their only sea-port by the Austrians, and only nominally befriended by Russia. In 1832 the Porte possessed a daring general in Reshid Pasha, the conqueror of the Kurds, Bosnians, and Albanians. He was instructed to direct the whole of his forces—tried soldiers, and accustomed to victory—against the Montenegrins. He had, however, opposed to him the late Vladika Pietro Petrovich, worthy, by his gallantry, of being placed by the side of the "Black Prince" of Tchernagora, Ivan Tchernoievich, or of his own great ancestor, the Vladika Petrovich Niegowich, and who took his measures so effectually that he successfully defeated Reshid Pasha at the pass of the Moratsha, and Namik Ali Pasha at the defile of the Martinich, with immense slaughter.

Since that signal disaster the Turks have not till the present day attempted a regular invasion of the "Black Mountain." Hostilities, it is true, have never ceased, the Montenegrins sometimes invading the enemy's territories, sometimes repelling inroads of the Turks; but they have all been of minor importance, except the fall of Grahovo and the capture of the Island of Vranina, which was taken by surprise, during a truce, by the Albanians.

In 1840 the Austrians forced hostilities upon the Montenegrins by endeavouring to take forcible possession of some disputed territory near Bridna. Upon this occasion the Austrians were defeated, and that, too, not in the mountain fastnesses of Tchernagora. The contest was for a piece of land which the Austrians had occupied in the neighbourhood of Kossatz, to the north-east of Castel Lastua, and the battle took place at Pastovichio near the frontier of Tzernitza.

The Vladika, however, fearful of the result of a war with so powerful a state as Austria, invoked the good offices of the Emperor of Russia, and the matter was amicably settled by the disputed territory being ceded for an equivalent in money. But in order the better to secure the coveted littoral of Montenegro, the three forts of Mount Kossatz, St. Spiridion, and Pressick were erected; and in order still more effectually to exclude the Montenegrins from Dalmatia, the Austrians purchased from them the Greek convent of Stanievich, which had been given to Montenegro by the Venetians.

In these acquisitions lie the whole secret of the active interference of the Austrians in the affairs of Montenegro. That power never took a step to ward off the invasions and devastations of the Turks under Sulaiman, Ahmet Pasha, Duman Pasha Kiuprlli, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia, or Kurd Reshid Pasha. On the contrary, after availing themselves of the hereditary hatred entertained by the Montenegrins for the Turks, in the war of 1787-1791, they left them unprotected to continue the struggle in the defence of their nationality and religion, of their very existence on the face of the earth. But the possession of the whole littoral of Montenegro has given quite a new aspect to Austro-Montenegrin politics.

"We cannot but admire," says Mr. Spencer, "the heroic bravery, the constancy of purpose, and devotedness of the Christian tribes of Albania and Servia, who, on the destruction of all that is dear to a high-minded and patriotic people—their altars, and fatherland, found a secure retreat in the fastnesses of their native mountains, and continued for centuries to maintain their

wild independence, in spite of every effort of the Ottoman Porte, even in its best days, to subdue them: and now that the Turkish government has commenced the difficult task of reforming the abuses of centuries, this very circumstance tends to retard the progress of improvement, and prevents the tranquillisation of this important portion of the Turkish empire. At the same time it affords a constant pretext for Austria and Russia, under the plea of religious obligation, to interfere with the internal administration of the country. The free tribes of Upper Albania, the Muriditi, Malasori, and Klementi, who inhabit the adjoining mountains of this singular country, and profess the Latin ritual, rely on Austria, as a Roman Catholic power, for protection. On the other hand, their neighbours, the Tchernagori (Montenegrins) who adhere to the Greek form of worship, look up to the Tsar of Russia as their natural chief."

Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, in a similar spirit, that hemmed in as the Montenegrins are by their enemies, the Turks, it was natural that they should seek the good-will, and even the protection of some powerful state; and it must be confessed, as Colonel Vialla observes (Vol. I., p. 385), that they could scarcely doubt whether to apply to Austria or to Russia. The similarity of religious doctrines suffice to make them decide in favour of the latter. If the Vladika had preferred serving the interests of Austria, he would soon have been tormented by the ecclesiastical authorities of Vienna, who would have tried to subject him to their formidable supremacy, and, perhaps, oblige him by degrees to conform to the Roman rites; or at least to draw over many of the priesthood, allured by the favours of a jealous court. Besides, the immediate vicinity of the Austrian troops was more dangerous to the independence of Montenegro than the remote position of Russia; all which considerations could only induce the Vladika to take the measures he has adopted.

The Austrians have then no plea of religious obligation in protecting Montenegro in a war with Turkey. The close alliance established between Austria and Russia by the late war in Hungary may, however, have given ample grounds for the Austrians taking the place of the Russians in defending Montenegro from actual invasion. Their immediate proximity to the seat of war reveals the advantages of such an arrangement, while the recent acquisition of the littoral of Montenegro would give them a personal interest in such a movement quite independent of any religious feeling. Even a part of the mountain on the renowned ascent from Cattaro to Tastinie has been ceded to the Austrians some years back for a pecuniary consideration.

## V.

Bocca di Cattaro—Exquisite Scenery—Port of Montenegro—A Cattaro Cicerone—Town of Cattaro—Public Buildings—Subterranean Waters—Marmont at Cattaro—Ferocity of the Montenegrins.

Montenegro, we have seen, forms no part of Dalmatia, but is an independent republic, of the fiercest mountaineers, who have always succeeded in defying the Porte, from the impregnable position of their country, overlooking the Bocca di Cattaro and the Lake of Scutari. It is from the formerly exquisitely beautiful haven, and not less interesting town, that Montenegro is most readily reached, and we will anticipate our penetrating into the heart of the "Black Mountains," by a preliminary visit to Cattaro, in company with that most lively of peripaticians—Mr. A. A. Paton.

It was on a bright sunlit afternoon, in the first days of December, that the steamer entered the Bocca, every inch of the deck being covered with riflemen. At the sight of this gulf, so celebrated for its natural beauty, the wish of many a long revolving year was fulfilled. Casotti, in his own quiet way, on arrival at Cattaro, breaks out with enthusiasm: "How imposing a spectacle is the cascade of the Kerka! how sublime an edifice is the temple of Sebenico!" and then, after a long list, he adds, "but most delicious of all is the canal of Cattaro!" And well might he give it the preference over every other scene of natural beauty in this province. The Bocca di Cattaro has all the appearance of an Italian lake embosomed in Alps, with the difference that the lake is composed of salt water instead of fresh, and is on a level and communicating with the sea, so as to form not only a secure harbour of an extent to contain all the navies of Europe, and a depth to admit of three-deckers lying close to its shores, but possessing a beauty worthy to be compared to that of Lebanon rising from the waters of Djouni (Juni), or Naples herself, with all her enchantments. From Castel Nuovo at the entrance, to Cattaro at the extremity, the whole of the gulf is lined with villages and isolated villas arising out of the water's edge. Rich vine, citron, and olive-grounds slope rapidly upwards to a considerable distance; and above the line of vegetation, tremendous bare rocks tower suddenly and precipitously up to an Alpine height, till they are crowned on the landward side by the peaks of Montenegro.

In a climate that looks across the Adriatic to the temperate coasts of Apulia, the fall of the year had laid her impress lightly on the brows of the surrounding mountains: a yellow tone on the hanging woods began to mingle with the deep green olives; the Bocca was no longer in the heyday of verdure, but, like a well-preserved beauty, in all the pleasantness of early autumn, while the crimson of an unclouded sunset invested her barest summits with its subdued splendour. Half way to Cattaro (for the passage is long and winding), the lake grows narrow, to little more than the space between the iron gates on the Danube; and we cleave the rended precipices again to enter another wide inland basin. As the steamer swiftly advances up the smooth, land-girt waters, every soul was on deck to catch a new turn in the magic panorama. Ever and anon a shot, fired from a point of land or fishing-hamlet, signalised a party of sharpshooters on piquet; and some sad air of Bellini, played by the band, floated across the waters in sweet responses to the distant challenge.

It was night when we dropped anchor off Cattaro, the forms of the mountains being faintly visible, but enough to show me that I was at the bottom of a kettle or cauldron. Lights twinkled in the windows of the town, and the glare of torches at the quay was reflected in the water by long streaks of trembling yellow; a hubbub of boats was at our larboard; and the deck crowded, with boats disembarking, made a scene of rather dismal novelty. On landing, the customs' officers searched my baggage minutely, as I had come from the islands; the facility which their coasts afford to the smuggler being a pretext for an unavailing rigour at the ports of the mainland.

Conducted to the only hotel of the town, I found it to be miserable; for Cattaro is the *ultima Thule* of the Austrian empire. The few travellers that ascend to Montenegro are insufficient to maintain a comfortable inn, and I was fortunate in getting a room, for the crowding of troops had made quarters very scarce. Next morning after breakfast, a man of jobs and commissions presented himself in the last stage of shabby genteel, and making me a profound bow, asked me if I was an Englishman, and I admitted I was

"This town," says he, bowing again profoundly, "is a place of very great taste for the arts, sir; of first-rate taste; and if you want a large room, sir, I think I can get you one."

"A large room!" said I, somewhat surprised; "if you suppose I am either a singer or a picture-dealer, you are under a mistake."

"A singer or a picture-dealer," continued he, plausibly, "that is horridly low; I see there is some mistake, for I was informed that you were a fire-eater."

The hallucination seemed so whimsical, that I could not avoid humouring it. "What would you say," said I, "to an advertisement of this sort: The British Wizard and Fire Eater, desirous of having the honour of appearing before the public at Cattaro, has abandoned his engagements in Paris and London, &c., &c."

"Magnifico!" said he; "and if you need a check-taker, I am your most obedient humble servant."

"Now tell me," said I, "who told you I was a fire-eater?"

"I knew it at once, sir," said he, with a knowing wink, "when that servant informed me that you could drink boiling water, and make water boil without fire."

In a state of mystification, which the reader can more easily suppose than I can describe, the servant of the hotel being called in, I asked her what water I had boiled without a fire; and she immediately pointed out an innocent bottle of Seidlitz powders which stood on the chest of drawers, on which I repeated the wonderful experiment of adding cold water to a little powder. As it fizzed up in the glass, the servant called out, delighted beyond measure, in a hodge-podge of Illyrian and Italian, "*Gosodine Pomel'a, bolle senza fuoco!*" "Oh! Lord, it boils without fire!" But the commissioner, studying for a moment, brightened up with the ardour of discovery, and pronouncing it to be "*una medicina*," looked at the poor waitress with such contempt that she went confounded out of the room.

Finding that the only necromancy I contemplated was a trip to Montenegro, the commissioner, begging my pardon, and not to be foiled of a job, at once promoted me from plain Mister to Excellency, and then ran on with all the volubility of his tribe: "Ah, sir, you belong to the first nation of the world—a free nation, sir. You must see Albania, too; just like England, for all the world. A man does what he chooses—nothing like freedom. And if a man give you any insolence, just whistle a bullet through his gizzard; nobody says anything—just like England. I recollect my Lord Boot Brute—yes, I think that was his name; perhaps your Excellency might know him.

"Brickbat?" inquired I.

"Giusto, precisely, my Lord Brickbat: I am sure he was a milordo; for his watch chain was of solid gold, and his waistcoat of Cashmere shawl. When the people wondered why he went to service in the Duomo, he said that God cared no more about orthodox and schismatic than the Pasha of Scutari cared whether a Christian took off his hat or a Turk took off his shoes to him. A most distinguished man was my Lord Brickbat; and people said, 'These English are originals,' but their Christianity comes from the wrong side of the blanket. A wonderful nation! Now, when a Dalmatian has no money, he stays at home; when an Englishman wants to save money, he goes abroad. I know your Excellency is not one of that sort; but economy is not a bad thing; and let me advise you to be on your guard against all those plausible impostors and cheats that are on the look-out for travellers, and prey upon their credulity. You will pay double for everything in Montenegro, if you have not some honest man who knows the country. Now I, for instance, know Montenegro well, and to serve an Englishman would do anything for him from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again."

"I will see," said I.

"Well, notwithstanding my good wishes, your Excellency is impatient. I am sure the loan of a florin or two would not inconvenience you? You doubt again; well then, a zwanziger, to make my market."

When the zwanziger was given, there came a supplementary request for *due goti*, two drops of rosolio to wet his whistle. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed before he came back, smelling of the liquor, and announcing, with irradiate countenance, that he had explained to the police my intention to proceed to Montenegro, and spontaneously asked for permission, &c., which called forth on my part a specimen of that national freedom of speech which he admired rather in the abstract than in the application, and which kept his officiousness within bounds during the remainder of my stay.

"What sort of a place is Cattaro?" was a question which I had one day addressed to the captain of the steamer after dinner. "There is Cattaro," said he to me, pointing to the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup. "The sun sets behind the mountains at midday," continued he, with facetious exaggeration; "and the mountain above threatens to fall over and cover the town." I had left the hotel but a very short way, when I found the place to be almost what the captain had told me. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

In the interior of the town I was agreeably disappointed in finding it to be a very different place from what I had anticipated. So close to Montenegro, where a row of Turkish skulls, on spikes, formed until lately a conspicuous ornament of the capital of the most insubordinate population of the Ottoman empire, I had a notion of its being a miserable place; but here was still in every street and edifice the same Italian

stamp: a solid, well-built Cathedral, of hewn stone, better than ninety-nine out of a hundred churches in England; several public piazzas; and a fine, picturesque old tower as a guard-house, with the usual Venetian lion, which will last a thousand years, unless some earthquake should shake down that uneasy-looking lump of mountain, and bray the town, lion and all, to infinitesimal atoms.

The dress of the coast-towns of Dalmatia is entirely European; that of Cattaro, as I have already stated, has more of the Oriental than of the European, black Hessian boots being added to a Turkish costume, with a very small fez.

In summer, the high mountains, excluding the north-west breeze, render Cattaro a place of stifling heat; and in winter, the clouds, breaking against the mountains, make it very rainy. The days preceding my departure for Montenegro were marked by a perfect storm of rain; for not only did the water pour from above, but in various places streams of clear water gushed up from below through the crevices of the pavement—a symptom of the overhanging rocks being pervious to springs. The Bocchese, instead of carrying umbrellas, go about with black woollen-hooded cloaks, which are as thick as a blanket, and hard and heavy like felt. I ventured out with an umbrella; and, wrapt up in a cloak, proceeded out at the gate, in order to see a stream gushing from the mountain. A rare spectacle was it to see the spring come from the earth at the foot of the precipice, a ready-formed river, twenty-feet wide, and filtered as clear as crystal. The last geological revolution of Dalmatia has left the Vellebitch a very loose and incoherent mass of limestone, for in several other places we have the same phenomenon. The river that waters the plain of Licca, in Croatia, loses itself in an immense hollow, and mingles its waters with the Adriatic after traversing a mountain-chain 4000 feet high. Nothing could be more dismal than the rocks all around, the peak of every mountain enveloped in mist; and, along with the damp, we had a close, warm atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging between 70° and 80°, and thus for several days: but with a north wind came complete clearness and perspicuity of the atmosphere; and the sunshine on a Gothic balcony and fretted balustrade, with an orange-tree on the opposite side of the street, its golden fruit protruding over the wall, made as charming a piece of colour as a painter of local nature could desire.

Cattaro, called Dekatera by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was successively under the protection of the Greek emperors and Servian and Hungarian monarchies, but became Venetian in 1420, preserving its municipal privileges, and being governed by a Venetian, with the title of Estraordinario, under the Proveditor-general of Zara. From this time up to the fall of the Republic, it was under the banner of St Mark. Austrian from 1797 to 1806, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg, handed it over to the French empire. But Russia could view with no complacency the port of Montenegro, in which she exercised so large an influence, and which was so important a space in the chess-board of European Turkey, occupied by France, then the ally of the Porte. The fleets of Russia, aided by a fierce, undisciplined band of Montenegrins, offered a vigorous but ineffectual resistance to the French occupation. They advanced as far as Ragusa, and burned its suburbs; but Marshal Marmont, at the head of 9000 well-disciplined troops, gave battle to the combined forces of the Montenegrins and a small body of Russians; and having gained a decided victory on the 1st of October, 1806, at the Sutorina, on the Bocca di Cattaro, the submission of the rest of the province quickly followed, and Russia, at the treaty of Tilsit, recognised the French possession of this part of the Adriatic.

Cattaro and its district has been, since the last Austrian occupation of one of the four circles of Dalmatia, the smallest in extent and population, but the most difficult to manage of all the four, from the neighbourhood of Montenegro; and was on that account sought after by the present occupant, a Bohemian of great talent and energy, who was previously at Spalato, as a means of meritorious advancement. The population of the town is 4000, and there is a great deal of capital in the place; for the Bocchese are excellent sailors, and although there is nothing behind Cattaro but the rocks of Montenegro, this hardy and industrious people possess upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels of long course. The products and profits of the Antilles and Brazils have built these neat villas, and laid out those gardens, that make the Bocca look like an Italian lake; and it was the well filled plate chests and the strong boxes that tempted the hunger and rapine of the nightly bands; for the Bocchese, like the Turk, must see his property in the solid—a ship, a house, or the clinking cash—and would not trust the paper of the Bank of England.

There was a great deal of unpleasant agitation in Cattaro during my stay, in consequence of the nightly incursions of these desperadoes. Twice during the three or four days of my stay at Cattaro they attempted to rob houses on the Bocca; but the alarm being suddenly given to the detachments of Rifles, they drew off, though not without an exchange of shots. These marauders were not Montenegrins, but a mixed band of Herzegovinians from Grahovo, who shared their plunder with the Aga there; for on these three frontiers order is kept with difficulty, passage from one to the other being easy, and the authority of the Porte in Herzegovina quite nominal. The Government of Montenegro, in the absence of the Vladika, co-operated with the Austrian Government of Cattaro to repress the depredations; but when hunger has a share in stimulating outrage, Governments can do very little in a wild mountainous country like this

Cattaro, being strongly fortified, could resist any force the Montenegrins could bring against it, if hostilities should ever unfortunately break out between these mountaineers and the Austrian Government; but the situation of the garrison being at the foot of the mountain would become very unpleasant, and confine them to the town and castle. This did occur in 1809 during the French occupation. Some Montenegrins were drinking in the town, and two Italian soldiers, probably also in liquor, entering the wine-shop, one of them, either in sarcasm or familiarity, took hold of one of the Montenegrins by the moustache, which they regard as almost sacrilege The Montenegrin drew his pistol, and discharged it in the face of the soldier; but the ball missing him, and other comrades coming to the assistance of the soldier, they wounded the Montenegrins with sabres. But the quarrel did not end there. On the succeeding days the heights above Cattaro were covered with Montenegrins, all armed, who infested the approaches, and broke up the

roads the French had formed; so that the people of Cattaro, knowing the excitable race they had to deal with, scarce dared to venture out of the town; but the officers continued to dine at a sort of rustic casino a short way from the gate, the front door of which opened on the road, and the back door on a small garden. The Montenegrins, determined to glut their vengeance, made up a party of nine or ten men, the half of whom presented themselves at the road, while the other half, escalading the garden-wall, entered by the back door; and, as the officers sat at dinner, fired their muskets at them, and fled. Five officers and a serjeant fell on the occasion; and this produced such an effect on the French Commandant, that he immediately sought a conference with the Archbishop, and the affair ended in a convention, greatly to the satisfaction of the citizens of Cattaro, who, during all the affair, durst not stir beyond the gates of the town.[1]

## VI.

MONTENEGRIN BAZAAR—THE LADDER OF CATTARO—TOWN OF NEIGOUSH—MONTENEGRIN HUTS—TSECINIE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO—FORTIFIED CONVENT—PALAZZO DEL VLADIKA—FIERCENESS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS—PRESENT POLITICAL CONDITION—MURDER OF PRINCE DANILO.

WE must now take our way with our traveller from Cattaro, the Port of Montenegro, up the rocky Vellebitch, by the so-called Ladder of Cattaro, into the interior of the Black Mountaineers' fastnesses. Learning, says Mr. Paton, that a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, in the employ of the Vladika, was in Cattaro, I was advised to take advantage of his return to Cetigne, or Tsecinie, as Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson has it, as I should not only gain in security, but have the advantage of referring for information as I went along to a person well-acquainted with the localities. In ordinary times there is not a shadow of danger between Cattaro

CASTLE OF TSECINIE.

and Cetigne, and the Montenegrin is as harmless as a wolf in midsummer; but pinch him sorely with hunger, and anything is welcome to his fangs; so that I thought it on all accounts safer to go in company.

My rendezvous was at the hour of eight, at the Montenegrin Bazaar, outside the gate of Cattaro. Here a rude roof, supported on pilasters of rubble-work, and an avenue of trees, just at the foot of one of those tremendous precipices around Cattaro, was the place where the Montenegrins give their eels from the Lake of Scutari, their skins, and their other produce, for the salt, the oil, and the few coarse manufactures and colonials which they need. The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-o'-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weather-beaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.

We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock four thousand feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this

[1] Vialla de Scomaldres.

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road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed.

My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer; but the dirty savage with the long locks who walked by my side told me, in a brutal sarcastic sort of way, that "as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again;" and suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag such a jog with his rifle, that I cast a nervous glance over the parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there was not so much mettle in the butt of my horse as in the barrel of the rifle; so I resolved to be on good terms with the poor hack, and not to hew my zwanzigers out of him again.

Arrived safely at the top of the ladder, I was no longer in Austria, but in Montenegro; and, crossing a short plateau destitute of a blade of grass, and surmounting another ridge, found myself looking down on a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich carefully cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. A rude khan is in the middle of the plain, and a keg of newly

CRADINA.

moulded and shining bullets was the only symptom visible of entertainment for man and horse; but on alighting, the landlord produced some bread, cheese, and wine, and we passed on to Niegush. Here the dogs came out upon us in such force, and with such a ferocious demeanour, that, forgetting my resolution not to hew the zwanzigers out of my horse, I laid on the lash; but Rosinante knowing no doubt from experience that their bark was worse than their bite, took a sounder and more judicious view of the subject, and treated my whip with the same imperturbability as he had done the jog of the Montenegrin gun.

Niegush is called the only town in Montenegro; but in the worst parts of Turkey I never saw anything to equal the misery and poverty of both habitations and inhabitants. It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between a Servian and Montenegrin village. Here all the inhabitants have clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria, but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a strukah, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, showing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready;" so predominant, indeed, is the idea of a soldier over that of a citizen, that

even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed." The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and show a poorer and more barbarous people.

While the officer transacted some business, I made an exploratory tour through the village, which is the seat of the clan Petrovich, from which the Vladika descends, and the family mansion of whom is a house built in the European style, only to form a greater contrast to the miserable Montenegrin cabins around it. The village is not in the centre of the plain, but built on the slope of the hill, so that not an inch of cultivatable soil is covered. Like the Druse villages, it is easily defensible, one roof rising above the other, and the bare rock is the best part of the pavement.

A man with the front part of his head shaved, and wearing a small black skull-cap, came out of one of the houses and invited me to enter. Chimneys not being in fashion in Montenegro, the door proved a cheap and easy substitute; and, notwithstanding my curiosity to see a Montenegrin hut, the smoke and darkness visible, and the fleas contingent, made me pause a moment; but in I went. A puff of smoke rolling out at that moment fastened on my eyelids, and I advanced groping, winking, and coughing, to the great laughter of the urchins inside, which was no sooner heard by a cow on the other side of the wattling that divided the bipeds from the quadrupeds, than she began to low. A dog, very like a little bear, now awoke from the hearth-stone, and began to bark in a way that savoured very little of the honest joy of hospitality. At length I perceived a little square stone, on which I sat down; my enthusiasm for the patriarchal manners of the Montenegrins being as much damped as the handkerchief which I from time to time applied to my eyes.

At length, when a cold blast of air drove the smoke out of the door at which the cattle entered, I looked about me, and saw that the cottage was large, and divided into three distinct compartments: one for my own species, the next for cattle, and one for sheep beyond it; the separation being formed of a rude crate or basket-work, with square apertures, so that a bucket or anything else might be handed from one to the other. Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depth of the recess.

Going out of the hut, I saw women with heavy burdens of salt fish from the lake of Scutari, bound for Cattaro; and one poor industrious creature, besides carrying a heavy burden, was spinning with her distaff as she went along—a sad sight of extreme poverty and painful industry, such as I never saw in any other country. A pang of melancholy went through me as I cast a lingering look at her; but it was momentary; I remember that a scarce harvest was a feather in counterpoise to that independence which Montenegro had so nobly maintained. In Bosnia, the Christian is a slave, and the Moslem the offspring of a renegade. The Montenegrin, barbarian though he be, is a freeman; banish or imprison him far from home, and although neither hunger nor cold pinch him, he pines and dies!

"Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can ever untie this filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature, soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless. The lake of Scutari, the farther extremity of which was forty miles distant, was easy of observation from so commanding an elevation; the rich lands on its nearer borders, with their microscopic divisions, were like the tissues of tartan as given by a Daguerreotype; and immediately at my feet was Cetigne, its little verdant plain surrounded with a rampart of rocks;—the whole mountain a cloud-capped tower of Nature's sturdiest building.

My strength and spirits seemed to rise with the purity of the air, which was very sensible after breathing the atmosphere of Cattaro, close in consequence of its confined situation. M. Vialla de Sommières, who lived six years as French Resident in this neighbourhood, in a memoir on Montenegro, makes a statement so extraordinary concerning the effects of the climate on the longevity of the inhabitants, as to throw somewhat of discredit on his account. He mentions that at Schieclich he met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family: the old man himself being 11" years of age; his sons, 100; his grandson, nearly 82; his great grandson had attained his 60th year; the son of the latter was 43; his son 21; and his grandchild, 2 years of age. Very wonderful, if true!

At sunset we arrived at Cetigne, or Tzetinie, the capital (*See* p. 469), which is not a town, but merely a fortified convent, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by scattered houses; and under which, in the plain, is the large new Government-house, which is styled in Cattaro the Palazzo del Vladika, or Archiepiscopal Palace. The inn is newly built, and better than I expected; for upstairs I found a clean room, furnished in the European manner, with a good bed for the convenience of travelers coming from Cattaro; the lower floor being a sort of khan for the people of the country.

While dinner was getting ready, I entered into conversation with the people down-stairs, consisting of a Christian merchant from Scutari, and several powder-manufacturers, emigrated from Albania, and carrying on their trade here. The merchant of Scutari was a very sedate, respectable-looking man; and the company, including the landlord, were joking him on his supposed wealth, the merchant protesting, like Isaac of York, that it was quite untrue, and a most calumnious imputation on him. He appealed to me as to whether he looked like a man of wealth; and I declared that his aspect was so respectable, that if I was a hayduk (robber), I would assassinate him instantly. The merchant gaped at me with astonishment; and, rising his eyelids, looked at me from head to foot, as if I might be a hayduk disguised as an Englishman; but the others laughed aloud, and he changed the subject to Muhammad Ali's recent visit to Constantinople, on which one of the powder manufacturers began to

wonder at Muhammad Ali being so well received after his long wars with the Porte; but the Scutari man said, "This is not surprising at all; look at the splendid presents that he brought; and remember the proverb, 'A golden key for an iron door.'" "That may be in Scutari," said the powder manufacturers, "but not in our country of the Myrdites; with you, gold breaks through iron; with us, iron commanded gold until very lately;" and they asked me as to which was the best state of things: but between rapine and corruption I had a delicate choice; and, to get out of the dilemma, declared my belief that the Scutari merchant must be a very wealthy man, on which he again got uneasy; but as I was then called to dinner the conversation dropped.

The keen mountain air and the sharp exercise enabled me to sleep soundly; and next morning the officer in whose company I had come, showed me the lions of Cetigne, regretting that the greatest one, the Vladika himself, was not visible in his den, being then in Vienna. We went first to the old Convent, which resembles a castle of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a round antique-looking watch-tower, with a number of poles, on which, until very lately, the trunkless heads of Turks used to stand in grim array; but the civilising tendencies of the late Vladika suggested the cessation of so useless an act of barbarism

We now entered the convent, and on the second floor found the Archimandrite in his room. He is the second of the Vladika in spiritual matters, but his dress had few symptoms of the ecclesiastic; and I repeatedly met priests in Montenegro whom I could not have recognised if their condition had not been made known to me, as they wore the usual dress and arms of civilians. They reminded me of Friar Tuck, who wore his canonicals at service, and sported a long bow and short doublet when out a-field. The Archimandrite, a man of pleasing modest manners, opening a chest, displayed to us the surplices and pontificals of satin embroidered with gold, which are invariably received from Russia as a coronation-present after the accession of each Emperor.

Nothing could be plainer or humbler than the furniture of the room, the principal object of which was a small library. The dialect of Montenegro differs slightly from that of Servia, and has a small sprinkling of Italian words, in some respect analogous to that which juxtaposition has introduced of German into the dialects of the Save, the Drave, and the Danube; but the written language of Belgrade, and the profane books printed by the prince's typographer, are considered the standards by the few who can read The books of Divine service are all of old Slaavic, printed in and imported from Russia. On the same floor is the school-room, with thirty-two urchins in drab clothes and close-clipped heads, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and history, by a native of the Illyrian part of Hungary.

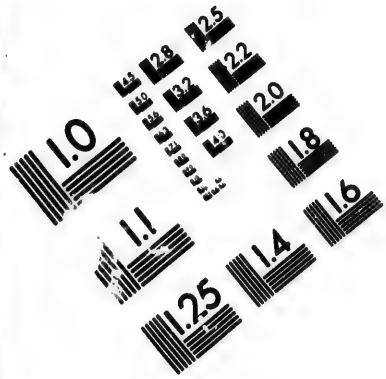
The Archimandrite then conducted us to the church, which has a mummy, in a gaudy dress, with crimson velvet shoes, laid out on a bier, and forming the mortal remains of the Vladika Peter, the predecessor and uncle of the present Archbishop, the veneration for whose memory greatly contributed to the power of the present incumbent. For fifty-three years, that is to say, from 1777 to 1830, he ruled by the mild sway of pious precept and virtuous example; and dying in the last-mentioned year, his nephew, the late Vladika, when only eighteen years of age, became spiritual head of the mountain. Seven years after death his body was found incorrupt; and a canon of the synod of Moscow declared him to be a saint.

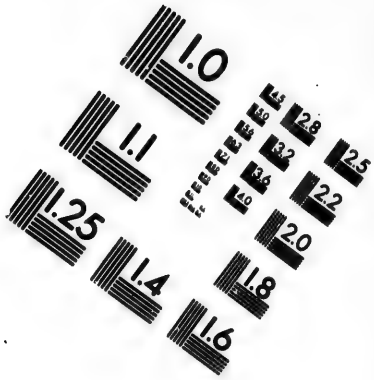
All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; bee-hives of hollowed trunks of trees, and everything betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the Vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the Pasha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder-magazine, an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result.

A hundred yards off is the new Government House, built by the late Vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the Senate was then sitting. The brother of the Vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great, in oil, a smaller one of Kara George, and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the House of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the Vladika was said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A Senate, of course, ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod; I accordingly saw, in a corner, a bundle of these *insignia*, but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the President decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.

When the case was decided, I was shown the bedroom of the Vladika, the furniture of which consisted of an Italian bed, a black leather sofa, a toilette-table, an enormous iron strong box; and above was its necessary concomitant, a long row of pegs for sabres and loaded pistols, one of which, with a crimson velvet scabbard, having been that of Kara George. Suspended from a ribbon near the bed was the medal which the Vladika gives to those who distinguish themselves in their conflicts with the Turks, on which are stamped the ancient arms of Montenegro, a double Eagle and Lion, with the inscription, "*Vjera swoboda sa hrabrost*"—Civil and religious liberty (is the reward) of valour. On our return to the billiard-room, tea was served in the Russian manner, with rum instead of milk, along with pipes of Turkish tobacco; after which we took our leave.

As to the relations of the Austrians with the Montenegrins, they are said to detest them. That the





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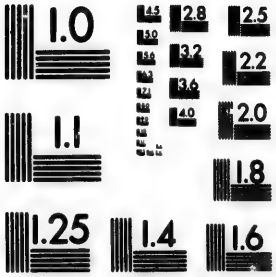


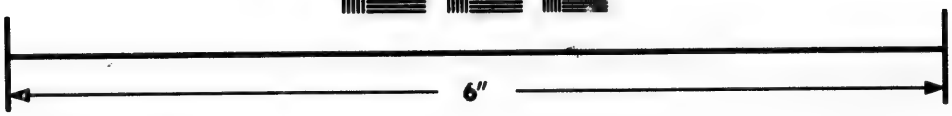

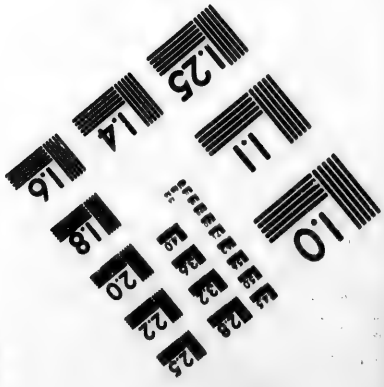

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Austrians, says Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, should have a prejudice against the Montenegrins, is very natural. They are troublesome neighbours, and their robberies were just cause of complaint. Besides, their wild and savage habits render them disagreeable, both as friends and foes; and during the encounter with the Austrians in 1840, that quiet, well-behaved people were justly shocked at their barbarous enemies treating them like Turks, and decapitating every soldier that fell into their hands.

The following anecdote, in illustration of their Dyak-like propensity, is related by the same authority. Two Austrian riflemen finding themselves hard pressed by some of the advancing Montenegrins, and despairing of escape, threw themselves down on the ground, pretending to be dead. The Montenegrins immediately ran to the nearest one, and supposing him to be killed, cut off his head; when the other seeing it was of *no use to be dead*, started up, and rushed headlong down precipices, thinking it better to have any number of bruises than fall into the hands of so relentless an enemy.

Vialla (vol. I., p. 145) speaks of the same mode of treating the French they killed or captured. General Delgorgues, when taken in an ambuscade outside the walls of Ragusa, was instantly decapitated; and during the siege of Castel Nuovo, four Montenegrins amused themselves by playing at bowls with the heads of four Frenchmen, exclaiming every now and then "See how capitally these French heads roll!" a cruel piece of irony, adds Vialla, "in allusion to the *légèreté* attributed to us."

Nor are the Montenegrins always very agreeable allies. Breniewski relates that, at the attack of Clobuk, a little detachment of troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and having drawn his yatagan, said: "*You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head: say a prayer and make the sign of the cross.*" It is almost needless to say, that the stout officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrin.

Several times have the Austrians contemplated invading and subduing the black mountaineers, and they have even entertained a project of employing the Tyrolese for that purpose. The protection given to the Montenegrins against the Turks is, then, that of the lion and the jackal. However unnatural the condition of the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, buffeted about between Turks and Russians and Austrians, still on their integrity depends the long-tottering empire of the Osmanlis in Europe. The Porte is placed in a most perplexing category. If it allows Russia, Austria, and France to rule Montenegro, it permits a first step to be taken in the dismemberment of the whole empire; if it endeavours to establish its supremacy in the mountain, it is threatened with a disastrous onslaught. For if Austria moves, Russia will be certain to follow up that movement on its own side, and it would attack Turkey in a weaker flank than Montenegro. Other European nations may interfere in supporting the long-bolstered integrity of the Turkish Empire, but this will only add to the gravity of the circumstances that must one day inevitably take place. It is impossible, indeed, to overrate the importance of any movement in Turkey in Europe or in Asia. There is no telling, when a spark falls in a territory so long in a condition ready for combustion, what may be the results. The uprising of the whole Slavonian people would only be a local phenomenon—the interests of the world are implicated and concerned in the fact, that the present state of things should not be disturbed. A step taken in an adverse sense may not be retrieved till Turkey has fallen a sacrifice, or Europe is involved in a disastrous war.

The importance of Tchernagora, Mr. Spencer remarks, is entirely referable to its mountain character, and the ill-judged, suicidal policy of the Ottoman Porte, in oppressing and persecuting its Christian subjects for so many centuries (to whom the impregnable fastnesses of this mountain-fortress have proved a secure asylum), has been the means of adding to the enemies of Mussulman rule. At present, says the same authority elsewhere, Montenegro serves as a bulwark to arrest the intrigues of Austria, and is a point of union in the event of any future insurrection of the Rayahs (Christian subjects of the Porte), since the whole of the intermediate country, with the exception of a few Arnaut districts, is inhabited by tribes of the same race, and professing the same creed.

When Mr. Paton wrote in conclusion to his chapter on Montenegrin politics, that with the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity or rapidly progressive civilisation, with a population of little more than 110,000 souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic, he was not in a position to contemplate all the eventualities of the case. Possibly Mr. Spencer was far more prophetic when he said: "Let then but a single tactico of Omer Pacha invade the territory of the free mountaineers of Tchernagora, and we shall find the Haiduk and the Onskok population of the defile and the mountain again in arms, marshalling the industrious rayah of the valley and the plain to the encounter of the hereditary enemy of their race and creed."

To understand this particular bearing of the question, which is more or less independent of either Turkish, Russian, or Austrian influences, requires some knowledge of the elements of what has been termed in modern times Panslavism—or the re-establishment of a Slavonian nationality, the faults of which system is, that it omits the most important elements of the Turco-European question—the integrity of the Turkish empire, the policy of Russia and Austria, and the interests of other European powers, and even of the United States, which are more or less concerned in any great change in Europe and the Levant. However much the civilisation and prosperity of the Christian races living under Mussulman thraldom may be at heart; however much we may wish to see the barrier removed that has so long kept the richest provinces of Europe apart from the remainder, and populations alien to the rest of the European family; however much we may wish for the exclusion of Muhammadan bigotry and misrule from Europe, for the welfare and happiness of the whole human race, still the solution of the great question as to how that is to be brought about is beset with the greatest difficulties. No man who has even superficially weighed these difficulties will contemplate a first step taken towards such a solution without the deepest anxiety; and although he will feel that he could occupy pages in discussing contingencies, he will still arrive at only one conclusion, which is, that the very extent of the danger,

even of a partial conflagration amid such combustible materials, will induce all parties to lend a hand in putting out the fire where it is first lighted up. As to the Montenegrins, who have defeated armies of 120,000 Turks in their best days, being able successfully to defend their country, we entertain no doubt whatsoever; the danger lies in the impulse that would be given, even by the success of the mountaineers, to the long agitated question of Panslavism, and to which the late Vladika was an enthusiastic convert, and in the jealousy with which Austria, who rules over so large a Slavonic population, would view the ascendancy of any such a party in Turkey in Europe. Hence Austria's apprehensions of a war. Should the Porte succeed, its power on the coast of Montenegro is threatened; it cannot, therefore, permit success. But if the Montenegrins triumph, as they ever have done, they fear the ascendancy of Panslavism; and on that question the interests, which for the time being allied Austria and Russia, are diametrically antagonistic. As to the employment of the Slavonians to meet the difficulties of the case, they have always composed the military frontier, and they are the most available force for that purpose. But it is impossible to deny, that two other categories may have presented themselves to the Austrians. One is, that by the employment of the loyal portion of the Slavonians, they might anticipate any Panslavonic movement, and turn it to their own account; another is, that in case of hostilities with the Porte, the Austrians and Russians have come to an understanding, that the one takes the Slavonian, the other the Greek and Turkish provinces. Montenegro would still remain a sore in the side of Austria, even in this possible category. The interest of all other countries, excepting Russia and Austria, should Islamism be obliged by the progress of civilisation to withdraw from Europe, is to preserve the nationality of the Slavonian races—Austria and Russia absorbing already too many nationalities—and to protect the rights and independence of the long prostrate Christians of the East generally.

The latest tragedy enacted in ill-fated Montenegro

RIVER TREBINITZA

has been the murder of the Prince Danilo—a murder of which it has been said that it reveals one of those retributions of fate which, had it occurred in ancient times, would have given rise to a fresh cycle of mythology, with all its attendant tragedies. The assassin, Signor Kadic, is said to be the same conscientious gentleman who, but a few years ago, went to Constantinople with a commission on the part of the Vladika to assassinate his uncle. Being a great proficient in that branch of the fine arts relating to homicide, the artist shot, stabbed, and otherwise satisfactorily finished off the venerable relative of his Montenegrin highness. The work accomplished, Kadic returned to the Black Mountain, where he probably anticipated that his merits would raise him to a position but one degree below that of the sovereign. However, as is usual in such cases, the man who gave the order for bloodshed felt uncomfortable in the vicinity of the executant. Kadic, after months of incessant bickering with his highness, was sentenced to exile for life and his estates confiscated.

The crime which he committed on the afternoon of the 12th of August, 1860, was the settlement of this little difference with his former master. He had arrived in Cattaro but a few hours previous to the atrocious deed, and on this occasion, as during the time of his sojourn at Constantinople, disguised his person under the flowing garb of a priest. It was expected that the death of Danilo would be the cause for much internal dissension in the Black Mountain, there being a number of princely families to quarrel for the succession to the vacant throne. For though Nikizza, the son of Danilo's brother, and the presumptive heir to the principality, has been elected Vladika, the Niegor family and other aristocratic clans were supposed not to be unlikely to defend their claims in open contest.

The late Prince Danilo was a man of considerable intellect, and not devoid of cultivation. Having spent part of his younger days in Germany, he found himself, in the year 1852, suddenly called upon, fresh from the lecture-rooms of Vienna University, to undertake the control of his native savages. The salary of 9,000 ducats a year he accepted from Russia, and his mant-

but devotion to the Czar, did not fail to draw upon him the instant attention of the Turks. War having been declared against him in due form, the country, in the beginning of 1853, was, as before seen, invaded by Omar Pasha at the head of 56,000 troops. The resistance of Danilo was courageous in the extreme; but the fate of his race would have been sealed but for the well-known and peremptory interference of Austria, whose eventual success galled the vanity of the Emperor Nicholas and resulted in the uncourteous dispatch of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople.

In the subsequent period of the Crimean war, Danilo lent his ear to French whisperings, and, refusing to obey orders from Russia, lost the pension which had been the price of his thraldom. The Russian priests, the advisers of his earlier days, had to leave the village representing the capital of the Black Mountains; while their place was occupied by M. Delarue, a French barber, who, engaged at first for the purpose of setting the prince's hair to rights, soon found himself promoted to the more responsible post of head adviser to his highness. From this time the influence of Louis Napoleon was paramount at the court of the Vladika. Having been flattered with the prospect of a Bosnian crown, Danilo, who was well aware of the Russian design of transforming Schavonia into a domain of the Leuchtenbergs, definitively abandoned the cause of the Tsar, and with all the impetuosity of his fiery temper, begged to be accepted as a vassal of France and of Louis Napoleon.

Accordingly two French ships of the line were stationed at Cattaro for the alleged purpose of affording protection to their impromptu ally; though, as afterwards came out, a secret mission had been superadded to survey the coasts of the Adriatic. The prince was grateful, and the war in Lombardy found him prepared to assist the plans of his imperial master at the first bidding. It is notorious that an army of 25,000 Montenegrins had been concentrated for the purpose of invading Dalmatia; but as the peace of Villafranca put a stop to the hostilities, and Louis Napoleon did not require a diversion on the flank of his enemy, the attack was countermanded, and Danilo lost the opportunity of adding a valuable bit of the coast of the Adriatic to his territories. It may be gathered from this that his death must be looked upon as an event advantageous to the interests of Austria, for although from the situation of the country the successor of the prince may be anticipated to follow the same policy, it is still questionable whether the attempt will be continued with an equal amount of talent. M. Delarue, who was with the prince at the time of the murder, immediately repaired to Tzetinie, in order to exert himself in favour of perpetuation of French influence, and it was probably owing to his representations that the death of Danilo was not succeeded by an immediate outbreak of civil war.

## VII.

## HERZEGOVINA.

### TREBIGNE AND THE TREBENITZA.

Ascent of the Velleniton from Ragusa—Village of Bergato—A Drama of the Middle Ages—Fort Trebigne—Val di Breno—Epidaurus, or Old Ragusa—Esculapius and his Serpent Cave—True Story of the Capital at Ragusa.

The great peculiarity of the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic, and which is divided in actual times into the four departments (proceeding from north to south) of Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, and Cattaro, is that it is a mere strip of littoral country separated from Croatia and Herzegovina on the north, and from Montenegro on the south, by a rugged chain of limestone mountains, with steep and difficult passes and ascents, and whose rocky hills, farthest removed from the sea in Zara, come right down to the shore in Spalato, where the culminating point on the coast, Mount Biocovo, attains an elevation of 5,889 feet, and leaves, with the exception of the Valley of the Narenta, a very narrow band to Ragusa, with deep sea inlets in Cattaro.

Hence it is that to proceed from Ragusa to Trebigne—one of the Turkish anti Montenegrin strongholds in Herzegovina—the traveller has to ascend at once up the mountains by a good road carried by the Austrians to the frontier fort of Tzarine, and which the Turks have wished but have not had the means or perseverance to prolong to Trebigne. The only Ragusan village on this road is Bergato, an oasis of cultivation amid arid rocks, and to which are attached the interesting historical reminiscences of its having been one of the spots where the French received a severe check, under the first empire, and of its having been the scene of a domestic drama in the epoch of the middle ages.

A poor gentleman of Bergato, Branivoi by name, died in the fourteenth century, leaving four sons, Michel, Dobrovoi, Branko, and Braiko, bold adventurers, who succeeded in conquering the whole country of Chelm, one of the most important in all Illyria. The brave Zrep, governor of Trebigne, and vassal to the King of Rascia, was defeated by them at the seat of his government and slain, and his domains were occupied by the conquerors, who did not even condescend to do homage to the legitimate sovereign.

Stephen, the blind King of Rascia and Ban of Bosnia, annoyed by proximity of these dangerous chieftains, and roused by the complaints of the Chelmese, who suffered from their exploits, and by those of the Ragusans, whose commerce was interrupted and whose dominions were pillaged by the sons of Branivoi, resolved upon putting down their newly-acquired power. To this effect he caused Zagoria and Neverign to be occupied by the troops of the Voivode Reposvan Purchich, whilst he directed Nighier, another Voivode, to follow up the brothers wherever he could find them.

Their actual residence at that time was Stagno, where they dwelt with their mother, an intelligent and ambitious woman, who had brought them up to the career which they had embraced. Their castle, known as that of St. Michel, was at the foot of the mountain on the borders of the sea, and they held there their feudal court. They were brave, and looked upon their adversaries in contempt, so, notwithstanding large odds of numbers, Michel and Dobrovoi went forth to meet Nighier, and give him battle, but they were defeated and put to death. Branko upon this took refuge at the court of the King of Rascia, and asked from him an army wherewith to reconquer his country, promising fealty and allegiance. But the old chief did not allow himself to be outwitted. He had Branko placed in durance vile at Cattaro, where he was afterwards put to death. The last brother, Braiko, took refuge with his wife in the island of Olipa, but a Ragusan galley went out and fetched him away and took him prisoner to Ragusa. His wife was sent back to her family, but as to him, he was allowed to perish of hunger in his prison.

The fort of Tzarine, situated on Turkish territory, is a mere ruin, but it occupies an imposing position on a rocky height. Once upon the Ottoman territory, nothing is to be seen but this spectacle of decay upon a vast scale. Monuments and institutions are alike breaking down at an equally rapid pace. Beyond this fortress the mountain upland presents the same features as elsewhere in Illyria and Dalmatia; a stony desert, with little vegetation, a few shrubs of evergreen oak or ilex, from one to two feet in height, no water except in a few cavities, with here and there a little earth of a brick-red colour. Such are the features of this rocky land from Montenegro to Croatia, and yet, thanks to the wild escarpments here and there, it is always more or less picturesque.

At a distance of about three miles from the frontier, the road is carried along the side of a precipitous acclivity and opens upon the beautiful valley of Breno, the luxuriant vegetation in which, and the animation imparted to it by five goodly villages and their busy inhabitants, strike the traveller all the more forcibly from their contrast with the naked rocky territory amid which they are nestled. The Val di Breno forms a crescent, hemmed in by mountains, and terminates in a pretty bay—a pleasant background to a landscape quite Arcadian in its character.

The best view of this valley is, however, to be obtained on the road from Ragusa to Cattaro, at the point where it commences to descend into the vale beneath. It is true that the whole extent of the panorama cannot be there embraced, for there is to the right a height crowned by a chapel which gives to the bay the appearance of a lake, by completely masking the southern extremity, where a little town of melancholy appearance appears to slumber.

Yet is this little slumbrous town neither more nor less than the venerable and illustrious mother of Ragusa: it is the ancient Epidaurus—Ragusa Vecchia—of which only mounds remain; but wherever the earth is excavated, foundations of houses, fragments of tombs, sections of columns and mutilated statuary are found. Encheleian Illyria, of which Epidaurus was subsequently the chief city, was the scene of the adventures of Cadmus, after his flight from Thebes, and the city itself, founded by a Greek colony in B.C. 689, as some suppose from Epidaurus in Laconia, became, like the two cities of the same name in Peloponnesus, a chief city of worship of Esculapius.

To this day, one of the capitals of the colonnade of the palace of the government in Ragusa is supposed by some to represent a scene, in *alto relievo*, of the god seated, with a species of mitre on his head, and a flowing beard; a book being on his knee, and instruments of chemistry and pharmacy around him, taken from the ruins of Epidaurus.

Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, however, who has figured this capital in his admirable work on Dalmatia and Montenegro (vol. I. p. 366), first pointed out that the so-called Esculapius is no other than a mortal alchemist, holding a book in one hand, and resting the other on a shelf, surrounded by bottles and various appurtenances of the craft, among which is an alembic, in the very act of distilling[1] (*See* p. 480.)

Epidaurus had a small port, which was much frequented in early times, and under the Romans it became a colony, with the name of Colonia Epidaurus, or Colonia Asclepitana Epidaurensis. It passed into their hands in 168 B.C.; but no notice occurs of it until the civil war of Pompey and Cæsar, when having declared in favour of the latter it was besieged by Octavius. The opportune arrival of Vatinius relieved it; and nothing more occurred, until a revolt of the Epidaurians, against the Romans, called for the interference of the Proconsul C. Asinius Pollio; who reduced them to obedience, and obtained, as we are told by his friend Horace, the honour of a "Dalmatian triumph."

From that time Epidaurus preserved its fidelity to Rome; in the long war of Augustus and Tiberius against the Illyrians, it remained firm to the Roman cause; and it continued to be a useful colony until its destruction by the Goths in the third century

Mr. Paton gives a pleasant sketch of the modern town, now a mere village of 521 houses, with a population of 3,102 souls, and the more wretched from the imaginary contrast to the magnificent Epidaurus which once covered the neighbourhood. "The inn was humble but cleanly, and after supper we went to the café, and had some chat with the people there assembled. Every village in Dalmatia has just such a small café; a female stands at a counter on which are large bottles of brandy and maraschino, and a brass lamp of olive oil; three or four small black walnut tables have each a tallow candle, at which are seated the principal people of the place playing at cards, and half of them smoking, so that the den is rather obscure."

## VIII.

A Dalmatian Cave—Feudal Town of Trebigne—Castle of Gradina—An Episode of Montenegrin Revenge—The Trebinitza, a Subterranean River—An Intermittent Lake—The Ozrela.

About six miles beyond where the mountain road commands so comprehensive a view of the Val di Breno and of the site of Epidaurus, is a valley, like a circus, and in the midst of which three Turkish custom-house officers were stationed at a little hut, without any other resource than that of smoking all day long, and offering coffee to "travellers of distinction." Three miles beyond this again, is the first military post, or guard house, beyond which the country begins to lower down to where a perfectly level soil without rock gives evidence of its being the dried-up bed of an ancient lake. So little alluvial deposit however does this intermittent lake leave behind it in a region of hard limestone rock, that it bears but a scanty green sward. This plain is traversed by the River Trebinitza, and is said to be overflowed in winter or in time of floods. On its eastern side, and on the banks of the river, is the little town of Trebigne. A suburb is passed, and then a draw-bridge, before the old part of the town is attained, redolent of the middle ages, and replete with reminiscences of the Servian domination, when Trebigne was at the apogee of its splendour. Within this walled part of the town is the Konak, or palace of the Turkish governor (*See* p. 488.)

The walled town is also inhabited by the more prosperous portion of the population; commerce is represented by a modest bazaar, a very irregular street situated without the gates. Not only does Trebigne with its walls, towers, ditches, and ramparts, remind the traveller of the middle ages—of a feudal fortress which in the time of the Servian Krals or Kings had its

[1] The art of distilling was introduced into Europe in 1150, by the Moors of Spain. A still in Arabic is called *alat* or *dust*. Alembic is also Arabic.

hereditary chiefs just like any old German city; but a short distance off, on the road to Klobuk, is a rocky peak, crowned by another baronial looking castle, surrounded by houses and cultivation, which indicate comfort if not wealth, and which represents those little "castels" of Bosnian feudality, when such tyrannised hereditarily over the villages built in their shade. (*See* p. 489.)

The site is called Gradina, and it still belongs to a family with the unmistakeable name of Disdarevich. There is a melancholy episode of recent times associated with the name, Slavonian as it be.

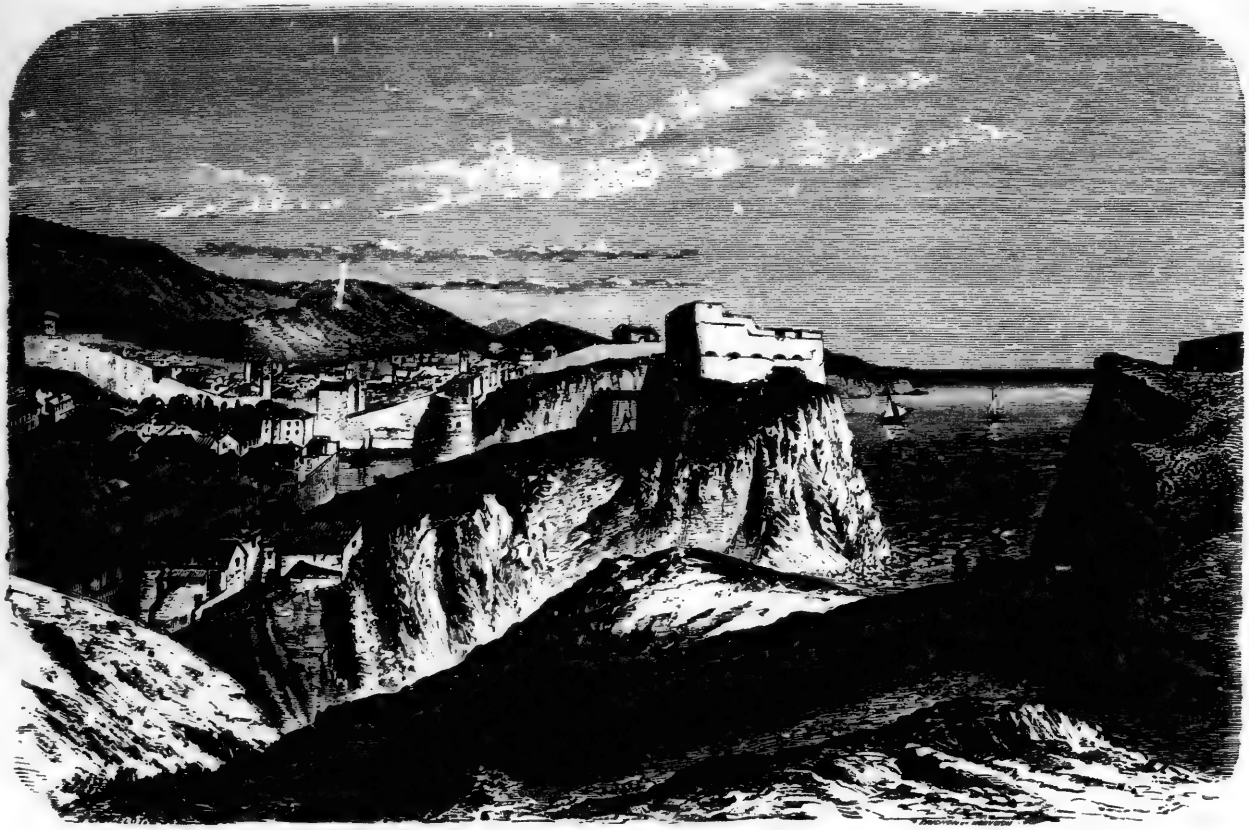
It was the 11th of May, 1858, the first day of the battle of Grahovo. Two young Montenegrins, brothers, had been killed that day. A man, who was returning from the battle, met their mother and informed her of the sad catastrophe that had occurred. She, a true Montenegrin, at once repaired to the bloody field, herself buried the bodies of her much-loved children, carried away their arms, and returning home cast them at the feet of her husband, apostrophising him at the same time as follows: "Your two sons are slain, and here are their guns, cursed be your soul if you do not revenge them!" The old man, without vouchsafing an answer, took up one of the guns, passed the frontier, and arrived on the field of battle at the very moment when the Turks, crushed on all sides, were doing their best to cover their defeat by a few vain efforts of individual bravery. Among others, a group of Bosnians still held together under the orders of Disdarevich, who was distinguished by his rich costume and his feats as a swordsman. The Montenegrin made his way into his neighbourhood, shot him, and cutting off his head returned with it to his hut, and then casting the bloody trophy at his wife's feet, he said: "Well! are my sons revenged?"—"Yes," she answered, "and now my heart is satisfied."

Happily, the blue Trebinitza is there, serene and beautiful, to suggest less gory ideas than those of a mountaineer's vendetta. This little river is still as when sung of by the Latin poet:

> "Nymphæ, cæruleæ nymphæ quæque antra Trebinæ,
> Quæque lacus liquidos, Naiades, incolitis."

wide but shallow, it developes its transparent flood between a border of gardens and cultivation, which it waters by means of wheels like the Spanish noria. (*See* p. 493).

So little is this district known, that the precise history of the Trebinitza has never yet been written. A learned Illyrian describes it as issuing from a lake at Biletschi, and says that it loses itself above Ragusa, to re-appear as the Ombla—"the king of subterranean rivers," as it is called by Pouqueville. The same writer asserts, that objects thrown into the Trebinitza have re-appeared after their subterranean course in the Ombla: "Res in Rhizanem projectæ arcano que lapsu ad Arienis latebras delatæ sanxerunt fidem antiquitatis." (Ign. Georg., I., 79.) Georgi has only given expression here to the common opinion entertained at Ragusa: that when the Ombla—the river-spring that pours its rock flood into the bay of Gravosa—swells, it is raining at Trebigne. Half-way between Trebigne and the Illyrian mountains, is a plain, which is the seat of a temporary lake like that so well known at Czirknitz, and which peculiar lakes are, indeed, among the characteristic features of the country. In winter time this hollow, around which are the villages of Gallich, Kotesi, and Garmian, is, on the authority of Ignatius Georgius, in his "Rerum Illyricum" (Part I. 148), covered with water, constituting a lake some thirty miles in extent. No sooner have these waters attained a certain height, than they are supplied from their subterranean reservoirs with an immense quantity of little fish called by the people *govitsas*, and which are so savoury as to be anxiously sought for. In summer time the soil, enriched by its winter watering, yields a fertile crop.



VIEW OF RAGUSA.

# GALAPAGOS ARCHIPELAGO.

## I.

CHATHAM ISLANDS—IGUANAS—LAVA ROCKS—LAND TORTOISES—CRATERS—POST OFFICE BAY—CHARLES ISLAND—SETTLEMENT—ALBEMARLE ISLAND—CYCLOPEAN SCENE.

IN the year 1825 the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty directed two ships to be prepared for a survey of the southern coast of South America, and on the 22nd of May, 1826, the *Adventure*, a roomy ship of 330 tons burthen, without guns except one for signals, lightly though strongly rigged, and very strongly built, and the *Beagle*, a well-built little vessel, of 235 tons, rigged as a barque, and carrying six guns, sailed from Plymouth, the first under Captain T. P. Parker, in command of the expedition, the second under Captain P. Stokes, who was succeeded in 1828 by Captain (now Admiral) Fitzroy.

The *Adventure* and *Beagle* touched on their way Madeira, Teneriffe, and St. Jago, and both ships anchored at Rio de Janeiro on the 10th of August; proceeding thence to the River Plata, and to the Straits of Magalhaens or Magellan, whence they returned again to La Plata; afterwards prosecuting their surveys as far as Chiloe, and ultimately returning to this country in 1830.

It was decided, from the information brought back, that the survey should be continued, and to that effect the *Beagle* was commissioned by Admiral Fitzroy in July, 1831, and he was accompanied upon this second expedition by the distinguished naturalist Mr. Charles Darwin. The *Beagle* did not get to sea till December in the same year, and it was not till a long time after, after much arduous work had been done, some valuable lives lost, and many hardships undergone, that in September, 1835, the *Beagle* left Callao in the Pacific, and steered direct for the Galapagos Islands, of which we previously possessed scarcely any knowledge whatsoever.

We shall proceed, then, to describe these remarkable islands first after Admiral Fitzroy, beginning on the 6th of September.[1]

Uncertain, says the gallant navigator, of the strength, and even of the direction of the currents—though aware that at times the former is very considerable—we were anxiously looking out for land, when what appeared to be an islet was seen from the mast-head. This seeming islet turned out to be the summit of Mount Pitt, a remarkable hill at the north-east end of Chatham Island (Charles Island of Cowley, 1684). As the breeze and current carried us onwards, the tops of other hills successively appeared, and for a short time looked very like a cluster of islets.

Gradually rising above the horizon, the greater part of Chatham Island became distinctly visible. (*See* illustration, p. 808.) In this neighbourhood it is not often that the air near the water is clear enough to allow of very distant high land being thus gradually raised above the horizon of an eye at the mast-head, for in general clouds hang about these islands, and the atmosphere itself is hazy. Towards evening the higher parts of the land were clouded over, but we were near enough to see that the island was very rugged—in some places barren—in others covered with a stunted and sun-dried brushwood—and that the heights, on which the clouds hung, were thickly clothed with green wood. The shores seemed to be bold and easy to approach, though not to land upon, because of a continual high surf.

A number of little craters (as they appeared to be) and huge irregular-shaped masses of lava rock, gave a strangely misleading appearance to the lower part of the island, and when first seen through that indistinct glimmer which is usually noticed over land on which a hot sun is shining, were supposed to be large trees and thick wood. Hood Island, small and rather low, was seen before dark, when we tacked and stretched to seaward for a few hours.

*Sept.* 16.—Assisted by a current running to the westward, we worked up to Hood Island during the night, and at daylight lowered a boat down and prepared her for Mr. Chaffers, who, with Mr. Mellersh, was to examine this island, and the anchorage about it. Under the land we saw two whalers at anchor, which showed North American colours. The island is small—neither high nor low—rugged, covered with small sun-burnt brushwood, and bounded by a bold rocky shore. Some small beaches of white sand were visible here and there.

As soon as Mr. Chaffers had set out, the *Beagle* steered towards Chatham Island with a moderate breeze, which allowed us to prepare a yawl for another party, under Lieut. Sulivan. At noon Barrington Island was visible from the deck, and appeared to be distant about twenty miles, when, with Messrs. Stewart and Johnson, and ten chosen seamen in the yawl, Mr. Sulivan left us to examine the central islands of the Archipelago.

In continuing our course we passed through several ripplings, apparently caused by the meeting of streams of currents which set along the shores of Chatham Island from the east towards the west. If not so caused they must be the effect of currents passing over very uneven ground, but we got no bottom with fifty fathoms of line. When such appearances are created by shoals, it should be remembered that the shallowest place is generally under the smoothest part, close to the ripple. Favoured by smooth water and fine weather, we passed close to the low south-west extreme, and anchored directly that point was found to defend us from the swell.

This part of the island is low and very rugged. We landed upon black dismal-looking heaps of broken lava, forming a shore fit for Pandemonium. Innumerable crabs and hideous iguanas started in every direction, as we scrambled from rock to rock. Few animals are uglier than these iguanas; they are lizard-shaped, about three feet in length; of a dirty black colour;

[1] "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of Her Majesty's Ships *Adventure and Beagle*, between the years 1826 and 1836, describing their examination of the southern shores of South America, and the *Beagle's* Circumnavigation of the Globe." 3 vols., with Appendix to vol. II.

with a great mouth and a pouch hanging under; and a kind of horny mane upon the neck and back; and long claws and tails. These reptiles swim with ease and swiftness, but use their tails only at that time. At a few yards from the water we found vegetation abundant, though the only soil seen was a little loose dusty earth, scattered upon and between the broken lava. Walking is extremely difficult. A handbarrow was lying at the landing-place, which showed that terrapin were to be got near us, though we did not then see any. The men from whalers and sealing vessels carry the large terrapin or land tortoise on these barrows.

Ascending a little hill, we were surprised to find much brush or underwood, and trees of considerable size, as large in the trunk as one man could clasp. There were prickly pears and a kind of gum tree: how their roots were able to penetrate or derive nourishment from the hard lava it is hard to say; for earth there is scarcely any. Wild cotton shrubs are numerous. This first excursion had no tendency to raise our ideas of the Galapagos Islands.

*Sept. 17th.*—Weighed and stood along shore, sounding. There was good anchorage until near the south-west point of Stephens Bay off which the water was shoal, and the bottom uneven. We anchored in Stephens Bay, and found an American whaler lying there. This bay is large, and the anchoring ground generally good, but the landing is bad at low water. There is no fresh water: and it is frequently difficult to enter, as well as to leave, because, usually becalmed by high land, it seldom feels the true wind. Enderby Cove is only fit for a boat: at low water it [illegible] of rocks. The Kicker Rock is a curious mass [illegible] rising almost perpendicularly from the bott[illegible] where it is thirty fathoms deep; and in [illegible] is another (called the Dalrymple by Colnett), which looks exactly like a ship becalmed with all sails set. Seeing a remarkable hill at the north-east side of the bay, which had not an appearance like other parts of the island, I went to it in a boat, hoping to find water near the foot, and to have a good view from the summit. Disappointed in both ways, the hill being composed of crumbling sand-stone, and almost inaccessible, I returned to the ship early next morning. Several new birds were seen by those who were on shore, and many fish were caught on board, of which the best and most numerous were a kind of rock cod, of large size.

*Sept. 18th.*—Weighed and stood along shore, until noon, when we anchored close to a low rugged point, near the north-east end of the island: employed two boats in examining the shore, and landed a boat to look for terrapin. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Stokes went to the top of a neighbouring hill. Throughout this day it blew so fresh a breeze that double-reefed topsails were as much as could be carried; but I think this strength of wind only prevailed under the lee of the island, where the wind rushed down in squalls, after having been intercepted and checked by the high land. All the hills appear to have been the craters of volcanoes: some are of sandy mud, others are lava. There is plenty of wood hereabouts, though stunted and dry. On no part of this shore is there a chance of finding water; all is stony, without any soil which could either collect or carry it off.

Our party brought eighteen terrapin on board. In size they were not remarkable, none exceeding eighty pounds. This animal appears to be well defended by nature; but in truth, it is rather helpless, and easily injured. The shell is slight, and becomes weaker (in proportion to the animal's size) as the tortoise grows older.

*Sept. 19th.*—Sailed round the north-east extremity of the island, and worked to the southward against a tide, or rather current, setting strongly to the north-west.

*Sept. 20th.*—At daylight we were off the south-east part of the island; and continued working to the south-west, during the forenoon, along a shore quite bold, excepting the small rocks above water in Middle Bay. At noon, seeing a small cove, I went in a boat to examine it and look for water. We found no sign of any in that place; but a little farther west a fine stream was seen falling from a lava cliff, about thirty feet high. Mr. Low had described this waterfall correctly; and his account of the watering-place near it was soon verified, by our discovering a cove half a mile to the westward of the cascade. We landed on a stony beach in the cove, and found a fine stream of excellent water; two others were likewise seen, but they were inaccessible. This water runs from the highest part of the island (which is almost always enveloped in clouds) down a large valley. All the southern side of the island is well wooded, and on the higher ground the wood is very green.

Continuing our course along shore, we arrived at our former anchorage in Stephens Bay soon after dark, when Mr Chaffers returned on board, having reached the anchorage in the morning.

*Sept. 22nd.*—So generally cloudy is the weather here, that a day such as this proved to be, of hot, vertical sunshine, was much felt by everybody.

*Sept. 23rd.*—While becalmed we tried the clamms (a contrivance of Admiral Fitzroy for ascertaining the bottom of soundings), in fifty fathoms water, and brought up as much sand as would fill a bucket, but nothing curious. Afterwards we had a breeze, and passed Barrington Island pretty closely. It is not high, yet the shores are bold and fronted by cliffs; the more elevated parts appear to be level, and rather woody.

*Sept. 24th.*—While we were endeavouring to reach the anchorage in Post Office Bay Charles Island)—(See p. 510)—Mr. Chaffers and Mr Mellersh went away in a boat to visit the islets that lie near the eastern side of that island: and it was found that they had all been the summit of volcanoes. Charles Island is peculiar in its outline: for a succession of round-topped hills, precisely similar in shape, though differing in size, shows on every point of view. (See p. 508.) This exact similarity is very remarkable.

The highest and largest of these hills rises 1,800 feet, the next about 1,700; the rest are of various smaller heights. The northern sides of the island are wooded, but the wood looks as brown as that on the lower parts of Chatham Island. Post Office Bay is sheltered, easy of access, has excellent anchorage, and only wants fresh water to make it a most desirable harbour for shipping. Its name is the result of a custom established by the whalers: a box was placed on a post to receive letters, and homeward bound ships examined the directions, taking with them all which they might have means of forwarding. But since the island has been peopled, the box has been empty, for letters are now left at the settlement.

*Sept. 25th.*—Mr. Nicholas O. Lawson, acting for the

governor of this Archipelago, came on board. With him and me a party went to another anchorage called Black Beach Road, landed, and walked up towards the settlement. In 1832 the Republic of the Ecuador decided to use these islands as a place of banishment, and sent a small colony to Charles Island. La Floriana is the name given to this island by the Guayaquilians, though by the Spaniards it was once called Santa Maria de l'Aguada. The governor, at the time of our visit, was Don Jose Villemil. There were then about eighty small houses or huts, and nearly 200 souls upon the island, most of them were convicts.[1]

After walking rather more than a mile along a good path through the underwood (which, as the ground rises, becomes very thick), we reached a small spring of water, near which are a few huts, but no cultivated ground. The water from this spring might be conveyed to shipping by means of leaden pipes, without much difficulty, but it is not of very good quality. (*See* p. 512.) Having ascended gradually during another half-hour's walk, we reached the ridge of that height which limited our view from the sea, when surprisingly sudden and agreeable was the change. Heated and tired by a dusty up-hill walk, through sun-dried trees and over rugged lava stones, our bodies were refreshed by a cool breeze, while our eyes enjoyed the view of an extensive, fertile, and cultivated plain. Surrounded by tropical vegetation, by bananas, sugar-canes, indian corn, and sweet potatoes, all luxuriantly flourishing, it was hard to believe that any extent of sterile and apparently useless country could be close to land so fertile, and yet wear the most opposite appearance.

It appears that rain falls very frequently on those higher grounds, and is absorbed by rich black mould of a nature sufficiently clayey to enable it to retain moisture. During the wet season this plain becomes quite muddy, while the little rain that falls on the lower ground is quickly absorbed, or finds its way so soon through the loose lava stones that its effects are not there visible.

Most of the houses are in this fertile space, but it appears that a house on the dry ground, and plantations in the moist valley, would answer better: for at Mr. Lawson's house salt cannot be kept dry, books and paper become mouldy, and iron rusts very quickly. At his table we found the welcome of a countryman, and a variety of food quite unexpected in the Galapagos Islands, but fully proving their productiveness. At the foot of a hill we saw water dropping plentifully, and from the spring, called the "Governor's Dripstone," the inhabitants obtain a certain supply throughout the year. Although most of the settlers were sent here against their wish, there are many who do not desire to return to the continent. Some are married and have children on the island.

There are goats and hogs upon this island, but they are scarce and wild, not having yet had time to increase much; they are hunted with dogs, though it would be wiser to let them alone for a few years. The settlers have abundance of vegetables, and depend chiefly upon terrapin for their meat. Many of these animals being large and heavy, the people go in search for them, kill and open them on the spot, then take out the fleshy pieces and put them in a bag. Thus one man can carry away the useful parts of more terrapins than several men could lift.

The quantity of tortoise shells lying about the ground, shows what havoc has been made among these helpless animals. On the lower ground, near the spring, I saw an apology for a garden, in which the large terrapin shells were used to cover young plants instead of flower-pots.

Small birds are numerous on this island, and so remarkably tame, that they may be knocked down with a stick; lizards are also numerous; and there are a few small snakes, but those we caught were not venomous. Among the numerous vegetables we noticed the plantain, pumpkin, yuca, Quito orange, castor-oil plant, and melon, besides those before-mentioned.

Returning on board we met Mr. Stokes on his way from the southern parts of the island. He describes the lava thereabout as having such a form and rugged surface as the sea would present if suddenly congealed while ruffled by a very strong wind.

*Sept. 26th.*—After completing the necessary observations in Post Office Bay, we weighed and worked round to an anchorage off Black Beach; and at nine in the evening Mr. Chaffers returned, having been round the south side of the island, after visiting the small eastern islets. He found much difficulty in landing on them, but succeeded; and, from the top of Gardner Islet, saw a dangerous breaker about a mile to the south eastward.

*Sept. 27th.*—Being Sunday, many of the officers and ship's company were on shore in the afternoon; and some of the officers went to the top of the highest hill, which has a crater, as have all the hills we examined about these islands; and these craters are all similarly broken down on the side towards the south.

*Sept. 28th.*—Having taken on board live pigs and a quantity of vegetables, we weighed and stood towards Albemarle Island (*See* p. 521). Four small islets, the remains of volcanoes, lie near the low south-east extreme of this island, and, together with Brattle Islet, are extremely useful in warning vessels of their approach to a very dangerous piece of coast. So low are the south-eastern extremities of Albemarle Island that they are not discernible until you see the surf on the shore. A heavy swell setting towards the land, and generally light winds, add to the danger of getting near this coast; but there is anchorage in case of necessity.

Albemarle Island is a singular mass of volcanic ejections. Six volcanoes have there raised their summits from two to four thousand feet above the ocean, and from them immense quantities of lava have from time to time flowed towards the sea, so that this island, large as it is, may be literally described by saying that it consists of six huge craters, whose bases are united by their own overflowed lava. The southern side, which is exposed to the trade wind, and completely intercepts it, with all the clouds it brings, is thickly wooded, very green, and doubtless has fresh water: but how is that water to be obtained where such a swell rolls upon the shore? The weather side of Chatham Island is partially protected from the great south-west swell of the Pacific by Hood Island, yet even there it is difficult to land.

We passed this night under easy sail, off the south-west extreme of Albemarle Island; and on the 29th we found a small cove, in which we anchored; but such a wild-looking place—with such quantities of hideous iguanas as were quite startling! Hence I

[1] These islands were sold in 1855 to the United States.

despatched Mr. Mellersh and Mr. King, to examine the depth of Elizabeth Bay, and rejoin us beyond Narborough Island: we then weighed, and continued our examination of this unearthly shore. Passing a low projecting point, our eyes and imagination were engrossed by the strange wildness of view; for in such a place Vulcan might have worked. Amidst the most confusedly heaped masses of lava, black and barren, as if hardly yet cooled, innumerable craters (or fumeroles) showed their very regular, even artificial-looking heaps. It was like immense iron-works, on a Cyclopean scale!

## II.

Narborough Island—Tagus Cove—Tide Ripples—James Island—Settlers—Climate—Hood's Harbour—Short-beaked Birds—Currents—Temperature of Water.

On the 30th of September, the *Beagle* passed a remarkably fine American whaler, the *Science*, carrying nine whale-boats. On the same day, smoke was seen issuing from several places near the summit of the south-eastern height of Albemarle, but no flame. Profiting by every breeze, they hastened towards Tagus or Bank's Cove.

Narborough Island is exactly like a part of Albemarle—a great volcano, whose base is surrounded by an extensive field of lava: it is utterly barren and desolate. A few mangroves on the sandy beaches near Albemarle Island are not seen in the distance; neither are there enough of them even to diminish the dismal appearance of the island.

We entered the passage in the afternoon, and entered in the little cove first described by Captain Pipon, who then commanded H.M.S. *Tagus*. This cove is the crater of an extinct volcano, and its sides are so steep as to be almost inaccessible.

*October 1st.*—Our first object was to find water: none could be got in the cove, but at a short distance from it a few holes were found, out of which a bottle might be filled in an hour. Around this scanty spring, draining continually through the rock, all the little birds of the island appeared to be collected, a pretty clear indication of there being then no other fresh water within their reach: yet, during the rainy season, there must be considerable streams, judging by gullies which were worn in the rock. All the heights hereabouts, and the sides of the craters, are composed of sandstone, that looks like fine sandy mud, half-baked; but the low grounds are lava. The crater in which we anchored gave me the idea of its being a mud volcano. The climate is very different from that of the Windward Islands; for winds, clouds, and rain appear to be obstructed in their northward passage by the heights on the southern part of the island. The heat is here far greater than in other parts of the archipelago, and the land is more sterile. Numbers of another sort of iguana were seen for the first time, and many were killed and eaten. In size and shape they resemble the black kind, but their colour is a dirty orange red, including the reddish-brown above, and yellow beneath. These reptiles burrow in the earth, like rabbits, and are not bad eating. Of the black kind, a vast number ran about the rocks near the sea, living either upon fish or sea-weed. As we went afterwards in a boat along the ragged irregular shore, we saw numbers of turtle. There are small sandy beaches here and there, to which these animals approach in the evenings: when, as it gets dark, they land, and usually lie on the beach during the night, even if it is not the season in which they seek a place for their eggs.

*Oct. 2nd.*—We passed this day and the following night in Bank's Bay. On the third, Mr. Mellersh returned, having examined Elizabeth's Bay, and the western shore of Narborough Island. We then went round the north-western end of Albemarle Island, and passed the night under sail off the north extreme. At daybreak on the fourth, we made all sail towards Abingdon Island, which is small, rather high, and tolerably covered with stunted wood; we did not maintain a position even near where I wished to pass the night, but were carried about forty miles away, dead to leeward, during only a few hours of light wind. The current hereabout runs between one and four knots an hour to the north-westward, yet the depth of the water is unfathomable by ordinary means: excepting for which it is like a vast river in the sea.

*Oct. 5th.*—While working to windward, endeavouring to regain our lost ground, we saw Bindloes Island, and passed through many ripplings, some of them dangerous for a boat; these were northward, and rather eastward of Abingdon. During the 6th, other indications of a strong current were noticed, besides ripplings such as these, which, in very deep water, and in the open sea, are difficult to explain. We continued to work to the southward in order to reach James Island, and meet Lieut. Sulivan.

*Oct. 7th.*—While working to windward, we saw Towers Island, which is different in appearance from all the other islands of the archipelago, being low and flat. We passed it about noon, and Bindloes at sunset. The latter has an irregular hilly surface, partially wooded, but, like the rest, is a mass of lava, and indurated sandy mud.

*Oct. 8th.*—The *Beagle* was close to James Island, a high, large, and well-wooded tract of ground, or rather lava. We anchored at the northern end, and a boat came alongside loaded with fish, for there was a party of settlers here detached from Charles Island, whose employment was salting fish, and extracting oil from terrapin, which is also salted. The oil is of a light colour, and exceedingly good quality, being very like pure olive oil. Lieut. Sulivan returned with his party; and I then detached Mr. Chaffers in the yawl, accompanied by Mr. Johnson and six men, to examine Bindloes, Abingdon, and Towers Islands. As Mr. Darwin anxiously desired to see as much as possible of the productions of this central and large island, he was landed, accompanied by Mr. Bynoe, besides his servant and H. Fuller, to remain until the *Beagle's* return. Although there is abundance of water on the higher parts of this island, so broken and dry are the lower grounds that it does not arrive at the shore. At two places only can enough water for even a boat's crew be procured in the dry season; and for a ship there is scarcely hope for a sufficiency. The poor fellows who brought us the fish had been living so long upon terrapin and the produce of their lines, without anything else, that half a bag (50 lbs.) of biscuit, which we gave them, appeared to be an inestimable treasure, for which they could not sufficiently thank us. We sailed in the evening, but made very little progress towards our destination (Chatham Island). This day (9th) the winds appear to be much lighter and more variable to leeward of the archipelago, while the current is considerably stronger. We got pretty close to Chatham Island at dusk, worked to windward during the night,

and on the following morning stood along the weather-shore towards the watering place.

*Oct. 11th.*—How remarkably different is the climate of the windward and leeward islands of this group! There we were enveloped by clouds and drizzling fog, and wore cloth clothes. At Tagus Cove and James Island a hot sun, nearly vertical, overpowered us, whilst the south side of Albemarle, Charles, and Chatham Islands, were almost always overshadowed by clouds, and had frequent showers of rain. We anchored close to the watering-place; but it appeared strange to remain at anchor in such a spot, only three cables' length from a surf breaking high upon a steep cliff shore, with nothing but the ocean between us and the antarctic; and such was our position; yet it was a safe one, because the great south-west swell of the Pacific is interrupted by Hood Island, and the southerly trade or perennial wind is so moderate, that it has neither power to raise a sea nor to harm a vessel, if her ground tackle is not defective.

The 12th *Oct.* was spent in filling water, washing, cutting some wood, and bringing thirty large terrapin on board. These animals abound hereabout, and some are very large, deserving the name of elephant tortoise. Two of our party tried to reach the higher and thickly-wooded parts of the island, but found their task impracticable in so short a time as they could spare, for the wood grows impenetrably thick, though none is straight or of a large size. The upper grounds have a rich, loamy soil, lying upon rock, in which the terrapin wallow like hogs, and may be found by dozens. This was a very hard day's work, for so few men as were then on board our small vessel. (*Oct* 13.) We had some difficulty in casting so as to clear the land, but got out of the scrape, and were working towards Hood Island, when the man, looking out aloft, reported a breaker, which proved to have been on a rock at the west-end of MacGowen shoal. When first seen it was on the horizon, and hardly differed from the topping of a sea—once only in about ten minutes it showed distinctly. We steered for it, lowered two boats, and employed the rest of the day in examining the very dangerous shoal, and fixing its position. One rock at the west-end is just a-wash, but there is another under water, except in the hollow of a swell, about half-a-mile to the eastward, which is exceedingly treacherous. We had two narrow escapes this day; while weighing for Chatham Island, baffling rocks sent us a great deal too close to the cliff, before our anchors were up, or the ship under command; and whilst sounding along the edge of MacGowen shoal, we were drifted so close to the second rock mentioned above, that I was not sure on which side of us it lay.

*Oct. 14th.*—Anchored and examined Hood's Harbour, having heard there was a sunken rock in it which our boat had not discovered, but we found nothing dangerous for a ship. Shoal water and large blocks of lava lie near the shore in the harbour, but a vessel must have stood too close in if she touched thereabouts. Left Hood's Island at noon, and steered for the southern part of Charles Island. Having a fine breeze we rounded Saddle Point at eight, and anchored at nine off Black Beach.

*Oct. 15th.*—I went to Post Office Bay, and near the best landing-place found some excellent salt, which though but small in quantity, gives a hint that more may be got elsewhere.

*Oct. 16th.*—Weighed in the afternoon, having obtained the necessary observations, and went to Black Beach Road, to take in wood, potatoes, and pigs. We there found a small schooner at anchor just arrived from Guayaquil, and having, among other things, a bag of letters from England for the *Beagle*. That very evening we were to leave Charles Island, not to return! In the schooner were some emigrants, who brought cattle and information that the governor, Villemil, might be expected to arrive in a few days, with a vessel laden with animals and supplies for the settlement. We stood across during the night to the four islands near Point Woodford; and at daylight next morning (17th) resumed our usual occupations, whilst sailing along the east side of Albemarle Island. At noon we steered for Albany Islet, to embark Mr. Darwin and Mr. Bynoe, and after our party were on board we returned towards the shore of Albemarle Island, and there passed the night under sail in order to start early from a particular position. Our landsmen had enjoyed their stay, and profited by it, though the heat was oppressive, and the sky nearly cloudless by night and by day: how different was this from the weather we had had on board! The higher grounds of James Island are extensive, and would be adapted to cultivation if the wood, which now grows thickly, were cleared. There is a fine salt spring or lake in an old crater; the salt is excellent in colour and quality, and the men employed by Mr. Lawson were using it daily for cleaning their fish and terrapin.

When at some height upon the islands, among the thick wood, it was extremely difficult to find the way. Men have been lost thereabouts, and it is said that some of the bodies never were found. The day we re-embarked Mr. Darwin, there was a man missing belonging to an American whale ship, and his shipmates were seeking for him. The master of this whaler was very obliging to our party, supplying them with water, and offering his hearty assistance in any way which lay in his power. The earnest wishes to be of use, and the attentions of North Americans to us on all occasions, have been often and gratefully remarked by many on board the *Beagle*.

*Oct. 18th.*—Continued our examination of Albemarle Island. When off the northern volcano, the black streams of lava, which have flowed in every direction down the sides of the mountain, looked like immense streams of ink. Thence we steered for Abingdon Island to meet Mr. Chaffers. I thought the current less strong, and setting more to the west, than when I was here on a former occasion.

On the 19th we were close to Abingdon Island, where there is a fine bold-looking cliff, at the west side, considerably higher than any I had seen in the Galapagos. Mr. Chaffers soon came alongside after we closed the land; when, his orders being all executed, the boat was hoisted in, and we made sail to the north-west in search of Wenman and Culpepper Islets.

Next day (20th) we saw and steered for Wenman Islet, another crater of an extinct volcano. It is high, small, quite barren: correctly speaking, there are three islets and a large rock, near each other, which, at a distance, appear as one island, but they are fragments of the same crater. We afterwards passed Culpepper Islet, which is a similar rocky, high and barren little island. At sunset we made all sail and steered to set well into the S.W. trade wind, so as to expedite our passage towards the dangerous archipelago of the Low Islands, and thence to Otaheite (or Tahiti). Whilst

sailing away from the Galapagos, impelled westward over a smooth sea, not only by favouring easterly breezes, but by a current that set more than sixty miles to the west during the first twenty-four hours after our loosing sight of Culpepper Islet, and from forty to ten miles each subsequent day until the 1st of November, I will look back at these strange islands and make a few more remarks on them.

There are six principal ones, nine smaller, and many islets scarcely deserving to be distinguished from mere rock. The largest island is 60 miles in length, and about 15 broad, the highest part being 4,000 feet above the sea. All are of volcanic origin, and the lava of which they are chiefly composed is excessively hard. Old Dampier says, in his "Voyage Round the World in 1681-1691," "The Spaniards when they first discovered these islands found multitudes of iguanoes and land turtle (or tortoise) and named them the Galapagos Islands. Again, the air of these islands is temperate enough, considering the clime. There is constantly a fresh sea-breeze all day, and cooling refreshing winds in the night; therefore the heat is not so violent here as in most places near the equator. The time of the year for the rain is in November, December, and January: then there is oftimes excessive dark tempestuous weather, mixed with much thunder and lightning. Sometimes before and after these months there are moderate refreshing showers; but in May, June, July, and August, the weather is always very fair." I can add nothing to the excellent description except that heavy rollers occasionally break upon the northern shores of the Galapagos during the rainy season above-mentioned, though no wind of any consequence accompanies them. They are caused by the "Northern," or "Papagayos," which are so well known on the coast between Panama and Acapulco.

All the small birds that live on these lava-covered islands have short beaks, very thick at the base, like that of the bullfinch (See page 513[1]). This appears to be one of those admirable provisions of infinite wisdom by which each created thing is adapted to the place for which it was intended. In picking up insects or seeds, which lie on hard iron-like lava, the superiority of such beaks over delicate ones cannot, I think, be doubted; but there is, perhaps, another object in their being so strong and wide. Colnett says, p. 59, "They observed an old bird in the act of supplying three young ones with drink, by squeezing the berry of a tree into their mouths; it was about the size of a pea, and contained a watery juice of an acid, but not an unpleasant taste." The leaves of these trees absorbed the copious dews which had fallen during the night; the birds then pierced them with their bills for the moisture they retained, and which I believe they also procure from the various plants and evergreens. "The torch thistle contains a liquid in its heart which the birds drank when it was cut down. They sometimes even extracted it from the young trees, by piercing the trunks with their bills." For thus squeezing berries and piercing woody fibre, or even only stout leaves, a slight, thin beak would be scarcely available. Colnett observes, in his "Voyage to the South Seas," pp. 52, 55, 57, that some of the birds which he saw resembled a few that he had seen at New Zealand, but as he also remarks that all the dead shells which he found upon the beach were familiar to him, I think one may suspect the accuracy of his eyes, if not his memory, in those instances.

The currents about these islands were very remarkable, for in addition to their velocity, which is from two to five miles an hour, and usually towards the north-west, there is a surprising difference in the temperature of the bodies of water moving within a few miles of each other. On one side of an island (Albemarle Island) we found the temperature of the sea a foot below the surface 80 deg. Fahr.; but at the other side it was less than 60 deg. In brief, those striking differences may be owing to the cool current which comes from the southward along the coast of Peru and Chili, and at the Galapagos encounter a far warmer body of water moving from the bay of Panama, a sort of "gulf stream." The retentive manner in which such ocean rivers preserve their temperature has been frequently remarked: and must have a great effect upon the climates of countries near whose shores they flow.

## III.

Islands Volcanic—Number of Craters—Leafless Bushes—Colony at Charles Island—James Island—Salt-lake in Crater—Character of Vegetation—Ornithology—Curious Finches—Great Tortoises, Habits of—Paths to the Wells.

The Galapagos Archipelago, it may be observed, consists in reality altogether of ten principal islands, of which five much exceed the others in size. They are situated under the equatorial line, and between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the coast of America. The constitution of the whole is, according to Mr. Charles Darwin, to whose account we now turn, volcanic, with the exception of some ejected fragments of granite, which have been most curiously glazed and altered by the heat; every part consists of lava, or of sandstone, resulting from the attrition of such materials. The higher islands (which attain an elevation of three or even four thousand feet) generally have one or more principal craters towards the centre, and on their flanks smaller orifices. I have no exact data (says Mr. Darwin) from which to calculate, but I do not hesitate to affirm that there must be, in all the islands of the Archipelago, at least two thousand craters. These are of two kinds; one, as in ordinary cases, consisting of scoriæ and lava, the other of finely stratified volcanic sandstone. The latter, in most instances, have a form beautifully symmetrical; their origin is due to the ejection of mud,—that is, fine volcanic ashes and water,—without any lava.

Considering that these islands are placed directly under the equator, the climate is far from excessively hot; a circumstance which, perhaps, is chiefly owing to the singularly low temperature of the surrounding sea. Excepting during one short season, very little rain falls, and even then it is not regular; but the clouds generally hang low. From these circumstances, the lower parts of the islands are extremely arid, whilst the summits, at an elevation of a thousand feet, or more, possess a tolerably luxuriant vegetation. This is especially the case on the windward side, which first receives and condenses the moisture from the atmosphere.

In the morning (*Oct. 17th*) we landed on Chatham Island, which, like the others, rises with a tame

[1] The illustration (page 513.) represents the *Pyrocephalus nanus* at the top; the *Tyrannus Darwini*, with wings extended; the *Sylvicola aureola* above to the right; *Cactornis assimilis* on a stone. The lizard is the *Leiocephalus Gravi*.

and rounded outline, interrupted only here and there by scattered hillocks—the remains of former craters. Nothing could be less inviting than the first appearance. A broken field of black basaltic lava is everywhere covered by a stunted brushwood, which shows little signs of life. The dry and parched surface, having been heated by the noon-day sun, gave the air a close and sultry feeling, like that from a stove: we fancy even the bushes smelt unpleasantly. Although I diligently tried to collect as many plants as possible, I succeeded in getting only ten kinds; and such wretched-looking little weeds would have better become an arctic than an equinoctial Flora.

The thin woods, which cover the lower parts of all the islands, excepting where the lava has recently flowed, appear from a short distance quite leafless, like the deciduous trees of the northern hemisphere in winter. It was some time before I discovered that not only almost every plant was in full leaf, but that the greater number were now in flower. After the period of heavy rains, the islands are said to appear for a short time partially green. The only other country, in which I have seen a vegetation at all approaching to this, is at the volcanic island of Fernando Noronha, placed in some respect under similar conditions.

The natural history of this Archipelago is very remarkable: it seems to be a little world within itself; the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else. What forms a striking character on first landing is that the birds are strangers to man. So tame and unsuspecting were they, that they did not even understand what was meant by stones being thrown at them; and quite regardless of us, they approached so close that any number might have been killed with a stick.

The *Beagle* sailed round Chatham Island, and anchored in several bays. One night I slept on shore, on a part of the island where some black cones—the former chimneys of the subterranean heated fluids—

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were extraordinarily numerous. From one small eminence I counted sixty of these truncated hillocks, which were all surrounded by a more or less perfect crater. The greater number consisted merely of a ring of red scoriæ, or slags, cemented together: and their height above the plain of lava was not more than 50 to 100 feet. From the regular form they gave the country a *workshop* appearance, which strongly reminded me of those parts of Staffordshire where the great iron foundries are most numerous.

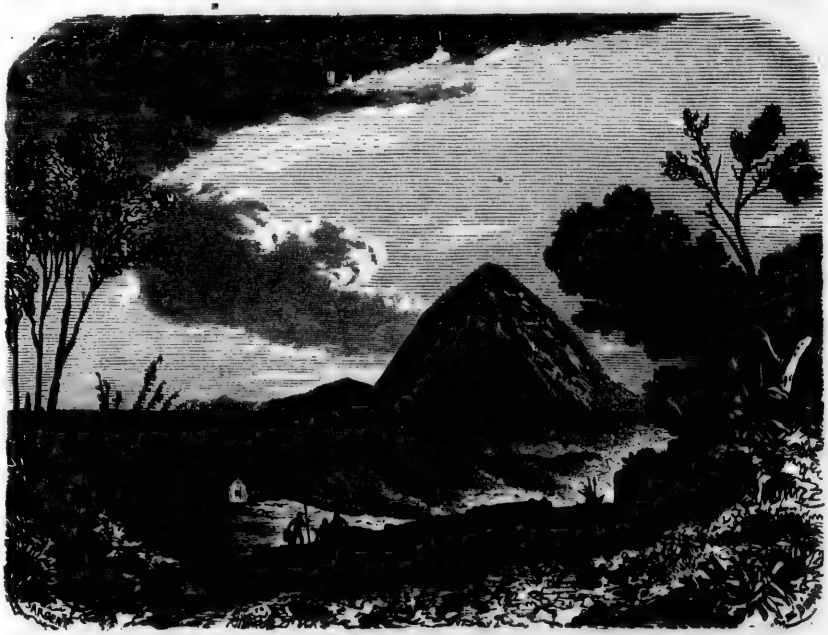
The age of the various beds of lava was distinctly marked by the comparative growth, or entire absence, of vegetation. Nothing can be imagined more rough and horrid than the surface of the more modern streams. These have been aptly compared to the sea petrified in its most boisterous moments; no sea, however, would present such irregular undulations, or would be traversed by such deep chasms. All the craters are in an extinct condition; and although the age of the different streams of lava could be so clearly distinguished, it is probable they have remained so for many centuries. There is no account in any of the old voyagers of any volcano on this island having been seen in activity; yet since the time of Dampier (1684) there must have been some increase in the quantity of vegetation, otherwise so accurate a person would not have expressed himself thus:—"Four or five of the easternmost islands are rocky, barren, and hilly, producing neither tree, herb, nor grass, but a few dildoe (cactus) trees, by the seaside." ("Voyage," vol. I. p. 101). This description is at present applicable only to the western islands, where the volcanic forces are in frequent activity.

The day on which I visited the little craters was glowing hot, and the scrambling over the rough surface, and through the intricate thickets, was very fatiguing; but I was repaid by the Cyclopean scene. In my walk I met two large tortoises, each of which must have weighed 200lbs. One was eating a piece of cactus, and when I approached it looked at me, and quietly walked away; the other gave a deep hiss, and

drew in its head. These huge reptiles, surrounded by the black lava, the leafless shrubs, and large cacti, appeared to my fancy like some antediluvian animals.

*Sept. 23rd.*—The *Beagle* proceeded to Charles Island. This Archipelago has long been frequented, first by the buccaneers, and latterly by whalers, but it is only within the last six years that a small colony has been established on it. The inhabitants are between two and three hundred in number; they nearly all consist of people of colour, who have been banished for political crimes from the Republic of the Equador (Quito is the capital of this state), to which these islands then belonged. The settlement is placed about four and a-half miles inland, and at an elevation probably of a thousand feet. In the first part of the road we passed through leafless thickets, as in Chatham Island. Higher up the wood gradually became greener, and immediately we had crossed the ridge of the island, our bodies were cooled by the fine southerly trade wind, and our senses refreshed by the sight of a green and thriving vegetation. The houses are irregularly scattered over a flat space of ground, which is cultivated with sweet potatoes and bananas. It will not easily be imagined how pleasant the sight of black mud was to us, after having been so long accustomed to the parched soil of Peru and Chili.

The inhabitants, although complaining of poverty, gain, without much trouble, the means of subsistence



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from the fertile soil. In the woods there are many wild pigs and goats, but the main article of animal food is derived from the tortoise. Their numbers in this island have, of course, been greatly reduced, but the people yet reckon on two days' hunting supplying food for the rest of the week. It is said that formerly single vessels have taken away as many as 700 of these animals, and that the ship's company of a frigate some years since brought down 200 to the beach in one day.

We stayed at this island four days, during which time I collected many plants and birds. One morning I ascended the highest hill, which has an altitude of nearly 1,800 feet. The summit consists of a broken-down crater, thickly clothed with coarse grass and brushwood. Even in this one island I counted thirty-nine hills, each of which was terminated by a more or less perfect circular depression.

*Sept 29th.*—We doubled the south-west extremity of Albemarle Island, and the next day were nearly becalmed between it and Narborough Island. Both are covered with immense streams of black naked lava, which, after having either flowed over the rims of the great cauldrons, or having burst forth from the smaller orifices on the flanks, have in their descent spread over miles of the sea-coast. On both of these islands eruptions are known occasionally to take place, and in Albemarle we saw a small jet of smoke curling from the summit of one of the more lofty craters. In the evening we anchored in Bank's Cove, in Albemarle Island.

When morning came, we found that the harbour in which we were at anchor was formed by a broken-down crater, composed of volcanic sandstone. After breakfast I went out walking. To the southward of this first crater, there was another of similar composition, and beautifully symmetrical. It was elliptic in form: the longer axis being less than a mile, and its depth about 500 feet. The bottom was occupied by a shallow lake, and in its centre a tiny crater formed an islet. The day was overpoweringly hot, and the lake looked clear and blue. I hurried down the cindery slope, and choked with dust, eagerly tasted the water, but to my sorrow I found it salt as brine.

The rocks on the coast abounded with great black lizards, between three and four feet long; and on the hills another species was equally common. We saw several of the latter, some clumsily running out of our way, and others shuffling into their burrows.

*Oct. 3rd.*—We sailed round the northern end of Albemarle Island. Nearly the whole of this side is covered with recent streams of dark-coloured lavas, and is studded with craters. I should think it would be difficult to find, in any other part of the world, an island situated within the tropics, and of such considerable size (viz., 75 miles long), so sterile and incapable of supporting life.

On the 8th we reached James Island—which, as well as Charles Island, takes it name from the Stuarts. Captain Fitzroy put Mr. Bynoe, myself, and three others on shore, leaving with us a tent and provisions, to wait there until the vessel returned from watering. This was an admirable plan for the collection, as we had an entire week for hard work. We found here a party of Spaniards, who had been sent from Charles Island to dry fish, and to salt tortoise meat.

At the distance of about six miles, and at the height of 2,000 feet, the Spaniards had erected a hovel in which two men lived, who were employed in catching tortoises, whilst the others were fishing on the coast. I paid the party two visits, and slept there one night. In the same manner as in the other islands, the lower region is covered by nearly leafless bushes: but here many of them grow to the size of trees. I measured several which were 2 ft. in diameter, and some even 2 ft. 9 in. The upper region being kept damp, from the moisture of the condensed clouds, supports a green and flourishing vegetation. So damp was the ground, that there were large beds of a coarse carex, in which great numbers of a very small water-rail lived and bred. While staying in the upper region, we lived entirely upon tortoise meat. The breastplate roasted (as the Gauchos do *carne con cuero*), with the flesh attached to it, is very good; and the young tortoises make excellent soup; but otherwise the meat to my taste is very indifferent.

During another day we accompanied a party of the Spaniards in their whale-boat to a salina, or lake from which salt is procured. After landing, we had a very rough walk over a rugged field of recent lava, which has almost surrounded a sandstone crater, at the bottom of which the salt-lake is situated. The water was only three or four inches deep, and rested on a layer of beautifully crystallized white salt. The lake was quite circular, and fringed with a border of brightly-green succulent plants; the precipitous walls of the crater were also clothed with wood so that the scene was both picturesque and curious. A few years since, the sailors belonging to a sealing vessel murdered their captain in this quiet spot; and we saw his skull lying among the bushes.

During the greater part of our week on shore, the sky was cloudless, and if the trade-wind failed for an hour, the heat became very oppressive. On two days, the thermometer within the tent stood for some hours at 130, but in the open air, in the wind and sun, at only 85°. The sand was extremely hot; the thermometer placed in some of a brown colour immediately rose to 137°, and how much higher it would have been I do not know, for it was not graduated above that number. The *black* sand felt much hotter, so that even in thick boots it was disagreeable, on this account, to walk over it.

I will now offer a few observations on the natural history of the islands. I endeavoured to make as nearly a perfect collection in every branch as time permitted. The plains have all an extremely weedy character, and it would scarcely have been supposed that they had grown at an inconsiderable elevation directly under the equator. In the lower and sterile parts, the bush, which from its minute brown leaves chiefly gives the leafless character to the brushwood, is one of the Euphorbiaceæ. In the same region an acacia and a cactus (*Opuntia Galapageia*), with large oval compressed articulations, springing from a cylindrical stem, are in some parts common. These are the only trees which in that part afford any shade. Near the summits of the different islands the vegetation has a very different character; ferns and coarse grasses are abundant; and the commonest trees are the compositæ. Tree-ferns are not present. One of the most singular characters of the Flora, considering the position of this Archipelago, is the absence of every member of the palm family. Cocoa Island, on the other hand, which is the nearest point of land, takes its name from the great number of cocoa-nut trees on it. From the presence of the opuntias and some other plants, the vegetation partakes more of the character of that of America than of any other country.

Of mammalia a large kind of mouse forms a well-marked species. From its large thin ears and other characters, it approaches in form a section of the genus which is confined to the sterile regions of South America. There is also a rat, which Mr. Waterhouse believes is probably distinct from the English kind; but I cannot help suspecting that it is only the same altered by the peculiar conditions of its new country.

In my collection from these islands, Mr. Gould considers that there are twenty-six different species of land-birds. With the exception of one, all probably are undescribed kinds, which inhabit the Archipelago, and no other part of the world. Among the waders and waterfowl it is more difficult, without detailed comparison, to say what are new. But a water-rail, which lives near the summits of the mountains, is undescribed, as perhaps is a totanus and a heron. The only kind of gull which is found among these islands is also new; when the wandering habits of the genus are considered, this is a most remarkable circumstance. The species most closely allied to it comes from the Straits of Magellan. Of the other aquatic birds, the species appear the same with well known American birds.

The general character of the plumage of these birds is extremely plain, and, like the Flora, possess little beauty. Although the species are thus peculiar to the Archipelago, yet nearly all, in their general structure,

habits, colour of feathers, and even tone of voice, are strictly American. The following brief list will give an idea of their kinds (*See* p. 513): first, a buzzard, having many of the characters of Polyborus or Caracara, and in its habits not to be distinguished from that peculiar South American genus; second, two owls; third, three species of tyrant flycatchers—in form strictly American. One of these appears identical with a common kind (*Muscicapa coronata?*) which has a very wide range, from La Plata, throughout Brazil, to Mexico; fourth, a sylvicola, of American form, and especially common in the northern division of the continent; fifth, three species of mocking birds, a genus common to both Americas; sixth, a finch, with a stiff tail and a long claw to its hinder toe, closely allied to a North American genus; seventh, a swallow belonging to the American division of that genus; eighth, a dove, like, but distinct from, the Chilian species; ninth, a group of finches, of which Mr. Gould considers there are thirteen species; and these he has distributed into four new sub-genera. These birds are the most singular of any in the Archipelago. They all agree in many points: namely, in a peculiar structure of their bill, short tails, general form, and in their plumage. The females are gray or brown, but the old cock jet black. All the species, excepting two, feed in flocks on the ground, and have very similar habits. It is very remarkable that a nearly perfect gradation of structure in this one group can be traced in the form of the beak, from one exceeding in dimensions that of the largest gros-beaks to another differing but little from that of a warbler. Of the aquatic birds, some are peculiar to these islands, and some common to North and South America.

The species of reptiles are not numerous, but the number of individuals of each kind is extraordinarily great. There is one kind, both of the turtle and tortoise; of lizards, four; and of snakes, about the same number.

The tortoise (*Testudo Indicus*) is found, I believe, in all the islands of the Archipelago. They frequent in preference the high damp parts, but likewise inhabit the lower and arid districts. Some individuals grow to an immense size. Mr. Lawson, an Englishman, who had, at the time of our visit, the charge of the colony, told us that he had seen several so large, that it required six or eight men to lift them from the ground; and that some had afforded as much as two hundred pounds of meat. The old males are the largest; and these can readily be distinguished from the female by the greater length of the tail. The tortoises which live on those islands where there is no water, or in the lower and arid parts of the others, chiefly feed on the succulent cactus. Those which frequent the higher and damp regions, eat the leaves of various trees, a kind of berry (called guayavita) which is acid and austere, and likewise a pale green filamentous lichen, that hangs in tresses from the boughs of the trees.

The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable elevation. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts, when thirsty, are obliged to travel from a long distance. Hence broad and well-beaten paths radiate off in every direction from the wells even down to the sea-coast; and the Spaniards, by following them up, first discovered the watering-places. When I landed at Chatham Island, I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters; one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say that each animal stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water and then returns to the lower country; but they differ in their accounts respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed. It is, however, certain, that tortoises can subsist even on those islands where there is no other water than that which falls during a few rainy days in the year.

I believe it is well ascertained, that the bladder of the frog acts as a reservoir for the moisture necessary to its existence: such seems to be the case with the tortoise. For some time after a visit to the springs, the urinary bladder of these animals is distended with fluid, which is said gradually to decrease in volume, and to become less pure. The inhabitants, when walking in the lower districts, and overcome with thirst, often take advantage of these circumstances, by killing a tortoise, and, if the bladder is full, drink its contents. In one I saw killed, the fluid was quite limpid, and had only a very slight bitter taste. The inhabitants, however, always drink first the water in the pericardium, which is described as being best.

The tortoises, when moving towards any definite point, travel by night and day, and arrive at their journey's end much sooner than would be expected. The inhabitants, from observations on marked individuals, consider that they can move a distance of about eight miles in two or three days. One large tortoise, which I watched, I found walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes, that is 360 in the hour, or four miles a day,—allowing also a little time for it to eat on the road.

During the breeding season, when the male and female are together, the male utters a hoarse roar or bellowing, which, it is said, can be heard at the distance of more than a hundred yards. The female never uses her voice, and the male only at times; so that when the people hear this noise, they know that the two are together. They were at this time (October) laying their eggs. The female, where the soil is sandy, deposits them together, and covers them up with sand; but where the ground is rocky, she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. Mr. Bynoe found seven placed in a line in a fissure. The egg is white and spherical; one which I measured was seven inches and three-eighths in circumference. The young animals, as soon as they are hatched, fall a prey in great numbers, to the buzzard, with the habits of the Caracara. The old ones seem generally to die from accidents, as from falling down precipices. At least, several of the inhabitants told me they never found one dead without some such apparent cause.

The inhabitants believe that these animals are absolutely deaf; certainly they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. I was always amused, when overtaking one of these great monsters as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the

instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then, on giving a few raps on the hinder part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away;—but I found it very difficult to keep my balance.

The flesh of this animal is largely employed, both fresh and salted; and a beautifully clear oil is prepared from the fat. When a tortoise is caught, the man makes a slit in the skin near its tail, so as to see inside its body, whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it is not, the animal is liberated; and it is said to recover soon from this strange operation. In order to secure the tortoises, it is not sufficient to turn them like turtle, for they are often able to regain their upright position.

It was confidently asserted, that the tortoises coming from different islands in the Archipelago were slightly different in form; and that in certain islands they attained a larger average size than in others. Mr. Lawson maintained that he could at once tell from which island any one was brought. Unfortunately, the specimens which came home in the *Beagle* were too small to institute any certain comparison. This tortoise, which goes by the name of *Testudo Indicus*, is at present found in many parts of the world. It is the opinion of Mr. Bell, and some others who have studied reptiles, that it is not improbable that they all originally came from this Archipelago. When it is known how long these islands have been frequented by the buccaneers, and that they constantly took away numbers of these animals alive, it seems very probable that they should have distributed them in different parts of the world. If this tortoise does not originally come from these islands, it is a remarkable anomaly; inasmuch as nearly all the other land inhabitants seem to have had their birthplace here.

## IV.

Marine Lizard feeds on Sea-weed—Terrestrial Species, burrowing habits, herbivorous—Importance of Reptiles in the Archipelago—Few and minute Insects—American Type of Organization—Species confined to certain Islands—Tameness of Birds—Falkland Islands—Fear of Man an acquired Instinct.

Of lizards, there are four or five species; two probably belong to the South American genus Leiocephalus (*See* p. 513), and two to Amblyrhynchus. This remarkable genus was characterised by Mr. Bell, from a stuffed specimen sent from Mexico, but which I conceive there can be little doubt originally came through some whaling ship from these islands. The two species agree pretty closely in general appearance; but one is aquatic and the other terrestrial in its habits. Mr. Bell thus concludes his description of *Amb. cristatus*: "On a comparison of this animal with the true Iguanas, the most striking and important discrepancy is in the form of the head. Instead of the long, pointed, narrow muzzle of those species, we have here a short, obtusely truncated head, not so long as it is broad, the mouth consequently only capable of being opened to a very short space. These circumstances, with the shortness and equality of the toes, and the strength and curvature of the claws, evidently indicates some striking peculiarity in its food and general habits, on which, however, in the absence of all certain information, I shall abstain from offering any conjecture."

The following account of these two lizards, will, I think, show with what judgment Mr. Bell foresaw a variation in habit, accompanying change in structure.

First for the aquatic kind (*Amb. cristatus.*) This lizard is extremely common on all the islands throughout the Archipelago. It lives exclusively on the rocky sea-beaches, and is never found, at least I never saw one, even ten yards inshore. It is a hideous-looking creature, of a dirty black colour, stupid and sluggish in its movements. The usual length of a full grown one is about a yard, but there are some even four feet long: I have seen a large one which weighed twenty pounds. On the island of Albemarle they seem to grow to a greater size than on any other. These lizards were occasionally seen some hundred yards from the shore swimming about; and Captain Collnet, in his Voyage, says, "They go out to sea in shoals to fish." With respect to the object, I believe he is mistaken; but the fact stated on such good authority cannot be doubted. When in the water the animal swims with perfect ease and quickness, by a serpentine movement of its body and flattened tail,—the legs, during this time, being motionless and closely collapsed on its sides. A seaman on board sank one, with a heavy weight attached to it, thinking thus to kill it directly; but when an hour afterwards he drew up the line, the lizard was quite active. Their limbs and strong claws are admirably adapted for crawling over the rugged and fissured masses of lava, which everywhere form the coast. In such situations, a group of six or seven of these hideous reptiles may oftentimes be seen on the black rocks, a few feet above the surf, basking in the sun with outstretched legs.

I opened the stomach of several, and in each case found it largely distended with minced sea-weed, of that kind which grows in thin foliaceous expansions of a bright green or dull red colour. I do not recollect having observed this sea-weed in any quantity on the tidal rocks; and I have reason to believe it grows at the bottom of the sea, at some little distance from the coast. If such is the case, the object of these animals occasionally going out to sea is explained. The stomach contained nothing but the sea weed. Mr. Bynoe, however, found a piece of a crab in one; but this might have got in accidentally, in the same manner as I have seen a caterpillar, in the midst of some lichen, in the paunch of a tortoise. The intestines were large, as in herbivorous animals.

The nature of this lizard's food, as well as the structure of its tail, and the certain fact of its having been seen voluntarily swimming out to sea, absolutely prove its aquatic habits; yet there is in this respect one strange anomaly; namely, that when frightened it will not enter the water. From this cause, it is easy to drive these lizards down to any little point overhanging the sea, where they will sooner allow a person to catch hold of their tail than jump into the water. They do not seem to have any notion of biting; but when much frightened they squirt a drop of fluid from each nostril. One day I carried one to a deep pool left by the retiring tide, and threw it in several times as far as I was able. It invariably returned, in a direct line, to the spot where I stood. It swam near the bottom, with a very graceful and rapid movement, and occasionally aided itself over the uneven ground with its feet. As soon as it arrived near the margin, but still being under water, it either tried to conceal itself in the tufts of sea-weed, or it entered some crevice. As soon as it

thought the danger was past, it crawled out on the dry rocks, and shuffled away as quickly as it could. I several times caught this same lizard, by driving it down to a point, and though possessed of such perfect powers of diving and swimming, nothing would induce it to enter the water; and as often as I threw it in, it returned in the manner above described. Perhaps this singular piece of apparent stupidity may be accounted for by the circumstance, that this reptile has no enemy whatever on shore, whereas at sea it must often fall a prey to the numerous sharks Hence, probably urged by a fixed and hereditary instinct that the shore is its place of safety, whatever the emergency may be, it there takes refuge.

During our visit (in October) I saw extremely few small individuals of this species, and none, I should think, under a year old. From this circumstance it seems probable that the breeding season had not commenced. I asked several of the inhabitants if they knew where it laid its eggs: they said, that although well acquainted with the eggs of the other kind, they had not the least knowledge of the manner in which this species is propagated—a fact, considering how common an animal this lizard is, not a little extraordinary.

We will now turn to the terrestrial species (*Amb. subcristatus*) of Gray. This species, differently from the last, is confined to the central islands of the Archipelago, namely to Albemarle, James, Barrington, and Indefatigable. To the southward, in Charles, Hood, and Chatham islands, and to the northward, in Towers, Bindloes, and Abingdon, I neither saw nor heard of any. It would appear as if this species had been created in the centre of the Archipelago, and thence had been dispersed only to a certain distance.

In the central islands they inhabit both the higher and damp, as well as the lower and sterile parts; but in the latter they are much the most numerous. I cannot give a more forcible proof of their numbers, than by stating that when we were left at James Island,

POST-OFFICE BAY, CHARLES OR FLORIANA ISLAND.

we could not for some time find a spot free from their burrows, on which to pitch our tent. These lizards, like their brothers the sea-kind, are ugly animals; and from their low facial angle have a singularly stupid appearance. In size perhaps they are a little inferior to the latter, but several of them weighed between ten and fifteen pounds each. The colour of their belly, front legs, and head (excepting the crown which is nearly white), is a dirty yellowish-orange: the back is a brownish-red, which in the younger specimens is darker. In their movements they are lazy and half torpid. When not frightened, they slowly crawl along with their tails and bellies dragging on the ground. They often stop, and doze for a minute with closed eyes, and hind legs spread out on the parched soil.

They inhabit burrows; which they sometimes excavate between fragments of lava, but more generally on level patches of the soft volcanic sandstone. The holes do not appear to be very deep, and they enter the ground at a small angle; so that when walking over these lizard *warrens*, the soil is constantly giving way, much to the annoyance of the tired walker. This animal, when excavating its burrows, alternately works the opposite sides of its body. One front leg for a short time scratches up the soil, and throws it towards the hind foot, which is well placed so as to heave it beyond the mouth of the hole. This side of the body being tired, the other takes up the task, and so on alternately. I watched one for a long time, till half its body was buried; I then walked up and pulled it by the tail; at this it was greatly astonished, and soon shuffled up to see what was the matter; and then stared me in the face, as much as to say, "What made you pull my tail?"

They feed by day, and do not wander far from their burrows; and if frightened they rush to them with a most awkward gait. Except when running down hill, they cannot move very fast; which appears chiefly owing to the lateral position of their legs.

They are not at all timorous: when attentively

watching any one, they curl their tails, and raising themselves on their front legs, nod their heads vertically, with a quick movement, and try to look very fierce: but in reality they are not at all so; if one just stamps the ground, down go their tails, and off they shuffle as quickly as they can. I have frequently observed small muscivorous lizards, when watching anything, nod their heads in precisely the same manner; but I do not at all know for what purpose. If this Amblyrhynous is held, and plagued with a stick, it will bite it very severely; but I caught many by the tail, and they never tried to bite me. If two are placed on the ground and held together, they will fight and bite each other till blood is drawn.

The individuals (and they are the greater number) which inhabit the lower country, can scarcely taste a drop of water throughout the year, but they consume much of the succulent cactus, the branches of which are occasionally broken off by the wind. I have sometimes thrown a piece to two or three lizards together; and it was amusing enough to see each trying to seize and carry it away in its mouth, like so many hungry dogs with a bone. They eat very deliberately, but do not chew their food. The little birds are aware how harmless these creatures are: I have seen one of the thick-billed finches picking at one end of a piece of cactus (which is in request among all the animals of the lower region), whilst a lizard was eating at the other; and afterwards the little bird with the utmost indifference hopped on the back of the reptile.

I opened the stomachs of several, and found them full of vegetable fibres, and leaves of different trees, especially of a species of acacia. In the upper regions they live chiefly on the acid and astringent berries of the guayavita, under which trees I have seen these lizards and the huge tortoises feeding together. To obtain the acacia-leaves, they crawl up the low stunted trees; and it is not uncommon to see one or a pair quietly browsing, whilst seated on a branch several feet above the ground.

The meat of these animals when cooked is white, and by those whose stomachs rise above all prejudices, it is relished as very good food. Humboldt has remarked that in intertropical South America, all lizards which inhabit dry regions are esteemed delicacies for the table. The inhabitants say, that those inhabiting the damp region drink water, but that the others do not travel up for it from the sterile country like the tortoises. At the time of our visit, the females had within their bodies numerous large elongated eggs. These they lay in their burrows, and the inhabitants seek them for food.

These two species of Amblyrhynous agree, as I have already stated, in general structure, and in many of their habits. Neither have that rapid movement, so characteristic of true Lacerta and Iguana. They are both herbivorous, although the kind of vegetation consumed in each case is so very different. Mr. Bell has given the name to the genus from the shortness of the snout: indeed, the form of the mouth may almost be compared to that of the tortoise. One is tempted to suppose this is an adaptation to their herbivorous appetites. It is very interesting to find a well-characterised genus, having its aquatic and terrestrial species, belonging to so confined a portion of the world. The former species is by far the most remarkable, because it is the only existing Saurian which can properly be said to be a maritime animal. I should perhaps have mentioned earlier, that in the whole Archipelago, there is only one rill of fresh water that reaches the coast; yet these reptiles frequent the sea-beaches, and no other parts in all the islands. Moreover, there is no existing lizard, as far as I am aware, excepting this Amblyrhynous, that feeds exclusively on aquatic productions. If, however, we refer to epochs long past, we shall find such habits common to several gigantic animals of the Saurian race.

To conclude with the order of reptiles. Of snakes there are several species, but all harmless. Of toads and frogs there are none. I was surprised at this, considering how well the temperate and damp woods in the elevated parts appeared adapted for their habits. It recalled to my mind the singular statement made by Bory St. Vincent, namely, that none of this family are to be found on the volcanic islands in the great oceans. There certainly appears to be some foundation for this observation; which is the more remarkable, when compared with the case of lizards, which are generally among the earliest colonists of the smallest islet. It may be asked, whether this is not owing to the different facilities of transport through salt-water, of the eggs of the latter protected by a calcareous coat, and of the slimy spawn of the former?

As I at first observed, these islands are not so remarkable for the number of species of reptiles, as for that of individuals; when we remember the well-beaten paths made by the many hundred great tortoises—the warrens of the terrestrial Amblyrhyncus—and the groups of the aquatic species basking on the coast-rocks—we must admit that there is no other quarter of the world, where this order replaces the herbivorous mammalia in so extraordinary a manner. It is worthy of observation by the geologist (who will probably refer back in his mind to the secondary periods, when the Saurians were developed with dimensions, which at the present day can be compared only to the cetaceous mammalia), that this Archipelago, instead of possessing a humid climate and rank vegetation, cannot be considered otherwise than extremely arid, and, for an equatorial region, remarkably temperate.

To finish with the zoology: I took great pains in collecting the insects, but I was surprised to find, even in the high and damp region, how exceedingly few they were in number. The forests of Terra del Fuego are certainly much more barren; but with that exception I never collected in so poor a country. In the lower and sterile land I took seven species of Heteromera, and a few other insects; but in the fine thriving woods towards the centre of the islands, although I perseveringly swept under the bushes during all kinds of weather, I obtained only a few minute Diptera and Hymenoptera. Owing to this scarcity of insects, nearly all the birds live in the lower country; and the part which any one would have thought much the most favourable for them, is frequented only by a few of the small tyrant-flycatchers. I do not believe a single bird, excepting the water-rail, is confined to the damp region. Mr. Waterhouse informs me that nearly all the insects belong to European forms, and that they do not by any means possess an equatorial character. I did not take a single one of large size, or of bright colours. This last observation applies equally to the birds and flowers. It is worthy of remark, that the only land-bird with bright colours, is that species of tyrant-flycatcher which seems to be a wanderer from the continent. Of shells, there are a considerable

number of land kinds, all of which, I believe, are confined to this Archipelago. Even of marine species, a large proportion were not known, before the collection made by Mr. Cuming on these islands was brought to England.

I will not here attempt to come to any definite conclusions, as the species have not been accurately examined; but we may infer that, with the exception of a few wanderers, the organic beings found on this Archipelago are peculiar to it; and yet that their general form strongly partakes of an American character. It would be impossible for any one accustomed to the birds of Chili and La Plata to be placed on these islands, and not to feel convinced that he was, as far as the organic world was concerned, on American ground. This similarity in type, between distant islands and continents, while the species are distinct, has scarcely been sufficiently noticed. The circumstance would be explained, according to the views of some authors, by saying that the creative power had acted according to the same law over a wide area.

It has been mentioned that the inhabitants can distinguish the tortoises, according to the islands whence they are brought. I was also informed that many of the islands possess trees and plants which do not occur in the others. For instance, the berry-bearing tree, called Guayavita, which is common on James Island, certainly is not found on Charles Island, though appearing equally well fitted for it. Unfortunately, I was not aware of these facts till my collection was nearly completed: it never occurred to me, that the productions of islands only a few miles apart, and placed under the same physical conditions, would be dissimilar. I therefore did not attempt to make a series of specimens from the separate islands. It is the fate of every voyager when he has just discovered what object in any place more particularly worthy of his attention, to be hurried away from it. In the case of the mocking-bird, I ascertained (and have brought home the specimens) that one species (*Orpheus trifasciatus*, Gould) is exclusively found on Charles Island; a second (*O. parvulus*) on Albemarle Island; and a third (*O. melanotus*) common to James and Chatham Islands. The two last species are closely allied, but the first would be considered by every naturalist as quite distinct. I examined many specimens in the different islands, and in each the respective kind was alone present. These birds agree in general plumage, structure, and habits; so that the different species replace each other in the economy of the different islands. These species are not characterised by the markings on the plumage alone, but likewise by the size and form of the bill, and other differences. I have stated, that in the thirteen species of ground-finches, a nearly perfect gradation may be traced, from a beak extraordinarily thick, to one so fine, that it may be compared to that of a warbler. I very much suspect, that certain members of the series are confined to different islands; therefore, if the collection had been made on any one island, it would not have presented so perfect a gradation. It is clear, that if several islands have each their peculiar species of the same genera, when these are placed together, they will have a wide range of character.

Before concluding my account of the zoology of these islands, I must describe more in detail the tameness of the birds. This disposition is common to all the terrestrial species; namely, to the mocking-birds, the finches, sylviolas, tyrant-flycatchers, doves, and hawks.

DAYERING-PLACE, CHARLES ISLAND.

BIRDS, REPTILES AND VEGETATION.

There is not one which will not approach sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I have myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun is here almost superfluous; for with the muzzle of one I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day a mocking-bird alighted on the edge of a pitcher (made of the shell of a tortoise), which I held in my hand whilst lying down. It began very quietly to sip the water, and allowed me to lift it with the vessel from the ground. I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs. Formerly the birds appear to have been even tamer than at present. Cowley (in the year 1684) says that the "Turtle-doves were so tame that they would often alight upon our hats and arms, so as that we could take them alive: they not fearing man, until such time as some of our company did fire at them, whereby they were rendered more shy." Dampier (in the same year) also says that a man in a morning's walk might kill six or seven dozen of these birds. At present, although certainly very tame, they do not alight on people's arms; nor do they suffer themselves to be killed in such numbers. It is surprising that the change has not been greater; for these islands during the last hundred and fifty years, have been frequently visited by buccaneers and whalers; and the sailors, wandering through the woods in search of tortoises, always take delight in knocking down the little birds.

These birds, although much persecuted, do not become wild in a short time: in Charles Island, which had then been colonised about six years, I saw a boy sitting by a well with a switch in his hand, with which he killed the doves and finches as they came to drink. He had already procured a little heap of them for his dinner; and he said he had constantly been in the habit of waiting there for the same purpose. We must conclude that the birds, not having as yet learnt that man is a more dangerous animal than the tortoise, or the amblyrhyncus, disregard us, in the same manner as magpies in England do the cows and horses grazing in the fields.

The Falkland Islands offer a second instance of this disposition among its birds. The extraordinary tameness of the dark-coloured Fumarius has been remarked by Pernety, Lesson, and other voyagers. It is not, however, peculiar to that bird: the Caracara, snipe, upland and lowland goose, thrush, Emberiza, and even some true hawks, are all more or less tame. Both hawks and foxes are present; and as the birds are so tame, we may infer that the absence of all rapacious animals at the Galapagos is not the cause of their tameness there. The geese at the Falklands, by the precaution they take in building on the islets, show that they are aware of their danger from the foxes; but they are not by this rendered wild towards man. This tameness of the birds, especially the waterfowl, is strongly contrasted with the habits of the same species in Terra del Fuego, where for ages past they have been persecuted by the wild inhabitants. In the Falklands, the sportsman may sometimes kill more of the upland geese in one day, than he is able to carry home; whereas in Terra del Fuego, it is nearly as difficult to kill one, as it is in England of the common wild species.

In the time of Pernety (1763) all the birds appear to have been much tamer than at present. Pernety states that the Fumarius would almost perch on his finger; and that with a wand he killed ten in half an hour. At that period, the birds must have been about as tame as they now are at the Galapagos. They appear to have learnt caution more quickly at the Falklands than at the latter place, and they have had proportionate means of experience; for besides frequent visits from vessels, the islands have been at intervals colonised during the whole period.

Even formerly, when all the birds were so tame, by Pernety's account, it was impossible to kill the black-necked swan. It is rather an interesting fact, that this is a bird of passage, and therefore brings with it the wisdom learnt in foreign countries.

I have not met with any account of the *land* birds being so tame, in any other quarter of the world, as at the Galapagos and Falkland Islands. And it may be observed that of the few archipelagoes of any size, which when discovered were uninhabited by man, these two are among the most important. From the foregoing statements we may, I think, conclude—first, that the wildness of birds with regard to man, is a particular instinct directed against him, and not dependent on any general degree of caution arising from other sources of danger; secondly, that it is not acquired by them in a short time, even when much persecuted; but that in the course of successive generations it becomes hereditary. With domesticated animals we are accustomed to see instincts becoming hereditary; but with those in a state of nature, it is more rare to discover instances of such acquired knowledge. In regard to the wildness of birds towards men, there is no other way of accounting for it. Few young birds in England have been injured by man, yet all are afraid of him: many individuals, on the other hand, both at the Galapagos and at the Falklands, have been injured, but yet have not learned that salutary dread. We may infer from these facts what havoc the introduction of any new beast of prey must cause in a country, before the instincts of the aborigines become adapted to the stranger's craft or power.

# CORAL ISLANDS.

## I.

Atolls or Atollons—Lithophytes or "Constructors of Worlds"—Submarine World—Coral Reefs—Keeling Islands—Singular Appearance—Scanty Flora—Transport of Seeds—Ebbing and Flowing Springs—Coral Formations—Resisting Power of Ocean—Fields of Dead Coral.

Of all the phenomena that diversify the face of the earth, none are more interesting than the origin and extent of Coral Islands. The vast results produced by such apparently small causes are alone sufficient to strike and rivet the imagination. The Atolls, or Atollons (more properly A-tul and A-tullun), as the circular islets of corals, with their central lagoons, are called by the easterns, have never failed to excite the wonder and the dread of navigators of the Indian Seas and of the Pacific Ocean. As far back as 1605, old Pyrard de Laval exclaimed, "It is marvellous to see each of these atollons, surrounded by a great bank of stone without the aid of any human artifice."

Michelet, in his remarkable work "On the Life of the Sea and Life in the Sea," graphically designates the corals as "faiseurs de mondes," that is to say, "constructors of worlds."

Already, in the north of Africa, the vegetables which reign solely in the temperate sea, begin to be rivalled by animated vegetables, that grow also and flower also. Twice a year the common sponge gives off little spheroids, which, starting from the mother sponge, and provided with a slight fin-like apparatus, enjoy a few moments' liberty and movement till they fix themselves, and a new sponge arises. This may be either an ovule, a sponge, or a vegetable seed. The same is seen in both the kingdoms of nature. As we advance towards the equator, the number, size, and splendour of the animated vegetables go on increasing. Strange trees, of elegant forms and brilliant colours, the gorgonias and isis, spread their rich fan-like shapes. The stone plants, madrepores, and the corals, appear at the same time, claimed at once by the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. "They are," says Michelet, "the real point at which life rises obscurely from its stony sleep, without entirely detaching itself from that rude point of departure, as if to teach us—proud and exalted as we are—of the ternary fraternity, of the right which even the humble mineral possesses of ascending in the scale, and of animating itself, and of the deep aspirations that lie in the bosom of nature." "Natura non fit saltus," said the old Swedish naturalist, Linnæus; and if all the steps have not yet been definitely marked out by which the transition is effected, from gaseous elements to stony compounds, from minerals to plants, and from plants to animals, we may feel quite assured it is our limited means of observation that are to blame, not the order of creation.

"Our meadows and the forests of the earth we dwell upon appear," says Darwin, "desert and void as compared to those of the sea." And not the least curious incident of the prodigious productiveness is that plants seem to delight in assuming animal forms, whilst animals take upon themselves that of a lithophytic or stony vegetation. Others, again, perish away like flowers. The sea anemone opens its rose-coloured corolla with azure eyes, but the moment that a daughter is born it fades away and dies. The alcyonium, the Proteus of the sea, on the other hand, assumes all kinds of shapes and forms, and is one moment a plant, at another a fruit.

What a stirring sight does this submarine world present on a calm day! Look down upon the reefs of the Pacific, and you see a green carpet of tubiporas and astreas, diversified by more bright-coloured meandrinæ and cariophylliæ, swiftly vibrating their rich golden stamina. Over this world beneath, as if to shade it from the sun, majestic gorgonias and the less lofty isis undulate like the willows and aspens and climbing-plants of our own forests. The plumaria sends forth its spirals from one submarine tree to another, just like the grape-vine of the south. Another world lives within this stony world. Mollusca drag their shells of pearly lustre along these labyrinths; crabs run and hunt there; strange fish of golden hues rove tranquilly about. Purple and violet-coloured annelids creep snake-like among those delicate stars—the ophiuri—that alternately roll up and then stretch forth their delicate and fragile arms to the descending sunbeams. The madrepore alone has no beauty of colour. Its perfection lies in its shape; in it, too, especially, is the individual modest and humble, whilst the republic is imposing. It is the reverse of what we sometimes contemplate in this world when the individual would be imposing and the republic appears to the contrary. In Michelet's playful fancy the complicated twistings and turnings of the madreporite have a meaning. They would seem to say something, to anticipate hieroglyphics and arrow-heads and alphabets, by a strange natural cryptography or lithography; but no Sharpe or Rawlinson has yet stood forward to decipher their secret meaning. "On sent bien qu'aujourd'hui encore il y a une pensée là-dedans. On ne s'en détache pas aisément." Pity it is a mere fancy. Such a writing would be a communication from the unknown world to the known!

The day that the microscope discovered the infusoria, they were found to have constituted mountains, and to pave the ocean. The hard silex of Tripoli is a mass of animalcules; sponge is an animated silex. Paris is built with the remains of infusoria; a part of Germany reposes upon a bed of coral. Infusoria, corals, testaceous animals, and others, contribute to form chalk and limestones. The fish that devours the tender coral restores it as chalk. The coral sea, in its great work of construction, of movements, upraisings, and subsidencies, building up, tumbling down, and rebuilding, is an immense factory of limestone. Forster, Cook's companion, was the first to point out that the circular coral islands are craters of volcanoes brought to the surface by the labours of polypi. They

are always more or less circular rings, precipitous and beaten by the waves on the outside, sloping down more gradually into the depths of a central basin. Tempests in these great seas have their multiple uses. They sweep over the old lands, tear up trees and plants, and their roots and seeds, and convey them to new territories. The cocoa-nut is an especial messenger of life; it bears long transits best. Cast upon a coral rock, it finds a little sand, the residue of corals ground down, and it is satisfied where other plants would perish. It germinates, and becomes a tree. Trees bring fresh water and soil, and other plants soon find a home. With the progress of time the coral reef is an inhabitable island. According to Sir James Emerson Tennent, also, by a kind provision of nature, salt water, percolating through coral reefs, becomes fresh.

Nor is the rapidity of this work less remarkable than the results. Boats have been known to disappear at Rio Janeiro in forty days beneath a mass of tubularia that had got possession of them. There were formerly twenty-six islands in a strait near Australia; there are now fifty; and it is anticipated that, before twenty years have elapsed, the strait, a hundred miles in width, will be no longer practicable. It will be the same with Annesley Bay with its port of Adule, so coveted by France; it will probably be barely accessible with the lapse of years. Even Sicily is becoming embedded in an outer reef. Then look at the extent of these creations. The chain of the Maldives is 500 miles long. The reefs of French Caledonia, as it must be now called, are 145 leagues in extent. The eastern reef of Australia has an expanse of 360 leagues. There are groups of coral islands in the Pacific 400 leagues in length by 150 in width. The mariner dreads these reefs. It is vexatious to see a tranquil basin at a distance of a few hundred yards, and to be tempest-tost where no anchor will hold, and where corals, sharp as razors, will cut the stoutest ship into shavings. But the philosopher, utopian Michelet says, should look upon these structures with another spirit. He must look upon these polypi as constructing a world in case of the breaking up of the present one. If, as is said, every ten thousand years the sea rushes from one pole to the other, many will one day be happy to find a refuge in the coral islands of the Pacific.

One of the most elementary forms of an Atoll or Coral Island is to be seen in the illustration given at p. 533, of Oeno in the New Hebrides, after Admiral Beechey. A step in progress, where the outer reef has become covered with vegetation, is to be seen in the cut representing Whit-Sunday Island, also one of the New Hebrides, explored by Admiral Beechey,[1] and called Whit-Sunday or Whitsuntide Island, from its having been discovered by Captain Wallis on Whit-Sunday, 1767 (long. 168°, 20′ E.; lat. 15°, 44′ S.) Still further progress is manifest when successive barriers of reef have been converted into soil, and stretch in long lines off the shores of great islands, as in the instance of Bora-Bora (*See* p. 545); and finally, we see the wondrous changes wrought in coral islands by volcanic action in most of the islands of the Pacific; but notoriously in the Galapagos (described in our last chapter), and in Albemarle Island, and still more strikingly and impressively on the sharp mountain peaks and pinnacles of Bora-Bora, one of the Society Islands (long. 151°. 52′ 45″; W. lat. 16° 27′. *See* pp. 540 and 545).

In few islands are the various phenomena of the coral formation and the successive steps of growth and conversion to soil adapted for vegetation and then for habitation, seen to so great an advantage as in the so-called Keeling Islands, and as these islands gave origin to those observations and generalisations of Mr. Charles Darwin, which are admitted to have thrown quite a new light upon the whole phenomena, we shall proceed with the description of them as given by Mr. Darwin, adding that gentleman's important remarks upon the formation and constitution of Coral Islands generally.

*April* 1*st*.—We arrived in view of the Keeling or Cocos Islands, situated in the Indian ocean, and about six hundred miles distant from the coast of Sumatra. This is one of the lagoon islands of coral formation, similar to those we passed in the Dangerous Archipelago. An excellent idea of the general appearance of these extraordinary rings of land, which rise out of the depths of the ocean, may be obtained from the characteristic sketch of Whitsunday Island, in Beechy's Voyage. (*See* p. 524.)

When the ship was in the channel at the entrance, Mr. Liesk, an English resident, came off in his boat The history of the inhabitants of this place, in as few words as possible, is as follows: About nine years ago, a Mr. Hare, a very worthless character, brought from the East Indian Archipelago a number of Malay slaves, which now, including children, amount to more than a hundred. Shortly afterwards, Captain Ross, who had before visited these islands in his merchantship, arrived from England, bringing with him his family and goods for settlement. Along with him came Mr. Liesk, who had been a mate in his vessel. The Malay slaves soon ran away from the island on which Mr. Hare was settled, and joined Captain Ross's party. Mr. Hare upon this was ultimately obliged to leave these islands.

The Malays are now nominally in a state of freedom, and certainly are so, as far as regards their personal treatment; but in most other points they are considered as slaves. From the discontented state of the people, the repeated removals, and perhaps also from a little mismanagement, things are not very prosperous. The island has no quadruped, excepting the pig, and no vegetable in any quantity, excepting the cocoa-nut. On the latter the whole prosperity of the place depends. The only exports are oil from the nut, and the cocoa-nut itself. On it the pigs, which are loaded with fat, almost entirely subsist, as likewise do the poultry and ducks. Even a huge land-crab is furnished by nature with a curious instinct and form of legs to open and feed on this same fruit.

The annular reef of this lagoon island is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern or leeward side there is an opening, through which vessels reach the anchorage. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty; its beauty, however, being solely dependent on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illuminated by a vertical sun,

[1] Analysis of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions; performed in His Majesty's ship *Blossom*, under the command of Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N., F.R.S., &c., in the years 1825, '26, '27, and '28. By W. F. Ainsworth, Esq.—*Journ. of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, Vol. 1, p. 198, et seq.

of a most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either from the dark heaving water of the ocean by a line of snow-white breakers, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned at an equal height by the tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so, in the lagoon, dark bands of living coral appear through the emerald green water.

The next morning, after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards wide; on the lagoon side we have a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which in such a climate is very oppressive; and on the outer coast a solid broad flat of coral rock, which serves to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood; there are, however, five or six other kinds. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant weeds. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect Flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen, and fungus. To this number two trees must be added; one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The latter is a solitary tree of its kind in the whole group, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the one seed was thrown up by the waves. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit trees, and imported grasses. As these islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time probably existed as a mere water-washed reef, all the productions now living here must have been transported by the waves of the sea. In accordance to this, the Flora has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute: Professor Henslow informs me, that of the twenty species, nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen orders!

In Holman's Travels (p. 378.), an account is given on the authority of Mr. A. S. Keating, who resided twelve months on these islands, of the various seeds, and other bodies, which have been known to have been washed on shore. "Seeds and plants from Sumatra and Java have been driven up by the surf on the windward side of the islands. Among them have been found the Kimiri, native of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca; the cocoa-nut of Balci, known by its shape and size; the Dadass, which is planted by the Malays with the pepper-vine, the latter entwining round its trunk, and supporting itself by the prickles on its stem; the soap tree; the castor oil plant; trunks of the sago palm; and various kinds of seeds unknown to the Malays who settled on the islands. These are all supposed to have been driven on shore by the N.W. monsoon to the coast of New Holland, and thence to these islands by the S.E. trade-wind. Large masses of Java teak, and yellow wood, have also been found, besides immense trees of red and white cedar and the blue gum-wood of New Holland, in a perfectly sound condition. All the hardy seeds, such as creepers, retain their germinating power, but the softer kinds, among which is the manhostin, are destroyed in the passage. Fishing canoes, apparently from Java, have at times been washed on shore." It is interesting thus to discover how numerous the seeds are which, coming from several countries, are drifted over the wide ocean. Professor Henslow tells me, he believes that nearly all the plants which I brought from this island, are common littoral species in the East Indian Archipelago. From the direction, however, of the winds and currents, it seems scarcely possible that they can have come here in a direct line. If, as suggested with much probability by Mr. Keating, they have first been carried towards the coast of New Holland, and thence drifted back again, together with the productions of that country, the seeds, before germinating, must have travelled between 1800 and 2400 miles.

Chamisso, when describing the Radack Archipelago, situated in the central part of the Western Pacific, states that, "The sea brings to these islands the seeds and fruits of many trees, most of which have yet not grown here. The greater part of these seeds appear to have not yet lost the capability of growing." It is also said that trunks of northern firs are washed on shore, which must have been floated from an immense distance. These facts are highly interesting. It cannot be doubted, if there were land-birds to pick up the seeds when first cast on shore, and a soil more adapted for their growth than the loose blocks of coral, that such islands, although so isolated, would soon possess a more abundant Flora.

The list of land-animals is even poorer than that of plants. Some of the islets are inhabited by rats; and their origin is known to be due to a ship from the Mauritius, which was wrecked here. These rats have rather a different appearance from the English kind; they are smaller and much more brightly coloured. There are no true land-birds; for a snipe and a rail (*Rallus phillippensis*), though living entirely among the dry herbage, belong to the order of Waders. Birds of this order are said to occur on several of the low islands in the Pacific. At Ascension a rail (*Porphyrio?*) was shot near the summit of the mountain; and it was evidently a solitary straggler. From these circumstances, I believe, the waders are the first colonists of any island, after the innumerable web-footed species. I may add, that whenever I have noticed birds, which were not pelagic, very far out at sea, they always belonged to this order; and hence they would naturally become the earliest colonists of any distant point.

Of reptiles, I saw only one small lizard. Of insects, I took pains to collect every kind. Exclusive of spiders, which were numerous, there were thirteen species. Of these, one only was a beetle. A small species of ant swarmed by thousands under the loose dry blocks of coral, and was the only true insect which was abundant. Although the productions of the land are thus scanty; if we look to the waters of surrounding sea, the number of organic beings is indeed infinite.

Chamisso has described the natural history of Roman-

zoff, a lagoon island in the Radack Archipelago. The number and kind of productions there is very nearly the same with those here. One small lizard was seen: wading birds (Numenius and Scolopax) were numerous, and very tame. Of plants, he states there were nineteen species (including one fern); and some of them are the same species with those I collected here, although on an island situated in a different ocean.

These strips of land are raised only to that height, to which the surf can throw fragments, and the wind heap up sand. Their protection is due to the outward and lateral increase of the reef, which thus breaks the sea. The aspect and constitution of these islets at once call up the idea, that the land and the sea are here struggling for mastery; although terra firma has obtained a footing, the denizens of the other element think their claim at least equal. In every part one meets hermit-crabs of more than one species, carrying on their backs the houses they have stolen from the neighbouring beach. The large claws or pincers of some of these crabs are most beautifully adapted, when drawn back, to form an operculum to the shell, which is nearly as perfect as the proper one that belonged to the original molluscous animal. I was assured, and as far as my observations went it was confirmed, that there are certain kinds of these hermits, which always use certain kinds only of old shells. Over head, the trees are occupied by numbers of gannets, frigate-birds, and terns. From the many nests and smell of the atmosphere, this might be called a sea-rookery. The gannets, sitting on their rude nests, look at an intruder with a stupid, yet angry air. The noddies, as their name expresses, are silly little creatures. But there is one charming bird; it is a small and snow-white tern, which smoothly hovers at the distance of an arm's length from your head; its large black eye scanning with quiet curiosity your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy, that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit.

*Sunday, April 3rd.*—After service I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to the settlement, situated at the distance of some miles, on a point thickly scattered over with tall cocoa-nut trees. Captain Ross and Mr. Liesk lived in a large barn-like house, open at both ends, and lined with mats made of woven bark. The houses of the Malays are arranged along the shore of the lagoon. The whole place had rather a desolate aspect, because there were no gardens to show the signs of care and cultivation. The natives belong to different islands in the East Indian Archipelago, but all speak the same language: we saw inhabitants of Borneo, Celebes, Java, and Sumatra. In the colour of their skin they resemble the Tahitians, nor do they widely differ from them in form of features. Some of the women, however, showed a good deal of the Chinese character. I liked both their general expression and the sound of their voices. They appeared poor, and their houses were destitute of furniture; but it was evident, from the plumpness of the little children, that cocoa-nuts and turtle afford no bad sustenance.

On this island the wells are situated from which ships obtain water. At first sight it appears not a little remarkable that the fresh water should regularly ebb and flow with the usual tide. We must believe that the compressed sand or porous coral rock acts like a sponge; and that the rain water which falls on the ground being specifically lighter than the salt merely floats on its surface, and is subject to the same movements. There can be no actual attraction between salt and fresh water, and the spongy texture must tend to prevent all admixture from slight disturbances. On the other hand, where the foundation consists only of loose fragments, upon a well being dug, salt or brackish water enters; of which fact we saw an instance on this same island.

After dinner we stayed to see a half-superstitious scene acted by the Malay women. They dress a large wooden spoon in garments, carry it to the grave of a dead man, and then, at the full of the moon, they pretend it becomes inspired, and will dance and jump about. After the proper preparations, the spoon held by two women became convulsed, and danced in good time to the song of the surrounding children and women. It was a most foolish spectacle, but Mr. Liesk maintained that many of the Malays believed in its spiritual movement. The dance did not commence till the moon had risen, and it was well worth remaining to behold her bright globe so quietly shining through the long arms of the cocoa-nuts, as they waved in the evening breeze. These scenes of the tropics are in themselves so delicious, that they almost equal those dearer ones to which we are bound by each best feeling of the mind.

The next day I employed myself in examining the very interesting yet simple structure and origin of these islands. The water being unusually smooth I waded in as far as the living mounds of coral, on which the swell of the open sea breaks. In some of the gullies and hollows there were beautiful green and other coloured fishes, and the forms and tints of many of the zoophytes were admirable. It is excusable to grow enthusiastic over the infinite numbers of organic beings with which the sea of the tropics, so prodigal of life, teems; yet I must confess I think those naturalists who have described in well-known words the submarine grottoes decked with a thousand beauties, have indulged in rather exuberant language.

*April 6th.*—I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to an island at the head of the lagoon: the channel was exceedingly intricate, winding through fields of delicately branched corals. We saw several turtle, and two boats were then employed in catching them. The method is rather curious: the water is so clear and shallow, that although at first a turtle quickly dives out of sight, yet in a canoe, or boat under sail, the pursuers after no very long chase come up to it. A man standing ready in the bows, at this moment dashes through the water upon the turtle's back; then clinging with both hands by the shell of its neck, he is carried away till the animal becomes exhausted and is secured. It was quite an interesting chase to see the two boats thus doubling about, and the men dashing into the water trying to seize their prey.

When we arrived at the head of the lagoon, we crossed the narrow islet and found a great surf breaking on the windward coast. I can hardly explain the cause, but there is to my mind a considerable degree of grandeur in the view of the outer shores of these lagoon islands. There is a simplicity in the barrier-like beach, the margin of green bushes and tall cocoa-nuts, the solid flat of coral rock, strewed here and there with great fragments, and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean throwing its waters over the broad reef appears an invincible, all-powerful enemy, yet we see it resisted

and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient.

It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall cocoa-nut springs, plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell, caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade-wind always blowing in one direction over a wide area, causes breakers, which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be porphyry, granite, or quartz, would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious: for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments; yet what will this tell against the accumulated labour of myriads of architects at work night and day, month after month. Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist.

We did not return on board till late in the evening, as we stayed some time in the lagoon collecting specimens of the giant Chama, and looking at the coral fields. Near the head of the lagoon I was much surprised to find a wide area, considerably more than a mile square, covered with a forest of branching coral, which, though standing upright, was all dead and rotten. At first I was quite at a loss to understand the cause: afterwards it occurred to me that it was owing to the following rather curious combination of circumstances. It should, however, first be stated, that corals are never able to survive even a short exposure in the air to the sun's rays, so that their upward limit of growth is determined by that of lowest water at spring tides. It appears from some old charts, that the long island to windward was formerly separated by wide channels into several islets; this fact is likewise indicated by the less age of the trees in certain portions. Under this former condition of the reef, a strong breeze, by throwing more water over the barrier, would tend to raise the level of the lagoon. Now it acts in a directly contrary manner; for the water, not only is not increased by currents from the outside, but is blown outwards by the force of the wind. Hence, it is observed, that the tides near the head of the lagoon do not rise so high during strong breezes as on ordinary occasions. This difference of level, although no doubt very small, has, I believe, caused the death of those coral groves, which, under the former condition of things, had attained the utmost possible limits of upward growth.

## II.

Boulder on a Coral Island — Great Crab — Stinging Corals — Structure of Lagoon Islands — Encircling and Barrier Reefs.

A few miles north of Keeling there is another small lagoon island, the centre of which is nearly filled up. Captain Ross found in the conglomerate of the outer coast a well-rounded fragment of greenstone, rather larger than a man's head; he and the men with him were so much surprised at this, that they brought it away and preserved it as a curiosity. The occurrence of this one stone, where every other particle of matter is calcareous, certainly is very puzzling. The island has scarcely ever been visited, nor is it probable that a ship had been wrecked there. From the absence of any better explanation, I came to the conclusion that it must have come there entangled in the roots of some large tree: when, however, I considered the great distance from the nearest land, the combination of chances against a stone thus being entangled, the tree washed into the sea, floated so far, then landed safely, and the stone finally so embedded as to allow of its discovery, I was almost ashamed of imagining a means of transport so improbable. It was therefore with great interest that I found Chamisso, the justly distinguished naturalist who accompanied Kotzebue, stating that the inhabitants of the Radack Archipelago, a group of lagoon islands in the midst of the Pacific, obtained stones for sharpening their instruments by searching the roots of trees which are cast upon the beach. It will be evident that this must have happened several times, since laws have been established that such stones belong to the chief, and a punishment is inflicted on any one who attempts to defraud him of this right. When the isolated position of these small islands in the midst of a vast ocean—their great distance from any land excepting that of coral formation, a fact well attested by the value which the inhabitants, who are such bold navigators, attach to a stone of any kind—and the slowness of the currents of the open sea are all considered, the occurrence of pebbles thus transported does appear wonderful. Stones may often be thus transported; and if the island on which they are stranded is constructed of any other substance beside coral, they would scarcely attract attention, and their origin at least would never have been guessed. Moreover, this agency may long escape discovery from the probability of trees, especially those loaded with stones, floating beneath the surface. In the channels of Terra del Fuego large quantities of drift timber are cast upon the beach, yet it is extremely rare to meet a tree swimming on the water. It is easy to conceive that water-logged wood might be transported, when floating close to the bottom, and occasionally even just touching it. The knowledge of any result which (with sufficient time allowed) can be produced by causes, though appearing infinitely improbable, is valuable to the geologist, for he by his creed deals with centuries and thousands of years, as others do with minutes. If a few isolated stones are discovered in a mass of fine sedimentary strata, it cannot, after the above facts, be considered as very improbable that they may have been drifted there by the floating timber of a former epoch.

During another day I visited Horsburg and West Island. In the latter, the vegetation was perhaps more luxuriant than in any other part. The cocoa-nut trees generally grow separate, but here the young ones flourished beneath their tall parents, and formed with their long and curved fronds the most shady arbours. Those alone who have tried it know how delicious it is to be seated in such shade, and drink the cool pleasant fluid of the cocoa-nut, which hangs in great bunches close by. In this island there is a large bay or little lagoon, composed of the finest white sand: it is quite

ALBEMARLE ISLAND.

level, and is only covered by the tide at high water; from this large bay smaller creeks penetrated the surrounding woods. To see a field of glittering sand, representing water, and around the border of which the cocoa-nut trees extended their tall and waving trunks, formed a singular and very pretty view.

I will now briefly mention a few zoological observations which I made during our stay at these islands. I have before alluded to a crab which lives on the cocoa-nuts; it is very common on all parts of the dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It is closely allied or identical with *Birgus latro*. This crab has its front pair of legs terminated by very strong and heavy pincers, and the last pair by others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated; when this is completed, the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eye-holes, till an opening is made. Then turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior, and narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as the crab and a cocoa-nut tree. The Birgos is diurnal in its habits, but every night it is said to pay a visit to the sea, no doubt for the purpose of moistening its branchiæ. The young are likewise hatched, and live for some time, on the coast. These crabs inhabit deep burrows, which they excavate beneath the roots of trees; and here they accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, on which they rest as on a bed. The Malays sometimes take advantage of their labour, by collecting the coarse fibrous substance and using it as junk. These crabs are very good to eat; moreover, under the tail of the larger ones there is a great mass of fat, which when melted sometimes yields as much as a quart bottle full of limpid oil It has been stated by some authors that the *Birgos latro* crawl up the cocoa-nut trees for the purpose of stealing the nuts: I very much doubt the possibility of this; but with the *Pandanus* the task would be very much easier. I understood from Mr. Liesk that on these islands the Birgos lives only on the nuts which fall to the ground.

I was a good deal surprised to find two species of coral of the genus Millepora, possessed of the property of stinging. The stony branches or plates, when taken fresh from the water, have a harsh feel, and are not slimy, although possessing a strong and disagreeable odour. The stinging property seems to vary within certain limits in different specimens: when a piece was pressed or rubbed on the tender skin of the face or arm, a pricking sensation was generally caused, which came on after the interval of a second, and lasted only for a short time. One day, however, by merely touching my face with one of the branches the pain was instantaneous; it increased as usual after a few seconds, and remaining sharp for some minutes, was perceptible for half an hour afterwards. The sensation was as bad as that from a nettle, but more like that caused by the Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*). Little red spots were produced on the tender skin of the arm, which appeared as if they would have formed watery pustules, but did not. The circumstance of this stinging property is not new, though it has scarcely been sufficiently remarked on. M. Quoy mentions it, and I have heard of stinging corals in the West Indies. In the East Indian Sea a stinging sea-weed also is found.

There was another and quite distinct kind of coral, which was remarkable from the change of colour, which it underwent shortly after death; when alive it was of a honey-yellow, but some hours after being taken out of water, it became as black as ink. I may just mention, as partly connected with the above subjects, that there are here two species of fish, of the genus Sparus, which exclusively feed on coral. Both are coloured of a splendid bluish-green, one living invariably in the lagoon, and the other amongst the outer breakers. Mr. Liesk assured us that he had repeatedly seen whole shoals grazing with their strong bony jaws on the tops of the coral branches. I opened the intestines of several, and found them distended with a yellowish calcareous matter. These fish, together with the lithophagous shells and the nereidous animals, which perforate every block of dead coral, must be very efficient agents in producing the finest kind of mud, and this, when derived from such materials, appears to be the same with chalk.

*April 12th.*—In the morning, we stood out of the Lagoon. I am glad we have visited these islands: such formations surely rank high amongst the wonderful objects of this world. It is not a wonder, which at first strikes the eye of the body, but rather, after reflection, the eye of reason We feel surprised, when travellers relate accounts of the vast extent of certain ancient ruins; but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of these, when compared to the pile of stone here accumulated by the work of various minute animals. Throughout the whole group of islands, every single atom, even from the smallest particle to large fragments of rock, bears the stamp of having been subjected to the power of organic arrangement. Captain Fitzroy, at the distance of but little more than a mile from the shore, sounded with a line 7200 feet long, and found no bottom. This island is, therefore, a lofty submarine mountain, which has a greater inclination than even those of volcanic origin on the land. I will now give a sketch of the general results at which I have arrived, respecting the origin of the various classes of reefs, which occur scattered over such large spaces of the intertropical seas.

The first consideration to attend to is, that every observation leads to the conclusion that those lamelliform corals, which are the efficient agents in forming a reef, cannot live at any considerable depth. As far as I have personally seen, I judge of this from carefully examining the impressions on the soundings, which were taken by Captain Fitzroy at Keeling Island, close outside the breakers, and from some others which I obtained at the Mauritius. At a depth under ten fathoms, the arming came up as clean as if it had been dropped on a carpet of thick turf; but as the depth increased, the particles of sand brought up became more and more numerous, until, at last, it was evident the bottom consisted of a smooth layer of calcareous sand, interrupted only at intervals by shelves, composed probably of dead coral rock. To carry on the analogy, the blades of grass grew thinner and thinner, till at last the soil was so sterile, that nothing sprung from it.

As long as no facts, beyond those relating to the

structure of lagoon islands were known, so as to establish some more comprehensive theory, the belief that corals constructed their habitations, or, speaking more correctly, their skeletons, on the circular crests of submarine craters, was both ingenious and very plausible. Yet the sinuous margin of some, as in the Radack Islands of Kotzebue, one of which is fifty-two miles long, by twenty broad, and the narrowness of others, as in Bow Island (of which there is a chart on a large scale, forming part of the admirable labours of Captain Beechey), must have startled every one who considered this subject.

The very general surprise of all those who have beheld lagoon islands, has perhaps been one chief cause why other reefs, of an equally curious structure, have been almost overlooked: I allude to the encircling reefs. We will take, as an instance, Vanikoro, celebrated on account of the shipwreck of La Peyrouse. (*See* p. 529.) The reef there runs at the distance of nearly two, and in some parts three miles from the shore, and is separated from it by a channel having a general depth between thirty and forty fathoms, and, in one part, no less than fifty, or three hundred feet. Externally, the reef rises from an ocean profoundly deep. Can anything be more singular than this structure? It is analogous to that of a lagoon, but with an island standing, like a picture in its frame, in the middle. A fringe of low alluvial land in these cases generally surrounds the base of the mountains; this, covered by the most beautiful productions of a tropical

WHITSUNDAY ISLAND.

land, backed by the abrupt mountains and fronted by a lake of smooth water, only separated from the dark waves of the ocean by a line of breakers, form the elements of the beautiful scenery of Tahiti—so well called the Queen of Islands. We cannot suppose these encircling reefs are based on an external crater, for the central mass sometimes consists of primary rock, or on a accumulation of sedimentary deposits, for the reefs [illegible] indifferently th[illegible] and itself, or its submarine prolongation. Of this latter case there is a grand instance in New Caledonia, where the reefs extend no less than 140 miles beyond the island.

The great Barrier which fronts the N.E. coast of Australia, forms a third class of reef. It is described by Flinders as having a length of nearly one thousand miles, and as running parallel to the shore, at a distance of between twenty and thirty miles from it, and, in some parts, even of fifty and seventy. The great arm of the sea thus included, has a usual depth of between ten and twenty fathoms, but this increases towards one end to forty and even sixty. This probably is both the grandest and most extraordinary reef now existing in any part of the world.

It must be observed, that the reef itself in the three classes, namely, lagoon, encircling, and barrier, agrees in structure, even in the most minute details; but these I have not space here even to allude to. The difference entirely lies in the absence or presence of neighbouring land, and the relative position which the reefs bear to it. In the two last-mentioned classes,

there is one difficulty in undertaking their origin, which must be pointed out. Since the time of Dampier, it has been remarked, that high land and deep seas go together. Now when we see a number of mountainous islands coming abruptly down to the seashore, we must suppose the strata of which they are composed are continued with nearly the same inclination beneath the water. But, in such cases, where the reef is distant several miles from the coast, it will be evident, upon a little consideration, that a line drawn perpendicularly from its outer edge down to the solid rock on which the reef must be based, very far exceeds that small limit at which the efficient lamelliform corals exist.

In some parts of the sea, as we shall hereafter mention, reefs do occur which fringe rather than encircle islands—the distance from the shore being so small, where the inclination of the land is great, that there is no difficulty in understanding the growth of the coral. Even in these "fringing" reefs, as I shall call them in contradistinction to the "encircling," the reef is not attached quite close to the shore. This appears to be the result of two causes: namely, first, that the water immediately adjoining the beach is rendered turbid by the surf, and therefore injurious to all zoophytes; and, secondly, that the larger and efficient kinds only flourish on the outer edge amidst the breakers of the open sea. The shallow space between the skirting reef and the shore has, however, a very different character from the deep channel, similarly situated with respect to those of the encircling order.

Having thus specified the several kinds of reefs, which differ in their forms and relative position with regard to the neighbouring land, but which are most closely similar in all other respects (as I could show if I had space), it will, I think, be allowed that no explanation can be satisfactory which does not include the whole series. The theory which I would offer, is simply, that as the land with the attached reefs subsides very gradually from the action of subterranean causes, the coral-building polypi soon raise again their solid masses to the level of the water: but not so with the land; each inch lost is irreclaimably gone;—as the whole gradually sinks, the water gains foot by foot on the shore, till the last and highest peak is finally submerged.

## III.

### General Proofs of Subsidence in the Pacific—Theory of Lagoon Islands caused by Subsidence of the Land—Pacific and Indian Oceans divided into alternate Areas of Elevation and Subsidence—Points of Eruption lie within the Areas of Elevation—Sir James Emerson Tennant on Coral Wells and the Conversion of Salt Water into Fresh by Filtration through Coral.

Before I explain this view more in detail, I must enter on a few considerations, which render such changes of level not improbable. Indeed, the simple fact of a large portion of the continent of South America still rising under our eyes, and abounding with proofs of similar elevations on a grander scale during the recent period, takes away any excessive improbability of a movement similar in kind, but in an opposite direction. Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lyell, who first suggested the idea of a general subsidence with reference to coral reefs, has remarked that the existence of so small a portion of land in the Pacific, where so many causes both aqueous and igneous tend to its production, renders such sinking of the foundation probable. There is, however, another argument of much greater weight, which may be inferred from the inconsiderable depth at which corals grow. We see large extents of ocean, of more than a thousand miles in one direction and several hundreds in another, scattered over with islands, none of which rise to a greater height than that to which waves can throw fragments, or the wind heap up sand. Now if we leave out of the question subsidence, the foundation on which these reefs are built must in every case come to the surface within that small limit (we may say twenty fathoms) at which corals can live. This conclusion is so extremely improbable that it may at once be rejected: for in what country can there be found a broad and grand range of mountains of the same height within a hundred and twenty feet? But on the idea of subsidence, the case is at once clear: as each point, one after the other according to its altitude, was submerged, the coral grew upwards, and formed the many islets now standing at one level.

Having endeavoured on general grounds not only to remove any extreme degree of improbability in the belief of a general subsidence, but likewise to show that it is almost necessary to account for the existence of a vast number of reefs on one level, we will now see how far the same idea will apply to the peculiar configuration in the several classes. Let us imagine an island merely fringed by reefs extending to a short distance from the shore; in which case, as we have before remarked, there is no difficulty in understanding their structure. Now let this island subside by a series of movements of extreme slowness, the coral at each interval growing up to the surface. Without the aid of sections it is not very easy to follow out the result, but a little reflection will show that a reef encircling the shore at a greater or less distance, according to the amount of subsidence, would be produced. If we suppose the sinking to continue, the encircling island must, by the submergence of the central land but upward growth of the ring of coral, be converted into a lagoon island. If we take a section of some encircled island on a true scale, as for instance Gambier, which has been so well described by Captain Beechey, we shall not find the amount of movement very great which would be necessary to change a well-characterised encircling reef into as characteristic a lagoon island.

It will at once be evident that a coral reef, closely skirting the shore of a continent, would, in like manner after each subsidence, rise to the surface; the water, however, always encroaching on the land. Would not a barrier reef necessarily be produced, similar to the one extending parallel to the coast of Australia? It is, indeed, but uncoiling one of those reefs which encircle at a distance so many islands.

Thus, the three great classes of reef, lagoon, encircling, and barrier, are connected by one theory. It will perhaps be remarked, if this be true, there ought to exist every intermediate form between a closely-encircled and a lagoon island. Such forms actually occur in various parts of the ocean: we have one, two, or more islands encircled in one reef; and of these some are of small proportional size to the area enclosed by the coral formation; so that a series of charts might be given, showing a gradation of character between the two classes. In New Caledonia, where the double line of reef projects 140 miles beyond the island, we may imagine we see this change in progress. At the northern

extremity, reefs occur, some of which are of the encircling kind, and others almost with the character of true lagoon islands The line of reef which fronts the whole west coast of this great island has by some been called a barrier It is 400 miles long, and may be said thus to form a link between an ordinary encircling reef and the great Australian barrier.

I should, perhaps, have entered before into the consideration of one apparent difficulty in the origin of lagoon islands. It may be said, granting the theory of subsidence, a mere circular disc of coral would be formed, and not a cup-shaped mass In the first place, even in reefs closely fringing the land (as before remarked), the corals do not grow on the shore itself, but leave a narrow channel. Secondly, the strong and vigorous species which alone build a solid reef, are never found within the lagoon; they only flourish amidst the foam of the never-tiring breakers. Nevertheless, the more delicate corals, though checked by several causes, such as strong tides and deposits of sand, do constantly tend to fill up the lagoon; but the process must become slower and slower, as the water in the shallow expanse is rendered subject to accidental impurities. A curious instance of this happened at Keeling Island, where a heavy tropical storm of rain killed nearly all the fish. When the coral at last has filled up the lagoon to the height of lowest water at spring-tides, which is the extreme limit possible—how, afterwards, is the work to be completed? There is no high land whence sediment can be poured down; and the dark-blue colour of the ocean bespeaks its purity. The wind, carrying calcareous dust from the outer coast, is the only agent which can finally convert the lagoon island into solid land, and how slow must this process be?

Subsidence of the land must always be most difficult to detect, excepting in countries long civilised—for the movement itself tends to conceal all evidence of it. Nevertheless, at Keeling Island, tolerably conclusive evidence of such movement could be observed. On every side of the lagoon, in which the water is as tranquil as in the most sheltered lake, old cocoa-nut trees were undermined and falling Captain Fitzroy likewise pointed out to me on the beach the foundation-posts of a storehouse, which the inhabitants said had stood, seven years before, just above high-water mark, but now was daily washed by the tide. Upon asking the people whether they ever experienced earthquakes, they said, that lately the island had been shaken by a very bad one; and that they remembered two others during the last ten years. I no longer doubted concerning the cause which made the trees fall, and the storehouse to be washed by the daily tide.

At Vanikoro, the encircled island already mentioned, I gathered from Captain Dillon's account, that the alluvial land at the foot of the mountain was very small in quantity, the channel extremely deep, and the islets on the reef itself, which result from the gradual accumulation of fragments, singularly few in number; all of which, together with the wall-like structure of the reef both inside as well as outside, indicated to my mind that, without doubt, the movements of subsidence had lately been rapid. At the end of the chapter, it is stated that this island is shaken by earthquakes of extreme violence.

I may here mention a circumstance, which, to my mind, had the same weight as positive evidence, though bearing on another part of the question. M. Quoy, when discussing in general terms the nature of coral reefs, gives a description which is applicable only to those which, *skirting* the shore, do not require a foundation at any greater depth than that from which the coral-building polypi can spring. I was at first astonished at this, as I knew he had crossed both the Pacific and Indian oceans, and must, as I thought, have seen the class of widely-encircling reefs, which indicate a subsiding land. He subsequently mentions several islands as instances of his description of the general structure; by a singular chance the whole can be shown, by his own words, in different parts of his account, to have been recently elevated. Therefore, that which appeared so adverse to the theory, became as strong in its confirmation.

Continental elevations, as observed in South America and other parts, seem to act over wide areas with a very uniform force; we may therefore suppose that continental subsidences act in a nearly similar manner. On this assumption, and taking on the one hand lagoon islands, encircling and barrier reefs, as indications of subsidence; and on the other, raised shells and corals, together with mere skirting reefs, as our proof of elevation, we may test the truth of the theory—that their configuration has been determined by the kind of subterranean movement—by observing whether any uniform results can be obtained. I think it can be shown that such is the case in a very remarkable degree; and that certain laws may be inferred from the examination, of far more importance than the mere explanation of the origin of the circular or other kinds of reef.

If there had been space I should have made a few general remarks before entering into any detail. I may, however, just notice the remarkable absence of the reef-building polypi over certain wide areas within the tropical sea: for instance, on the whole west coast of America, and, as I believe, of Africa (?), and round the eastern islands in the Atlantic ocean. Although certain species of lamelliform zoophytes are found on the shores of the latter islands, and though calcareous matter is abundant to excess, yet reefs are never formed. It would appear that the effective species do not occur there; of which circumstance I apprehend no explanation can be given, any more than why it has been ordained that certain plants, as heaths, should be absent from the New World, although so common in the Old.

Without entering into any minute geographical details, I must observe, that the usual direction of the island groups in the central parts of the Pacific, is N.W. and S.E. This must be noticed, because subterranean disturbances are known to follow the coast lines of the land. Commencing on the shores of America, there are abundant proofs that the greater part has been elevated within the recent period, but as coral reefs do not occur there, it is not immediately connected with our present subject. Immediately adjoining the continent there is an extent of ocean remarkably free from islands, and where, of course, there exists no possible indication of any change of level. We then come to a N.W. by W. line by dividing the open sea from one strewed with lagoon islands, and including the two beautiful groups of encircled islands the Society and Georgian Archipelagoes This great band having a length of more than four thousand miles by six hundred broad must, according to our view, be an area of subsidence. We will at present for convenience sake pass over the space of ocean immediately adjoining it, and proceed

to the chain of islands including the New Hebrides, Solomon, and New Ireland. Any one who examines the charts of the separate islands in the Pacific, engraved on a large scale, will be struck with the absence of all distant or encircling reefs round these groups: yet it is known that coral occurs abundantly close inshore. Here then, according to the theory, there are no proofs of subsidence; and in conformity to this we find in the works of Forster, Lesson, Labillardière, Quoy, and Bennett, constant allusion to the masses of elevated coral. These islands form, therefore, a well-determined band of elevation: between it and the great area of subsidence first mentioned there is a broad space of sea irregularly scattered with islets of all classes; some with proofs of recent elevation and merely fringed by reefs; others encircled; and some lagoon islands. One of the latter is described by Captain Cook as a grand circle of breakers without a single spot of land; in this case we may believe that an ordinary lagoon island has been recently submerged. On the other hand, there are proofs of other lagoon islands having been lifted up several yards above the level of the sea, but which still retain a pool of salt water in their centres. These facts show an irregular action in the subterranean forces; and when we remember that the space lies directly between the well-marked area of elevation and the enormous one of subsidence, an alternate and irregular movement seems almost probable.

To the westward of the New Hebrides line of elevation we have New Caledonia, and the space included between it and the Australian barrier, which Flinders, on account of the number of reefs, proposed to call the Corallian Sea. It is bounded on two sides by the grandest and most extraordinary reefs in the world, and is likewise terminated to the northward by the coast of Louisiade,—most dangerous on account of its distant reefs. This, then, according to our theory, is an area of subsidence. I may here remark, that as the barrier is supposed to be produced by the subsidence of the coast of the mainland, it may be expected that any outlying islands would have formed lagoon islands. Now Bligh and others distinctly state that some of the islands there are precisely similar to the well-known lagoon islands in the Pacific; there are also encircled islands, so that the three classes supposed to be produced by the same movement are there found in juxtaposition; as likewise happens, but in a less evident manner, at New Caledonia and in the Society Archipelago.

The New Hebrides line of islands, may be observed to bend abruptly at New Britain, thence to run nearly east and west; and, lastly, to resume its former north-west direction in Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca. The figure may be compared to the letter S laid obliquely, but the line is often double. We have shown that the southern part, as far north as New Ireland, abounds with proofs of elevation; so is it with the rest. Since the time of Bougainville every voyager adduces some fresh instance of such changes throughout a great part of the East Indian Archipelago. I may specify New Guinea, Wageeoo, Ceram, Timor, Java, and Sumatra. Coral reefs are abundant in the greater part of these seas, but they merely skirt the shores. In the same manner as we have followed the curved line of elevation, so may we that of subsidence. At Keeling Island, I have already mentioned that there exists proofs of the latter movement: and it is a very interesting circumstance, that during the last earthquake by which that island was affected, Sumatra, though distant nearly 600 miles, was violently shaken. Bearing in mind that there is evidence of recent elevation on the coast of the latter, one is strongly tempted to believe that as one end of the lever goes up, the other goes down: that as the East Indian Archipelago rises, the bottom of the neighbouring sea sinks and carries with it Keeling Island, which would have been submerged long ago in the depths of the ocean, had it not been for the wonderful labours of the reef-building polypi.

As I have remarked, the islands in this great Archipelago are only skirted with reefs; and it appears from the statements of those who have visited them, as well as from an examination of the charts, that lagoon islands are not found there. This in itself is remarkable, but it becomes far more so when it is known, that according to all accounts (and distinctly stated by Mr. De la Beche[1]) they are likewise absent in the West Indian Sea, where coral is most abundant: now every one is aware of the numerous proofs of recent elevation in most parts of that Archipelago. Again, Ehrenberg has observed that lagoon islands do not occur in the Red Sea: in Lyell's *Geology*, and in the *Geographical Journal*, proofs are given of recent elevation on the shores of a large part of that sea. Excepting on the theory of the form of reefs being determined by the kind of movement to which they have been subjected, it is a most anomalous circumstance and which has never been attempted to be solved, that the lagoon structure being universal and considered as characteristic in certain parts of the ocean, should be entirely absent in others of equal extent.

I may here also just recal to mind the cases of skirting reefs mentioned by M. Quoy (to which number several others might be added), where proofs of elevation occurred. Some general law must determine the marked difference between reefs merely skirting the shore, and others rising from a deep ocean in the form of distant rings. We have endeavoured to show that, with a subsiding movement, the first and simple class must necessarily pass into the second and more remarkable structure.

To proceed with our examination: to the westward of the prolongation of the line of subsidence, of which Keeling Island is the index, we have an area of elevation. For on the northern end of Ceylon, and on the eastern shores of India, elevated shells and corals, such as now exist in the neighbouring sea, have been observed. Again in the middle of the Indian Ocean, the Laccadive, Maldive, and Chagos line of atolls or lagoons show a line of subsidence. The best characterised of these, namely, the Maldive Islands, extend in length for 480 miles, with an average breadth of sixty. These atolls agree in most respects with the lagoons of the Pacific; they differ, however, in several of them being crowded together—such little groups being separated from other groups by profoundly deep channels. Now if we look in a chart, at the prolongation of the reef towards the northern end of New Caledonia, and then complete the work of subsidence, so as to continue producing the same results, we should have the original reef broken up into many patches; each of which, from the vigorous growth of coral on the outside, would have a constant tendency to assume a rounded form. Every

[1] *Geological Manual*, p. 141.

accidental break in the continuity of the first line would determine a fresh circle. In the case, therefore, of the Low or Dangerous Archipelago in the Pacific, I believe that the lagoon islands were moulded round the flanks of so many distinct islands; but in the Maldives, that one single mountainous island, bordered by reefs and very nearly of the same actual figure and dimensions with New Caledonia, formerly occupied that part of the ocean.

Lastly, to the extreme westward, the coast of Africa is closely skirted by coral reefs, and according to facts stated in Captain Owen's voyage, has probably been uplifted within a recent period. The same remark applies to the northern part of Madagascar, and, judging from the reefs likewise at the Seychelles, situated on the submarine prolongation of that great island. Between these two, N.N.E. and S.S.W. lines of elevation, some lagoon and widely-encircled islands indicate a band of subsidence.

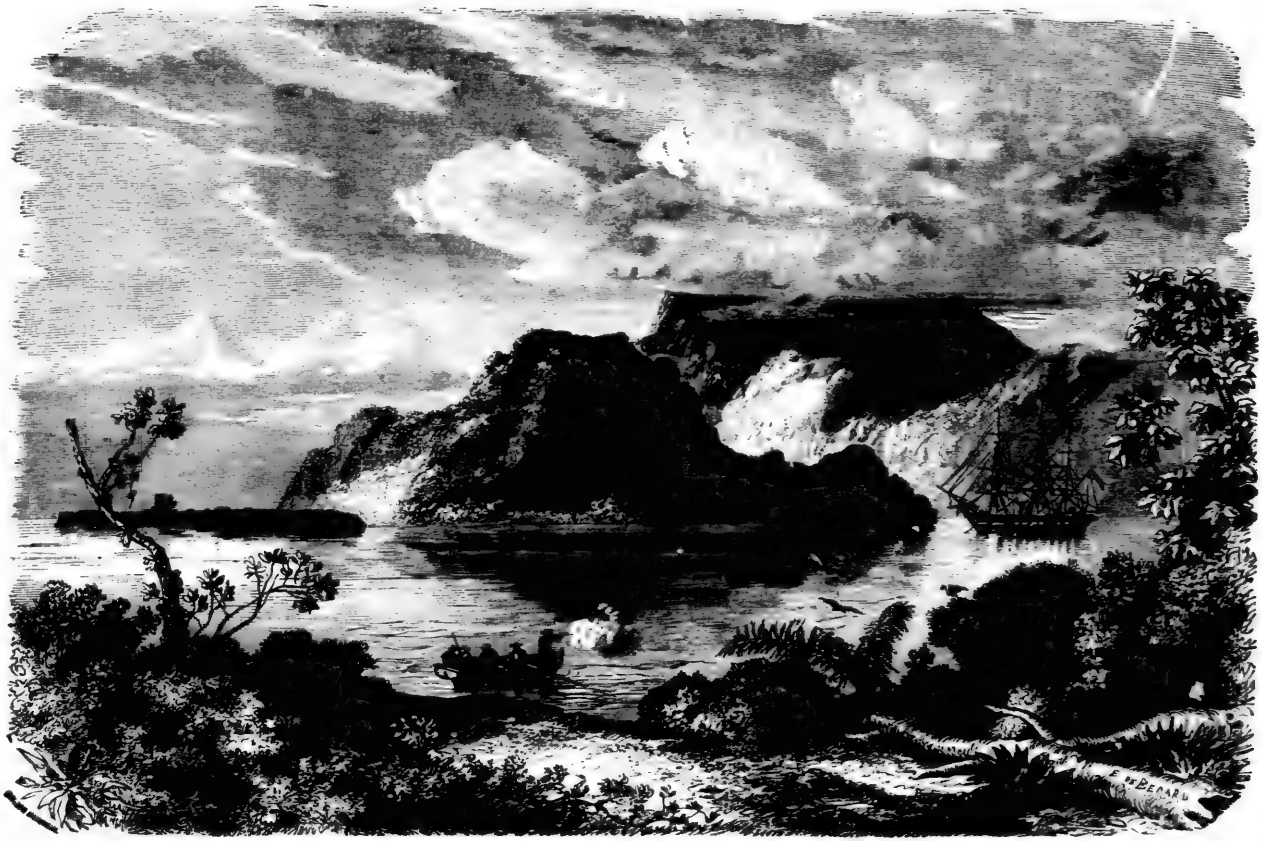
When we consider the absence both of widely-encircling reefs and lagoon islands in the several archipelagoes and wide areas, where there are proofs of elevations; and on the other hand the converse case of the absence of such proof where reefs of those classes do occur; together with the juxtaposition of the different kinds produced by movements of the same order, and the symmetry of the whole, I think it will be difficult (even independently of the explanation it offers of the peculiar configuration of each class), to deny a great probability to this theory. Its importance, if true, is evident; because we get at one glance an insight into the system by which the surface of the land has been broken up, in a manner somewhat similar, but certainly far less perfect, to what a geologist would have done who had lived his ten thousand years, and kept a record of the passing changes. We see the law almost established, that linear areas of great extent undergo movements of an astonishing uniformity, and that the bands of elevation and subsidence alternate. Such phenomena at once impress the mind with the idea of a fluid most gradually propelled onwards, from beneath one part of the solid crust to another.

I cannot at present do more than allude to some of the results which may be deduced from these views. If we examine the points of eruption over the Pacific and Indian Oceans, we shall find that all the *active volcanoes* occur within *the area of elevation*. (The Asiatic band must be excepted; inasmuch as we are entirely in want of information of all kinds respecting it.) On the other hand, in the great spaces supposed to be now subsiding, between the Radack and Dangerous Archipelagoes, in the Corallian Sea, and among the atolls which front the west coast of India, not one occurs. If we look at the changes of level as a consequence of the propulsion of fluid matter beneath the crust, as before suggested, then the area to which the force is directed might be expected to yield more readily than that whence it was gradually retiring. I am the more convinced that the above law is true, because, if we look to other parts of the world, proofs of recent elevation almost invariably occur, where there are active vents: I may instance the West Indies, the Cape de Verds, Canary Islands, Southern Italy, Sicily, and other places. But in answer to this, those geologists, who, judging from the history of the isolated volcanic mounds of Europe, were inclined to believe that the level of the ground was constantly oscillating up and down, might maintain that on these same areas the amount of subsidence had been equal to that of elevation, but that we possess no means of knowing it. I conceive it is by eliminating this source of doubt, that the alternate bands of opposite movement, deduced from the configuration of the reefs, directly bear on this law. I need not do more than simply state, that we thus obtain (if the view is correct) a means of forming some judgment of the prevailing movements, during the formation of even the oldest series, where volcanic rocks occur interstratified with sedimentary deposits.

Anything which throws light on the movements of the ground is well worthy of consideration; and the history of coral reefs may, in another manner, elucidate such changes in the older formations. As there is every reason to believe that the lamelliform corals grow only abundantly at a small depth, we may feel sure, where a great thickness of coral limestone occurs, that the reefs on which the zoophytes flourished must have been sinking. Until we are enabled to judge by some means what were the prevailing movements at different epochs, it will scarcely ever be possible to speculate with any safety on the circumstances under which the complicated European formations, composed of such different materials and in such different states, were accumulated.

Nor can I quite pass over the probability of the above views illustrating those admirable laws first brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell,—of the geographical distribution of plants and animals, as consequent on geological changes. M. Lesson has remarked on the singular uniformity of the Indio-Polynesian Flora throughout the immense area of the Pacific; the dispersion of forms having been directed against the course of the trade wind. If we believe that lagoon islands, those monuments raised by infinite numbers of minute architects, record the former existence of an archipelago or continent in the central part of Polynesia, whence the germs could be disseminated, the problem is rendered far more intelligible. Again, if the theory should hereafter be so far established, as to allow us to pronounce that certain districts fall within areas either of elevation or subsidence, it will directly bear upon that most mysterious question,—whether the series of organised beings peculiar to some isolated points are the last remnants of a former population, or the first creatures of a new one springing into existence.

Briefly to recapitulate. In the first place, reefs are formed around islands, or on the coast of the mainland, at that limited depth at which the efficient classes of zoophytes can live; and where the sea is shallow, irregular patches may likewise be produced. Afterwards from the effects of a series of small subsidences, encircling reefs, grand barriers, or lagoon islands, are mere modifications of one necessary result. Secondly, it can be shown on the above views, that the intertropical ocean, throughout more than a hemisphere, may be divided into linear and parallel bands, of which the alternate ones have undergone, within a recent period, the opposite movements of elevation and subsidence. Thirdly, that the points of eruption seem invariably to fall within areas subject to a propulsion from below. The traveller who is an eye-witness of some great and overwhelming earthquake, at one moment of time loses all former associations of the land being a type of solidity; so will the geologist, if he believe in these oscillations of level (the deeply-seated origin of which is betrayed by their forms and



BAY OF MANEVAI, ISLAND OF VANIKORO.

vast dimensions), perhaps be more deeply impressed with the never-ceasing mutability of the crust of this our World.

Sir James Emerson Tennant, describing the coral formations of the Island of Ceylon, in his admirable work on that colony, says that the principal scene of the most recent formations is the extreme north of the island, with the adjoining peninsula of Jaffna—a point which indeed constitutes an outlying portion of the rocks, coral reefs, and sands which nearly obliterate the passage between Ceylon and the Main Land of India,[1] and of which the intervening space between the islands of Ramisseram and Manaar is known as Adam's Bridge. Here the coral rocks abound far above high-water mark, and extend across the island where the land has been gradually upraised, from the eastern to the western shore. The fortifications of Jaffna were built by the Dutch, from blocks of breccia quarried far from the sea, and still exhibit, in their worn surface, the outline of the shells and corallines of which they mainly consist. The roads, in the absence of more solid substances, are metalled with the same material; as the only other rock which occurs in a loose description of conglomerate, similar to that at Adam's Bridge and Manaar. The phenomenon of the gradual upheaval of these strata is sufficiently attested by the position in which they appear, and their altitude above the sea; but, in close contiguity with them, an equally striking evidence presents itself in the fact that, at various points of the western coast, between the island of Manaar and Karativoe, the natives, in addition to fishing for chant shells[2] in the sea, dig them up in large quantities from beneath the soil on the adjacent shores, in which they are deeply embedded,[3] the land having since been upraised.

The sand, which covers a vast extent of the peninsula of Jaffna, and in which the cocoa-nut and Palmyra-palm grow freely, has been carried by the currents from the coast of India, and either flung upon the northern beach in the winter months, or driven into the lake during the south-west monsoon, and thence washed on shore by the ripple, and distributed by the wind. The arable soil of Jaffna is generally of a deep red colour, from the mixture of iron, and being largely composed of lime from the comminuted coral, is susceptible of the highest cultivation, and produces crops of great luxuriance. This tillage is carried on exclusively by irrigation from innumerable wells, into which the water rises fresh through the madreporo and sand, there being no streams in the district unless those percolations can be so called which make their way underground, and rise in the sands on the margin of the sea at low water.

*Wells in the Coral Rocks.*—These phenomena occur at Jaffna, in consequence of the rocks being magnesian limestone and coral, overlying a bed of sand, and in some places, where the soil is light, the surface of the ground is a hollow arch, which resounds as if a horse's weight were sufficient to crush it inwards. This is strikingly perceptible in the vicinity of the remarkable well at Potoor, on the west side of the road leading from Jaffna to Point Pedro, where the surface of the surrounding country is only about fifteen feet above the sea level. The well, however, is upwards of 140 feet in depth, the water fresh at the surface, brackish lower down, and intensely salt below.

According to the universal belief of the inhabitants, it is an underground pool, which communicates with the sea by a subterranean channel bubbling out on the shore near Kangesentorre, about seven miles to the north-west.

A similar subterranean stream is said to conduct to the sea from another singular well near Tillipalli, in sinking which the workmen, at the depth of fourteen feet, came to the ubiquitous coral, the crust of which gave way, and showed a cavern below containing the water they were in search of, with a depth of more than thirty-three feet.

It is remarkable, that the well at Tallipalli preserves its depth at all seasons alike, uninfluenced by rains or drought; and a steam-engine erected at Potoor, with the intention of irrigating the surrounding lands, failed to lower it in any perceptible degree.

Other wells, especially some near the coast, maintain their level with such uniformity as to be inexhaustible at any season, even after a succession of years of drought—a fact from which it may fairly be inferred that their supply is chiefly derived by percolation from the sea.

Darwin, in his account of the coral productions of the Pacific and Indian oceans, has propounded a theory as to the abundance of fresh water in the atolls and islands on coral reefs, furnished by wells which ebb and flow with the tides. Assuming it to be impossible to separate salt from sea-water by filtration, he suggests that the porous coral rock being permeated by salt water, the rain which falls on the surface might sink to the level of the surrounding sea, "and must accumulate there, displacing an equal bulk of sea water—and as the portion of the latter in the lower part of the great sponge-like mass rises and falls with the tides, so will the fresh water near the surface."—*Naturalist's Journal*, ch. xx. But subsequent experiments have demonstrated that the idea of separating the salt by filtration is not altogether imaginary, as Darwin seems to have there supposed, and Mr. Witt, in a remarkable paper, "On a Peculiar Power possessed by Porous Media of Removing Matters from Solution in Water," has since succeeded in showing that "water containing considerable quantities of saline matter in solution may, by merely percolating through great masses of porous strata during long periods, be gradually deprived of its salt *to such an extent as probably to render even sea water fresh.*"—*Philos. Mag.* 1856. Divesting the subject therefore of this difficulty, other doubts appear to suggest themselves as to the applicability of Darwin's theory to coral formations in general. For instance, it might be supposed that rain falling on a substance already saturated with moisture, would flow off instead of sinking into it; and that being of less specific gravity than salt water, it would fail to "displace an equal bulk" of the latter.

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[1] Papers regarding the practicability of forming a navigable passage between Ceylon and the Main Land of India. 1. Minute on the subject, by the Right Honourable the Governor of Madras (S. R. Lushington, Esq.); communicated by Admiral Sir F. W. C. R. Owen, K.C.B. 2. Report on the Straits which separate the Ramnad province in the Peninsula of India from the Island of Ceylon, by Major Sim, E.I.C.S., 1830; communicated by Lieut.-Colonel W. Monteith, Engineers, E.I.C.S., F.R.G.S. *Journ. of the Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol. iv., p. 1, et seq.

[2] *Turbinella rapa*, formerly known as *Voluta gravis*, used by the people of India to be sawn into bangles and anklets.

[3] In 1845, an antique iron anchor was found under the soil at the north-western point of Jaffna, of such size and weight as to show that it must have belonged to a ship of much greater tonnage than any which the depth of water would permit to navigate the channel at the present day.

There are some extraordinary but well-attested statements of a thin layer of fresh water being found on the surface of the sea, after heavy rains in the Bay of Bengal (*Journ. Asiat. Soc. Beng* vol. v. p. 239). Besides, I fancy that in the majority of atolls and coral islands the quantity of rain which so small an area is calculated to intercept, would be insufficient of itself to account for the extraordinary abundance of fresh water daily drawn from the wells. For instance, the superficial extent of each of the Laccadives is but two or three square miles, the surface soil resting on a crust of coral, beneath which is a stratum of sand; and yet on reaching the latter, fresh water flows in such profusion, that wells and large tanks for soaking cocoa-nut fibre are formed in any place by merely "breaking through the crust and taking out the sand."—*Madras Journal*, vol. xiv.

It is curious that the abundant supply of water in these wells should have attracted the attention of the early navigators, and Cosmas Indicopleustes, writing in the sixth century, speaks of the numerous small islands off the coast of Taprobane, with abundance of fresh water and cocoa-nut palms, although these islands rest on a bed of sand.—*Cosmas, Ind*, ed Thevenot, vol. i., pp. 3, 20. It is remarkable that in the little island of Ramisseram, one of the chains which connects Adam's Bridge with the Indian continent, fresh water is found freely on sinking for it in the sand; but this is not the case in the adjacent island of Manaar, which participates in the geologic character of the interior of Ceylon. The fresh water in the Laccadive wells, always fluctuates with the rise and fall of the tides. In some rare instances, as on the little island of Bitra, which is the smallest inhabited spot in the group, the water, though abundant, is brackish, but this is susceptible of an explanation quite consistent with the experiments of Mr. Witt, which require that the process of percolation shall be continued "during *long* periods, and through *great masses of porous strata*." Darwin equally concedes that to keep the rain fresh when banked in, as he assumes, by the sea, the mass of madrepore must be "sufficiently thick to prevent mechanical admixture; and where the land consists of loose blocks of coral with open interstices, the water, if a well be dug, is brackish." Conditions, analogous to all these particularised, present themselves at Jaffna, and seem to indicate that the extent to which fresh water is found there, is directly connected with percolation from the sea. The quantity of rain which annually falls is less than in England, being but thirty inches; whilst the average heat is highest in Ceylon, and evaporation great in proportion. Throughout the Peninsula, I am informed by Mr. Byrne, the government surveyor of the district, that as a general rule "*all the wells are below the sea level*." It would be useless to sink them in the higher ground, where they could only catch surface water. The November rains fill them at once to the brim, but the water quickly subsides as the season becomes dry, and "*sinks to the uniform level, at which it remains fixed for the next nine or ten months*, unless when slightly affected by showers." "*No well below the sea level becomes dry of itself*," even in seasons of extreme and continued drought; but the contents do not vary with the tides, the rise of which is so trifling that the distance from the ocean, and the slowness of filtration, renders its fluctuations imperceptible.

On the other hand, the well of Potoor, the phenomena of which indicate its direct connection with the sea by means of a fissure or a channel beneath the arch of magnesian limestone, rises and falls a few inches in the course of twelve hours. Another well at Navokeiry, a short distance from it, does the same; whilst the well at Tillipalli is entirely unaffected as to its level by any rains, and exhibits no alteration of its depths on either monsoon. Admiral Fitzroy, in his *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle*, the expedition to which Mr. Darwin was attached, adverts to the phenomenon in connection with the fresh water found in the Coral Island, and the rise and fall of the wells and the flow and ebb of the tide. He advances the theory propounded by Darwin, of the retention of the river water, which he says "does not mix with the salt water which surrounds it, except at the edges of the land. The flowing tide pushes on every side, the mixed soil being very porous, and causes the water to rise. When the tide falls, the fresh water sinks also. *A sponge full of fresh water placed gently in a basin of salt water, will not part with its contents for a length of time if left untouched*, and the water in the middle of the sponge will be found untainted by salt for many days, perhaps much longer if tried."—Vol. i., p. 365. In a perfectly motionless medium the experiment of the sponge may, no doubt, be successful to the extent mentioned by Admiral Fitzroy; and so the rain-water imbibed by a coral rock might, for a length of time, remain fresh where it came into no contact with the salt. But the disturbance caused by the tides, and the partial intermixture admitted by Admiral Fitzroy, must, by reiterated occurrence, tend in time to taint the fresh water which is affected by the movement; and this is demonstrable even by the test of the sponge: for I find that on charging one with coloured fluid, and immersing it in a vessel containing water perfectly pure, no intermixture takes place so long as the pure water is undisturbed; but on causing an artificial tide, by gradually replacing a portion of the surrounding contents of the basin, the tinted water in the sponge becomes displaced and disturbed, and in the course of a few ebbs and flows its escape is made manifest by the quantity of colour which it imparts to the surrounding fluid.

[illegible]

# MALDIVA ISLANDS.

THOUSAND ISLANDS—PRODUCTIONS—ATOLLS OR ATOLLONS—FISHING BLOCKS OF CORAL—INHABITANTS AND LANGUAGES—ISLAND OF DIEGO GARCIA—COMORO ISLAND.

AFTER the numerous Archipelagoes of the Pacific, constituting in their assemblage what the French geographer calls Australasia—the germ of a future continent—to distinguish them from the existing continent of Australia, few coral reefs present greater interest than those of the Maldiva Islands, which spread out for above five hundred miles, along the western face of India and Ceylon, and which thus lie in the direct route of all ships bound thither.[1]

The word Maldiva, John de Barros says, is derived from *mal*, signifying, in the Malabar language, a thousand, or uncountable number, and *diva*, an island; and the group, he adds, "although there are openings in it from five to twenty leagues wide, is yet so crowded in other places as to give the idea of a half-drowned orchard, the depth of water in the intervals being sufficient for the largest vessel, and yet the space in them not sufficient for her yards and sails." Their productions he also enumerates minutely, especially the cocoa-nut,[2] both of the ordinary kind and of that called coco-de-mer,[3] almost peculiar to the Seychelles, the seed of which appears to have been borne thence to the Maldivas by the currents of the ocean, thus showing them to flow principally from west to east, as I found them. The beautiful cowrie-shell he also mentioned as abundant, being fished for by a curious but well known process. The branches and leaves of the

DEMO IN THE PEMOTU ARCHIPELAGO.

cocoa-nut are laid together and lashed up into bundles about the size of a wheat-sheaf, two of which constitute what is called a balsa, formed as on the coasts of Chili and Peru, on many parts of which they are the only means by which vessels can communicate with the shore. On these balsas they then take a number of trot lines, baited as we bob for eels, viz., with short threads attached to them at every five or six inches distance, and each with a bit of offal meat for bait, tied by a knot to prevent its slipping off. The shell-fish swallows this, knot and all, and is hauled up with the trot line; nor is this manner of fishing peculiar for cowries only, many other shells of the most valuable sea species being procured in the same way. When the balsas are loaded, they are paddled ashore, and the shells buried in the earth till the fish rot out of them. They are then washed out, and are ready for exportation, "being so much better," adds Barros, "than copper for money, as they neither soil the hands or render offensive odours." (And to show that these islands are not without their value in a commercial point of view, were it only for this one article, it may be added, that cowries are at this moment worth not less than 20*l.* a ton in England, and 50*l.* to 60*l.* on the coast of Africa, where the interior seems about to be opened to our commercial enterprise by the Niger, along the banks of which this money is the only currency.)

These islands, Barros further says, abound in fish, which, in his days, were salted and exported to all parts of India, with fish-oil and jaggery, or coarse

[1] "Some Remarks relative to the Geography of the Maldiva Islands and the Navigable Channels (at present known to Europeans), which separate the Atolls from each other. By James Horsburgh, Esq., Hydrographer to the East India Company." On the same subject, by Captain W. F. W Owen, R.N. *Journal of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol ii., p. 73 and 81.

[2] In such esteem is this fruit held in this part of the world, that it is a common saying, both here and all along the Malabar coast, "as fruitful, as profitable, as beautiful, &c., as a cocoa-tree."

[3] Famous as a medicine, and once considered a better counter-poison even than the bezoar stone. When germinating it assumes a peculiar appearance; whence its meat, which is an insipid jelly, is supposed to promote fecundity, and its shell to cure venereal affections A specimen of the fruit and a drawing of the tree are in the Naval and Military Museum. Preparations from them fetch a very high value still in India.

sugar, in exchange for which they import cotton (their weavers being considered the best in India), and rice, cattle, sheep, butter, ghee, &c., of all which trade only a most insignificant fraction yet subsists with Ceylon. "The king and the people," he adds, "are Hindhus, but the subordinate governors are Moors, attaining to their situations by little and little; being admitted as merchants, and afterwards renting the public duties from the king, they are invested with administrative powers in order to enable them to levy the taxes." I notice this, because it is a curious fact that, on the contrary, in all the Arab governments from Maskat to Zanzibar, the money-brokers and renters of taxes as subordinates are mostly Banyans and Hindhus.

A much more minute account of the Maldivas, however, is to be found in the work of François Pyrard de Laval, published in Paris, 1679, and giving an account of his voyages from 1602 to 1607, of which I shall remark by the way, that very many of his descriptions of manner, &c., in the east are correct along the east coast of Africa down to the present day; and an abridged translation of his book would, therefore, I think, be an acceptable and useful present to the mere English reader now. The portion of it which relates to the Maldivas, does not bear quite the same internal evidence of minute accuracy as the remainder; yet I shall quote from it largely—the work having become scarce.

The geographical description of the Maldivas by François Pyrard begins at his page 71, and is in brief as follows:—

"The Maldivas begin at 8° north latitude, and end in 4° south latitude, being two hundred and forty leagues in length, but seldom exceeding thirty or thirty-five leagues broad; and are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty leagues from the main land of Cape Comorin, Collan, Cochin, &c

"They are divided naturally and politically into thirteen atollons and provinces It is extraordinary to see these atollons environed by a great stone wall, in such wise as no space of dry ground even could be so well closed by walls as they are.

"These atollons are generally either round or oval in form, and about thirty leagues in circumference, more or less. They abut each other from north to south without touching, and between each two there are navigable channels more or less wide or practicable for small vessels. When inside an atollon this wall is seen all round to defend it from the impetuosity of the sea; and it is most appalling to behold, when near this bank on the inner side, the waves, following each other from a great distance, at length break against the said wall with a violence indescribable, each wave, particularly at high water, being higher, when in the act of curling over or breaking, than a house of common elevation, and appearing like a snow-white wall absolutely inapproachable from without

"Within these inclosures there are an almost infinite number of islands and islets, amounting altogether to more than twelve thousand; and the king takes his title accordingly—'Ibrahim Sultan, King of the Thirteen Atollons and Twelve Thousand Isles. The inhabitants declare that the high tides and violent currents are always *diminishing* their number; and Pyrard observes, that each atollon is a shallow bank, and was formerly a single island, since cut up into small parts by the inroads of the waters. But this is not according to the received hypothesis or result of modern observation.

"Within the atollons there is always smooth water, and seldom more than twenty fathoms anywhere, nor even so much in many parts; all the shoals are of rock, stones, or sand, with from two to three feet water on them at low water, or even less on many, so that it would not be difficult to visit all the islands of the same atollon without a boat, were it not for a dangerous large fish, called by the natives *Paimones* (probably sharks), and because the bottom, being mostly of sharp coral, cuts the feet. There is also much of the tree coral, called *aquiry* or ackerry, which being broken into a small gravel is used to make the sugar or honey of the cocoa-nut, by boiling it with its water.

"Amongst them, there are a number of uninhabited islands, some with trees and herbage, some bare banks of sand, others covered at high, and dry at low water; most of them infested with land crabs (cacouoc), and sea lobsters; and many of them frequented by birds called pingay (*query* penguin), which lay such a prodigious quantity of eggs, that one can tread nowhere clear of them. They care little for the natives, who do not eat them: nevertheless, they are very good food, and are the size of a pigeon, with black and white plumage. The heat of the sand assists them to hatch their young easily. The sands which are thus used by the birds have no fresh water; but all those with wood on them have fresh water, though on some it is either bad or very scanty."

Pyrard then gives the names of the atollons, which it is unnecessary to transcribe here; and adds,—

"The name of the whole chain of the atollons or kingdom, is in their language Malé-ragué, or kingdom of Malé; but the other people of India call it Malediva, and the people are called by other Indians 'Dives,' meaning islanders. The channels which separate the atollons cannot, for the most part, be passed by large vessels; but there are four much wider than the others, which may be navigated by the largest vessels. Nevertheless, they are all extremely dangerous, particularly by night." He says also,

"I have seen in the Maldivas, several charts, whereon the dangers and channels were very exactly marked.

"It is also remarkable, that, as I have before said, the atollons, being all in a line, and abutting each other, separated by channels of the sea, they have openings or entrances, two at each end of each atollon, corresponding to two in the neighbouring atollon; by means of which the communication between them may be carried on at all times and seasons.

"This is most providential; for if there was only one opening to each, their intercommunication could not be carried on, because of the very rapid currents which set through the channels, at times to the eastward or westward, according to the seasons and circumstances.

"Thus, when the currents run to the eastward and from the westward, the vessels or barks of the Maldivans proceed to sea by the western passage, cross the separating channel, and enter the next atoll by its eastern opening; in like manner in going and returning, so that they never return by the same opening as that by which they go forth. Notwithstanding this great advantage in the natural and providential arrangement of the openings, many of their boats are annually lost, being carried off by sudden storms, or calms overtaking them in their passage from atoll to atoll.

"Moreover these entrances differ from each other in breadth; some are tolerably wide, others are very

narrow—the widest is not more than a hundred yards, and some are not ten. These gateways or entrances are all of them guarded, as it were, by an island on each side, which, if armed, could always prevent the approach or entrance of any vessel.

"As to the channels, which are all called candou, and separate the atollons, there are four easily navigable, by which large ships may pass through the Maldivas, as many of all sorts do very frequently pass; but they are not without danger, and many vessels are lost every year in them. It is not by design that ships pass through these channels, but the islands are in so long a chain, that it is difficult to avoid them; and in calms, and foul winds, ships are frequently carried on them in spite of their best efforts."

Pyrard next gives an account of these passages; but, as it is in several places contradictory, and certainly erroneous, I shall pass to his general notices of the whole group.

"The Maldivas are fertile in fruit and other commodities necessary to sustain man; they produce millet, and another small grain like it, but black like turnip seed; the first is called *oora*, and the latter *bimby*: they have two harvests of them in the year, and make flour of them, which they boil with milk and sugar of cocoa-nut; they also make cakes and pastry, and other sorts of provision with it.

"They also produce many roots, one in particular named *Itel pool*, which is gathered without being planted; it is round, and as big as the two fists. It is broken and ground down between coarse stones, then exposed to the sun on a cloth to dry, when it becomes a sort of starch or fine white flour, and will keep a long while; it makes excellent cakes or pastry, except that it is heavy on the stomach, and, to be good, should be eaten fresh.

"There are also other sorts of roots called *Alas*, some red like beet, and others white as turnips—these are cultivated and gathered in September only: they will keep nearly through the year, and form the principal article of their food; are cooked in various ways, and with the sugar or honey of the cocoa-nut they are very well tasted. Wheat is called *Godang*, and rice *Andons*, but neither of them grow on the isles. They import much rice, which enters as a main article of their food in a great variety of messes, and when boiled simply, is used as a substitute for bread. It is also boiled, dried, and then ground into a flour, which is mixed with eggs, honey, or with the milk or oil of the cocoa-nut, and thus makes excellent tarts and other dishes.

"Fowls are in such abundance that they are propagated without domestic care, and are sold commonly at less than a penny each, and three dozen eggs may be had for the same sum. They have many other land birds; their sea birds have already been noticed. Rats and mice are so numerous, as to oblige the natives to build their magazines of provisions on piles or posts, and sometimes near the sea, at a hundred yards or more from the shore. There are said to be no venomous animals, except one species of snake, which is very dangerous. There are no horses, and but few horned cattle, which belong all to the king. They are generally brought from other parts, or rather a few were brought as curiosities, and have since multiplied to four or five hundred, for their flesh is only eaten at a few particular feasts in the year. They have no dogs, and have a truly Muhammadan horror of them.

"The atollons are wonderfully abundant in all kinds of fish, large and small, which, indeed, furnish a principal article in the food and commerce of the natives. Sharks are numerous; many of the islanders are devoured by them, and many are seen who have lost legs and arms by them.

"In consequence of this great abundance of all kinds of food, it costs but little to live; four hundred cocoa-nuts are sold for sixpence, five hundred bananas, a dozen fowls, or three hundred bundles of roots, &c., &c., for a like sum.

"It is proverbial that the natives never get rich, but that strangers become so quickly; because the natives have neither care, ambition, nor avarice.

"Throughout these islands there are no close towns, but the houses are built separately, each with its own garden and ground; and the lands of different proprietors are separated by narrow lanes, generally well shaded by shrubs in hedge-rows.

"The houses of the common people are built of the wood of the cocoa-nut tree, and thatched with the leaf; but the chiefs and the most wealthy build with coral, which they fish up from different parts for the purpose; it takes a good polish, and is sawn and hewn into the shapes required. At first it is very white, but loses its colour after some exposure to the weather; and becomes quite black in time.

"The manner of fishing up the large blocks of coral is curious. There is a wood which grows on the islands, called candou, which, when dry, is lighter than cork; the tree is something like, and of the size of the aspen; it bears no fruit, and is not fit for fuel: but its plank is used as our fir-deals. Having noted the block of coral they want, a rope of sufficient magnitude is attached to it, even at great depths, for both sexes are extremely expert swimmers and divers; pieces of candou are then sunk and lashed to the block, until there be enough of them to float it, and its roots being loosened, it rises to the surface attached to its raft, and is borne by it to the place required. This wood, however, soon becomes water-soaked, when it must be dried in the sun before it can be again used for the same purpose."

(I shall here take occasion to observe that a belief generally prevails that the blocks of coral resemble vegetables, that a root is necessary to them, that if merely broken down to the surface they continue to grow, but that they may be rooted out. And on this principle a late governor of the new colony of the French at St. Mary's, Madagascar, cleared out and made a beautiful little port at that place; and by similar means the inhabitants of the Maldivas can always secure to themselves good outlets and inlets from and to their atollons. And thus, says Pyrard—"The port of the island of St. Malé, being full of large rocks, so that vessels could not anchor in it, was completely cleared of them, and rendered navigable and safe.")

"There are two languages in the Maldivas: the common, which is peculiar to the people, and the Arabic, which is the learned language, and much in esteem; it is to them what the Latin is to Christians." (It appears that they have also, at this day, a peculiar alphabet, differing from the Arabic and the Sanscrit, and its derivatives in Hindhustan, Ava, Siam, and the Malay Islands. It is written like the Arabic, from right to left, and the vowels are indicated by points in the same manner. Of this sort is a manuscript in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston.)

Of the island of Diego Garcia, which is the extreme southernmost of the whole group of the Maldivas, and long considered as unconnected with any other, we have numerous notices; and Mr. Horsburgh, in his East India Directory, gives an excellent description of it. It is the place of banishment for lepers from the Mauritius and Isle Bourbon, where they make cocoa-nut oil, and catch turtle for exportation; and it is as famous in this way in these seas as Ascension in the Atlantic. Its lagoon forms one of the finest harbours in the world; but it is believed that there are many others of a similar description, and equally good, in the other atollons. When I commanded the *Baracouta*, in 1811, I entered it by the western channel, and I left it by the eastern, which, contrary to Mr. Horsburgh's notice, I found quite clear and safe, with not less than three and a half fathoms in it. And nothing would be easier than to examine the whole of these islands in the same way; for their chief is proud to claim a dependence on the British at Ceylon; whither he sends an annual embassy, bearing presents of the products of the island, and receiving others in return, with certain privileges of trade.

The word atoll or atollon, used to signify the groups into which the Maldivas are divided, means, in strictness, only, the chaplet or circle of coral on which the islands rest, and which incloses them—the sea-wall, in short, which Pyrard describes. This, in many places, scarcely attains the surface of the water; in others it forms a long sandy beach, perhaps less than six feet above the level of the sea; and the highest land in the groups does not, I should think, exceed twenty feet. The islands, indeed, are just the higher portions which have gradually become covered with soil and vegetation, and which cease to acquire additional height so soon as this takes place, when the labours of the minute insects to which they owe their formation are diverted into other directions. A remarkable circumstance characterises all the islands which have been seen or visited, and is believed to be found in the whole, namely, their circular shape, inclosing a lagoon, or what has been a lagoon; which is the more striking, as it is found to prevail, almost without exception, in all islands of the same formation. For example, the islands off Cape St. Anne, near Sierra Leone, though by no means so purely coralline in their nature as the Maldivas (and differently circumstanced, being near the mouth of a considerable estuary, whereas the Maldivas are from one to three hundred leagues from a continent in which are no great rivers), retain yet this peculiarity, down even to the smallest of them,—an isolated sand-bank before the entrance of Port Owen Tudor, with not a blade of herbage upon it, only two hundred yards in circumference, less than fourteen feet high, situate on the outer edge of the wall of coral to which it belongs, and exposed to the full beat of the Atlantic Ocean,—which yet has on its summit two considerable pools of pure fresh water, some feet in depth. And Sherboro' Island, on the same coast, has a peculiarity still more remarkable; for on its southern shore, or sea-face, there is a lake of pure fresh water of considerable extent, just within high water mark; and inside of, and close to it, another still larger, salt.

All the Maldiva Islands of any extent are richly clothed with wood, chiefly palms; but no edifice has been seen in sailing past any of them, whence it may be concluded, that none exists higher than a cocoa-tree. As Pyrard states that most of them have abundance of fresh water on them, but that some are deficient in this article, some remark on the anomalous and extraordinary situations in which it is found and not found in different parts of the world, and on its supposed connection with the growth of the cocoa-nuts, may not be unacceptable, as having fallen under my own observation.

At Madras, which is surrounded by salt water, the purest fresh water must be sought in wells dug below the sea-mark; elsewhere, to whatever depths the wells are dug, the water is brackish; and this is a land of palms and cocoa-nuts. Again, there is a string of low coral islands in the Mozambique Channel, called the Primera Islands by the Portuguese, which have no palms, but numerous stately casuarina-trees of the largest dimensions. Pits were dug in several of them by the *Leven's* crew in 1823 fourteen feet deep, and many similar trials have been made by other navigators, but always without success; whence another fact is learnt, namely, that the casuarina pine does not require fresh water at its roots, and, indeed, I have elsewhere seen it even on reefs mostly covered with the sea. These islands, it may be also added, in every respect resemble the Sherboro' and Cape St. Anne Islands, already noticed, in character and situation, with this one exception; for they are coralline and near a great continent which produces all the palms abundantly, with many great rivers entering the sea in their immediate vicinity.

Lastly, the great Comoro Island, which is thirty leagues in circumference, and whose mountains, it is believed, rise to the height of eight thousand feet above the sea, is said to retain no water in its earth, being volcanic, though with abundance of cocoa-nuts; and it is very thinly inhabited in consequence, the natives being frequently obliged to satisfy the thirst of their cattle with the young cocoa nut milk, and never drinking any other beverage themselves. This last circumstance, however, does not always indicate a want of water, for in all the Malayan Islands, and in many parts also of Madagascar and the east coast of Africa, if water is asked for to drink, a young cocoa-nut is always brought and presented with its end cut off.

# SOCIETY ISLANDS.

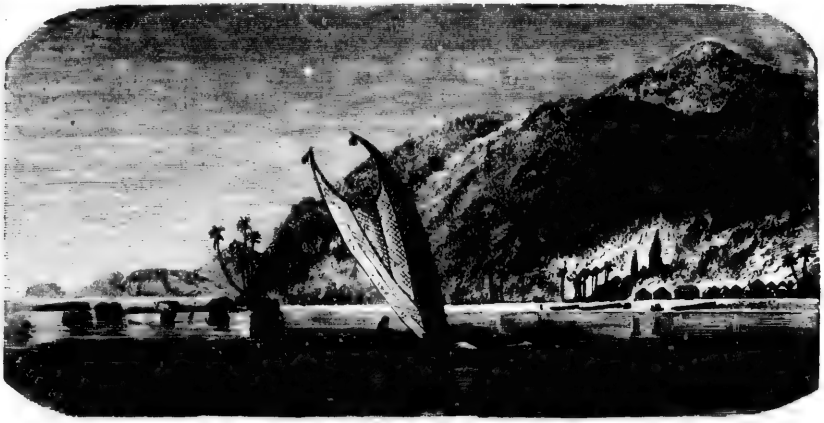
## I.

General Aspect of Tahiti, or Otaheite—Guava Shrub—Commerce—Lake of Vaihiria—Great Morai of Papara—Island of Raiatea—Mauaroa—Smaller Islands.

We should not complete the subject of Coral Islands, without some notice of the Society Islands, which are of mixed volcanic and coral origin, and are, in every instance, surrounded by a belt of coral rock. The most detailed accounts of these islands are given in Ellis's and William's Polynesian Missionary Researches, but they are too long for our purpose. We shall confine ourselves to giving some account of them from the pen of Mr. F. D. Bennett,[1] premising that we have altered the orthography of proper names according to that which has been adopted by the missionaries, and is used by the press now established among the people.

Meatia.—*March 21st*, sighted the small but elevated[2] and uninhabited island of Meatia;[3] and on the following morning made the island of Tahiti, about sixty miles farther to the west.

Tahiti presents an elongated and high range of land, apparently divided into two distinct islands, the low and narrow isthmus that connects the two peninsulas not being visible until closely approached. Its general aspect is exceedingly mountainous, some level and highly fertile plains or valleys intervening, whilst a broad belt of alluvial soil occupies the coast.



VILLAGE OF VANU, ISLAND OF VANIKORO.

The loftiest mountain on this island is situated towards its northern extremity, and may be estimated at between 6000 and 7000 feet elevation. It has never been ascended by an European, nor has any exact measurement of its height been given, but the summit has been gained by some natives, who report the existence of a lake of yellow water (probably an extinct crater), and the presence of wild ducks differing in plumage from the more common kind indigenous to the island. The aspect of the lowlands of Tahiti has latterly undergone a considerable change, from the extent to which the guava shrub flourishes on the soil. Scarce twenty years have elapsed since this fruit tree was introduced from Norfolk Island, and it now claims all the moist and fertile land of Tahiti, in spite of every attempt to check its increase. The woodlands and bush, for miles in extent, are composed solely of this shrub, which bears a profusion of large and delicious fruit. The people have advanced but little in civilised habits; their dwellings are much as described by the earliest European visitors, and European clothing is adopted to but a scanty extent. Their principal improvements are in religious observances, and in the acquirements, to a great degree, of the elements of education.[4] The commerce of the island is confined to

[1] *Extracts from the Journal of a Voyage round the Globe in the Years* 1833–36. By F. D. Bennett, Esq., M.R.C.S., R.G.S., &c.

[2] Its peak 1432 feet above the sea. Beechey's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 675).

[3] Osnaburg Island of Wallis in 1767; Pic de la Boudeuse of Bougainville in 1768; San Christobal of Boeregha; and Dezena of Quiros, as being the tenth island discovered in the voyage of Mendana and Quiros in 1595. *Dalrymple's Voyages*, vol. i., p. 42. Matilda or Osnaburg Island of the Charts is in 21° 50′ S. 138° 45′ W.

[4] The population is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000, chiefly Christians, under the care of eight missionaries of the India Missionary Society. See William's *Missionary Enterprises*.

the exportation of pearl-shell, and pearls, sugar, and cocoa-nut oil, and arrow-root, which is altogether conducted by foreigners, since the natives do not themselves possess any vessel larger than a double canoe. The port dues, however, and trade for supplies afforded by the numerous English and American whale ships calling at the port, yield the natives much emolument, and trade in kind has now given place to the circulation of specie. In commercial importance and civilised improvements, Tahiti, notwithstanding its priority of intercourse with civilised nations, is at least half a century behind Oahu, of the Sandwich group. A consul from the United States of America has lately been appointed to this island, so much the resort of American shipping. The British consul, whose charge includes all the principal groups of the Pacific, resides at Oahu, of the Sandwich group, a distance of five weeks' sail from Tahiti, and the communication uncertain.[1] Saddle-horses imported from South America are now in general use at Tahiti, both by natives and foreign residents; oxen are also numerous, and shipping in the port are supplied with beef, in quality little inferior to that of England, at about 2*d* per pound.

An opinion very generally prevails at Tahiti that the interior and mountainous parts of the island are inhabited by a race of people differing from those of the coast, and of timid and secluded habits, but it seems scarcely probable.

During our stay here I made an excursion, in company with Captain Henry, to the celebrated Lake of Vaihiria, the road to which commences from the coast at the district of Mairipehe, on the S.E. side of Tahiti, and distant from the settlement of Papeiti about thirty miles. The route lies along the coast, and affords numerous highly picturesque scenes. On the S.W. side of the island I noticed the numerous caverns which penetrate the base of the precipitous cliffs that form this portion of the coast. One of these caverns, which we inspected, was situated at the base of a mural cliff of about two hundred feet in height, and its face clothed with ferns and other elegant verdure. The mouth of the cavern formed a large arch; the bottom of the cavern was occupied by a sheet of fresh water produced by infiltration through the rock. I also noticed here a number of springs of fresh water that rise from the midst of the sea at greater or less distances from the shore. The situation is marked by small eddies or whirls on the smooth surface of the sea over the coral reef, and upon some of these the natives have placed bamboos with apertures in their sides, through which the fresh water flows as from a pump; when fishing on the coast in their canoes, it is not unusual for the natives to dive beneath the surface of the sea and quench their thirst at these fresh-water-springs. The cause of their existence is of course simple, although the effect is somewhat extraordinary. Without departing greatly from our route along the coast, we visited the "Great Morai of Papara," which although much ruined and reduced in its height, yet retains a great share of its original and not unornamental structure. This Morai is not, correctly speaking, in the district of Papara, but in the district of Tevauta, on a spot named "Mahiatea." Towards sunset we arrived at Atinua, where we passed the night, and early on the following morning proceeded about three miles to the coast of the district of Mairipehe, whence I commenced an inland route towards the Lake of Vaihiria on foot, and accompanied by a native guide. The greatest portion of the journey lay through level and well-watered plains, abounding in an over-luxuriant vegetation, and winding round the bases of steep and elevated mountains. A river rising inland traverses these plains with a circuitous and impetuous course to empty itself into the sea. The road to the lake follows closely the course of the mountain stream, and only departs from it to evade a circuitous bend, or to escape cascades and deep fords. We had to cross this river (which, at the fords, ran with great force, and was often both deep and broad), about one hundred and eighteen times during the day's tour to the lake and back. When half way between the coast and the Lake of Vaihiria, we lost the cocoa-nut and other fruit trees, and the more usual vegetation of the coast, and entered upon lands covered with bushy ferns, elegant parasitic plants, and extensive thickets of a species of amomum, rising as distinct reed-like leaves six or eight feet above the soil, and emitting, when broken by pushing through them, a powerful fragrance, not unlike that of pimento. Numerous groves of the mountain plantain, loaded with their large clusters of ripe fruit, were also visible on the heights around. The lofty steeps, at the base of which we journeyed, presented constantly the deceptive appearance of closing upon the level path we pursued. We continued, however, along the torrent until nearly at the lake, when we ascended a steep and rugged hill, from the summit of which was visible the Lake of Vaihiria, laid out in all its placid and picturesque beauty in the vale at our feet, and to which a short but steep descent conducted. The lake presents a sheet of water of nearly circular form, situated in the midst of a deep and circular valley surrounded by elevated precipitous mountains covered with a short and bright verdure, whilst numerous small cascades fall over their faces into the basin beneath. The lake does not exceed a mile in circumference: its waters are perfectly fresh, and of a dull green colour; for some distance from the shore the depth is very trifling, and it is said that in no part of the lake has it been found to exceed eighty feet. The shores of the lake are formed by the bases of the mountains in some parts, in others by a sandy beach, strewn with large boulders of black volcanic stone, or by low ledges of breccia and volcanic stone of a very friable character. Many wild ducks were visible on the water, and the plaintive note of a bird, not unlike the cooing of a dove, alone interrupted the tranquillity of the spot. Eels are the only fish known to inhabit the waters of the lake, which is rather an inland than a mountain lake, since, although surrounded by mountains, its elevation above the sea can be but inconsiderable, as no remarkable ascent is evident in the route that conducts to it from the coast, except the steep ascent in its immediate vicinity, which is merely that of its bounding hills, and is almost compensated by a corresponding descent to the lake on the opposite side.

Returning by the same route I reached Mairipehe by six o'clock in the evening. The coast here is well protected by an extension of the barrier coral reef, and the tranquil water within the reef affords good anchorage for shipping, off a native village where every essential supply can be obtained. A second natural curiosity that I visited at Tahiti was the "Ofai marama" (moonstone) of the natives, which affords a fair example of a

[1] In February, 1837, Mr. Pritchard was appointed Her Majesty's Consul for the Society and Friendly Islands, to reside at Tahiti.

basaltic column, and is situated in a cavern at the foot of a lofty cliff at the termination of the valley of Punaro, on the western side of the island. The half-embedded column, which protrudes horizontally, is seven feet in length, three and a half in height, and six feet in breadth; dark and polished on its surface, which is marked with regular vertical fissures. Its extremity, that presents itself at the aperture of the cave, has a smooth surface, resembling the half-risen moon in shape, whence the native name.

Although, from its geographical situation, Tahiti may be deemed under the full influence of the S.E. trade winds, both N.W. and S.W. winds are not unusual, especially during the months of February and March, at which time the natives calculate upon those winds to make voyages to the islands S.E. of their own. There is reason to believe that the N.W. monsoon of the eastern hemisphere, south of the equator, extends at times to the more eastern of the Polynesian Islands. Captain T. Stavers, of the *Tuscan*, possesses on his charts a remarkable track made by that ship from the equator in 174° W. long. to the Society Islands, in an uninterrupted south easterly course of 2500 miles, the winds holding chiefly from N.E. and N.W.

Raiatea, the Ulitea of Cook, is situated about 130 miles to the N.W. of Tahiti, this being the direction in which the islands of the Polynesian groups usually lie, a direction that volcanic action appears very generally to follow. It is about forty miles in circumference, of mountainous character, covered with vegetation, and but too well watered, cascades, rivers, and swamps abounding in all directions. At the distance of one and a half or two miles from the shore the land is encircled by a coral reef, that also includes the adjacent island of Taha. Here are seven excellent anchorages on the weather and lee sides of the islands accessible at all times, and egress easy, except with a due south wind. Raiatea has no commerce worthy of notice; cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root are occasionally procured by small vessels from New South Wales or South America.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, exotic fruit-trees thrive vigorously, and particularly the fruit of the lime proves invaluable to foreign shipping, and affords a striking example of the important advantages that accrue from the dissemination of useful fruits and vegetables. The population appeared to me to have suffered dreadfully from disease. Accompanied by some natives, I ascended a lofty range of mountain occupying the centre of the island, extending in a direction nearly N. and S., and about 2000 feet in elevation. The summit presented a level and spacious plain of dark and bleak aspect, spread with numerous swamps and streams of water, passing over exposed rocks of a red colour, and entirely destitute of other vegetation than short grass and moss, although but a few feet beneath, on the less exposed spots, vegetation was lofty and abundant. On the eastern declivity of the mountain, a short distance below its summit, I was shown by my guides a natural excavation about forty feet deep, resembling a large well about thirty-six feet in circumference, the character of which led me to consider it as a small volcanic crater, yet few of these have hitherto been ascertained to exist in the Society Islands. It is remarkable that a stream of water flowing over the declivity of this elevated mountain abounds with eels and other fish, several varieties of which I saw sporting in the water.

Mauarua, or Maupiti, is a small and comparatively elevated island about six miles in circumference, and its highest point about 800 feet above the sea. It is situated about fifty miles to the N.W. of Raiatea, and distinctly visible from the lower hills of that island. It is surrounded by a barrier reef of coral, at a distance of about three miles, which encloses numerous low islets covered with cocoa-nut trees, but the lagoon is too shallow to admit vessels exceeding 150 tons burthen.

The island is composed of hills wooded to their summits and occasionally crested by cocoa-nut trees, but presenting rugged and mural cliffs to the sea coast, especially one rocky mass on the S.W. side opposite the opening in the reef, which rises 700 feet above the sea, resembling the ruins of a gigantic castle. Mauarua is said to possess primitive rocks, but such is certainly not its general geological character; volcanic rocks, scoriæ, and slag abound; its smooth basaltic stones are much prized by the natives of all the Society group, to make pestles to prepare their food. The population of the island appeared small; scattered habitations were along the coast, but the principal settlement is on the S.E. or weather side of the island, which is also the residence of the chief Tairo. It contains a Christian church, in which a native teacher officiates.

Swine, fowls, and especially yams, are abundant; water is scarce. The natives were exorbitant in their charge for supplies; and rather disposed to theft. This island is little frequented by foreign vessels; no ship before the *Tuscan*, in 1835, had visited it for two years.

Tubai, or Motou-iti, appeared small, low, and uninhabited; it is distant about thirty miles to the N.E. of Mauarua, and is the most northern island of the Society group: we here had a westerly wind.

Huahine, *March 11th*. This island is mountainous and fertile, and nearly surrounded by a coral reef; next to Tahiti it is the most frequented of the Society group; supplies are plentiful, and the bay of Fare, where is the chief settlement, on the N.W. side of the island, is safe and capacious, though not easily entered through the reef with the prevailing trade wind. Near Fare I noticed the venerable shaddock tree, covered with fruit, which was planted by Cook when he visited the island to restore Omai. It is the only tree of this species to be seen in the Society Islands, and all attempts to propagate it have failed. Coffee thrives in the gardens of the missionaries. Population is said to be 1900.

Maia-oiti, or Saunder's Island, has at a distance much the appearance of a ship under sail; it is moderately elevated, and the hills are wooded to their summits. It extends in a N.E. and S.W. direction, either extremity being low and covered with cocoa-nut trees. The island was formerly celebrated for its yams; it is now used as a penal settlement from Tahiti.

## II.

Social Condition of the Natives—Population—Productions—Sugar-cane Plantations—Cotton—Cattle—Churches and Houses—Huts of Natives—Chiefs—Timber Trees—Religion and Morals.

The form of government, says Captain Waldegrave writing of the same islands[1] in the year 1830, is an

[1] Extracts from a Private Journal kept on board H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, in the Pacific, 1830.

absolute despotism, the king or queen possessing a most absolute power over the land. The islands acknowledging the sway of Queen Pomarre are Tahiti and Eimeo (Raiatea, Huahine, and Bora-Bora, being independent); her revenue consists of taxes on cloth, oil, pigs, and arrow-root. She has generally a large retinue, and with these maintains her court; she is married, and a Christian, but has no children.

The religion is the Christian; they are ignorant of sects, and worship in the Presbyterian form; the majority, excepting the court and the inhabitants of Papeete, are strict in their observance of Christian

PINNACLE AND CORAL REEF, BORA-BORA.

duties; the queen is young and irreligious; the inhabitants of Papeete abandon themselves to the sensuality of a sea-port.

The land was always the absolute property of the king or queen; his word or order could displace and place any chief or person in any district or spot—no question was ever made of the propriety, but each obeyed; and each chief also possessed the same absolute power over the land of each individual living in his district—he could remove, banish the occupier, and put others in his place, or take it to himself; the king having, however, a supreme power over chief and tenant.

The laws of the person and chattel property have been established since the conversion of the island to

Christianity. They were adopted in full assembly of the chiefs and people, assisted by the missionaries, who digested and wrote them. They are derived from the Pentateuch, and regard robbery, adultery, removing

THE CONFESSION.

landmarks, &c. They are headed by a declaration of the islands subject to them, of the districts and other divisions and subdivisions, the governors, judges, and constables of each district, village, and place.

An offender against the law is seized by the constable, who takes him and the witnesses before the judges, who publicly convict or acquit the prisoner. The punishments are, repairing the highways, making cloth, forfeiture of hogs, whipping, banishment—for murder, banishment. These laws have, in some measure, outrun the knowledge of the Otaheitans, but they are daily becoming better informed, and appear to be well pleased with them. No law exists restraining the power of the king over the land; a few years must pass before any law on this subject can be received, as the people are not ripe for it; but until a law passes giving a title to land in the proper owner, no great step can be made in commerce.

*Population.*—Tetuaroa, 2,000; Tahiti, 5,000; Eimeo, 1,300; Huahine, 2,000; Raiatea, 1,700; Bora-Bora, 1,800; Tahaa, 1,000; Mauarúa, 1,000; by a census made by the missionaries, 1828.

It is lamentable to compare these returns with the supposed returns of Captain Cook fifty years ago; but the vices of the people were such, that nothing but the abandonment of Paganism, and the conversion to Christianity, could have saved the remnant. The venereal disease has assisted in some small degree, but infanticide was practised to such an extent, particularly of the females, that nothing could have saved the remnant except Christianity. To a question put by myself to Hitoti the chief, about Viratoa, the chief of Tiaraboo—"Had not the chief more children than this one son and daughter of whom he is so proud?"—"Yes, tens and tens." "Where are they?"—"All destroyed." The reason usually assigned was to render the women more pleasing. Abortion also was practised. The males at Otaheite at present far exceeds the females in number. We saw many children and young persons, but very few above fifty years of age.

These islands could produce anything that will grow within the tropics, but until a change takes place in the habits and dispositions of the people, no trade can thrive. The missionaries have planted cotton, and the produce is of the first quality, but they could not command labour. The indolence of the natives was such, and they demanded a price so enormous for their work, that the culture was abandoned. The same observation applies to indigo, tobacco, and the sugar-cane; but with a tuberous-rooted herbaceous plant, which they call arrow-root, and which grows without cultivation, they are more industrious. In the beginning of May they range the country in search of this, and dig up its roots. These they wash, rasp, and dry in the sun, and carry them to the purchaser for sale. Even with this, however, their indolence makes them often hurry the preparation, so that they will offer it for sale when but ill dried; yet the root of itself is excellent, and can be exported at threepence per pound. In one year, forty-two tons were sent from Raiatea to New South Wales.

There are two plantations of sugar-cane—one on the north-side, between Paré and Papeete, owned by Mr. Bicknell, an Englishman, cultivated by natives, and growing annually from five to ten tons of sugar, which is sold wholesale at ten dollars the hundred. The other, on the south side, is cultivated jointly by Captain Henry and Tarti. This plantation was but ill attended, the owner having gone in search of sandal-wood; the labourers were inhabitants of Tongataboo, who, when properly directed, will work steadily. The sugar produced was not equal to Mr. Bicknell's, although the advantages in situation were greater.

At Eimeo, under the direction of Mr. Armitage, a missionary artisan, a cotton factory was commenced, but failed from the difficulty of instructing the natives in the detail. He has since commenced one on a more simple plan, and I trust will succeed; he induces the natives to grow the cotton, and bring it to him; they prepare, spin, and weave it under his direction, and receive the cloth for their own use. The few who have tried this plan, and received the cotton cloth, are much pleased with the possession. We saw in the spinning-house fifteen girls, and were told that an equal number of boys attended the factory.

Rope is made at Eimeo under the direction of Mr. Simpson, missionary, from the bark of the hibiscus. Accounts differed as to its qualities, some reporting its excellence, others its ill-qualities; but, after a smart discussion, I conclude that the defects preponderate, the fault lying in the indolence of the manufacturers, who do not carefully attend to select the inner bark, and lay up strips of unequal thickness. No tar or other liquid is used with it.

Two vessels have been built on the island, one for the use of the missionaries, the other for purposes of trade. They were built by European or American workmen, assisted by Tahitians, who felled the timber. I can say nothing as to their qualities, as I did not see them. The missionaries speak of the excellence of the timber. Another vessel was preparing at Mirapaie for Captain Henry and Tarti.

Tappa or cloth is made, as in all the South Sea Islands, of the inner bark of the hibiscus, bread-fruit, and paper mulberry tree.

Oil is prepared from the cocoa-nuts, by letting them remain on the tree until quite ripe; then the shell is divided, the nut scraped out, put into heaps in canoes, and, after fermentation, the heap is occasionally pressed by hand, when it gives out an oil which they use for general purposes of light.

No real or profitable commerce can exist until real property is secure by law. Barter exists for hogs and fire-wood in exchange for calicoes, dungaree, spirits.

The Island of Tahiti possesses about three hundred head of horned cattle of various ages, the missionaries possessing the greater proportion, though a few chiefs are beginning to have breeds, and the stock will soon be in many hands. The cattle were imported by the missionaries from New South Wales, and are of a particularly fine sort, very fat, and well flavoured, weighing from eight to twelve cwt.

Horses are few, there being not above fifteen in the whole island, imported from Valparaiso. The queen had two very fine colts.

Goats thrive well, are numerous, and would be more so, were they not destroyed by the dogs. Sheep do not thrive so well; their wool becomes entangled in the long grass, and the lambs are destroyed by dogs; the feed also is too gross; a short bite is not to be met with, the island being understocked.

Pigs thrive, living almost wild on the guavas, cocoa-nuts, and sweet potato. They grow exceedingly large and good.

The churches, with one exception, and the houses of the missionaries, are built of wooden frames, filled with wattled hibiscus, and covered with a compost of sea-sand and lime, which again is whitewashed. The doors are plain framed, and the windows are framed

with blinds, but few have glass sashes. The usual shape of the churches is a long oval, the roof of thatch, supported by two upright posts of the bread-fruit tree, placed near the extremities of the oval, on which rests a ridge pole, one end of the rafters resting on the wall, the other against the ridge pole; they are smooth, white, and when new have a very neat appearance. On the floor of bread-fruit plank are arranged seats of the same shape and size as are usual in country churches in England; some few have also a gallery at each end. The service is performed with great order and reverence, and the singing is in correct time; but the key is so high as to make it harsh and unpleasant to Englishmen.

The habitations of the natives are very simple; oval or oblong, as most convenient, according to the size of the family. The sides are made of young bamboos, placed perpendicularly, so as freely to admit the air; the side exposed to the weather is in a small degree protected by the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree interwoven. There is one door in the centre.

In few huts is there any furniture, the natives sleeping on mats placed on the ground, one mat under, one above them, covering every part of the body from insects. Cocoa-nut shells and gourds are the only vessels. Food is always dressed either in the open air or in an adjoining shed. Pigs, poultry, and vegetables are baked in a hole made in the earth, in which a strong fire has been made; when the stones are heated, the fire is removed, and the food is placed on the stones, covered above and beneath by fresh green leaves. The cooking is excellent. A few of the chiefs had plastered houses, like the missionaries, with one or two chairs, or a sofa, chests, and tables. Tarti entertained us with chicken-soup in a tureen, pancakes, plates, knives, forks and spoons. He was the most enterprising chief of the island—and this case was singular. I was in most of their houses, which are dirty and neglected.

The bridges are wooden logs thrown across a rivulet, and are so often washed away by the flood that it is uncertain, until at the bank, whether you are to wade or cross on a log.

Courts of justice are sometimes held in the open air, before the church, or a chief's house, or in a large building prepared to hold the court.

There is no currency; Spanish dollars are known, but their European or American value is unknown. For instance, a quart bottle of bad spirits, two yards of sixpenny calico, or of one shilling a yard dungaree, or a yard and a half of broad ribbon, are considered equal to a dollar, the value of which at Sydney is fifty-two pence.

The principal chiefs are—Outamun, nearest to the blood-royal; Hitoti, Parfai, brothers, the latter secretary of state; Tarti, and Viasatoa. The four first are intelligent, respectable men, and sincere Christians; they are treated with much respect and possess great influence. Hitoti had the kindness to steer my gig round the island; and to him and to the missionaries we were indebted for much hospitality and attention shown to us. He spoke a few words in English, and from him I learned the names of the villages, streams, bays, tribes, &c., which we passed. He introduced me to his own and Parfai's wife at Tiavi. Their houses were clean, and themselves neatly dressed in straw bonnets and ribbons, and European calico vests. Hitoti is a large landed proprietor, and had changed his residence from time to time to be near a missionary. His house at Tiavi was small, and consisted of two rooms, one a sleeping-room, the other a dressing-room. His servants occupied another house. Parfai's was larger, equally clean, with a pounded coral floor, a few chests, and other furniture. The brothers were building a decked boat, of nineteen tons, of native wood; the work was good, and he was very proud of it. He showed me the frame of the new church, which was well constructed. When I remarked that I hoped soon to hear that they were building stone churches and stone houses, he replied "One step at a time—we cannot go so fast." Stone is found in great abundance, either of volcanic rock or of coral, and the coral burns into excellent lime; but a second work of such magnitude probably is too much to expect of the Tahitians. A stone octagon church was built at Papetoai, island of Eimeo, of heron coral. The labour was extreme, and it was some years in building.

The island produces excellent timber in very great abundance. It is to be found in the interior, on the south side, and all over Tiaraboa.

Raiatea is an independent island. The king, Tomatoa, is maternal grandfather to Pomarre, queen of Otaheite. The island acknowledges a political union, but does not admit of the supremacy of the latter; its population is about 1,700, and rapidly on the increase. The religion is Christian; and the spot where the king resides has been fixed as the seat of the mission. The harbour is excellent; but the situation of the village is low and swampy; it was chosen as being the central point of convenience for both sides of the island, and for the inhabitants of Tahaa. Another spot was selected, eight miles to the south, where the land was higher, drier, and the valley or low ground between the sea and the mountain much wider; but it was suited solely to the inhabitants on the east face, not to the western face, therefore it was abandoned. The outward appearance of the houses is better than at Tahiti, being white-limed and plastered; but the inside is equally filthy.

The people are indolent, yet, through the persevering activity of a missionary, Mr. Williams, they have made greater advances towards industry than on any of the three other islands. They have built seven vessels of forty tons, which are in use at this moment, but two want paint and pitch, which causes a premature decay. The vessels are entirely built of native timber; and the rope is also indigenous. The iron is imported. They export a considerable quantity of good arrow-root; one year they sold forty tons—this year, thirty tons have been already sold. When exported to Sydney, it fetches threepence per pound wholesale.

Before taking leave of the Society Isles, I shall endeavour to give my opinion as to the religion, morals, &c., of these people.

Every navigator has described them as warlike, effeminate, indolent, lascivious, addicted to thieving; and now that they have become Christians, inquiry is made in what have they improved? The answer will be, that the sum of crime is much diminished, although the tenets of the Gospel have not in many taken deep root; infanticide has ceased; wars have ceased; women are considered as equal, not inferior to men; the children are more regarded by their parents; the women possess an influence over their husbands, which causes them to be treated with attention, lest the husband should lose the wife, as she would soon find a husband

ready to receive her, and treat her with more kindness, and the result of this is, that infidelity is more common amongst the women than amongst the men, the attachment being stronger on the male than the female side. Jealousy is felt powerfully by the Tahitians, for adulteries committed amongst themselves; but it is supposed that a woman never receives the embraces of a foreigner, except with the consent, and for the gain of the husband. During the day all are decorous; but after dark, women are to be met with, waiting to entice; and husband and father are alike ready to offer their wife or daughter. At Raiatea, the queen's mother not only indulged herself in this crime, but was the common procuress, receiving the profits. The house of the queen of Tahiti was, in like manner, the scene of the most abandoned profligacy. Pomarre, the king, a large young man of eighteen, sat in the room, a witness to, and indifferent to, the addresses paid to his wife, or the open debauchery of his mother-in-law; and every wanton and abandoned woman was to be here met with, ready to receive the embraces of any. As the offenders are young persons, encouraged by the elder, I see no human probability of improvement, unless the queen of Tahiti, her mother, and aunt, could be put aside, as they are protectors of the abandoned and profligate, in defiance of the laws.

The chiefs of Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, and Raiatea appeared to be sincere in their religion; and the majority testified it by the correctness of their lives, and the support they gave to the missionaries. Their authority is much limited by the new religion; yet, in conversation, they confess how much happier they now are, in meeting each other in peace and in friendly visits, than they were during the reign of paganism and of war.

The missionaries are men of correct lives, and much devoted to the duties of their service. To them these islands are accordingly much indebted, not only for the blessings of the Gospel, but for the good example they have shown, and the arts they have introduced. Their wives appeared also to be admirably suited to their stations—seconded their husbands by their attention to domestic duties, and the care of their children. But the missionaries are all engaged in trade, which I am afraid interferes in some degree with their usefulness. At present they have the monopoly of cattle, so that the shipping are almost wholly supplied with fresh beef by them. They also appeared to deal in cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root. To myself the natives were not very communicative; but from the little I saw of the consequences of this, I was persuaded that it was not beneficial.

Mr. Williams has instructed them in ship-building and rope-making; Messrs. Blossom and Armitage in cotton-spinning, weaving, carpenters' and joiners' work. Tobacco and cotton were planted, succeeded, but at present do not exist—except as specimens in gardens or for private use. A mystery hung about all these attempts, which, from my ignorance of Tahitians, I could never resolve. The missionaries for their own use make excellent soap, yet not a native can, or does make any; the ingredients, cocoa-nut oil, wood, ashes, and lime, are in the greatest abundance. Mr. Nott broadly states that no trade or cultivation can exist, as labour cannot be purchased or commanded. Our stay was too limited to judge of the correctness of this statement; but in idle employments, as guides, pilots, searchers for food or shells, we found many ready to assist. We met also with six carpenters, and some rope-makers, but no stone-masons or other mechanics. One trading vessel arrived while we were there—a French brig, belonging to the firm of Green and Molineux, Valparaiso; Mr. Molineux was on board, and I conversed with him; he was purchasing cocoa-nut oil, arrow-root, tumanu wood, and sugar, with ribands, cloth, &c.; he appeared to have employed the missionaries as agents to collect these articles for him; and thus again the missionaries appeared as sole middle-men between the natives and the purchaser. At Tahiti, a Spanish dollar, a bottle of rum or brandy, a fathom of shilling calico, were deemed equivalent. I proposed to the missionaries to write a letter stating what articles were equivalent at Sydney and Valparaiso; but an objection was made, saying that the value of each article was known, but custom decided against the adoption of a better scale.

At Raiatea, clothes, not money nor rum, were desired in payment for washing, shells or mats. The people were in general well clothed in calico shirts, the women in silk ribands, English and Chinese shawls, &c. Each missionary had a store of ironmongery and haberdashery, and all were in good circumstances, possessing property in some shape, and appearing eager and ready to trade.

The people are clean in their persons, washing twice each day or oftener, yet their huts are wretched, situated in swamps or bogs, made of cane, with thatched roofs without, and within untidy, with very little furniture. The mat spread on the plucked grass makes a sort of field-bed for the family; few possess a bedstead or other comforts. A reason given for the inattention to garden cultivation was, "that custom permitted the idle to take a share of the crop of the industrious," so that the instant a crop was seen, a message from a chief arrived, asking for a portion; and if this was refused, a part of the whole was openly taken from the grower.

At the moment we arrived, the islands appeared to be in a middle or conflicting state between the habits and customs of idolatry and the infused but dark knowledge of their rights by the written law. The chiefs were claiming the prerogatives of the former state, which were assented to or refused, according to the ignorance or information of the vassal.

I was told that the Missionary Society in England had thoughts of withdrawing their missions from the Society Islands, because they were Christians, and ought to raise native clergy; and that their funds might be applied to heathen countries. But at present the people are not ripe for this great change, and it would be cruel to attempt it. They are not fit to go alone; they would not at present respect a native teacher; neither would they maintain a native in the same manner as they build for and feed the British missionary; nor would it be well to attempt it until the prerogatives of the chiefs, and the rights of the people, as to property and person, are well established, and acknowledged by written laws.

A strange anomaly exists in the history of Tahiti, which at first surprises and perplexes the stranger, and induces him to draw unfavourable conclusions respecting the missionaries; but, on inquiry and further intercourse, this is found to arise from habits and circumstances over which the missionaries have no control. Thirty-four years have passed since the first missionaries

HIGH PEAK AT BORA-BORA.

landed: they were treated with every contempt which ridicule, vice, and folly could heap upon them; and the lame, the blind, the hump-backed, were brought to them, in irony, to heal; but they persevered. When their European clothes were worn out, barefooted and bareheaded, clothed in tappa, they crossed rivers, penetrated valleys, and descended mountains, to preach Christ crucified; yet, for nineteen years, their labours appeared to be in vain. In the twentieth year, however, some persons of influence listened, and declared their belief. Wars existed, and the effects were severely felt, until it was observed that the Christians did not pursue to death the wives and children of the conquered, as others did. After several defeats, Pomarre, a powerful chief, embraced Christianity, and with him, the whole island, in obedience to his will, adopted the Christian religion. It was only, however, a state-conversion, not understood, therefore not sincere. The idols were burnt, and the morais destroyed and polluted; yet, though paganism disappeared, Christianity was not felt. For a few years they were outwardly decorous; the distillation of spirits ceased, and honesty was visible—for property might be left on the shore and would not be touched, unless to restore it. Pomarre was a man of talent. He cast off all his wives but one; yet he indulged in drinking to excess. His government was strong, and he was obeyed. At his death a boy succeeded to the command: the regent was a sensible, intelligent man, who consulted much with Mr. Nott. But this prince died at seven years old; and his sister now reigns, who is married, and yet indulges in the lowest sensual gratifications. She is frequently diseased; and is obeyed, but spoken of with great disrespect. Her example is producing injurious effects, as she lives in the society of forty or fifty persons of the same taste as herself.

Thus it is that the anomaly exists. The principal chiefs are sincere in their religion, but the mass of the people are not influenced, except to an external observance of Christianity. The majority attend the church, and are attentive, sing the hymns, and show every mark of devotion. They have also destroyed the spirit-stills, but will get drunk whenever they can obtain liquor. I helped an old chief to half a pint of rum, and he drank that, and in two hours another half-pint, without any apparent effect. I inquired the cause, and was answered that the ava was an intoxicating sedative, whose effects soon ceased; that they drank spirits to produce this effect, as they cannot understand the use of spirits except to produce such an effect. Yet Hitoti, Parfai, and Tarti dined frequently with me, and drank wine as usual in Europe.

I saw every missionary in Tahiti, Eimeo, and Raiatea, and can truly affirm that they are all respected and loved, as teachers of good; and that they are considered as pastors. It has been asserted that the natives are jealous of them as cultivators of land, and destroy the crops in their gardens, lest they should possess enough to sell to the shipping; but, on inquiry, it appeared that the thefts arose from anxiety to enjoy the vegetable, and that the attack was not directed against the individual or the missionaries. Every one possesses a pig, yet he prefers selling to using it, because custom compels him to share it with his neighbours. If sold, he alone receives the price.

There is a depraved class to be found at every port, called Toute Ouree, or rusty iron, who observe no religion, and are very depraved.

They have no wish for wars, but appeared happy in their present peace and enjoyment.

They are indolent from disposition as well as from the little necessity for exertion, food being so plentiful: whether necessity will create a change, when a more abundant population presses upon the means of subsistence, I cannot say. Fishing they pursue with steadiness. In our excursions, the natives appeared to suffer much more from fatigue from the walk than we did. They could not understand the unceasing occupation of a man-of-war: "The mouth is always open," one said to me, "there is no rest." Corpulency is considered a beauty, and a fair complexion is much admired: both of these attainments are sought for by keeping within doors and doing nothing.

We heard no music, and even psalmody was without music; but one night I heard two women sing a ditty in a very pleasing soft style.

We saw no dancing, wrestling, or athletic exercises. I never saw a man dig or plant; but I have seen them gather the vegetable, cook, and assist to carry and eat the food. The day was passed in sleeping, lolling or talking, unless the hut required thatching or repairing. In our boat excursions, in only one instance did I ever see a native touch an oar, although the boat's crew had rowed for a considerable time. In a whale-boat, solely manned by natives, this indolence prevailed, although occasionally they would row with great vigour; of five oars, three were commonly at rest for some trifling reason.

The men dress partly in European clothes, but more frequently in tapas, of a square shape, with a slit in the centre, through which the head passes; the cloth hangs loose before and behind, and under it is a waist-girdle of many folds, passing round the loins; with a short petticoat before and behind, dropping to the knees. The women dress on gala days in a calico shift, closely buttoned to the neck, entirely concealing the figure; with a white straw bonnet, edged with red riband. The week-day dress is the same, but of native cloth. The men search for and dress the food, which consists of cocoa-nut, tara, bread-fruit, plantain, and arrow-root. The women make the cloth.

It is to be regretted that their huts are placed in low, damp spots; but custom induces them to live in the centre of their land, near the sea. The missionaries tried to have their houses built on an ascent, but found the servants would not stay, as they would not go any distance for water, and would be near their friends; so they were compelled to return to the flat.

In the missionary report we saw the names of Bogue's, Haweis', Griffin's Towns, &c. Nothing can be more absurd than thus to give names to towns that do not exist. On every level spot near the sea huts are built, but each in the centre of the owner's own land, so that no street can or does exist. The town of Utenon is the only exception to this. A town implies order in building, with a street or road through its centre; but here the houses are scattered in every direction, without a road or street passing near to them; nothing but a path, which is either wet or dry, according to the weather. They have no wheelbarrows, carts, or other vehicles, on which to carry burthens—nor will they adopt them; hence the difficulty of building stone houses, and hence also the want of

public highways beyond the width of four feet, which stop at a brook or diverge, as suits convenience.

It is but just to the islanders to add that since the above was written they have gone on improving rapidly. Most of the natives can now read and write. Their moral conduct has become more regular, and their social condition much improved; they have acquired the knowledge of various useful arts, and profitable branches of commerce have been opened. Numerous vessels of from thirty to eighty tons burden are usefully employed in trade, and in maintaining an intercourse between the several islands; and a printing press has for many years been actively engaged in supplying the natives with various publications in their own language, suited to their wants and their condition.

# MOUNT ATHOS AND ITS MONASTERIES.

## I.

Ancient Athos — Canal of Xerxes — Monasteries — Monastery of Lavra or St. Laura—History—Rules of the Order of St. Basil—Description of the Buildings—Curious Pictures of the Last Judgment - Gems of Byzantine Art—Beautiful Reliquary—The Refectory—The Baptistery—The Abbot's Savoury Dish—The Library—Ascent of Mount Athos.

That part of ancient Macedonia which extended between the Chersonesus of Pallene and Athos, was known to the ancients as Chalcidice; hence the peninsula, which is in reality formed by Mount Athos also, was, called the Chalcidic Peninsula, and the Mediterranean was supposed to commence at this point, which divided the Singitic Gulf from the Ægean. The peninsula, as well as the mountains, is now called the Holy Mountain, from the great number of monasteries and chapels with which it is covered. There are twenty of these monasteries, most of which were founded during the Byzantine empire, and some of them trace their origin to the time of Constantine the Great. Each of the different nations belonging to the Greek Church has one or more monasteries of its own; and the spot is visited periodically by pilgrims from Russia, Servia, and Bulgaria, as well as from Greece and Asia Minor. No female, even of the animal kind, is permitted to enter the peninsula.[1]

According to Pliny, the length of the peninsula is seventy-five Roman miles, and the circumference 150 Roman miles. In English measure it is forty miles in length, and its average breadth is about four miles. The general aspect of the peninsula is described in the following terms by a modern traveller:—"The peninsula is rugged, being intersected by innumerable ravines. The ground rises almost immediately and rather abruptly from the isthmus at the northern end to about 300 feet, and for the first twelve miles maintains a table-land elevation of about 600 feet, for the most part beautifully wooded. At this spot the peninsula is narrowed into rather less than two miles in breadth. It immediately afterwards expands to its average breadth of about four miles, which it retains to its southern extremity. From this point, also, the land becomes mountainous rather than hilly, two of the heights reaching respectively 1,700 and 1,200 feet above the sea. Four miles farther south, on the eastern slope of the mountain ridge, and at a nearly equal distance from the east and west shores, is situated the town of Karyés, picturesquely placed amidst vineyards and gardens. A good road leads hence down a steep valley to Iveron, or Iberon, *i.e.* the Convent of the Iberians, on the east. A fine richly-wooded valley also leads in a north-easterly direction towards Pandokratora and Vatopedi; and the road to Xiropotamo is good, but hilly, and the country it traverses is the most fertile and beautiful part of the peninsula, richly wooded with oak and chestnut.

Immediately to the south of Karyés (Walnuts), the ground rises to 2,200 feet, whence a rugged country, covered with a forest of dark-leaved foliage, extends to the foot of the mountain, which rears itself in solitary magnificence, an insulated cone of white limestone, rising abruptly to the height of 6,356 feet above the sea. Close to the cliffs, at the southern extremity, we learn from Captain Copeland's late survey, no bottom was found with sixty fathoms of line.[2]

The lower bed of the mountain is composed of gneiss and argillaceous slate, and the upper part of gray limestone, more or less inclined to white. (Sibthorpe in *Walpole's Travels*, &c, p. 40.).

Athos is first mentioned by Homer, who represents Hero as resting on its summit in her flight from Olympus to Lemnos. (*Iliad*, xiv. 229.) The name, however, is chiefly memorable in history on account of the canal which Xerxes cut through the isthmus, connecting the peninsula with Chalcidice. (*Herodotus*, vii. 23.) This canal was cut by Xerxes for the passage of his fleet, in order to escape the gales and high seas, which sweep around the promontory, and which had wrecked the fleet of Mardonius, in B.C. 492. The cutting of this canal has been rejected as a falsehood by many writers, both ancient and modern; and Juvenal (x. 174) speaks of it as a specimen of Greek mendacity:—

> Creditur olim
> Velificatus Athos, et quidquid Græcia mendax
> Audet in historia.

[1] Byzantine writers delight in expatiating upon the marvellous vegetation and scenic splendour of the peninsula of Mount Athos. "Those who designate Athos the Land of God," says Cantacuzene, "are not in error." "The mildness of the temperature," says Nicephorus Gregoras, "the multiplicity of plants and trees that rejoice the sight and embalm the atmosphere, the songs of birds, the murmur of waters, the sharp flight of bees, the aspect of the great sea, the calm of the valleys, the silence and solitude of the woods, all combine to weave a tissue of voluptuousness that ravishes the senses and elevates the mind wrapt in a pious ecstasy up to God."

[2] "On Mount Athos, and its Monasteries; with Notes on the Route from Constantinople to Saloniki, in June, 1836." By Lieut. Webber Smith, 48th Reg. *Journal of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol. vii. p. 61.

Its existence, however, is not only attested by Herodotus, Thucydides, and other ancient writers, but distinct traces of it have been discovered by modern travellers. The modern name of the isthmus is *Provlaka*, evidently the Romaic form of Προσυλαξ, the canal *in front* of the peninsula of Athos.

The best description of the modern canal is given by Lieutenant Wolfe:—The Canal of Xerxes is still most distinctly to be traced all the way across the isthmus from the Gulf of Monte Santo (the ancient Singitic Gulf) to the Bay of Erso in the Gulf of Contessa, with the exception of about two hundred yards in the middle, where the ground bears no appearance of having been touched. But as there is no doubt of the whole canal having been excavated by Xerxes, it is probable that the central part was afterwards filled up, in order to allow a more ready passage into and out of the peninsula. In many places the canal is still deep, swampy at the bottom, and filled with rushes and other aquatic plants; the rain and small springs draining down into it from the adjacent heights afford, at the Monte Santo end, a good watering place for shipping; the water (except in very dry weather) runs out in a good stream. The distance across is two thousand five hundred yards, which agrees very well with the breadth of twelve stadia assigned by Herodotus. The width of the canal appears to have been about eighteen or twenty feet; the level of the earth nowhere exceeds fifteen feet above the sea: the soil is a light clay. It is, on the whole, a very remarkable isthmus, for the land on each side (but more especially to the westward) rises abruptly to an elevation of eight hundred to one thousand feet.

There were in ancient times five cities—Dium, Olophyxus, Acrothoum, Thyssus, and Cleonæ, to which Scylax adds Charadriæ, and Pliny Palæorium and Apollonia, the inhabitants of the latter being named Macrobii. The extremity of the peninsula, above which Mount Athos rises abruptly, was called Nymphæum, now Cape St. George. The peninsula was originally inhabited by Tyrrheno-Pelasgians, who continued to form a large part of the population in the Greek cities of the peninsula, even in the time of the Peloponesian war.

There are, in modern times, no less than twenty monasteries in the peninsula, and we here subjoin a list of them:—

| | No. in Monastery. | In Cells. | Mendicants. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kiliandari, Servians, and Bulgarians ... ... | 120 | 10 | 40 |
| Sphigménu ... ... | 47 | — | — |
| Vatopédi ... ... | 120 | — | 50 |
| Pandokrátora ... ... | 15 | — | 15 |
| Stavroniketa ... ... | 15 | 5 | 5 |
| Iviron ... ... | 100 | — | 60 |
| Philotéo ... ... | 20 | 8 | 5 |
| Kutlumúsi ... ... | 25 | 25 | 20 |
| Karakálo ... ... | 60 | 26 | — |
| Lavra or Láura ... ... | 60 | 40 | 20 |
| Pavlo (Servo-Bulgarian) ... | 36 | 20 | 15 |
| Dionysia ... ... | 30 | 6 | — |
| Gregorio ... ... | 18 | — | 1 |
| Simópetra ... ... | 15 | 5 | 10 |
| Xirapotamu ... ... | 40 | 65 | 20 |
| Russiko (Russian) ... | 45 | 4 | — |
| Xenofu (Servo-Bulgarian) | 30 | 30 | — |
| Dokiariu ... ... | 30 | — | — |
| Kastamonitu ... ... | 15 | — | — |
| Zografu (Servo-Bulgarian) | 30 | — | 20 |
| | 921 | 244 | 281 |

In all, 1446 men. In this are not included the novices who may amount to 150 in all. There is always a disposition on the part of the superiors to reduce the number of those sent out to beg. There are also on the peninsula from ten to twelve Skitia, so called from the Skiti or Askiti (Askites or Ascetaes, small cells usually built near each other, with a catholico or common chapel near at hand) villages inhabited entirely by *caloyers*,[1] the chief of which is St. Anne, on the south-west point. These may average perhaps forty men each; making from 400 to 500 men, and from 200 to 300 scattered kellia or cells, which, with the town of Karyés (Walnuts), reckoned at 200 persons, would make the whole population of the peninsula about 2,500 persons. This is according to Webber Smith, and it would seem to be a great falling off from the number of 6,000, stated by Dr. Clarke in 1801. Webber Smith, it is to be observed, particularly described the state of the peninsula and its monasteries as they existed in his time, that is in 1836, as compared with the accounts of former travellers, as Pococke in 1740, Dr. Hunt and Professor Carlyle in 1801, and Colonel Leake in 1806; as during the Greek revolution, the Christian tenants of the Holy Mountain had to fly before the stronger arm of the Muslim soldiers, and the monasteries suffered much. The Hon. Robert Curzon[2] visited the sacred peninsula at a much more recent period; and it is to his narrative and to that of M. Proust, which dates as late as 1858, that we shall chiefly refer for terms of comparison with Webber Smith's account.[3]

Mr. Curzon landed at the monastery of Lavra or Saint Laura; he had spent the previous night in the dirty village of the Lemnians (Lemnos), and in the clutches of the Lemnian fleas, and he relates that:—

As there was a rumour of pirates in these seas, the little brig would not sail till night, and I passed the

[1] The *caloyers* or monks belong to the first order of the Greek clergy, designated as the order of hieronomacs. The others are the papas. The first comprise the patriarchs, the exarchs, the metropolitans, the archbishops, bishops, archimandrites, and caloyers, and they are vowed to celibacy. The papas or ministers can, on the contrary, marry. All the monasteries are of the order of St. Basil, but only ten designated as cenobite monasteries have their agoumenos; the others call themselves free or distinct (diorismoi), and are governed by a council of epitrophes. The four chief monasteries—Lavra or Laura, Vatopedi, Iveron and Kiliantari—are "imperial" by virtue of their Byzantine foundation.

[2] *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun. 1849. *Voyage au Mont Athos.* Par M. A. Proust. 1858.

[3] Mr. Curzon was by no means the first to make researches among the literary and artistic treasures of the monasteries of Mount Athos. The old naturalist Belon particularly called attention to them. ("Singularités Benoist Prevost." Paris, 1555). The academician De Villoison, according to Choiseul-Gouffier, resided some time in the mountain, in 1785, making researches into manuscripts and printed books. The Archimandrite Porphyry, of the Russian Monastery, published a list of the manuscripts and chrysobulla, preserved in certain of the monasteries of Mount Athos, in the Russian language, at St. Petersburg, in 1847. It was translated into German by Miklowich, in his Slavonian Bible (Vienna, 1851). The French government sent two learned archæologists to Mount Athos: M. Minas Minoides, who brought back a few manuscripts, and M. Lebardier, of the School at Athens, who did not meet with greater success. Lastly, a M. Sevastianoff, accompanied by a French artist, M. Vaudin, has laboured quite recently in the same cause. M. Sevastianoff has succeeded in obtaining photographic copies of a manuscript of the 12th century, in microscopic characters; of the sermons of St. Gregory, the theologian; of Joannes Damacenus; of a treatise on the medical art; of the Geography of Ptolemy; of a liturgy of St. Chrysostom, on parchment; of maps in Greek and Slavic; and of fragments of the Golden Legend.

day dozing in the shade out of doors; when evening came I crept down to the port, went on board, and curled myself up in the hole of a cabin among ropes and sails, and went to sleep at once, and did not wake again till we arrived within a short distance of the most magnificent mountain imaginable, rising in a peak of white marble ten thousand feet straight out of the sea. It was a lovely fresh morning, so I stood with half of my body out of the hatchway enjoying the glorious prospect, and making my toilette with the deck for a dressing-table, to the great admiration of the Greek crew, who were a perfect contrast to my former Turkish friends, for they did nothing but lounge about and chatter, and give orders to each other, every one of them appearing unwilling to do his own share of the work.

We steered for a tall square tower which stood on a projecting marble rock above the calm blue sea at the S.E. corner of the peninsula; and rounding a small cape we turned into a beautiful little port or harbour, the entrance of which was commanded by this tower and by one or two other buildings constructed for defence at the foot of it, all in the Byzantine style of architecture. The quaint half-Eastern half-Norman architecture of the little fortress, my outlandish vessel, the brilliant colours of the sailors' dresses, the rich vegetation and great tufts of flowers which grew in crevices of the white marble,

DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT ATHOS.

formed altogether one of the most picturesque scenes it was ever my good fortune to behold, and which I always remember with pleasure. We saw no one, but about a mile off there was the great monastery of St. Laura standing above us among the trees on the side of the mountain, and this delightful little bay was, as the sailors told us, the scarricatojo or landing-place for pilgrims who were going to the monastery.

We paid off the vessel, and my things were landed on the beach. It was not an operation of much labour, for my effects consisted principally of an enormous pair of saddle-bags, made of a sort of carpet, and which are called khurges, and are carried by the camels in Arabia; but there was at present mighty little in them: nevertheless, light as they were, their appearance would have excited a feeling of consternation in the mind of the most phlegmatic mule. After a brisk chatter on the part of the whole crew who, with abundance of gesticulations, all talked at once, they got on board, and towing the vessel out by means of an exceedingly small boat, set sail, and left me and my man and the saddle-bags high and dry upon the shore. We were somewhat taken by surprise at this sudden departure of our marine, so we sat upon two stones for a while to think about it. "Well," said I, "we are at Mount Athos; so suppose you walk up to the monastery, and get some mules or monks, or something or other to carry up the saddle bags.

Tell them the celebrated Milordos Inglesis, the friend of the Universal Patriarch, is arrived, and that he kindly intends to visit their monastery; and that he is a great ally of the Sultan's, and of all the captains of all the men of war that come down the Archipelago: and," added I, "make haste now, and let us be up at the monastery lest our friends in the brig there should take it into their heads to come back and cut our throats."

Away he went, and I and the saddle-bags remained below. For some time I solaced myself by throwing stones into the water, and then I walked up the path to look about me, and found a red mulberry-tree with fine ripe mulberries on it, of which I eat a prodigious number in order to pass away the time. As I was studying the Byzantine tower, I thought I saw something peeping out of a loophole near the top of it, and, on looking more attentively, I saw it was the head of an old man with a long grey beard, who was gazing cautiously at me. I shouted out at the top of my voice, "Kalemera sas, ariste, kalemera sas (Good day to you, sir); ora kali sas (good morning to you); τον δάκομεβομενος;" he answered in return, "Kalos orizete!" (How do you do?) So I went up to the tower, passed over a plank that served as a drawbridge across a chasm, and at the door of a wall which surrounded the lower buildings stood a little old monk, the same who had been peeping out of the loophole above. He took me into his castle, where he seemed to be living all alone in a Byzantine lean-to at the foot of the tower, the window of his room looking over the port beneath. This room had numerous pegs in the wall, on which were hung dried herbs and simples; one or two great jars stood in the corner, and these and a small divan formed all his household furniture. We began to talk in Romaic, but I was not very strong in that language, and presently stuck fast. He showed me over the tower, which contained several groined vaulted rooms one above another, all empty. From the top there was a glorious view of the islands and the sea. Thought I to myself, this is a real, genuine, unsophisticated live hermit; he is not stuffed like the hermit at Vauxhall, nor made up of beard and blankets like those on the stage; he is a genuine specimen of an almost extinct race. What would not Walter Scott have given for him? The aspect of my host and his Byzantine tower savoured so completely of the days of the twelfth century, that I seemed to have entered another world, and should hardly have been surprised if a crusader in chain-armour had entered the room and knelt down before the hermit's feet. The poor old hermit observing me looking about at all his goods and chattels, got up on his divan, and from a shelf reached down a large rosy apple, which he presented to me; it was evidently the best thing he had, and I was touched when he gave it to me. I took a great bite: it was very sour indeed; but what was to be done? I could not bear to vex the old man, so I went on eating a great deal of it, although it brought the tears into my eyes.

We now heard a halloing and shouting, which portended the arrival of the mules, and, bidding adieu to the old hermit of the tower, I mounted a mule; the others were lightly loaded with my effects, and we scrambled up a steep rocky path through a thicket of odoriferous evergreen shrubs, our progress being assisted by the screams and bangs inflicted by several stout acolytes, a sort of lay-brethren, who came down with the animals from the convent.

We soon emerged upon a flat piece of ground, and there before us stood the great monastery of St. Laura. It appeared like an ancient fortress, surrounded with high blank walls, over the top of which were seen numerous domes and pinnacles, and odd-shaped roofs and cypress-trees, all jumbled together. In some places one of those projecting windows, which are called shahneshin at Constantinople, stood out from the great encircling wall at a considerable height above the ground; and in front of the entrance was a porch in the Byzantine style, consisting of four marble columns, supporting a dome; in this porch stood the agoumenos, backed by a great many of the brethren. My servant had, doubtless, told him what an extraordinary great personage he was to expect, for he received me with great deference; and after the usual bows and compliments, the dark train of Greek monks filed in through the outer and two inner iron gates, in a sort of procession, with which goodly company I proceeded to the church, which stood in the middle of the great court-yard. We went up to the screen of the altar, and there everybody made bows, and said "Kyrie eleison," which they repeated as quickly and in as high a key as they could. We then came out of the church, and the agoumenos, taking me by the hand, led me up divers dark wooden staircases, until we came into a large cheerful room well furnished in the Turkish style, and having one of the projecting windows which I had seen from the outside. In this room, which the agoumenos told me I was to consider as my own, we had coffee. I then presented the letter of the patriarch; he read it with great respect, and said I was welcome to remain in the monastery as long as I liked; and after various compliments given and received he left me; and I found myself comfortably installed in one of the grand—and, as yet, unexplored—monasteries of the famous sanctuary of Mount Athos: better known in the Levant by the appellation of Αγιον Ορος, or, as the Italian hath it, Monte Santo.

Before long I received visits from divers holy brethren, being those who held offices in the monastery under my lord the agoumenos, and there was no end to the civilities which passed between us. At last they all departed, and towards evening I went out and walked about; those monks whom I met either opening their eyes and mouths, and standing still, or else bowing profoundly and going through the whole series of gesticulations which are practised towards persons of superior rank; for the poor monks never having seen a stranger before, or at least a Frank, did not know what to make of me, and according to their various degrees of intellect treated me with respect or astonishment. But Greek monks are not so ill mannered as an English mob, and therefore they did not run after me, but only stared and crossed themselves as the unknown animal passed by.

I will now, from the information I received from the monks and my own observation, give the best account I can of this extensive and curious monastery. It was founded by an Emperor Nicephorus, but what particular Nicephorus he was nobody knew. Nicephorus, the treasurer, got into trouble with Charlemagne on one side, and Harun al Rashid on the other, and was killed by the Bulgarians in 811. Nicephorus Phocas was a great captain, a mighty man of valour; who fought with everybody, and frightened the Caliph at the gates of Bagdad but did good to no one; and at length became so disagreeable that his wife had him

murdered in 969. Nicephorus Botoniates, by the help of Alexius Comnenus, caught and put out the eyes of his rival Nicephorus Bryennius, whose son married that celebrated blue-stocking Anna Comnena. However, Nicephorus Botoniates having quarrelled with Alexius Comnenus, that great man kicked him out and reigned in his stead, and Botoniates took refuge in this monastery, which, as I make out, he had founded some time before. He came here about the year 1081, and took the vows of a kaloyeri, or Greek monk.

This word kaloyeri means a good old man. All the monks of Mount Athos follow the rule of St. Basil: indeed, all Greek monks are of this order. They are ascetics, and their discipline is most severe: they never eat meat, fish they have on feast-days; but on fast-days, which are above a hundred in the year, they are not allowed any animal substance or even oil; their prayers occupy eight hours in the day, and about two during the night, so that they never enjoy a real night's rest. They never sit down during prayer, but as the services are of extreme length they are allowed to rest their arms on the elbows of a sort of stalls without seats, which are found in all Greek churches, and at other times they lean on a crutch. A crutch of this kind, of silver, richly ornamented, forms the patriarchal staff: it is called the patritza, and answers to the crosier of the Roman bishops. Bells are not used to call the fraternity to prayers, but a long piece of board, suspended by two strings, is struck with a mallet. Sometimes, instead of the wooden board, a piece of iron, like part of the tire of a wheel, is used for this purpose. Bells are rung only on occasions of rejoicing, or to show respect to some great personage, and on the great feasts of the church.

According to Johannes Comnenus, who visited Mount Athos in 1701, and whose works are quoted in Montfaucon, "Paleographia Græca," page 476, St. Laura was founded by Nicephorus Phocas, and restored by Neagulus, Waywode of Bessarabia. The buildings consist of a thick and lofty wall of stone, which encompasses an irregular space of ground of between three and four acres in extent; there is only one entrance, a crooked passage defended by three separate iron doors; the front of the building on the side of the entrance extends about five hundred feet. There is no attempt at external architecture, but only this plain wall; the few windows which look out from it belong to rooms which are built of wood and project over the top of the wall, being supported upon strong beams like brackets. At the south-west corner of the building there is a large square tower which formerly contained a printing-press: but this press was destroyed by the Turkish soldiers during the late Greek revolution; and at the same time they carried off certain old cannons, which stood upon the battlements, but which were more for show than use, for the monks had never once ventured to fire them off during the long period they had been there; and my question, as to when they were brought there originally, was answered by the universal and regular answer of the Levant, "τι οἶδεν—Qui sait—who knows!" The interior of the monastery consists of several small courts and two large open spaces surrounded with buildings, which have open galleries of wood or stone before them, by means of which entrance is gained into the various apartments, which now afford lodging for one hundred and twenty monks and there is room for many more. These two large courts are built without any regularity, but their architecture is exceedingly curious, and in its style closely resembles the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and the twelfth century: a sort of Byzantine, of which St. Mark's in Venice is the finest specimen in Europe. It bears some affinity to the Lombardic or Romanesque, only it is more Oriental in its style; the chapel of the ancient palace of Palermo is more in the style of the buildings on Mount Athos than anything else in Christendom that I remember; but the ceilings of that chapel are regularly arabesque, whereas those on Mount Athos are flat with painted beams, like the Italian basilicas, excepting where they are arched or domed; and in those cases there is little or no mosaic, but only coarse paintings in fresco representing saints in the conventional Greek style of superlative ugliness.

In the centre of each of these two large courts stands a church of moderate size, each of which has a porch with thin marble columns before the door; the interior walls of the porches are covered with paintings of saints and also of the Last Judgment, which, indeed, is constantly seen in the porch of every church. In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescoes, are a very hard-favoured set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards; some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that except for the honour of the thing they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same, and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of those ancient Greek frescoes. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe: but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalised when they saw me smile. This is, however, only one of the numberless instances in which, owing to the differences of education and circumstances, men

look upon the same thing with awe or pity, with ridicule or veneration.[1]

The interior of the principal church in this monastery is interesting from the number of early Greek pictures which it contains, and which are hung on the walls of the apis behind the altar. They are almost all in silver frames, and are painted on wood; most of them are small, being not more than one or two feet square; the back-ground of all of them is gilt; and in many of them this back-ground is formed of plates of silver or gold. One small painting is ascribed to St. Luke, and several have the frames set with jewels, and are of great antiquity. In front of the altar, and suspended from the two columns nearest to the *iconostasis*—the screen, which, like the veil of the temple, conceals the holy of holies from the gaze of the profane—are two pictures larger than the rest: the one represents our Saviour, the other the Blessed Virgin. Except the faces they are entirely covered over with plates of silver-gilt; and the whole of both pictures, as well as their frames, is richly ornamented with a kind of golden filagree, set with large turquoises, agates, and cornelians. These very curious productions of early art were presented to the monastery by the Emperor Andronicus Paleologus, whose portrait, with that of his Empress, is represented on the silver frame.

Mr. Curzon did not estimate the works of art in the Monastery of Laura at their just value. The French artist Papety, who landed here in 1844, although he met with an inhospitable reception, not the less succeeded in bringing away copies of paintings by Panselinos, which are now in the Louvre, and which, Prout says, exhibit the powers of the master in all their splendour, in a work which is most complete of its kind, and which comprises all the chief topics in the life of Our Saviour. Papety was, indeed, the first to make known those gems of a sublime genius, previously buried in this remote corner of the globe, and who was the founder of a particular school of art.

A complete study of Athonine and Byzantine art can, indeed, be made at Saint Laura alone, by bringing the interesting frescoes of the Trapeza, which belong to an epoch anterior to Panselinos (*See* p 559), into comparison with the works of the latter great artist. Side by side with the master's compositions, characterised by a free and yet firm and grandiose outline, those thin figures, coarsely draped, rise out of a field of gold—patriarchs bearing their posterity—with a truly Byzantine stiffness and formality.

The floor of this church, and of the one which stands in the centre of the other court, is paved with rich coloured marbles. The relics are preserved in that division of the church which is behind the altar; their number and value is much less than formerly, as during the revolution, when the Holy Mountain was under the rule of Abulabut Pasha, he squeezed all he could out of the monks of this and all the other monasteries. However, as no Turk is a match for a Greek, they managed to preserve a great deal of ancient church plate, some of which dates as far back as the days of the Roman emperors, for few of the Christian successors of Constantine failed to offer some little bribe to the saints in order to obtain pardon for the desperate manner in which they passed their lives. Some of these pieces of plate are well worthy the attention of antiquarians, being probably the most ancient specimens of art in goldsmith's work now extant; and as they have remained in the several monasteries ever since the piety of their donors first sent them there, their authenticity cannot be questioned, besides which many of them are extremely magnificent and beautiful.

The most valuable reliquary of St. Laura is a kind of triptic, about eighteen inches high, of pure gold, a present from the Emperor Nicephorus, the founder of the abbey. The front represents a pair of folding-doors, each set with a double row of diamonds (the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen), emeralds, pearls, and rubies as large as sixpences. When the doors are opened a large piece of the holy cross, splendidly set with jewels, is displayed in the centre, and the insides of the two doors and the whole surface of the reliquary are covered with engraved figures of the saints stuck full of precious stones. This beautiful shrine is of Byzantine workmanship, and, in its way, is a superb work of art.

The refectory of the monastery is a large square building, but the dining-room which it contains is in the form of a cross, about one hundred feet in length each way; the walls are decorated with fresco pictures of the saints, who vie with each other in the hard-favoured aspect of their bearded faces; they are tall and meagre full-length figures, as large as life, each having his name inscribed on the picture. Their chief interest is in their accurate representation of the clerical costume. The dining-tables, twenty-four in number, are so many solid blocks of masonry, with heavy slabs of marble on the top; they are nearly semicircular in shape, with the flat side away from the wall; a wide marble bench runs round the circular part of them. A row of these tables extends down each side of the hall, and at the upper end, in a semicircular recess, is a high table for the superior, who only dines here on great occasions. The refectory being square on the outside, the intermediate spaces between the arms of the cross are occupied by the bakehouse, and the wine, oil, and spirit cellars; for although the monks eat no meat, they drink famously; and the good St. Basil having flourished long before the age of Paracelsus, inserted nothing in his rules against the use of ardent spirits, whereof the monks imbibe a considerable quantity, chiefly bad arrack; but it does not seem to do them any harm, and I never heard of their overstepping the bounds of sobriety. Besides the two churches in the great courts, which are shaded by ancient cypresses, there are twenty smaller chapels, distributed over different parts of the monastery, in which prayers are said on certain days. The monks are now in a more flourishing condition than they have been for some years; and as they trust to the con-

[1] Ridiculous as these pictorial representations of the Last Judgment appear to us, one of them was the cause of a whole nation embracing Christianity. Bogoris, king of Bulgaria, having written to Constantinople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts in those days being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and by the advice of the king's sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before whilst in captivity at Constantinople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event the Patriarch of Constantinople despatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptised the king by the name of Michael in the year 865. Before long, his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.

tinuance of peace and order in the dominions of the Sultan, they are beginning to repair the injuries they suffered during the revolution, and there is altogether an air of improvement and opulence throughout the establishment.

I wandered over the courts, galleries and chapels of this immense building in every direction, asking questions respecting those things which I did not understand, and receiving the kindest and most civil attention from every one. In front of the door of the largest church a dome, curiously painted and gilt in the interior, and supported by four columns, protects a fine marble vase ten feet in diameter, with a fountain in it; in this magnificent basin the holy water is consecrated with great ceremony on the feast of the Epiphany.[1] (*See* p. 558.)

I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the stern monastic law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless, I slept well on my divan, and the next morning at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents.

THE AGOUMENOS OF IVERON.

The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything that the monastery contained. "But first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest I shall prepare it with my own hands, and will stay to see you eat it; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons." "Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing;" and the fresh mountain-air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. "This," said he, producing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, "is the principal and most savoury part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is called caccia cavallo in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe) and sundry other nice little condiments; and now it is completed!" He stirred the savoury mess round and round with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described. "Now," said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much-respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which you will not meet with everywhere."

[1] This Baptistry, called by the Greeks *Phiale*, reposes on thin columns in front of the gates of bronze, belonging to the Narthex, and which were presented to the monastery by Nicephorus Phocas. On the borders of the basin, by the side of the lions of mean execution, destined to support wax-tapers, groups of birds, sculptured in marble, drink from the sacred vase, image of the communion. The Virgin is painted on the vault with this monogram ἡ Ζωοδόχος Πηγή, "the source of life," and upon one of the pendants is Saint Athanasius striking a rock from whence issues a source.

This has reference to a legend which relates, that whilst the worthy saint was building the monastery of Laura, the emissaries of Satan dried up the fountains; Saint Athanasius had recourse in this crisis to the Virgin, his protector, who gave him an iron wand, and bade him strike the rock with it. The wand is still shown in the diaconicon, and the spring at a few paces from the monastery. Muscular force plays a great part in the various miracles attributed to Saint Athanasius, and some countenance is given to these legends by the prodigious tibias of the Saint, which are preserved as precious relics in an exquisitely carved case.

The Baptistry of Saint Laura is called by Eusebius *Basilica lavacrum*. The early Christians used to perform in it the ablutions demanded before entering into the temple, a practice now only preserved by the Muhammadans. It afterwards, however, served as a baptistry, which was, indeed, often apart from the church, as is still to be seen in many towns in Italy. The eve of Epiphany, the water is solemnly blessed in commemoration of the baptism of our Saviour.

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? The sour apple of the hermit down below was nothing—a trifle in comparison! Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburgh Club from meddling with libraries and books for ever and ever. I made every endeavour to escape this honour. "My Lord," said I, "it is a fast: I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit it, though the odour certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savour! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!" continued I; "for behold, I am unworthy of anything so good." "Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the agoumenos, "no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples: but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it: eat it all, and then we will go into the library." He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other: and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility: not all my ardour in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last: he said "That English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day." The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church. "I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church." So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices.

The library is contained in two small rooms looking into a narrow court, which is situated to the left of the great court of entrance. One room leads to the other, and the books are disposed on shelves in tolerable order, but the dust on their venerable heads had not been disturbed for many years and it took me some time to make out what they were, for in old Greek libraries few volumes have any title written on the back. I made out that there were in all about five thousand volumes, a very large collection, of which about four thousand were printed books; these were mostly divinity, but among them there were several fine Aldine classics and the editio princeps of the Anthologia in capital letters.

The nine hundred manuscripts consisted of six hundred volumes written upon paper and three hundred on vellum. With the exception of four volumes, the former were all divinity, principally liturgies and books of prayer. Those four volumes were Homer's "Iliad," and Hesiod, neither of which were very old, and two curious and rather early manuscripts on botany, full of rudely drawn figures of herbs. These were probably the works of Dioscorides; they were not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days: they were large, thick quartos. Among the three hundred manuscripts on vellum there were many large folios of the works of St. Chrysostom and other Greek fathers of the church of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and about fifty copies of the Gospels and the Evangelistarium of nearly the same age. One Evangelistarium was in fine uncial letters of the ninth century; it was a thick quarto, and on the first leaf was an illumination the whole size of the page on a gold back-ground, representing the donor of the book accompanied by his wife. This ancient portrait was covered over with a piece of gauze. It was a very remarkable manuscript. There were one quarto and one duodecimo of the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse of the eleventh century, and one folio of the book of Job, which had several miniatures in it badly executed in brilliant colours; this was probably of the twelfth century. These three manuscripts were such volumes as are not often seen in European libraries. All the rest were anthologia and books of prayer, nor did I meet with one single leaf of a classic author on vellum. I went into the library several times, and looked over all the vellum manuscripts very carefully, and I believe that I did not pass by unnoticed anything which was particularly interesting in point of subject, antiquity, or illumination. Several of the copies of the Gospels had their titles ornamented with arabesques, but none struck me as being peculiarly valuable.

The twenty-one monasteries of Mount Athos are subjected to different regulations. In some the property is at the absolute disposal of the agoumenos for the time being, but in the larger establishments (and St. Laura is the second in point of consequence) everything belongs to the monks in common. Such being the case, it was hopeless to expect, in so large a community, that the brethren should agree to part with any of their valuables. Indeed, as soon as I found out how affairs stood within the walls of St. Laura, I did not attempt to purchase anything, as it was not advisable to excite the curiosity of the monks upon the subject; nor did I wish that the report should be circulated in the other convents that I was come to Mount Athos for the purpose of rifling their libraries.

Webber Smith ascended Mount Athos (*See* p. 551) from the Monastery of Laura, the monks kindly furnishing him with mules and a guide. Immediately on leaving the monastery the path winds round the southern slope of the mountain, at about 600 feet above the sea. Below, perched on the cliffs, are the skiti or cells of Kerasia, and Kepso-Kalyvia. Thence it wound round to the north-west side of the mountain by a rugged but well-wooded path, through a forest of oak, chestnut, pine, ilex, and arbutus, to where the scenery at once assumes a different character, and the ascent commences over almost precipitous rocks. There is a broad belt of foliage above, and higher up is the bare conical peak of Athos, without a tree or shrub to break its well-defined outline. After two hours and a half ascent, the path enters one of the gorges of the mountain, covered with pines, many of which had been felled and lay across the road. Twice our traveller had to throw himself from his mule, to avoid being swept off by their branches. After three hours and a half ascent he arrived at a chapel, dedicated to the Panagia (pronounced Panayea), and some cells, above the wooded region, and at the foot of the barren cone

of white limestone, which forms the summit of the mountain.[1]

The road hence is no longer practicable for mules, and Mr. Webber Smith's Albanian guide refused to accompany him any further. He said it would take an hour and a half to reach the summit. Our traveller accordingly scrambled up for some distance, but finding it to be very fatiguing, scarcely safe alone, and the day being also unfortunately hazy, as is almost always the case during summer in Greece, and thus he would not have been able to see distant objects, he appears to have given up the attempt. Still, on looking to the eastward, the island of Thasos, distant thirty miles, Lemnos, distant forty, and Samotraki, distant sixty miles, appeared almost at his feet.

Turning to the westward, he overlooked the projecting peninsulas of Lingos (Limguz and Kasandrah of the Turks), and Kassandra, which compared to the peninsula of Athos may be considered as low; and from the late survey it appears that the highest point of the former does not exceed 2,596 feet, and of the latter not above 1,678 feet above the sea.

Mr. Webber Smith says he looked in vain for the shores of Thessaly, and the range of Olympus, which towering to the height of 9,754 feet, would on a clear day be distinctly visible, although at the distance of ninety miles; but the usual haze that prevails in this country, during the summer months, prevented his seeing it. A few heavy drops of rain fell, and the peeling of distant thunder gave him hopes of seeing a storm raging at his feet, but it passed away, and he was disappointed.

We do not find any account recorded of English travellers having ascended to the summit of Athos since Dr. Sibthorp and Mr. Hawkins, on the 12th of August, 1787,[2] now upwards of half a century ago, and whose brief but excellent account of the ascent is comprised in a few lines. It is highly probable that many other travellers have ascended the mountain since that time, but they have not, that we are aware, given any account of their exploits.

During the survey of these shores, in October, 1831, Captain Copeland, R.N., had his theodolite conveyed to the summit, and from that elevated station took the angles between Pelion, Ossa, Olympus, and Pierus, with the bearings of the mountain peaks, islands, headlands, and capes, within the radius of at least ninety miles; a glorious and beautiful panorama, such as few positions on the face of this habitable globe can offer.

## II.

### Monastery of Caracalla—Its Beautiful Situation—Legend of its Foundation—The Church—Fine Specimens of Ancient Jewellery—The Library—Monastery of Philotheus.

After remaining three days at the monastery of St. Laura, Mr. Curzon, provided with mules and a guide by the monks, left the good agoumenos and sallied forth on a beautiful, fresh morning through three iron gates, on his way to the monastery of Caracalla. Our road, he says, lay through some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. The dark blue sea was on my right at about two miles distance; the rocky path over which I passed was of white alabaster with brown and yellow veins; odoriferous evergreen shrubs were all around me; and on my left were the lofty hills covered with a dense forest of gigantic trees, which extended to the base of the great white marble peak of the mountain. Between our path and the sea there was a succession of narrow valleys and gorges, each one more picturesque than the other; sometimes we were inclosed by high and dense bushes; sometimes we opened upon forest glades, and every here and there we came upon long and narrow ledges of rock. On one of the narrowest and loftiest of these, as I was trotting merrily along, thinking of nothing but the beauty of the hour and the scene, my mule stopped short in a place where the path was about a foot wide, and, standing upon three legs, proceeded deliberately to scratch his nose with the fourth. I was too old a mountain traveller to have hold of the bridle, which was safely belayed to the pack-saddle; I sat still for fear of making him lose his balance, and waited in very considerable trepidation until the mule had done scratching his nose. I was at the time half inclined to think that he knew he had a heretic upon his back, and had made up his mind to send me and himself smashing down among the distant rocks. If so, however, he thought better of it, and before long, to my great contentment, we came to a place were the road had two sides to it instead of one, and after a ride of five hours we arrived before the tall square tower which frowns over the gateway of the monastery of Caracalla.

The monastery of Caracalla is not so large as St. Laura, and in many points resembles an ancient Gothic castle. It is beautifully situated on a promontory of rock two miles from the sea, and viewed from the lofty ground by which we approached it, the buildings had a most striking effect, with the dark blue for a back-ground and the lofty rock of Samotraki looming in the distance, whilst the still more remote mountains of Roumelia closed in the picture. As for the island of Samotraki, it must have been created solely for the benefit of artists and admirers of the picturesque, for it is fit for nothing else. It is high and barren, a congeries of gigantic precipices and ridges. I suppose one can land upon it somewhere, for people live on it who are said to be arrant pirates; but as one passes by it at sea, its interminable ribs of gray rock, with the waves lashing against them, are dreary-looking in the extreme; and it is only when far distant that it becomes a beautiful object.

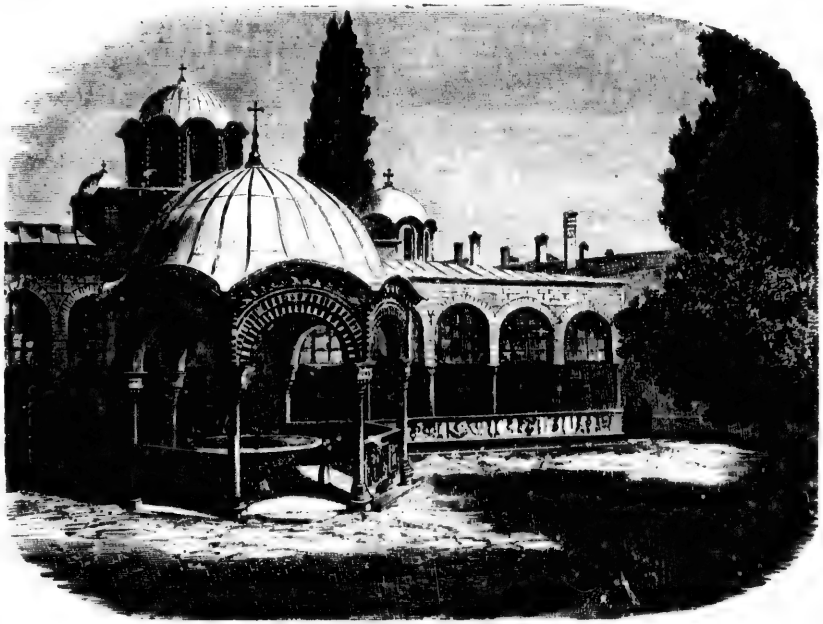
I sent in my servant as ambassador to explain that the first cousin, once removed, of the Emperor of all the Franks was at the gate, and to show the letter of the Greek patriarch. Incontinently the agoumenos made his appearance at the porch with many expressions of welcome and goodwill. I believe it was longer than the days of his life since a Frank had entered the convent, and I doubt whether he had ever seen one before, for he looked so disappointed when he found that I had no tail or horns, and barring his glorious long beard, that I was so little different from himself. We made many speeches to each other, he in heathen Greek and I in English, seasoned with innumerable bows, gesticulations, and temenahs; after which I jumped off my mule and we entered the precincts of the

[1] The cells here alluded to belong to the Chapel of St. Anne, and the monks go there in procession in the month of August, to pray to the Virgin to whom the mountain is dedicated. It was here that the sculptor Demoph'lus projected hewing out of the rock a gigantic statue of Alexander the Great, holding a town in one hand and a spring in the other.

[2] See Walpole's *Continuation of Memoirs*, &c., p. 40.

monastery, attended by a long train of bearded fathers who came out to stare at me.

The monastery of Caracalla covers about one acre of ground; it is surrounded with a high strong wall, over which appear roofs and domes; and on the left of the great square tower, near the gate, a range of rooms, built of wood, project over the battlements as at the monastery of St. Laura. Within is a large irregular court-yard, in the centre of which stands the church, and several little chapels or rooms fitted up as places of worship are scattered about in different parts of the building among the chambers inhabited by the monks. I found that this was the uniform arrangement in all the monasteries of Mount Athos and in nearly all Greek monasteries in the Levant. This monastery was founded by Caracallos, a Roman: who he was, or when he lived, I do not know; but from its appearance this must be a very ancient establishment. By Roman, perhaps is meant Greek, for Greece is called Roumeli to this day; and the Constantinopolitans called themselves Romans in the old time, as in Persia and Kurdistan the Sultan is called Rumi Padishah, the Roman Emperor, by those whose education and general attainments enable them to make mention of so distant and mysterious a potentate. Afterwards Petrus, Authentes or Waywode of Moldavia, sent his protospaithaire, that is his chief swordsman or commander-in-chief, to found a monastery on



BAPTISTRY ON FRIAR OF SAINT LAURA.

the Holy Mountain, and supplied him with a sum of money for the purpose; but the chief swordsman, after expending a very trivial portion of it in building a small tower on the sea-shore, pocketed the rest and returned to court. The waywode having found out what he had been at, ordered his head to be cut off; but he prayed so earnestly to be allowed to keep his head and rebuild the monastery of Caracalla out of his own money, that his master consented. The new church was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and ultimately the ex-chief swordsman prevailed upon the waywode to come to Caracalla and take the vows. They both assumed the same name of Pachomius, and died in the odour of sanctity. All this, and many more legends, was I told by the worthy agoumenos, who was altogether a most excellent person; but he had an unfortunate habit of selecting the most windy places for detailing them, an open archway, the top of an external staircase, or the parapet of a tower, until at last he chilled my curiosity down to zero. In all his words and acts he constantly referred to brother Joasaph, the second in command, to whose superior wisdom he always seemed to bow, and who was quite the right-hand man of the abbot.

My friend first took me to the church, which is of moderate size, the walls ornamented with stiff fresco pictures of the saints, none of them certainly later than the twelfth century, and some probably very much

earlier. There were some relics, but the silver shrines containing them were not remarkable for richness or antiquity. On the altar there were two very remarkable crosses, each of them about six or eight inches long, of carved wood set in gold and jewels of very early and beautiful workmanship; one of them in particular, which was presented to the church by the Emperor John Zimisces, was a most curious specimen of ancient jewellery.

This monastery is one of those over which the agoumenos has absolute control, and he was then repairing one side of the court and rebuilding a set of rooms which had been destroyed during the Greek war.

The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon

FRESCO OF THE TRAPEZA AT SAINT LAURA.

some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now and then, I stumbled upon a manuscript: of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written in small square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the volume to which this leaf belonged.

As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at St. Laura, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value.

"Certainly!" said the agoumenos, "what do you want it for?"

My servant suggested that, perhaps, it might be useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home.

"Oh!" said the agoumenos, "take some more;" and, without more ado, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the Acts and Epistles, and drawing out a knife cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the Apocalypse, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the Acts: it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the *tomecide* for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt, so I pocketed the Apocalypse, and asked him if he would sell me any of the other books, as he did not appear to set any particular value upon them.

"Malista, certainly," he replied; "how many will you have? They are of no use to me, and as I am in want of money to complete my buildings I shall be very glad to turn them to some account."

After a good deal of conversation, finding the agoumenos so accommodating, and so desirous to part with the contents of his dark and dusty closet, I arranged that I would leave him for the present, and after I had made the tour of the other monasteries, would return to Caracalla, and take up my abode there until I could hire a vessel, or make some other arrangements for my return to Constantinople. Satisfactory as this arrangement was, I nevertheless resolved to make sure of what I had already got, so I packed them up carefully in the great saddlebags, to my extreme delight. The agoumenos kindly furnished me with fresh mules, and in the afternoon I proceeded to the monastery of Philotheo, which is only an hour's ride from Caracalla, and stands in a little field surrounded by the forest. It is distant from the sea about four miles, and is protected, like all the others, by a high stone wall surrounding the whole of the building. The church is curious and interesting; it is ornamented with representations of saints, and holy men in fresco, upon the walls of the interior and in the porch. I could not make out when it was built, but probably before the twelfth century. Arsenius, Philotheus, and Dionysius were the founders, but who they were did not appear. The monastery was repaired, and the refectory enlarged and painted, in the year 1492, by Leontius, ὁ βασιλευς Καχετιου, and his son Alexander. I was shown the reliquaries, but they were not remarkable. The monks said they had no library; and there being nothing of interest in the monastery, I determined to go on. Indeed the expression of the faces of some of these monks was so unprepossessing, and their manners so rude, although not absolutely uncivil, that I did not feel any particular inclination to remain amongst them, so leaving a small donation for the church, I mounted my mule and proceeded on my journey.

## III.

THE GREAT MONASTERY OF IVERON—HISTORY OF ITS FOUNDATION—MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY—IGNORANCE OF THE MONKS—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY OF MOUNT ATHOS—THE MONASTERY OF STAVRONIKETA—THE LIBRARY—SPLENDID MSS. OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM—THE MONASTERY OF PANTOCRATORAS—RUINOUS CONDITION OF THE LIBRARY.

IN half-an-hour our dilletante traveller came to a beautiful waterfall in a rocky glen, embosomed in trees and odoriferous shrubs, the rocks being of white marble, and the flowers such as we cherish in greenhouses in England. He says he does not think he ever saw a more charmingly romantic spot. A few miles beyond this, is the great monastery of Iveron or Iberon, "the Georgian, or Iberian monastery," one of the largest monasteries in the peninsula, according to Webber Smith, and Mr. Curzon says of it, that it might almost be denominated a small fortified town (*See* p. **561**), so numerous are the buildings and courts which are contained within its encircling wall.

It is situated near the sea, and in its general form is nearly square, with four or five square towers projecting from the walls. On each of the four sides there are rooms for above two hundred monks. I did not learn precisely how many were then inhabiting it, but I should imagine there were above a hundred. As, however, many of the members of all the religious communities on Mount Athos are employed in cultivating the numerous farms which they possess, it is probable that not more than one-half of the monks are in residence at any one time.

The monastery was founded by Theophania (Theodora?), wife of the Emperor Romanus, the son of Leo Sophos,[1] or the Philosopher, between the years 919 and 922. It was restored by a Prince of Georgia or Iberia, and enlarged by his son, a caloyer. The church is dedicated to the "repose of the Virgin." It has four or five domes, and is of considerable size, standing by itself, as usual, in the centre of the great court, and is ornamented with columns and other decorations of rich marbles, together with the usual fresco paintings on the walls.

The library is a remarkably fine one, perhaps altogether the most precious of all those which now remain on the holy mountain. It is situated over the porch of the church, which appears to be the usual place where the books are kept in these establishments. The room is of good size, well fitted up with bookcases with glass doors, of not very old workmanship. I should imagine that about a hundred years ago, some agoumenos, or prior, or librarian, must have been a reading man; and the pious care which he took to arrange the ancient volumes of the monastery has been rewarded by the excellent state of preservation in which they still remain. Since his time, they have probably remained undisturbed. Everyone could see through the greenish uneven panes of old glass that there was nothing but books inside, and therefore nobody meddled with them. I was allowed to rummage at my leisure in this mine of archæological treasure. Having taken up my abode for the time being in a cheerful room, the windows of which commanded a glorious prospect, I soon made friends with the literary portion of the community, which consisted of one thin old monk, a cleverish man, who united to many other offices that of librarian. He was also secretary to my lord the agoumenos, a kind-hearted old gentleman, who seemed to wish everybody well, and who evidently liked much better to sit still on his divan than to regulate the affairs of his convent. The rents, the long lists of tuns of wine and oil, the strings of mules laden with corn, which came in daily from the farms, and all the other complicated details of this mighty cœnobium—over all these, and numberless other important matters, the thin secretary had full control.

Some of the young monks, demure, fat youths, came into the library every now and then, and wondered

[1] The Emperor Leo the First was crowned by the Patriarch of Anatolia in the year 459. He is the first prince on record who received his crown from the hands of a bishop.

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MONASTERY OF IVERON.

what I could be doing there, looking over so many books; and they would take a volume out of my hand when I had done with it, and, glancing their eyes over its ancient vellum leaves, would look up inquiringly into my face, saying, "τι εστι!—what is it?—what can be the use of looking at such old books as these?" They were rather in awe of the secretary, who was evidently, in their opinion, a prodigy of learning and erudition. Some, in a low voice, that they might not be overheard by the wise man, asked me where I came from, how old I was, and whether my father was with me; but they soon all went away, and I turned to, in right good earnest, to look for uncial manuscripts and unknown classic authors. Of these last there was not one on vellum, but on paper there was an octavo manuscript of Sophocles, and a Coptic Psaltery with an Arabic translation—a curious book to meet with on Mount Athos. Of printed books there were, I should think, about five thousand—of manuscripts on paper, about two thousand; but all religious works of various kinds. There were nearly a thousand manuscripts on vellum, and these I looked over more carefully than the rest. About one hundred of them were in the Iberian language: they were mostly immense thick quartos, some of them not less than eighteen inches square, and from four to six inches thick. One of these, bound in wooden boards, and written in large uncial letters, was a magnificent old volume. Indeed, all these Iberian or Georgian manuscripts were superb specimens of ancient books. I was unable to read them, and therefore cannot say what they were; but I should imagine that they were church books, and probably of high antiquity. Among the Greek manuscripts, which were principally of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—works of St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and books for the services of the ritual—I discovered the following, which are deserving of especial mention:—A large folio Evangelistarium bound in red velvet, about eighteen inches high and three thick, written in magnificent uncial letters half an inch long, or even more. Three of the illuminations were the whole size of the page, and might almost be termed pictures from their large proportions: and there were several other illuminations of smaller size in different parts of the book. This superb manuscript was in admirable preservation, and as clean as if it had been new. It had evidently been kept with great care, and appeared to have had some clasps or ornaments of gold or silver which had been torn off. It was probably owing to the original splendour of this binding that the volume itself had been so carefully preserved. I imagine it was written in the ninth century.

Another book, of a much greater age, was a copy of the four Gospels, with four finely-executed miniatures of the evangelists. It was about nine or ten inches square, written in round semi-uncial letters in double columns, with not more than two or three words in a line. In some respects it resembled the book of the Epistles in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This manuscript, in the original black leather binding, had every appearance of the highest antiquity. It was beautifully written and very clean, and was altogether such a volume as is not to be met with every day.

A quarto manuscript of the four Gospels, of the eleventh or twelfth century, with a great many (perhaps fifty) illuminations. Some of them were unfortunately rather damaged.

Two manuscripts of the New Testament, with the Apocalypse.

A very fine manuscript of the Psalms, of the eleventh century, which is indeed about the era of the greater portion of the vellum manuscripts on Mount Athos.

There were also some ponderous and magnificent folios of the works of the fathers of the Church—some of them, I should think, of the tenth century; but it is difficult, in a few hours, to detect the peculiarities which prove that manuscripts are of an earlier date than the twelfth century. I am, however, convinced that very few of them were written after that time.

The paper manuscripts were of all ages, from the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries down to a hundred years ago; and some of them, on charta bombycina, would have appeared very splendid books if they had not been eclipsed by the still finer and more carefully-executed manuscripts on vellum.

Neither my arguments nor my eloquence could prevail on the obdurate monks to sell me any of these books, but my friend the secretary gave me a book in his own handwriting to solace me on my journey. It contained a history of the monastery from the days of its foundation to the present time. It is written in Romaic, and is curious not so much from its subject matter as from the entire originality of its style and manner.

The view from the window of the room which I occupied at Iveron was one of the finest on Mount Athos. The glorious sea, and the towers which command the scaricatojos or landing-places of the different monasteries along the coast, and the superb monastery of Stavroniketa like a Gothic castle perched upon a beetling rock, with the splendid forest for a back-ground, formed altogether a picture totally above my powers to describe. It almost compensated for the numberless tribes of vermin by which the room was tenanted. In fact the whole of the scenery on Mount Athos is so superlatively grand and beautiful, that it is useless to attempt any description.

Two and a half to three miles beyond Iveron is the monastery of Stavroniketa, a smaller building than the former, with a square tower over the gateway. It stands on a rock overhanging the sea, against the base of which the waves ceaselessly beat. It was to this spot that a miraculous picture of St. Nicholas, archbishop of Myra in Lycia, floated over, of its own accord, from I do not know where; and in consequence of this auspicious event, Jeremias, patriarch of Constantinople, founded this monastery, of "the victory of the holy cross," about the year 1522. This is the account given by the monks; but from the appearance and architecture of Stavroniketa, I conceive that it is a much older building, and that probably the patriarch Jeremias only repaired or restored it. However that may be, the monastery is in very good order, clean, and well kept; and I had a comfortable, frugal dinner there, with some of the good old monks, who seemed a cheerful and contented set.

The library contained about eight hundred volumes, of which nearly two hundred were manuscripts on vellum. Amongst these were conspicuous the entire works of St. Chrysostom, in eight large folio volumes complete; and a manuscript of the Scala Perfectionis in Greek, containing a number of most exquisite miniatures in a brilliant state of preservation. It was a quarto of the tenth or eleventh century, and a most unexceptionable tome, which these unkind monks preferred keeping to themselves instead of

letting me have it, as they ought to have done. The miniatures were first-rate works of Byzantine art. It was a terrible pang to me to leave such a book behind There was also a Psalter with several miniatures, but these were partially damaged; five or six copies of the Gospels; two fine folio volumes of the Menologia, or Lives of the Saints; and sundry ομολογοι and books of divinity, and the works of the fathers. On paper there were two hundred more manuscripts, amongst which was a curious one of the Acts and Epistles, full of large miniatures and illuminations exceedingly well done As it is quite clear that all these manuscripts are older than the time of the patriarch Jeremias, they confirm my opinion that he could not have been the original founder of the monastery.

It is an hour's scramble over the rocks from Stavroniketa to the monastery of Pantocratoras.

This edifice was built by Manuel and Alexius Comnenus, and Johannes Pumicerius, their brother. It was subsequently repaired by Barbulus and Gabriel, two Wallachian nobles. The church is handsome and curious, and contains several relics, but the reliquaries are not of much beauty, nor of very great antiquity. Among them, however, is a small thick quarto volume about five inches square every way, in the handwriting, as you are told, of St. John of Kalavita. Now St. John of Kalavita was a hermit who died in the year 450, and his head is shown at Besançon, in the church of St. Stephen, to which place it was taken after the siege of Constantinople. Howbeit this manuscript did not seem to me to be older than the twelfth century, or the eleventh at the earliest. It is written in a very minute hand, and contains the Gospels, some prayers, and lives of saints, and is ornamented with some small illuminations. The binding is very curious; it is entirely of silver gilt, and is of great antiquity. The back part is composed of an intricate kind of chainwork, which bends when the book is opened, and the sides are embossed with a variety of devices.

On my inquiring for the library, I was told it had been destroyed during the revolution. It had formerly been preserved in the great square tower or keep, which is a grand feature in all the monasteries. I went to look at the place, and leaning through a ruined arch, I looked down into the lower story of the tower, and there I saw the melancholy remains of a once famous library. This was a dismal spectacle for a devout lover of old books—a sort of biblical knight-errant, as I then considered myself, who had entered on the perilous adventure of Mount Athos to rescue from the thraldom of ignorant monks those fair vellum volumes, with their bright illuminations and velvet dresses and jewelled clasps, which for so many centuries had lain imprisoned in their dark monastic dungeons. It was indeed a heartrending sight. By the dim light which streamed through the opening of an iron door in the wall of the ruined tower, I saw above a hundred ancient manuscripts lying among the rubbish which had fallen from the upper floor, which was ruinous, and had in great part given way. Some of these manuscripts seemed quite entire—fine large folios; but the monks said they were unapproachable, for that floor also on which they lay was unsafe, the beams below being rotten from the wet and rain which came in through the roof. Here was a trap ready set and baited for a bibliographical antiquary. I peeped at the old manuscripts, looked particularly at one or two that were lying in the middle of the floor, and could hardly resist the temptation. I advanced cautiously along the boards, keeping close to the wall, whilst every now and then a dull cracking noise warned me of my danger, but I tried each board by stamping upon it with my foot before I ventured my weight upon it. At last, when I dared go no farther, I made them bring me a long stick, with which I fished up two or three fine manuscripts, and poked them along towards the door. When I had safely landed them, I examined them more at my ease, but found that the rain had washed the outer leaves quite clean: the pages were stuck tight together into a solid mass, and when I attempted to open them, they broke short off in square bits like a biscuit. Neglect and damp and exposure had destroyed them completely. One fine volume, a large folio in double columns, of most venerable antiquity, particularly grieved me. I do not know how many more manuscripts there might be under the piles of rubbish. Perhaps some of them might still be legible, but without assistance and time I could not clean out the ruins that had fallen from above; and I was unable to save even a scrap from

BAS-RELIEF IN THE CONVENT OF VATOPEDI, MOUNT ATHOS.

this general tomb of a whole race of books. I came out of the great tower, and sitting down on a pile of ruins, with a bearded assembly of grave caloyeri round me, I vented my sorrow and indignation in a long oration, which however produced a very slight effect upon my auditory; but whether from their not understanding Italian, or my want of eloquence, is matter of doubt. My man was the only person who seemed to commiserate my misfortune, and he looked so genuinely vexed and sorry that I liked him the better ever afterwards. At length I dismissed the assembly; they toddled away to their siesta, and I, mounted anew upon a stout, well-fed mule, bade adieu to the hospitable agoumenos, and was soon occupied in picking my way among the rocks and trees towards the next monastery. In two hours' time we passed the ruins of a large building standing boldly on a hill. It had formerly been a college; and a magnificent aqueduct of fourteen double arches—that is, two rows of arches one above the other—connected it with another hill, and had a grand effect, with long and luxuriant masses of flowers streaming from its neglected walls. We

have given a portrait of the agoumenos or abbot—the Higoumène as the French call him—of Iveron, from a sketch by Pelcoq after a photograph. (*See* p. 555.)

## IV.

THE GREAT MONASTERY OF VATOPEDE—ITS HISTORY—ANCIENT PICTURES IN THE CHURCH—LEGEND OF THE GIRDLE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—THE LIBRARY—WEALTH AND LUXURY OF THE MONKS—WRECK OF ARCADIUS—MONASTERY OF SPHIGMENOU—BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED CROSS—THE MONASTERY OF KILIANTARI—MONASTERIES OF ZOGRAPHOU, CASTAMONETA, DOCHEIRIOU, AND XENOPHOU.

VATOPEDE is the largest and richest of all the monasteries of Mount Athos. Webber Smith describes it as a vast fortified monastery, seated on a height near the shore, at the south-eastern angle of a small bay, whence a rich valley leads in a winding direction between ridges, whose summits rise 1200 and 1700 feet above the sea, as far as the town of Karyes. The path from Kiliantari is over undulating ground, affording beautiful glimpses of the dark blue sea. It is rough and stony, and takes rather less than three hours. From the bottom of the bay projects a small tongue of land, on which are the ruins of an old tower. Mr. Curzon describes it as situated on the side of a hill where a valley opens to the sea and commands a little harbour where three small Greek vessels were at that time lying at anchor. The buildings, he says, are of great extent, with several towers and domes rising above the walls: I should say it was not smaller than the upper ward of Windsor Castle. The original building was erected by the Emperor Constantine the Great. That worthy prince being, it appears, much affected by the leprosy, ordered a number of little children to be killed, a bath of juvenile blood being considered an excellent remedy. But while they were selecting them, he was told in a vision that if he would become a Christian his leprosy should depart from him: he did so, and was immediately restored to health, and all the children lived long and happily. This story is related by Moses Chorensis, whose veracity I will not venture to doubt.

In the fifth century this monastery was thrown down by Julian the Apostate. Theodosius the Great built it up again in gratitude for the miraculous escape of his son Arcadius, who having fallen overboard from his galley in the Archipelago, was landed safely on this spot through the intercession of the Virgin, to whose special honour the great church was founded: fourteen other chapels within the walls attest the piety of other individuals. In the year 862 the Saracens landed, destroyed the monastery by fire, slew many of the monks, took the treasures and broke the mosaics; but the representation of the Blessed Virgin was indestructible, and still remained safe and perfect above the altar. There was also a well under the altar, into which some of the relics were thrown and afterwards recovered by the community.

About the year 1300 St. Athanasius the Patriarch persuaded Nicholaus and Antonius, certain rich men of Adrianople, to restore the monastery once more, which they did, and taking the vows became monks, and were buried in the narthex or portico of the church. I may here observe that this was the nearest approach to being buried within the church that was permitted in the early times of Christianity, and such is still the rule observed in the Greek Church: altars were, however, raised over the tombs or places of execution of martyrs.

This church contains a great many ancient pictures of small size, most of them having the back-ground overlaid with plates of silver-gilt: two of these are said to be portraits of the Empress Theodora. Two other pictures of larger size and richly set with jewels are interesting as having been brought from the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, when that city fell a prey to the Turkish arms. Over the doors of the church and of the great refectory there are mosaics representing, if I remember rightly, saints and holy persons. One of the chapels, a separate building with a dome which had been newly repaired, is dedicated to the "Preservation of the Girdle of the Blessed Virgin," a relic which must be a source of considerable revenue to the monastery, for they have divided it into two parts, and one half is sent into Greece and the other half into Asia Minor whenever the plague is raging in those countries, and all those who are afflicted with that terrible disease are sure to be cured if they touch it, which they are allowed to do "*for a consideration.*" On my inquiring how the monastery became possessed of so inestimable a medicine, I was gravely informed that, after the assumption of the Blessed Virgin, St. Thomas went up to heaven to pay her a visit, and there she presented him with her girdle. My informant appeared to have the most unshakeable conviction as to the truth of this history, and expressed great surprise that I never heard it before.

The library, although containing nearly four thousand printed books, has none of any high antiquity or on any subject but divinity. There are also about a thousand manuscripts, of which three or four hundred are on vellum; amongst these there are three copies of the works of St. Chrysostom: they also have his head in the church—that golden mouth out of which proceeded the voice which shook the empire with the thunder of its denunciations. The most curious manuscripts, are six rolls of parchment, each ten inches wide and about ten feet long, containing prayers for festivals on the anniversaries of the foundation of certain churches. There were at this time above three hundred monks resident in the monastery; many of these held offices and place of dignity under the agoumenos, whose establishment resembled the court of a petty sovereign prince. Altogether this convent well illustrates what some of the great monastic establishments in England must have been before the Reformation. It covers at least four acres of ground, and contains so many separate buildings within its massive walls that it resembles a fortified town. Everything told of wealth and indolence. When I arrived the lord abbot was asleep; he was too great a man to be aroused; he had eaten a full meal in his own apartment, and he could not be disturbed. His secretary, a thin pale monk, was deputed to show me the wonders of the place, and as we proceeded through the different chapels and enormous magazines of corn, wine and oil, the officers of the different departments bent down to kiss his hand, for he was high in the favour of my lord the abbot, and was evidently a man not to be slighted by the inferior authorities if they wished to get on and prosper. The cellarer was a sly old fellow with a thin gray beard, and looked as if he could tell a good story of an evening over a flagon of good wine. Except at some of the Palaces of Germany I have never seen such gigantic tuns as those in the cellars of Vatopedo,

The oil is kept in marble vessels of the size and shape of sarcophagi, and there is a curious picture in the entrance room of the oil-store, which represents the miraculous increase in their stock of oil during a year of scarcity, when, through the intercession of a pious monk who then had charge of that department, the marble basins, which were almost empty, overflowed, and a river of fine fresh oil poured in torrents through the door. The frame of this picture is set with jewels, and it appears to be very ancient. The refectory is an immense room; it stands in front of the church and has twenty-four marble tables and seats, and is in the same cruciform shape as that of St. Laura. It has frequently accommodated five hundred guests, the servants and tenants of the abbey, who come on stated days to pay their rents and receive the benediction of the agoumenos. Sixty or seventy fat mules are kept for the use of the community, and a very considerable number of Albanian servants and muleteers are lodged in outbuildings before the great gate. These, unlike their brethren of Epirus, are a quiet, stupid race, and whatever may be their notions of another world, they evidently think that in this there is no man living equal in importance to the great agoumenos of Vatopede, and no earthly place to compare with the great monastery over which he rules.

Proust relates a legend in connection with this monastery which appears to have been invented to explain the origin of its name. The sons of Theodosius, Arcadius and Honorius were coming with their mother from Naples to Constantinople when they were assailed by a tempest. Arcadius fell into the sea and was discovered by the hermits of Mount Athos lying upon a tuft of raspberries. The hermits recognised the royal origin of the child by the beauty of his eyes, and conveyed him to Constantinople, and when Arcadius succeeded to his father, he consecrated his escape by building a monastery on the spot, and which was hence called Vatopede from Batos or Vatos "a raspberry bush," and pudion "a child."

Another legend relates that the monastery of Vatopede was founded by a prince, who is described as being a Roman Catholic. Proust adduces in favour of this view of the subject that the monastery has received subsidencies from Rome, and that in the face of one of the old walls is to be seen a little bas-relief, which represents the prince making a present of the foundation to the Virgin Mary. This legend, and its sculptured representation, is the subject of the illustration (*See* p. 564).

It is two hours and a half from Vatopede to the monastery of Sphigmenou. Webber Smith writes Sphigmenu, and an origin of the word has been sought in Simenu, *i.e.*, the convent of the Saint in Bonds, but Proust, who writes it Espigmenou, says what is more probable, that it is so called because it stands in a narrow valley (from σφιγγω to strangle). Webber Smith says of it, that it is a monastery within battlemented walls, forming a square, at the outlet of a narrow valley close to the sea, with good gardens and vineyards. The Igumenos, as he calls the Lord Abbot, told him there were forty-seven caloyers, all Greeks, and added that the convent was poor, and they had been obliged to sell their books. (*See* p. 569.)

The monastery of Sphigmenou is said to have been founded by the Empress Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Theodosius the younger, and if so must be a very ancient building, for the empress died on the 18th February in the year 453. Her brother Theodosius was known by the title or cognomen of καλλιγραφος, from the beauty of his writing: he was a protector of the Nestorian and Eutychian heretics, and ended his life on the 20th of October, 460.

This monastery is situated in a narrow valley close to the sea squeezed in between three little hills, from which circumstance, according to Mr. Curzon's view of the matter, it derives its name of σφιγμενος, "squeezed together." It is inhabited by thirty monks, who are cleaner and keep their church in better order and neatness than most of their brethren on Mount Athos. Among the relics of the saints, which are the first things they show to the pilgrim from beyond the sea, is a beautiful ancient cross of gold set with diamonds. Diamonds are of very rare occurrence in ancient pieces of jewellery; it is indeed doubtful whether they were known to the ancients, adamantine being an epithet applied to the hardness of steel, and I have never seen a diamond in any work of art of the Roman or classical era. Besides the diamonds the cross has on the upper end and on the extremities of the two arms three very fine and large emeralds, each fastened on with three gold nails: it is a fine specimen of early jewellery, and of no small intrinsic value.

The library is in a room over the porch of the church: it contains about 1500 volumes, half of which are manuscripts, mostly on paper, and all theological. I met with four copies of the Gospels and two of the Epistles, all the others being books of the church service and the usual folios of the fathers. There was, however, a Russian or Bulgarian manuscript of the four Gospels with an illumination at the commencement of each Gospel. It is written in capital letters, and seemed to be of considerable antiquity. I was disappointed at not finding manuscripts of greater age in so very ancient a monastery as this is; but perhaps it has undergone more squeezing than that inflicted upon it by the three hills. I slept here in peace and comfort.

On the sea-shore, not far from Sphigmenou, are the ruins of the monastery of St. Basil, opposite a small rocky island in the sea, which I left at this point, and striking up the country arrived in an hour's time at the monastery of Kiliantari, or a thousand lions. This is a large building, of which the ground-plan resembles the shape of an open fan. The illustration, p. 577, is from a photograph of the principal court of this great Slavonian Monastery. It stands in a valley, and contained, when I entered its hospitable gates, about fifty monks. They preserve in the sacristy a superb chalice, of a kind of bloodstone set in gold, about a foot high and eight inches wide, the gift of one of the Byzantine emperors. This monastery was founded by Simeon, Prince of Servia, I could not make out at what time. In the library they had no great number of books, and what there were, were all Russian or Bulgarian: I saw none which seemed to be of great antiquity. On inquiring, however, whether they had not some Greek manuscripts, the agoumenos said they had one, which he went and brought me out of the sacristy; and this, to my admiration and surprise, was not only the finest manuscript on Mount Athos, but the finest that I had met with in any Greek monastery with the single exception of the golden manuscript of the New Testament at Mount Sinai. It was a quarto Evangelistarium, written in golden letters on fine *white* vellum. The characters were a kind of semi-uncial,

rather round in their forms, of large size, and beautifully executed, but often joined together, and having many contractions and abbreviations, in these respects resembling the Mount Sinai MS. This magnificent volume was given to the monastery by the Emperor Andronicus Comnenus about the year 1184; it is consequently not an early MS., but its imperial origin renders it interesting to the admirers of literary treasures, while the very rare occurrence of a *Greek* MS. written in letters of gold would make it a most desirable and important acquisition to any royal library; for besides the two above-mentioned there are not, I believe, more than seven or eight MSS. of this description in existence, and of these several are merely fragments, and only one is on white vellum: this is in the library of the Holy Synod at Moscow. Five of the others are on blue or purple vellum, viz., Codex Cottonianus, in the British Museum, Titus C. 15, a fragment of the Gospels; an octavo Evangelistarium at Vienna; a fragment of the books of Genesis and St. Luke in silver letters at Vienna; the Codex Turicensis of part of the Psalms; and six leaves of the Gospels of St. Matthew in silver letters, with the initials in gold, in the Vatican. There may possibly be others, but I have never heard of them. Latin MSS. in golden letters are much less scarce, but Greek MSS., even those which merely contain two or three pages written in gold letters, are of such rarity that hardly a dozen are to be met with; of these there are three in the library at Parham. I think the Codex Ebnerianus has one or two pages written in gold, and the tables of a gospel at Jerusalem are in gold, on deep purple vellum. At this moment I do not remember any more, although doubtless there must be a few of these partially ornamented volumes scattered through the great libraries of Europe.

From Kiliantari, which is the last monastery on the N.E. side of the promontory, we struck across the peninsula, and two hours' riding brought us to Zographou, through plains of rich green grass dotted over with gigantic single trees, the scenery being like that of an English park, only finer and more luxuriant as well as more extensive. This monastery was founded in the reign of Leo Sophos, by three nobles of Constantinople who became monks; and the local tradition is that it was destroyed by the "*Pope of Rome.*" How that happened I know not, but it was rebuilt in the year 1502 by Stephanus, Waywode of Moldavia. It is a large fortified building of very imposing appearance, situated on a steep hill surrounded with trees and gardens overlooking a deep valley which opens on the gulf of Monte Santo. The MSS. here are Bulgarian, and not of early date; they had no Greek MSS. whatever.

From Zographou, following the valley, we arrived at a lower plain on the sea coast, and there we discovered that we had lost our way; we therefore retraced our steps, and turning up among the hills to our left we came in three hours to Castamoneta, which, had we taken the right road, we might have reached in one. This is a very poor monastery, but it is of great age, and its architecture is picturesque: it was originally founded by Constantine the Great. It has no library nor anything particularly well worth mentioning excepting the original deed of the Emperor Manuel Paleologus, with the sign-manual of that potentate written in very large letters in red ink at the bottom of the deed, by which he granted to the monastery the lands which it still retains. The poor monks were much edified by the sight of the patriarchal letter, and when I went away rang the bells of the church tower to do me honour.

At the distance of one hour from hence stands the monastery of Docheirou. It is the first to the west of those upon the south-west shore of the peninsula. It is a monastery of great size, with ample room for a hundred monks, although inhabited by only twenty. It was built in the reign of Nicephorus Botoniates, and was last repaired in the year 1578 by Alexander, Waywode of Moldavia. I was very well lodged in this convent, and the fleas were singularly few. The library contained two thousand five hundred volumes, of which one hundred and fifty were vellum MSS. I omitted to note the number of MSS. on paper, but amongst them I found a part of Sophocles and a fine folio of Suidas's Lexicon. Among the vellum MSS. there was a folio in the Bulgarian language, and various works of the fathers. I found also three loose leaves of an Evangelistarium in uncial letters of the ninth century, which had been cut out of some ancient volume, for which I hunted in the dust in vain. The monks gave me these three leaves on my asking for them, for even a few pages of such a manuscript as this are not to be despised.

From Docheirou it is only a distance of half an hour to Zenophou, which stands upon the sea-shore. Here they were building a church in the centre of the great court, which, when it is finished, will be the largest on Mount Athos. Three Greek bishops were living here in exile. I did not learn what the holy prelates had done, but their misdeeds had been found out by the Patriarch, and he had sent them here to rusticate. This monastery is of a moderate size; its founder was Zenophou, regarding whose history or the period at which he lived I am unable to give any information, as nobody knew anything about him on the spot, and I cannot find him in any catalogue of saints which I possess. The monastery was repaired in the year 1545 by Daozulas Bornicus and Badulus, who were brothers, and Banus (the Ban) Barbulus, all three nobles of Hungary, and was afterwards beautified by Matthæus, Waywode of Bessarabia.

The library consists of fifteen hundred printed books, nineteen MSS. on paper, eleven on vellum, and three rolls on parchment, containing liturgies for particular days. Of the MSS. on vellum there were three which merit a description. One was a fine quarto of part of the works of St. Chrysostom, of great antiquity, but not in uncial letters. Another was a quarto of the four Gospels bound in faded red velvet with silver clasps. This book they affirmed to be a royal present to the monastery; it was of the eleventh or twelfth century, and was peculiar from the text being accompanied by a voluminous commentary on the margin and several pages of calendars, prefaces, &c., at the beginning. The headings of the Gospels were written in large plain letters of gold. In the libraries of forty Greek monasteries I have only met with one other copy of the Gospels with a commentary. The third manuscript was an immense quarto Evangelistarium sixteen inches square, bound in faded green or blue velvet, and said to be in the autograph of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. The text throughout on each page was written in the form of a cross. Two of the pages are in purple ink powdered with gold, and these, there is every reason to suppose, are in the handwriting of the im-

perial scribe himself; for the Byzantine sovereigns affected to write only in purple, as their deeds and a magnificent MS. in another monastic library, of which I have not given an account in these pages, can testify: the titles of this superb volume are written in gold, covering the whole page. Altogether, although not in uncial letters, it was among the finest Greek MSS. that I had ever seen—perhaps next to the uncial MSS. the finest to be met with anywhere.

I asked the monks whether they were inclined to part with these three books, and offered to purchase them and the parchment rolls. There was a little consultation among them, and then they desired to be shown those which I particularly coveted. Then there was another consultation, and they asked me which I set the greatest value on. So I said the rolls, on which the three rolls were unrolled, and looked at, and examined, and peeped at by the three monks who put themselves forward in the business, with more pains and curiosity than had probably been ever wasted upon them before. At last they said it was impossible, the rolls were too precious to be parted with, but if I liked to give a good price I should have the rest; upon which I took up the St. Chrysostom, the least valuable of the three, and while I examined it, saw from the corner of my eye the three monks nudging

NUT GATHERING ON MOUNT ATHOS.

each other and making signs. So I said, "Well, now what will you take for your two books, this and the big one?" They asked five thousand piastres; whereupon, with a look of indignant scorn, I laid down the St. Chrysostom and got up to go away; but after a good deal more talk we retired to the divan, or drawing-room as it may be called, of the monastery, where I conversed with the three exiled bishops. In course of time I was called out into another room to have a cup of coffee.

There were my friends the three monks, the managing committee, and under the divan imperfectly concealed, were the corners of the three splendid MSS. I knew that now all depended on my own tact whether my still famished saddle-bags were to have a meal or not that day, the danger lying between offering too much or too little. If you offer too much, a Greek, a Jew, or an Armenian immediately thinks that the desired object must be invaluable, that it must have some magical properties, like the lamp of Aladdin, which will bring wealth upon its possessor if he can but find out its secret; and he will either ask you a sum absurdly large, or will refuse to sell it at any price, but will lock it up and become nervous about it, and examine it over and over again privately to see what can be the cause of a Frank's offering so much for a thing apparently so utterly useless. On the other hand, too little must not be offered, for it would

MONASTERY OF SPHIGMENOU.

be an indignity to suppose that persons of consideration would condescend to sell things of trifling value—it wounds their aristocratic feelings, they are above such meannesses. By St. Xenophou, how we did talk! for five mortal hours it went on, I pretending to go away several times, but being always called back by one or other of the learned committee. I drank coffee and sherbet and they drank arraki; but in the end I got the great book of Alexius Comnenus for the value of twenty-two pounds, and the curious Gospels, which I had treated with the most cool disdain all along, was finally thrown into the bargain; and out I walked with a big book under each arm, bearing with perfect resignation the smiles and scoffs of the three brethren, who could scarcely contain their laughter at the way they had done the silly traveller. Then did the saddle-bags begin to assume a more comely and satisfactory form.

After a stirrup cup of hot coffee, perfumed with the incense of the church, the monks bid me a joyous adieu; I responded as joyously: in short, everyone was charmed, except the mule, who evidently was more surprised than pleased at the increased weight which he had to carry.

Webber Smith does not appear to have been particularly struck by the three last-mentioned monasteries. Of Zographou, he says: This rich monastery is beautifully situated in the midst of fine woods of oak, chesnut, elm, and the Judas-tree. Nature is always bounteous in this fertile spot. The monastery contains thirty Servians and Bulgarians. Docheiru, or Dokhiariu, as he writes it, he says is a small monastery containing thirty caloyers. Near this spot is the cave of a noted recluse, who has lived here in a cell for fifty years, apart from all mankind; yet his feelings would seem not to be blunted, as he bestows the care and attention on a favourite rose tree, which, if well directed towards the good of his fellow-creatures, might have made him a useful member of the community. Lastly, of Zenophou, or Zenope, he says, it is a moderate-sized monastery, inhabited by Bulgarians chiefly, and seated at the entrance of a valley close to the sea.

## V.

THE MONASTERIES OF RUSSICO—ITS COURTEOUS ABBOT—THE MONASTERIES OF XEROPOTAMA—EXCURSION TO THE MONASTERIES OF ST. NICHOLAS AND ST. DIONISIUS—INTERESTING RELICS—THE MONASTERY OF ST. PAUL—THE MONASTERY OF SIMOPETRA—EXCURSION TO KARYÉS—THE MONASTERY OF KUTLUHUSI—THE SUB-CAT OF MOUNT ATHOS—BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURES IN WOOD—ATHONITE SCHOOL OF PAINTING—COUNCIL OF EPISTATEN—ALBANIAN GUARD—REVENUE OF THE MONASTERIES.

FROM Xenophou Mr. Curzon went on to Russico, where also they were repairing the injuries which different parts of the edifice had sustained during the late Greek war. The agoumenos of this monastery was a remarkably gentlemanlike and accomplished man; he spoke several languages, and ruled over a hundred and thirty monks. They had, however, amongst them all only nine MSS., and those were of no interest. The agoumenos told me, Mr. Curzon relates, that the monastery formerly possessed a MS. of Homer on vellum, which he sold to two English gentlemen some years ago, who were immediately afterwards plundered by pirates, and the MS. thrown into the sea. As I never heard of any Englishman having been at Mount Athos since the days of Dr. Clarke and Dr. Carlyle, I could not make out who these gentlemen were: probably they were Frenchmen, or Europeans of some other nation. However, the idea of the pirates gave me an horrid qualm: and I thought how dreadful it would be if they threw my Alexius Comnenus into the sea; it made me feel quite uncomfortable. This monastery was built by the Empress Catherine the First, of Russia—or, to speak more correctly, repaired by her—for it was originally founded by Lazarus Krezes, of Servia, and the church dedicated to St. Panteleemon the Martyr. A ride of an hour brought me to Xeropotamo, where I was received with so much hospitality and kindness that I determined to make it my head-quarters while I visited the other monasteries, which from this place could readily be approached by sea. I was fortunate in procuring a boat with two men—a sort of naval lay brethren—who agreed to row me about wherever I liked, and bring me back to Xeropotamo for fifty piastres, and this they would do whenever I chose, as they were not very particular about time, an article upon which they evidently set small value.

This monastery was founded by the Emperor Romanus about the year 920; it was rebuilt by Andronicus the Second in 1320; in the sixteenth century it was thrown down by an earthquake, and was again repaired by the Sultan Selim the First, or at least during his reign—that is, about 1515. It was in a ruinous condition in the year 1701; it was again repaired, and in the Greek revolution it was again dismantled; at the time of my visit they were actively employed in restoring it. Alexander, Waywode of Wallachia, was a great benefactor to this and other monasteries of Athos, which owe much to the piety of the different Christian princes of the Danubian states of the Turkish empire.

The library over the porch of the church, which is large and handsome, contains one thousand printed books, and between thirty and forty manuscripts in bad condition. I saw none of consequence: that is to say, nothing except the usual volumes of divinity of the twelfth century. In the church is preserved a large piece of the holy cross richly set with valuable jewels. The agoumenos of Xeropotamo, a man with a dark-gray beard, about sixty years of age, struck me as a fine specimen of what an abbot of an ascetic monastery ought to be; simple and kind, yet clever enough, and learned in the divinity of his church, he set an example to the monks under his rule of devotion and rectitude of conduct; he was not slothful, or haughty, or grasping, and seemed to have a truly religious and cheerful mind. He was looked up to and beloved by the whole community; and with his dignified manner and appearance, his long gray hair, and dark flowing robes, he gave me the idea of what the saints and holy men of old must have been in the early days of Christianity, when they walked entirely in the faith, and—if required to do so—willingly gave themselves up as martyrs to the cause: when in all their actions they were influenced solely by the dictates of their religion. Would that such times would come again! But where every one sets up a new religion for himself, and when people laugh at and ridicule those things which their ignorance prevents them from appreciating, how can we hope for this!

Early in the morning I started from my comfortable couch, and ran scrambling down the hill, over the rolling-stones in the dry bed of the torrent on which the monastery of the "dry river" (ἐρε-

ποταμου—kuru chesmé in Turkish) is built. We got into the boat: our carpets, some oranges, and various little stores for a day's journey, which the good monks had supplied us with, being brought down by sundry good natured lubberly καταχυμενοι—religious youths—who were delighted at having something to do, and were as pleased as children at having a good heavy praying-carpet to carry, or a basket of oranges, or a cushion from the monastery. They all waited on the shore to see us off, and away we went along the coast. As the sun got up it became oppressively hot, and the first monastery we came abreast of was that of Simopetra, which is perched on the top of a perpendicular rock, five or six hundred feet high at least, if not twice as much. This rather daunted me: and as we thought perhaps to-morrow would not be so hot, I put off climbing up the precipice for the present, and rowed gently on in the calm sea till we came before the monastery of St. Nicholas, the smallest of all the convents of Mount Athos. It was a most picturesque building, stuck up on a rock, and is famous for its figs, in the eating of which, in the absence of more interesting matter, we all employed ourselves a considerable time; they were marvellously cool and delicious, and there were such quantities of them. We and the boatman sat in the shade, and enjoyed ourselves till we were ashamed of staying any longer. I forgot to ask who the founder was. There was no library; in fact, there was nothing but figs; so we got into the boat again, and sweltered on a quarter of an hour more, and then we came to St. Dionisius.

This monastery is also built upon a rock immediately above the sea; it is of moderate size, but is in good repair. There was a look of comfort about it that savoured of easy circumstances, but the number of monks in it was small. Altogether this monastery, as regards the antiquities it contained, was the most interesting of all. The church, a good sized building, is in a very perfect state of preservation. Hanging on the wall near the door of entrance was a portrait painted on wood, about three feet square, in a frame of silver-gilt, set with jewels; it represented Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Trebizonde, the founder of the monastery. He it was, I believe, who built that most beautiful church a little way out of the town of Trebizonde, which is called St. Sofia, probably from its resemblance to the cathedral of Constantinople. He is drawn in his imperial robes, and the portrait is one of the most curious I ever saw. He founded this church in the year 1380; and Neagulus and Peter, Waywodes of Bessarabia, restored and repaired the monastery. There was another curious portrait of a lady; I did not learn who it was: very probably the Empress Pulcheria, or else Roxandra Domna (Domina?), wife of Alexander, Waywode of Wallachia: for both these ladies were benefactors to the convent.

I was taken, as a pilgrim, to the church, and we stood in the middle of the floor before the ἰκονοστασις, whilst the monks brought out an old-fashioned low wooden table, upon which they placed the relics of the saints which they presumed we came to adore. Of these some were very interesting specimens of intricate workmanship and superb and precious materials. One was a patera, of a kind of china or paste, made, as I imagine, of a multitude of turquoises ground down together, for it was too large to be of one single turquoise; there is one of the same kind, but of far inferior workmanship, in the treasury of St. Mark. This marvellous dish is carved in very high relief with minute figures or little statues of the saints, with inscriptions in very early Greek. It is set in pure gold, richly worked, and was a gift from the Empress or Imperial Princess Pulcheria. Then there was an invaluable shrine for the head of St. John the Baptist, whose bones and another of his heads are in the cathedral at Genoa. St. John Lateran also boasts a head of St. John, but that may have belonged to St. John the Evangelist. This shrine was the gift of Neagulus, Waywode or Hospodar of Wallachia: it is about two feet long and two feet high, and is in the shape of a Byzantine church; the material is silver-gilt, but the admirable and singular style of the workmanship gives it a value far surpassing its intrinsic worth. The roof is covered with five domes of gold; on each side it has sixteen recesses, in which are portraits of the saints in niello, and at each end there are eight others. All the windows are enriched in open-work tracery, of a strange sort of Gothic pattern, unlike anything in Europe. It is altogether a wonderful and precious monument of ancient art, the production of an almost unknown country, rich, quaint, and original in its design and execution, and is indeed one of the most curious objects on Mount Athos; although the patera of the Princess Pulcheria might probably be considered of greater value. There were many other shrines and reliquaries, but none of any particular interest.

I next proceeded to the library, which contained not much less than a thousand manuscripts, half on paper and half on vellum. Of those on vellum the most valuable were a quarto Evangelistarium, in uncial letters, and in beautiful preservation; another Evangelistarium, of which three fly-leaves were in early uncial Greek: a small quarto of the Dialogues of St. Gregory, διαλογοι Γρηγοριου του θεολογου, not in uncial letters, with twelve fine miniatures; a small quarto New Testament, containing the Apocalypse; and some magnificent folios of the Fathers of the eleventh century; but not one classic author. Among the manuscripts on paper were a folio of the Iliad of Homer, badly written, two copies of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, and a multitude of books for the church service. Alas! they would part with nothing. The library was altogether a magnificent collection, and for the most part well preserved: they had no great number of printed books. I should imagine that this monastery must, from some fortunate accident, have suffered less from spoliation during the late revolution than any of the others; for considering that it is not a very large establishment, the number of valuable things it contained was quite astonishing.

A quarter of an hour's row brought us to the scaricatojo of St. Paul, from whence we had to walk a mile and a half up a steep hill to the monastery, where building repairs were going on with great activity. I was received with cheerful hospitality, and soon made the acquaintance of four monks, who amongst them spoke English, French, Italian, and German. Having been installed in a separate bed-room, cleanly furnished in the Turkish style, where I subsequently enjoyed a delightful night's rest, undisturbed by a single flea, I was conducted into a large airy hall. Here, after a very comfortable dinner, the smaller fry of monks assembled to hear the illustrious stranger hold forth in turn to the four wise fathers who spoke unknown

tongues. The simple, kind-hearted brethren looked with awe and wonder on the quadruple powers of those lips that uttered such strange sounds: just as the Peruvians made their reverence to the Spanish horses, whose speech they understood not, and whose manners were beyond their comprehension. It was fortunate for my reputation that the reverend German scholar was of a close and taciturn disposition, since my knowledge of his scraughing language did not extend very far, and when we got to scientific discussion I was very nearly at a stand-still; but I am inclined to think that he upheld my dignity to save his own; and as my servant, who never minced matters, had doubtless told them that I could speak ninety other languages, and was besides nephew to most of the crowned heads of Europe, if a phœnix had come in he would have had a lower place assigned him. I found also that in this—as indeed in all the other monasteries—one who had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land was looked upon with a certain degree of respect. In short, I found that at last I was amongst a set of people who had the sense to appreciate my merits; so I held up my head, and assumed all the dignified humility of real greatness.

This monastery was founded for Bulgarian and Servian monks by Constantine Biancobano, Hospodar of Wallachia. There was little that was interesting in it, either in architecture or any other work of art; the library was contained in a small light closet, the books were clean, and ranged in order on the new deal shelves. There was only one Greek manuscript, a duodecimo copy of the Gospels of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Servian and Bulgarian manuscripts amounted to about two hundred and fifty: of these three were remarkable; the first was a manuscript of the four Gospels, a thick quarto, and the uncial letters in which it was written were three-fourths of an inch in height: it was imperfect at the end. The second was also a copy of the Gospels, a folio, in uncial letters, with fine illuminations at the beginning of each Gospel, and a large and curious portrait of a patriarch at the end; all the stops in this volume were dots of gold; several words also were written in gold. It was a noble manuscript. The third was likewise a folio of the Gospels in the ancient Bulgarian language, and, like the other two, in uncial letters. This manuscript was quite full of illuminations from beginning to end. I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of St. Paul. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. "Oh! by all means!" he said; "we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one." We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, "If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases me;" and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty, was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also; so I took the other two copies of the Gospels mentioned above, all three as free-will gifts. I felt almost ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not saleable in the bazaar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighbouring city? However, before I went away, as a salve to my conscience I gave some money to the church. The authorities accompanied me beyond the outer gate, and by the kindness of the agoumenos mules were provided to take us down to the sea-shore, where we found our clerical mariners ready for us. One of the monks, who wished for a passage to Xeropotamo, accompanied us; and turning our boat's head again to the north-west, we arrived before long a second time below the lofty rock of Simopetra.

This monastery was founded by St. Simon the Anchorite, of whose history I was unable to learn anything. The buildings are connected with the side of the mountain by a fine aqueduct, which has a grand effect, perched as it is at so great a height above the sea, and consisting of two rows of eleven arches, one above the other, with one lofty arch across a chasm immediately under the walls of the monastery, which, as seen from this side, resembles an immense square tower, with several rows of wooden balconies or galleries projecting from the walls at a prodigious height from the ground. It was no slight effort of gymnastics to get up to the door, where I was received with many grotesque bows by an ancient porter. I was ushered into the presence of the agoumenos, who sat in a hall, surrounded by a reverend conclave of his bearded and long-haired monks; and after partaking of sweetmeats and water, and a cup of coffee, according to custom, but no pipes—for the divines of Mount Athos do not indulge in smoking—they took me to the church and to the library.

In the latter I found a hundred and fifty manuscripts, of which fifty were on vellum, all works of divinity, and not above ten or twelve of them fine books. I asked permission to purchase three, to which they acceded. These were the "Life and Works of St. John Climax, Agoumenos of Mount Sinai," a quarto of the eleventh century; the "Acts and the Epistles," a noble folio written in large letters, in double columns: a very fine manuscript, the letters upright and not much joined together: at the end is an inscription in red letters, which may contain the date, but it is so faint that I could not make it out. The third was a quarto of the four Gospels, with a picture of an evangelist at the beginning of each Gospel. Whilst I was arranging the payment for these manuscripts, a monk, opening the copy of the Gospels, found at the end a horrible anathema and malediction written by the donor, a prince or king, he said, against any one who should sell or part with this book. This was very unlucky, and produced a great effect upon the monks; but as no anathema was found in either of the two other volumes, I was allowed to take them, and so went on my way rejoicing. They rang the bells at my departure, and I heard them at intervals jingling in the air above me

as I scrambled down the rocky mountain. Except Dionisius, this was the only monastery where the agoumenos kissed the letter of the patriarch and laid it upon his forehead: the sign of reverence and obedience which is, or ought to be, observed with the firmans of the Sultan and other oriental potentates.

The same evening I got back to my comfortable room at Xeropotamo, and did ample justice to a good meagre dinner after the heat and fatigues of the day. A monk had arrived from one of the outlying farms who could speak a little Italian; he was deputed to do the honours of the house, and accordingly dined with me. He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk: whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel, as ancient as the days of Constantine, or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.

FRESCO OF SAINT GEORGE.

I arranged with the captain of a small vessel which was lying off Xeropotamo taking in a cargo of wood, that he should give me a passage in two or three days, when he said he should be ready to sail; and in the meantime I purposed to explore the metropolis of Mount Athos, the town of Karyés; and then to go to Caracalla, and remain there till the vessel was ready. Accordingly, the next morning I set out, the agoumenos supplying me with mules. The guide did not know how far it was to Karyés, which is situated almost in the centre of the peninsula. I found it was only distant one hour and a-half; but as I had not made arrangements to go on, I was obliged to remain there all day. Close to the town is the great monastery of Coutloumoussi, or Kutlumusi, the most regular building on Mount Athos. It contains a large square court with a cloister of stone arches all round it, out of which the cells and chambers open, as they do in a Roman Catholic convent. The church stands in the centre of this quadrangle, and glories in a famous picture of the Last Judgment on the wall of the narthex, or porch, before the door of entrance. The monastery was at this time nearly uninhabited; but, after some trouble, I found one monk, who made great difficulties as to showing me the library, for he said a Russian had been there some time ago and had borrowed a book which he never returned. However, at last I gained admission by means of that ingenious silver key which opens so many locks.

In a good-sized square room, filled with shelves all round, I found a fine although neglected, collection of books; a great many of them thrown on the floor in heaps, and covered all over with dust, which the Russian did not appear to have much disturbed when he borrowed the book which had occasioned me so much trouble. There were about six or seven hundred volumes of printed books, two hundred MSS. on paper, and a hundred and fifty on vellum. I was not permitted to examine this library at all to my satisfaction. The solitary monk thought I was a Russian, and would

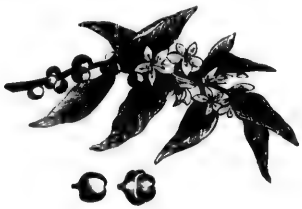
ALBANIAN SOLDIER OF THE GUARD OF THE EPISTATES.

not let me alone, or give me the time I wanted for my researches. I found a multitude of folios and quartos of the works of St. Chrysostom, who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading—a tedious custom, which they have long since given up by general consent. I met also with an Evangelistarium, a quarto in uncial letters, but not in very fine condition. Two or three other monks had by this time crept out of their holes, but they would not part with any of their books: that unhappy Russian had filled the minds of the whole brotherhood with suspicion. So we went to the church, which was curious and quaint, as they all are; and as we went through all the requisite formalities before various grim pictures, and showed due respect for the sacred character of a Christian church, they began at last to believe that I was not a Russian; but if they had seen the contents of the saddle-bags which were sticking out bravely on each side of the patient mule at the gate, they would, perhaps, have considered me as something far worse.

Kutlumusi was founded by the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, and, having been destroyed by "the Pope of Rome," was restored by the piety of various hospodars and waywodes of Bessarabia. It is difficult to understand what these worthy monks can mean when they affirm that several of their monasteries have been

CYPRESS TREE.

burned and plundered by the Pope. Perhaps in the days of the Crusades some of the rapacious and undisciplined hordes who accompanied the armies of the Cross—not to rescue the holy sepulchre from the power of the Saracens, but for the sake of plunder and robbery—may have been attracted by the fame of the riches of these peaceful convents, and have made the differences



COFFEE PLANT.

in their religion a pretext for sacrilege and rapacity. Thus, bands of pirates and brigands in the middle ages may have cloaked their acts of violence under the specious excuse of devotion to the Church of Rome; and so the Pope has acquired a bad name, and is looked upon with terror and animosity by the inhabitants of the monasteries of Mount Athos.

Having seen what I could, I went on to the town of Karyés, if it can properly be called such; for it is difficult to explain what it is. One may, perhaps, say

that what Washington is to the United States, Karyés is to Mount Athos. A few artificers do live there who carve crosses and ornaments in cypress-wood. The principal feature of the place is the great church of Protatou, which is surrounded by smaller buildings and chapels. These I saw at a distance, but did not visit,

SCULPTURED CROSS IN THE TREASURY OF KARYES.

because I could get no mules, and it was too hot to walk so far. A Turkish aga lives here: he is sent by the Porte to collect the revenue from the monks, and also to protect them from other Turkish visitors. He is paid and provided with food by a kind of rate which is levied on the twenty-one monasteries of αγιον ορος, and is, in fact, a sort of sheep-dog to the flock of helpless monks who pasture among the trees and rocks of the peninsula.

Karyés stands in a fair, open vale, half-way up the side of the mountain, and commands a beautiful view to the north of the sea, with the magnificent island of Samotraki looming superbly in the distance. All around are large orchards and plantations of peach-trees and of various other sorts of fruit-bearing trees in great abundance, and the round hills are clothed with greensward. It is a happy, peaceful-looking place, and in its trim and sunny arbours reminds one of Virgil and Theocritus.

I went to the house of the aga to seek for a habitation, but the aga was asleep; and who was there so bold as to wake a sleeping aga? Luckily he awoke of his own accord, and he was soon informed by my interpreter that an illustrious personage awaited his leisure. He did not care for a monk, and not much for an agoumenos; but he felt small in the presence of a mighty Turkish aga. Nevertheless, he ventured a few hints as usual about the kings and queens who were my first cousins, but in a much more subdued tone than usual; and I was received with that courteous civility and good breeding which is so frequently met with among Turks of every degree. The aga apologised for having no good room to offer me; but he sent out his men to look for a lodging; and in the meantime we went to a kiosk, that is, a place like a large birdcage, with enough roof to make a shade, and no walls to impede the free passage of the air. It was built of wood, upon a scaffold eight or ten feet from the ground, in the corner of a garden, and commanded a fine view of the sea. In one corner of this cage I sat the day long, for there was nowhere else to go to; and the aga sat opposite to me in another corner, smoking his pipe, in which solacing occupation to his great surprise I did not partake. We had cups of coffee and sherbet every now and then, and about every half-hour the aga uttered a few words of compliment or welcome, informing me occasionally that there were many dervishes in the place, "very many dervishes," for so he denominated the monks. Dinner came towards evening. There was meat, dolmas, demir tatlessi, olives, salad, roast meat, and pilau, that filled up some time; and shortly afterwards I retired to the house of the monastery of Russico, a little distance from my kiosk; and there I slept on a carpet on the boards; and at sunrise was ready to continue my journey, as were also the mules. The aga gave me some breakfast, at which repast a cat made its appearance, with whom the day before I had made acquaintance; but now it came, not alone, but accompanied by two kittens. "Ah!" said I to the aga, "how is this? Why, as I live, this is a *she* cat! a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos? and with kittens too! a wicked cat!"

"Hush!" said the aga, with a solemn grin; "do not say anything about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat: I allow, certainly, that it must be a she cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul; but do not speak of it, or they will take it away; and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living far away from me."

I promised to make no scandal about the cat, and took my leave; and as I rode off I saw him looking at me out of his cage with the cat sitting by his side. I was sorry I could not take aga and the cat and all with me to Stamboul, the poor gentleman looked so solitary and melancholy.

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CHIEF COURT OF THE MONASTERY OF KILIANTARI.

Here is held a weekly fair or market on Saturday, which presents the singular spectacle of a fair without noise, and a crowd without a woman. "I should rather say," adds Webber Smith, "without anything *tame* of the feminine gender." Horses, bulls, rams, and cocks are not uncommon; but everything of the other sex is absolutely forbidden as far as man can forbid; but uncivilised nature asserts her rights, and wild pigeons, and other birds and insects, especially bees, abound, and, in spite of the monks' most absurd and unnatural regulations, afford a natural source of profit.

To this fair the neighbouring country people bring corn, and wine, and iron-work. The caloyers supply crosses prettily carved in wood or horn, beads, prints of their favourite panagia or of their monasteries, and some few shops are opened for caviar, salted fish, ammunition, &c. This lasts till the sun has risen three or four hours, when the shops are shut, the monks depart, and Karyés again assumes its wonted tranquillity.

The catholicon, or church of Karyés, has been unroofed these seventy years past, but we may add, it was decorated by Panselinos the same as Saint Laura. If the monks have neglected the study of letters, they have not the less persisted in their renowned works in sculpture in wood, of which we give two examples (*See* pp. 580 and 576), in painting, and in engraving. The catholicon of Karyés contains a series of frescoes of the very best epoch of the Athonite school. These paintings are by Manuel, surnamed Panselinos (full moon), who was born at Salonika, somewhere about the twelfth century. This eminent artist, of whom so little is known, is yet considered to be not only at the head of the Athonite but even of the whole Byzantine school. The traditions of that school have been transmitted to us in a work entitled "Guide to Painting" (in Greek), published in 1650, by the monk Denys, of the Monastery of Fourna, near Agrapha in Thessaly, and his pupil Cyrillus of Chio. The portrait of Saint Georges (*See* p. 574) was the only one which the obscurity of the catholicon of Karyés permitted to be reproduced by photography.

At Karyés there is also a house of some dimensions, but most modest appearance, where the council that rules the peninsula holds its sittings. This council is composed of twenty epistates, who represent the twenty monasteries (*See* p. 581). A president elected every fourth year by this assembly participates in the executive power with the representatives of the four monasteries of Laura, Iveron, Vatopedi, and Kiliantari. The rescripts and ordinances are all sealed by a common seal of which each representative holds a fourth part, so that it cannot be affixed without the consent or knowledge of all. The Turkish government recognizes this monachal republic on condition of its paying a tribute of 500,000 piastres annually to their aga at Karyés.

The republic also entertains a guard of twenty Christian Albanian soldiers (*See* p. 575) to protect the common property, which consists of wood, of which they export considerable quantities, nuts, and olives. The quantity of nuts produced by the peninsula is very great. The monks of Kutlumusi alone gather upon an average 200,000 okas, of 2¼ lb. each, every year. One of our illustrations represents nut-gathering on Mount Athos (*See* p. 568). The monasteries hold landed property, besides, in Wallachia, on the island of Thasos, and on the coast of Turkey in Europe. They call these Metok.

## VI.

Caracalla—The Agoumenos—Curious Cross—The Nuts of Caracalla—Singular Mode of Preparing a Dinner Table—Departure from Mount Athos.

It took me, says Mr Curzon, three hours to reach Caracalla, where the agoumenos and Father Joasaph received me with all the hospitable kindness of old friends, and at once installed me in my old room, which looked into the court, and was very cool and quiet. Here I reposed in peace during the hotter hours of the day; and here I received the news that the captain of the vessel which I had hired had left me in the lurch and gone out to sea, having, I suppose, made some better bargain. This caused me some tribulation; but there was nothing to be done but to get another vessel; so I sent back to Xeropotamo, which appeared to be the most frequented part of the coast, to see whether there was any craft there which could be hired.

I employed the next day in wandering about with the agoumenos and Father Joasaph in all the holes and corners of the monastery; the agoumenos telling me interminable legends of the saints, and asking Father Joasaph if they were not true. I looked over the library, where I found an uncial Evangelistarium; a manuscript of Demosthenes on paper, but of some antiquity; a manuscript of Justin (Ἰουστίνου) in Greek; and several other manuscripts — all of which the agoumenos agreed to let me have.

One of the monks had a curiously carved cross, set in silver, which he wished to sell; but I told the agoumenos that it was not sufficiently ancient: I added, however, that if I could meet with any ancient cross, or shrine, or reliquary, I should be delighted to purchase such a thing, and that I would give a good price for it. In the afternoon it struck him suddenly that as he did not care for antiquities, perhaps we might come to an arrangement; and the end of the affair was that he gave me one of the ancient crosses which I had seen when I was there before, and put the one the monk had to sell in its place; certain pieces of gold which I produced rendered this transaction satisfactory to all parties. This most curious and beautiful piece of jewellery has been since engraved, and forms the subject of the third plate in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," London, 1843. It had been presented to the monastery by the Emperor John, whom, from what I was told by the agoumenos, I take to have been John Zimisces. It is one of the most ancient as well as one of the finest relics of its kind now existing in England.

On the evening of the second day, my man returned from Xeropotamo with the information that he had found a small Greek brig, and had engaged to give the patron or captain eleven hundred piastres for our passage thence to the Dardanelles the next day, if I could manage to be ready in so short a time. As fortunately I had purchased all the manuscripts which I wished to possess, there was nothing to detain me on Mount Athos; for I had now visited every monastery excepting that of St. Anne, which indeed is not a monastery like the rest, but a mere collection of hermitages or cells at the extreme point of the peninsula, immediately under the great peak of the mountain. I was told that there was nothing there worth seeing; but still I am sorry that I did not make a pilgrimage to so original a community, who it appears live on roots and herbs,

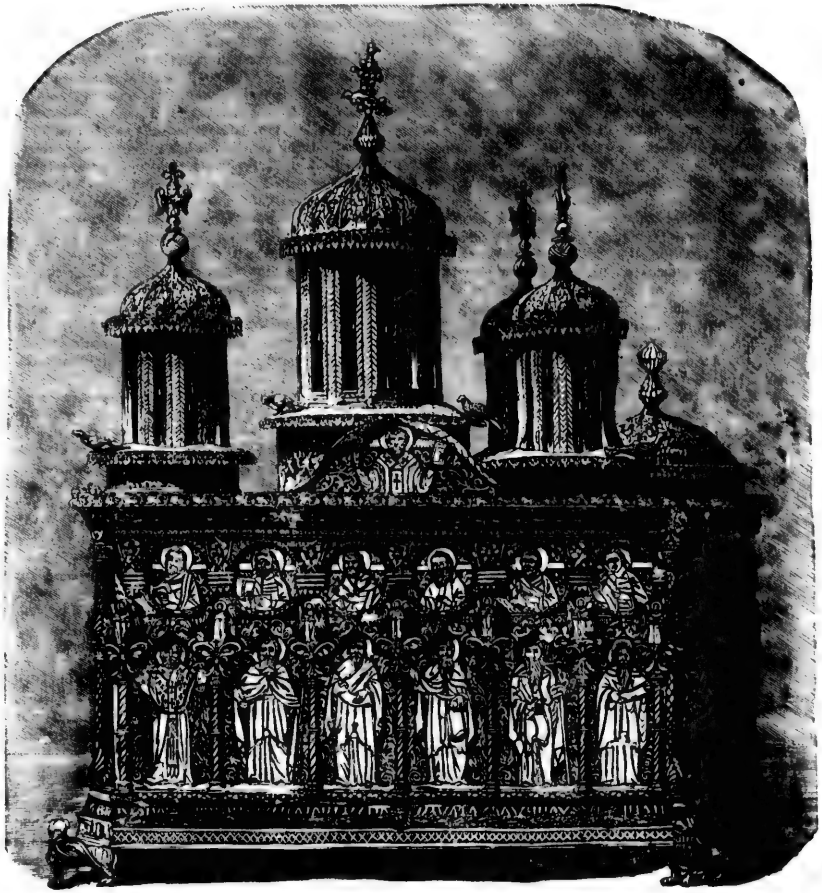
and are the most strict of all the ascetics in this strange monastic region.

All of a sudden, as we were talking quietly together, the agoumenos asked me if I knew what was the price of nuts at Constantinople.

"Nuts?" said I.

"Yes, nuts," said he; "hazel-nuts: nuts are excellent things. Have they a good supply of nuts at Constantinople?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know; but I dare say

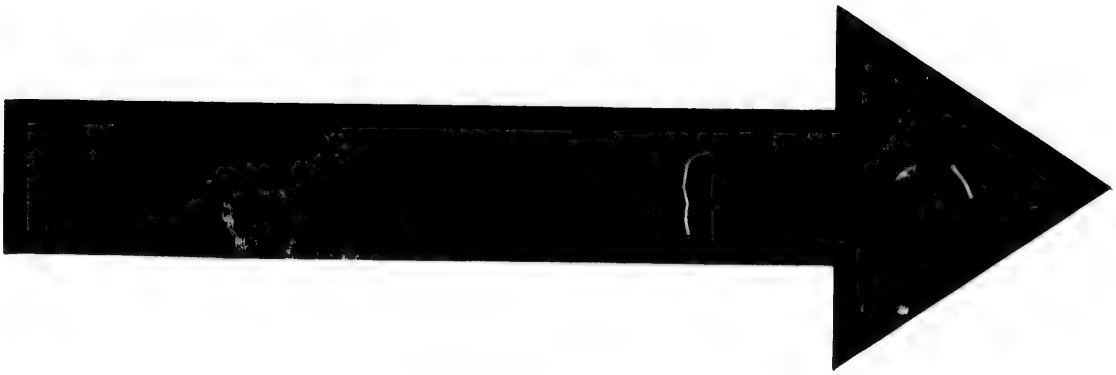


SCULPTURED CABINET IN THE TREASURY OF KARYER.

they have. But why, my lord, do you ask? Why do you wish to know the price of hazel-nuts at Constantinople?"

"Oh!" said the agoumenos, "they do not eat half nuts enough at Stamboul. Nuts are excellent things. They should be eaten more than they are. People say that nuts are unwholesome; but it is a great mistake. And so saying, he introduced me into a set of upper rooms that I had not previously entered, the entire floors of which were covered two feet deep with nuts. I never saw one-hundredth part so many before. The good agoumenos, it seems, had been speculating in

COUNCIL GENERAL OF THE EPISTATES.



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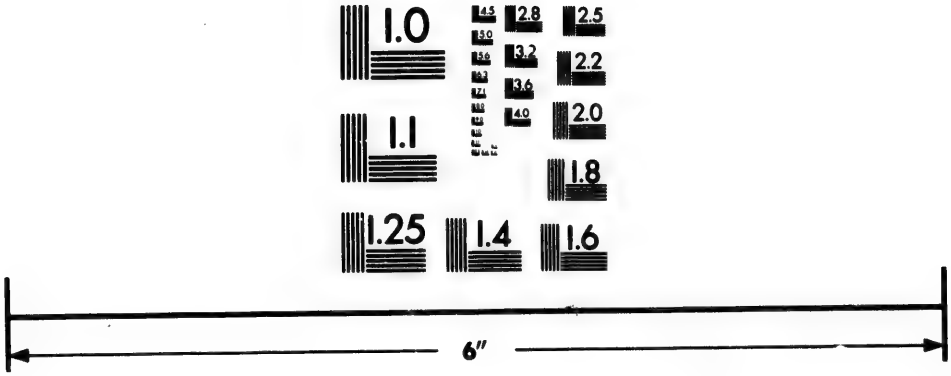


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hazel-nuts; and a vessel was to come to the little tower of the scaricatojo down below to be freighted with them: they were to produce a prodigious profit, and defray the expenses of finishing the new building of Caracalla.

"Take some," said he; "don't be afraid; there are plenty. Take some, and taste them, and then you can tell your friends at Constantinople what a peculiar flavour you found in the famous nuts of Athos; and in all Athos every one knows that there are no nuts like those of Caracalla!"

They were capital nuts; but as it was before dinner, and I was ravenously hungry, and my lord the agoumenos had not brought a bottle of sherry in his pocket, I did not particularly relish them. But there had been great talk during the morning between the agoumenos and Pater Joasaph about a famous large fish which was to be cooked for dinner; and, as the important hour was approaching, we adjourned to my sitting-room. Father Joasaph was already there, having washed his hands and seated himself on the divan, in order to regulate the proceedings of the lay brother who acted as butler The preparations for the banquet were made. The lay brother first brought in the table-cloth, which he spread upon the ground in one corner of the room; then he turned the table upside down upon the table-cloth, with its legs in the air: next he brought two immense flagons, one of wine, the other of water; these were made of copper tinned, and were each a foot and a half high: he set them down on the carpet a little way from the table-cloth; and round the table he placed three cushions for the agoumenos, Pater Joasaph, and me; and then he went away to bring in dinner. He soon reappeared, bringing in, with the assistance of another stout catechumen, the whole of the dinner on a large circular tray of well-polished brass called a sinni. This was so formed as to fix on the sticking-up legs of the subverted table, and, with the aid of Pater Joasaph, it was soon all tight and straight. In a great centre-dish there appeared the big fish on a sea of sauce surrounded by a mountainous shore of rice. Round this luxurious centre stood a circle of smaller dishes, olives, caviare, salad (no eggs, because there were no hens), papas yaknesi, and several sweet things. Two cats followed the dinner into the room, and sat down demurely side by side. The fish looked excellent, and had a most savoury smell. I had washed my hands, and was preparing to sit down, when the Father Abbot, who was not thinking of the dinner, took this inopportune moment to begin one of his interminable stories.

"We have before spoken," he said, "of the many kings, princes, and patriarchs who have given up the world and ended their days here in peace. One of the most important epochs in the history of Mount Athos occurred about the year 1336, when a Calabrian monk, a man of great learning though of mean appearance, whose name was Barlaam, arrived on a pilgrimage to venerate the sacred relics of our famous sanctuaries. He found here many holy men, who, having retired entirely from the world, by communing with themselves in the privacy of their own cells, had arrived at that state of calm beatitude and heavenly contemplation, that the eternal light of Mount Tabor was revealed to them."

"Mount Tabor!" said I.

"Yes," said the agoumenos, "the light which had been seen during the time of the Transfiguration by the apostles, and which had always existed there, was seen by those who, after years of solitude and penance and maceration of the flesh, had arrived at that state of abstraction from all earthly things that in their bodies they saw the divine light. They in those good times would sit alone in their chambers with their eyes cast down upon the region of their navel; this was painful at first, both from the fixedness of the attitude required, with the head bent down upon the breast, and from the workings of the mind, which seemed to wander in the regions of darkness and space. At last, when they had persevered in fasting day and night, with no change of thought or attitude for many hours, they began to feel a wonderful satisfaction; a ray of joy ineffable would seem to illuminate the brain; and no sooner had the soul discovered the place of the heart than it was involved in a mystic and ethereal light."[1]

"Ah," said I, "really!"

"Now this Barlaam, being a carnal and worldly-minded man, took upon himself to doubt the efficacy of this bodily and mental discipline; it is said that he even ventured to ridicule the venerable fathers who gave themselves up so entirely to the contemplation of the light of Mount Tabor. Not only did he question the merits of these ascetic acts, but, being learned in books, and being endowed with great powers of eloquence and persuasion, he infused doubts into the minds of others of the monks and anchorites of Mount Athos. Arguments were used on both sides; conversations arose upon these subjects; arguments grew into disputations, conversations into controversies, till at last, from the most peaceful and regular of communities, the peninsula of the holy mountain became from one end to the other a theatre of discord, doubt, and difference; the flames of contention were lit up; everything was unsettled; men knew not what to think; till at last, with general consent, the unhappy intruder was dismissed from all the monasteries; and, flying from the storm of angry words which he had raised on all sides around him, he departed from Mount Athos and retired to the city of Constantinople. There his specious manners, his knowledge of the language of the Latins, and the dissensions he had created in the church, brought him into notice at court; and now not only were the monks of Mount Athos and Olympus divided against each other, but the city was split into parties of theological disputants; clamour and acrimony raged on every side. The Emperor Andronicus, willing to remove the cause of so much contention, and being at the same time surrounded with difficulties on all sides (for the unbelieving Turks, commanded by the fierce Orchan, had with their unnumbered tribes overrun Bithynia and many of the provinces of the Christian emperor), he graciously condescended to give his imperial mandate that the monk Barlaam should [here the two cats became vociferous in their impatience for the fish] be sent on an embassy to the Pope of Rome; he was empowered to enter into negotiations for the settlement of all religious differences between the Eastern and Western churches, on condition that the Latin princes should assist the emperor to drive the Turks back into the confines of Asia. The Emperor Andronicus died from a fever brought on by excitement in defending the cause of the ascetic quietists before a council in his

[1] Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, Gibbon.

palace. John Paleologus was set aside; and John Cantacuzene, in a desperate endeavour to please all parties, gave his daughter Theodora to Orchan the Emperor of the Osmanlis; and at his coronation the purple buskin of his right leg was fastened on by the Greeks, and that of his left leg by the Latins. Notwithstanding those concessions, the embassy of Barlaam, the most important with which any diplomatic agent was ever trusted, failed altogether from the troubles of the times. The Emperor John Cantacuzene, who celebrated his own acts in an edict beginning with the words, 'By my sublime and almost incredible virtue,' gave up the reins of power, and taking the name of Joasaph, became a monk of one of the monasteries of the holy mountain, which was then known by the name of the monastery of Mangane, while the monk Barlaam was created Bishop of Gerace, in Italy."

By the time the good abbot had come to the conclusion of his history, the fish was cold and the dinner spoilt; but I thought his account of the extraordinary notions which the monks of those dark ages had formed of the duties of Christianity so curious, that it almost compensated for the calamity of losing the only good dinner which I had seen on Mount Athos.

RUTE.

What a difference it would have made in the affairs of Europe if the embassy of Barlaam had succeeded! The Turks would not have been now in possession of Constantinople; and many points of difference having been mutually conceded by the two great divisions of the church, perhaps the Reformation never would have taken place. The narration of these events was the more interesting to me, as I had it from the lips of a monk who to all intents and purposes was living in the darkness of remote antiquity. His ample robes, his long beard, and the Byzantine architecture of the ancient room in which we sat, impressed his words upon my remembrance; and as I looked upon the eager countenance of the abbot, whose thoughts still were fixed upon the world from which he had retired, while he discoursed of the troubles and discords which had invaded the peaceful glades and quiet solitudes of the holy mountain, I felt that there was no place left on this side of the grave where the wicked cease from troubling, or where the weary are at rest. No places, however, that I have seen equal the beauty of the scenery and the calm retired look of the small farm houses, if they may so be called, which I met with in my rides on the declivities of Mount Athos. These buildings are usually situated on the sides of hills opening on the land which the monastic labourers cultivate: they consist of a small square tower, usually appended to which are one or two little stone cottages, and an ancient chapel, from which the tinkling of the bar which calls the monks to prayer may be heard many times a day echoing softly through the lovely glades of the primeval forest. The ground is covered in some places with anemones and cyclamen; waterfalls are met with at the head of half the valleys, pouring their refreshing waters over marble rocks. If the great mountain itself, which towers up so grandly above the enchanting scenery below, had been carved into the form of a statue of Alexander the Great, according to the project of Lysippus, though a wonderful effort of human labour, it could hardly have

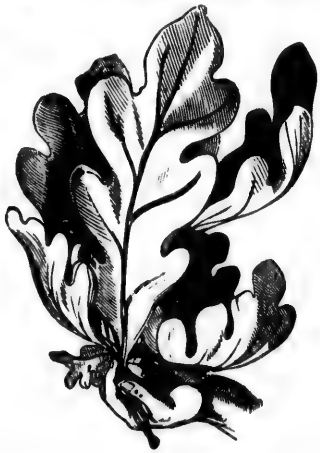

FIG LEAVES.

added to the beauty of the scene, which is so much increased by the appearance of the monasteries, whose lofty towers and rounded domes appear almost like the palaces we read of in a fairy tale.

The next morning, at an early hour, mules were waiting in the court to carry me across the hills to the harbour below the monastery of Xeropotamo, where the Greek brig was lying which was to convey me and my treasures from these peaceful shores. Emptying out my girdle, I calculated how much, or rather how little, money would suffice to pay the expenses of my voyage to the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles, feeling assured that from thence I could get credit for a passage in the magnificent steamer *The Stamboul*, which ran between Smyrna and Constantinople. With the reservation of this sum, I gave the agoumenos all my remaining gold, and in return he provided me with an old wooden chest, in which I stowed away several

goodly folios; for the saddle-bags, although distended to their utmost limits, did not suffice to carry all the great manuscripts and ponderous volumes that were now added to my store. Turning out the corn from the nosebags of the mules, I put one or two smaller books in each; and, after all, an extra mule was sent for to convey the surplus tomes over the rough and craggy ridge which we were to pass in our journey to the other sea. Although the stories of the agoumenos were too windy and too long, I was sorry to part from him, and I took an affectionate leave also of Pater Joasaph and the two cats. Unfortunately, in the hurry of departure, I left on the divan the MS. of Justin, which I had been trying to decipher, and forgot it when I came away. It was a small thick octavo, on charta bombycina, and was probably kicked into the nearest corner as soon as I evacuated the monastery.

Our ride was a very rough one. We had first to ascend the hill, in some places through deep ravines, and in others through most glorious forests of gigantic trees, mostly planes, with a thick underwood of those aromatic flowering evergreens which so beautifully clothe the hills of Greece and this part of Turkey. When we had crossed the upper ridge of rock, leaving the peak of Athos towering to the sky on our left, we had to descend the dry bed of a torrent so full of great stones and fallen rocks, that it appeared impossible for anything but a goat to travel on such a road. I got off my mule, and began jumping from one rock to another on the edge of the precipice; but the sun was so powerful, that in a short time I was completely exhausted; and on looking at the mules, I saw that one after another they jumped down so unerringly over the chasms and broken rocks, alighting so precisely in the exact place where there was standing room for their feet, that, after a little consideration, I remounted my mule; and keeping my seat, without holding the bridle, we hopped and skipped from rock to rock down this extraordinary track, until in due time we arrived safely at the sea shore, close to the mouth of the little river of Xeropotamo. My manuscripts and myself were soon embarked, and with a favouring breeze we stood out into the Gulf of Monte Santo, and had leisure to survey the scenery of this superb peninsula as we glided round the lofty marble rocks and noble forests which formed the background to the strange and picturesque Byzantine monasteries with every one of which we had become acquainted.

PLANE TREE.

# THE GREAT PLAINS OF NORTH AMERICA.

## I.

Movement of Population of United States Westward—Division of United States into two Halves, one half Fertile, and the other Infertile—Line of Watershed between United States and British America—Most Available Line of Communication from East to West by the Upper Mississippi, Red River, Upper Saskatchewan, and Northern Rocky Mountains—Causes of Aridity of the Great Plains to the South, and of Fertility in the North or British America—Passage of Pacific Winds through the Depression in the Northerly Rocky Mountains—Physical Characters of the Great Plains.

The tendency in the population of North America to move westward is not solely connected with the discovery of gold in California and British Columbia. Such a discovery has, by the secret workings of kind Providence, undoubtedly done more to hasten the movement than the dissemination of more detailed information with regard to the wondrous capabilities of the western sea-board of North America, for agriculture and industry, and for shipping and commerce, would probably have accomplished in ages. But still the movement was setting in steadily, and certainly without this tempting incentive. Astoria, whose fortunes have been so picturesquely narrated by Washington Irving, and San Francisco had arisen—the one on the Columbia, the other in California—before a speck of native gold had been discovered.

The Mormons, driven from their New Jerusalem at Nauvoo, have founded towns and cities, and occupied the whole of that extensive region to the south, which lies between the Sierra Nevada on the one side, and the Rocky Mountains on the other. The great Salt Lake City has been designated as the key-stone in the great social arch which will one day unite the Atlantic to the Pacific. The exclusive privileges of the British Fur Companies have alone interposed themselves between the destiny of man and the secret intentions and designs of Providence in British America, and have kept the tide of emigration from Vancouver and the valleys of Fraser's and Thompson's rivers.

Now that these obstacles are removed, that gold has been found broadcast in California and in British Columbia, that the fertility and availability of the western sea-board to colonisation and commerce are becoming daily better known, interest centres itself in discovering the best and easiest road from the east to the west. We have seen that Palliser's expedition has determined the existence of several feasible passes in the British portion of the Rocky Mountains—nay, it seems as that chain of mountains keeps receding in height as it is prolonged to the southward, and the deepest gaps exist where the mountains are loftiest, so it is probable that the most available pass will be determined to be in British territory. What is still more curious is that it has been determined that there exists on the northern limit of the great American desert a broad strip of fertile country, rich in water, woods, and pasturage, drained by the North Saskatchewan and its affluents, and it is a physical reality of the highest importance to the interests of British North America that this continuous belt can be settled and cultivated from a few miles west of the Lake of the Woods to the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and any line of communication, whether by waggon-road or railroad, passing through it, will eventually enjoy the great advantage of being fed by an agricultural population from one extremity to the other.

Now this state of things does not exist with regard to the United States, and any road or railroad constructed within their limits must pass for a distance of twelve hundred miles west of the Mississippi, through uncultivable land, or, in other words, a comparative desert.

The United States of North America are indeed divided longitudinally by the river Mississippi into two halves, one of which is fertile and suitable for man, the other half infertile and generally unsuitable for colonisation. The United States, at least New England and the north-west provinces, are separated from British America, including Canada and Rupert's Land, by a very remarkable line of watershed which separates the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Red River; those of the Mississippi from the great lakes, and those of the Hudson, Connecticut, and other rivers of New England from the basin of the St. Lawrence. There is a map drawn up upon this plain attached to M. de Tocqueville's well-known work, "Democracy in America," and such would have constituted at once a natural line of demarcation, and one far less liable to excite controversy than the present arbitrary line which cuts through the South Saskatchewan, Mouse River, Red River, deviates up the shores of the Lake of the Woods, cuts off the Big Fork, and intercepts the Pigeon River line of communication with Assiniboia.

The line of the future march of civilisation, and of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, is at the same time curiously enough marked by the combined circumstances of climate, physical conformation of the land, availability of soil and course of waters, to be by the north-west States—now politically designated as Lincoln's Land—and the head waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, previous to the Great Bend, thence by Red River and the Upper Saskatchewan, over the lowest passes throughout the whole length of the Rocky Mountains, and which occur in British territory, and thence down the valley of the Columbia or Frasers, as future circumstances may determine. This is no hypothetical view of the matter, founded upon either study of the map or a leaning to British interests; it is the positive result of stern and imperious facts, derived from further acquaintance with the countries in question.

Along the thirty-second parallel, that is across the Mormon territory of Utah, as also in the line of New Mexico, the breadth of this desert is less, and the detached areas of fertile soil greatest in quantity, but the aggregate number of square miles of cultivable land amounts only to 2,300 in a distance of 1,210 miles.

From its mouth to the Great Bend, the Missouri

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admits of almost continuous settlement on its immediate banks; thence to Fort Union, only about one-fourth could be cultivated; and above Fort Union many extensive but detached bottoms show their adaptation for small agricultural areas.

The general westward progress of settlement, a few miles west of the Upper Missouri River, is rendered impossible, by the conditions of climate and soil which prevail there. The progress of settlement must necessarily be up the Valley of the Mississippi, on the immediate banks of the Missouri, and through the Valley of the Red River of the North, to the cultivable areas in the basin of Lake Winnipeg and in Rupert's Land. The exploration for the Pacific railroad, and the meteorological investigations carried on under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the United States army, show conclusively that no settlement of any importance can be established over a vast extent of country, many hundred miles broad on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, and south of the Great Bend of the Missouri. Owing to the absence of rain, the apparently great rivers, the Platte, the Canadian, the Arkansas, &c., are often converted into long detached reaches or ponds during the summer months, and forbid extensive settlement even on their immediate banks. This great and important physical fact is contrary to popular opinion, which is mainly based upon an inspection of a map, and guided by the glowing but utterly erroneous descriptions which are periodically circulated respecting the wonderful fertility of the Far West, and its capability of sustaining a dense population. The arid districts of the Upper Missouri are barren tracts, wholly uncultivable, from various causes. The arid plains between the Platte and Canadian rivers are in great part sand-deserts. The "Sage-plains" or dry districts, with little vegetable growth except varieties of artemesia or underwood, begin on the western border of the plains of the eastern rocky-mountain slope, and cover much the larger portion of the whole country westward. The sterile regions on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains begin about 500 or 600 miles west of the Mississippi, and its breadth varies from 200 to 400 miles; and it is then succeeded by the Rocky Mountain range, which, rising from an altitude of 5,200 feet in lat. 32°, reaches 10,000 feet in lat. 38°, and declines 7,490 feet in lat. 42° 24', and about 6,000 in lat. 47°. Along this range isolated peaks and ridges rise into the limits of perpetual snow, in some instances attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet. The breadth of the Rocky Mountain Range varies from 500 to 900 miles. The soil of the greater part of this region is necessarily so sterile from its composition, and, where well constituted for fertility, from the absence of rain at certain seasons. The general character of extreme sterility likewise belongs to the country embraced in the mountain region.

The only direction which remains for extensive free-soil settlement in and near the United States is northwards, partially along the immediate banks of the Missouri, about the head waters of the Mississippi, and towards the valleys of the Red River and the Assiniboine and the main Saskatchewan. The popular impression that immense areas of land, available for the purposes of agriculture, lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountain chain, has, as before stated, been completely refuted by the explorations and surveys for the Pacific railroad. The now well-ascertained aridity of climate and its natural consequence, sterility of soil, both combine to confirm the title of "The Great American Desert," given by the early explorers of the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains to that extensive region of country. This important fact cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence upon the occupation of British territory north of the 49th parallel of latitude, and on the sources from which that occupation will flow.

The cause of the aridity and unfitness for settlement of fully one-third of the United States has been ably discussed by distinguished meteorologists. The arid regions, or great plains, west of the 101st degree of longitude, receive a very small amount of precipitation from the humid south winds coming up from the valley of the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico. It is too far south to be much affected by north-east winds, or the westerly winds from the Pacific. This vast treeless prairie forms, in fact, the northern limit of the great arid region of the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains; but still its humidity is greater than that of the plains south of the Missouri, in consequence of its high northern latitude.

Warm air from the Pacific, loaded with moisture, passes at certain periods of the year over the whole range of the Rocky Mountains in British America and in the United States. These Pacific winds occasion but a very small precipitation of rain or snow on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, south of the great Missouri Bend. Similar winds from the Pacific do occasion a considerable precipitation in the northern part of the Saskatchewan Valley. Whence, then, this apparent anomaly? It probably arises from the difference in the temperature of the two regions, the direction of the prevailing winds, and the lowness and comparatively small breadth of the Rocky Mountain ranges in that latitude. In spring and summer warm westerly winds, laden with moisture, in passing over the mountain range south of, say the 46th parallel, are cooled to a certain temperature, and precipitate the greater portion of their moisture in the form of rain or snow upon the mountain-ridges. On arriving at the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, their temperature rises to that of the region over which they pass, being elevated by the deposition of their moisture and continually increasing density as they descend; but the capacity of air for moisture is well known to be dependent upon its temperature within certain limits; hence the westerly Pacific winds become more warm and more dry as they descend the eastern Rocky Mountain slope, until they meet the moist winds from the Gulf of Mexico, passing up the valley of the Mississippi, towards and through the region of the great Canadian Lakes, and over the low height of land separating the waters flowing into Lake Winnipeg from the Mississippi Valley.[1]

There is no doubt that the south-west Pacific winds, passing through the depression in the Rocky Mountains near the 49th parallel, and over the narrow plateau on which they rest, without losing the whole of their moisture, give humidity to the large portion of Rupert's Land they traverse.

The great plateau in which the Rocky Mountain ranges rest, has an average elevation of 4,000 feet near the 32nd parallel of latitude, the lowest pass in the most easterly range being there 5,717 feet above the

[1] *Meteorology in its Connection with Agriculture*, by Professor Joseph Henry.

ocean. Along the 35th parallel the vertical section across the mountain system is of greater width and elevation. The mean height above the ocean is 5,500 feet, and the lowest pass 7,750 feet. Between the 38th and 40th parallel the section has an elevation of 7,500 feet, and the lowest pass is 10,032 feet above the level of the sea. Beneath the parallel of 47° the base of the plateau is narrow, and has an average altitude of 2,500 feet, the lowest pass being 6,044 ft. above the ocean. Within British territory north of the 49th parallel, the passes in the eastern range are still lower. The recent admeasurement by Captain Palliser's expedition show that the height of the Kutanie pass in latitude 49° 36′ is nearly 6,000 feet above the sea level; the Kananaski pass, 5,985 feet; and the Vermilion pass, traversed by Dr. Hector, in latitude 51° 10′, only 4,944 feet above the ocean.

Not only has the depression in the Rocky Mountain range, north of the 47th parallel of latitude, a remarkable effect upon the climate of the valley of the north Saskatchewan, but its bearing upon means of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountain range is of great importance.

The physical geography of the arid region, which extends over a portion of the American continent within the limits of the United States, of more than 1,000,000 square miles in area, has been very admirably described by Dr. Joseph Henry.

The general character of the soil between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic is that of great fertility, and, as a whole, in its natural condition, with some exceptions at the west, is well supplied with timber. The portion, also, on the western side of the Mississippi, as far as the 98th meridian, including the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and portions of the territory of Kansas and Nebraska, are fertile, though abounding in prairies, and subject occasionally to droughts. But the whole space to the west, between the 98th meridian and the Rocky Mountains, denominated the Great American Plains, is a barren waste, over which the eye may roam to the extent of the visible horizon with scarcely an object to break the monotony.

From the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, with the exception of the rich but narrow belt along the ocean, the country may also be considered, in comparison with other portions of the United States, a wilderness unfitted for the uses of the husbandman; although in some of the mountain valleys, as at Salt Lake, by means of irrigation, a precarious supply of food may be obtained sufficient to sustain a considerable population, provided they can be induced to submit to privations from which American citizens generally would shrink. The portions of the mountain system further south are equally inhospitable, though they have been represented to be of a very different character. In traversing this region, whole days are frequently passed without meeting a rivulet or spring of water to slake the thirst of the weary traveller.

We have stated that the entire region west of the 98th degree of west longitude, with the exception of a small portion of western Texas and the narrow border along the Pacific, is a country of comparatively little value to the agriculturist; and perhaps it will astonish the reader if we divert his attention to the fact that this line, which passes southward from Lake Winnipeg to the Gulf of Mexico, will divide the whole surface of the United States into two nearly equal parts. This statement, when fully appreciated, will serve to dissipate some of the dreams which have been considered as realities as to the destiny of the western part of the North American continent.

Very great misapprehension has indeed prevailed with regard to the region west of the Mississippi, as well as of the valley drained by the Saskatchewan. Sanguine enthusiasts have laid out new states and territories on the broad map of the Federation, and peopled them in imagination with bustling, industrious and wealthy communities. Other visionaries have converted the 400,000 square miles drained by the Saskatchewan into a region of unbounded fertility and inexhaustible resources. Whereas a proper appreciation and use of facts will convince the most sanguine, that the larger portion of this area is, in its present state, unfit for the permanent habitation of man, both on account of climate, soil and absence of fuel.

The opinions entertained upon this subject by Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, United States, and by Professor Hind, of Toronto, Canada, are confirmed, and indeed emphasised, by Major Emery, of the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission. It will at once occur to the reader, that a knowledge of these facts gives great additional value to the truly fertile valleys of Red River, the Assiniboine, part of the Qu'Appelle, and portions of the south and north branch of the Saskatchewan. It determines, also, the direction in which efforts should be made to people this great wilderness, and guide the progress of settlement in such a manner as will render the country available for that great desideratum—a route across the continent.

In the fanciful and exaggerated descriptions given by many, of the character of the western half of the continent, some have no doubt been influenced by a desire to favour particular routes of travel for the emigrants to follow; others, by a desire to commend themselves to the political favour of those interested in the settlement and sale of the lands; but much the greater portion, by estimating the soil alone, which is generally good, without giving due weight to the infrequency of rains, or the absence of the necessary humidity in the atmosphere, to produce a prolific vegetation. But, be the motive what it may, the influence has been equally unfortunate, by directing legislation and the military occupation of the country as if it were susceptible of continuous settlement from the peaks of the Alleghanies to the shores of the Pacific.

Hypothetical geography has proceeded far enough in the United States. In no country has it been carried to such an extent, or been attended with more disastrous consequences. This pernicious system was commenced under the eminent auspices of Baron Humboldt, who, from a few excursions into Mexico, attempted to figure the whole North American continent. It has been followed by individuals, to carry out objects of their own. In this way it has come to pass, that, with no other evidence than that furnished by a party of persons travelling on mule-back, at the top of their speed, across the continent, the opinion of the country has been held in suspense upon the proper route for a railway, and even a preference created in the public mind in favour of a route which actual survey has demonstrated to be the most impracticable of all the routes between the 49th and 32nd parallels of latitude. On the same kind of unsubstantial information maps of the whole continent have been produced and engraved

in the highest style of art, and sent forth to receive the patronage of Congress, and the applause of geographical societies at home and abroad, while the substantial contributors to accurate geography have seen their works pilfered and distorted, and themselves overlooked and forgotten.

"The plains and basins," Major Emery says, "which I have described as occurring in the mountain system, are not the great plains of North America which are referred to so often in the newspaper literature of the day, in the expressions, 'News from the Plains,' 'Indian Depredations on the Plains,'" &c.

The term "plains" is applied to the extensive inclined surface reaching from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Valley of the Mississippi, and form a feature in the geography of the western country as notable as any other. Except on the borders of the streams which traverse the plains in their course to the valley of the Mississippi, scarcely anything exists deserving the name of vegetation. The soil is composed of disintegrated rocks, covered by a loam an inch or two in thickness, which is composed of the exuviæ of animals and decayed vegetable matter. The growth on them is principally a short but nutritious grass, called buffalo grass (*Syeleria dyctaloides*). A narrow strip of alluvial soil, supporting a coarse grass and a few cotton-wood trees, marks the line of the water-courses, which are themselves sufficiently few and far between. Whatever may be said to the contrary, these plains, west of the 100th meridian, are wholly unsusceptible of sustaining an agricultural population, until you reach sufficiently far south to encounter the rains from the tropics.

The precise limits of these rains I am not prepared to give, but think the Red River (of Louisiana) is, perhaps, as far north as they extend. South of that river the plains are covered with grass of larger and more vigorous growth. That which is most widely spread over the face of the country is the grama or marquita grass, of which there are many varieties. This is incomparably the most nutritious grass known.[1]

It is worth while mentioning here that a late competent French traveller and naturalist—M. Remy—describes the territory of Utah—the Mormon State—as pre-eminently the country of the ERIOGONUM—a tribe of plants so called from *erion* "wool," and *gonu* a knee, the stem being very woolly at the joints, and of which he collected no less than eighty different species between the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. M. Remy remarks that this tribe of plants, which is not met with in the Old World, luxuriates, especially between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains on one side, and the 30th and 42nd degrees of latitude on the other, embracing California, Utah, and New Mexico. It has a far more extended growth in both North and South America, but nowhere are these species so numerous, and the growth of individuals so extensive and so characteristic, as in the above-named districts. M. Remy, it is also to be observed, identifies the "Saga-Bush" of the Americans with the *Artemisia tridantata* of botanists.[2]

[1] *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, made under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior*, by William H. Emery, Major First Cavalry, and United States Commissioner. Washington, 1846, pp. 43–47.

[2] *Voyage au Pays des Mormons: Relation, Geographie Histoire Naturelle Histoire, Theologie, Mœurs et Coutumes.* Par Jules Remy. Paris, 1860.

## II.

ROUTES ACROSS THE "PLAINS"—SCENERY OF THE ARKANSAS—FORT SMITH—BILL SPANIARD—TAMING THE MULES—SCULLEVILLE—CHOCKTAW INDIANS—NATIVE COUNCIL—BALL PLAYING AMONG THE CHOCKTAWS—CHICKASAWS AND CREEK INDIANS—THE SHAWNEES AND THEIR CHIEF TECUMSEH.

WHAT we have said of the peculiar conformation of North America, including British America and the United States, will give further interest to details of travel across the great American Plains west of the Mississippi to the southward, where communication with the newly acquired territory of New Mexico is a matter of positive necessity; and we shall select as examples the account given of the United States Government Expedition from the Mississippi to the coasts of the Pacific under Lieut. Whipple in 1853, as related by Baldwin Möllhausen, topographical draughtsman and naturalist to the expedition, and the account given of a nearly similar journey (in its first part) made by Julius Froebel.

Möllhausen's route lay along the Arkansas, and thence, by Canadian River, across the southerly prolongation of the Rocky Mountains, the upper valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Sierra Madre, and the Rio Colorado, and thence, by the territory of the Pah-utah's, to Pueblo de Los Angeles on the Pacific. Froebel's journey also lay at first along the Arkansas River, and thence by the Ciniaron instead of the Canadian branch, but by the same pass of the Rocky Mountains, thence along the edge of the plateau on the eastern side of the Rio Grande, and down the valley of the same great river to El Paso, and thence to the Mexican province of Chihuahua. Froebel also, on another occasion, travelled from El Paso on the Rio Grande to Santa Cruz in New Mexico, and by the Gila River to the Colorado, and thence to Los Angeles, the terminating point on the Pacific of Möllhausen's expedition, of Froebel's and of Remy's travels in the territory of the Mormons—Utah—and whence it is reached by a more northerly route. There is steam communication between Los Angeles, Monterey, and San Francisco; and the place seems destined, from its relations to Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Utah (the country of the Mormons), and New California, with California and the Pacific, to become one of importance.

M. Möllhausen left Cincinnati, so celebrated for its pork, on the Ohio, by steamboat, on the 4th of June, 1853; and he descended that river beyond its junction with the Mississippi, to the Arkansas, and thence up that river to Fort Smith, where he joined the other members of the expedition. Our traveller thus describes his impressions on first advancing into the Far West, but this, it must be remembered, is where nature is still luxuriant, and the lower valley of the Arkansas, and that of the Mississippi, as far as vegetation is concerned, still as one.

The banks from the mouth to Little Rock, the capital of the State which derives its name from the river, have the same imposing character. Throughout this extent of about 320 miles, the primeval forest may be seen in all its grandeur and glory. For thousands of years has this magnificent work of the Creator stood there untouched in its sublime repose,—what pen could describe it, or number the myriad species of grasses, herbs, shrubs, and parasitical plants, whose gorgeous blossoms delight the eye?

Who could even name all the kinds of trees, the various families of which are here crowded together, and whose foliage, varying from the lightest to the darkest shade of green, enriches the landscape with a superb and complete scale of colour?

Ancient gray mossy trunks, of perhaps a thousand years old, still raise their leafy crowns high above the impenetrable underwood, as proud in their fresh and youthful verdure as the slender descendants that have but lately sprouted forth from their seeds, but have already attained to considerable height.

The first settlers have shrunk from this impenetrable wilderness, and avoided these thickly wooded and marshy grounds swarming with animal life; very seldom does the appearance of even a small clearing betray the presence or neighbourhood of man.

The stag stands gazing wonderingly, and without attempting to fly, at the great disturber of the place as it goes foaming by—the parrot climbs chattering from bough to bough, the turkey lifts its blue head up through the leaves, to get a better view of the new spectacle, and the black bear lying cooling his sides in the water, rears on his hind legs, and looks mistrustfully at the swimming monster and the long wreath of smoke it leaves behind. The high swell of the water, however, soon reaches him and disturbs his meditations, and he shakes his rough hide and goes off grumbling into the thicket.

The first settlers of the West felt themselves compelled to leave the dread magnificence of nature here behind them, and lay the foundations of their new home beyond the forest, where the rocks announce a gentle rising of the ground. There they felled the trees—there opened the bosom of the earth, and compelled the luxuriant vegetative power of the soil, which hitherto had followed what may be called its own caprices, to employ itself in bringing forth such productions as the wants of its new masters required—and there they afterwards blasted and chiselled the rocks to build their government house, when the territory of Arkansas, favoured by nature and circumstances, had attained to a sufficient amount of population and prosperity to be received as a State into the Union.

Little Rock, it is to be observed, is indebted for no small part of its rapid rise to the hot sulphureous springs that have been discovered a little way south of it, and concerning the almost fabulous curative powers of which the most extravagantly exaggerated accounts found their way into the newspapers.

Further up the stream appear the Bee Rocks, a range of precipitous wall-like cliffs, whose rents and chasms have served, perhaps for thousands of years, as the resort of the enormous swarms of wild bees, which have given a name to the whole range. A few miles beyond the Bee Rocks, the valley of the Arkansas opens and displays the blooming prosperous town of Van Buren, surprising you as much by its pleasant appearance, as by the solitude of the wild region in which it lies.

Four miles above Van Buren, and near the little town of Fort Smith on the right bank, the river passes from the territory of the United States, and enters that of the Indians. The actual fort, under whose protection the town lies, is within the limits of the Choctaw Indian territory. Immediately above this fort, the Poteau river falls into the Arkansas, and not only gives the settlement an extremely pretty aspect, but also, since the fort lies at the eastern angle which the Poteau forms with the main stream, an extremely advantageous position. (*See* p. 598.[1])

Fort Smith, like every other town in America, had begun to think of establishing railroad communications before it had well come into existence. Previous to starting, the members of the expedition accustomed themselves to a camp life by bivouacking in a forest-clearing not far from the town. They also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with one another, the party consisting, with military escort, of above seventy persons. The character of some may be judged of by the following:—

One day there lay at a little distance from the tents, two men stretched out beneath a sassafras bush, who were carrying on a very animated conversation, and apparently not at all incommoded by the heat of the sun. The peculiar cut of their features, their dark skins, the lank hair falling on their shoulders, and their expressive gestures, would have stamped them as Indians, had not their thick rough beards afforded them some apparent claim to a European descent. They were very carelessly dressed in a garment of rough red flannel confined by a broad leathern girdle, which served at the same time to hold the knives and pistols, which their owners evidently took great pains to preserve from rust. They had only been engaged to accompany the expedition a few hours before; and after a few glances had convinced them that there was much resemblance in their origin and circumstances, they had made acquaintance, and at the time I speak of seemed about to enter on some reciprocal confidences. "My name's Bill," began one of them—a gloomy looking man, with a deep scar in his forehead, of low stature and very thick set, and giving evidence in the breadth of his shoulders of gigantic strength—"my name's Bill, but they mostly call me Bill Spaniard, because my father came from Spain, over the great water. My mother was a Cherokee woman, and I am, as far as I know, her only son. I don't know how nor where my father and mother died, but I grew up in the wigwams of the Cherokees, and I managed when I was quite young to earn enough among the whites to buy myself a pair of pistols, and powder and ball. At first I used to amuse myself with the sound of them, but afterwards I thought it better fun to shoot the cattle belonging to the pale faces, and bring home the tongues and as much meat as I could carry to my people. The settlers used to call me a thief, but I didn't think so. I'm half an Indian, and have been always among Indians. I've stolen many a horse and been proud of it, but I never took anything from my friends and brothers."

After a short pause, Bill resumed. "There was a great villain down there among my people; he used to steal from his friends and from his own brother, and then he always said Bill Spaniard, the light Cherokee, had done it. He was a liar, and I showed them that he was, and he wanted to stop my mouth, and swore he would be the death of me. He used to follow me with his double-barrelled gun loaded—I've counted the bullets he put in; and one day he met me on the other side of the Arkansas, and called me a red-skinned rascal, and pointed his gun at me; but my hand's

[1] See also Map p. 604. Our readers will observe that the present issue of this work is illustrated with a very full series of Maps, many of them specially engraved for this publication. These Maps will assist the reader to an intelligent perusal of every narrative of exploration, travel or adventure here recorded.

pretty quick and my eye quicker, and I hit him with one of these little pistols just between the eyes. It wasn't for nothing I had bought pistols and learned the use of them. My enemy lay at my feet." He was silent again, but he snapped his pistols in a sort of caressing manner, and stuck them again into his belt, then pulled a roll of black tobacco out of his pocket, cut off a piece, pushed it between his white teeth, and went on. "A relation of my enemy accused me of murder, and I was sent to prison, and there I was kept for six years; but then my accuser died and I was set free. I shall get out of this country, for I hate all the people here, and go to California and dig for gold. I can work well, and I shall get rich."

"Bill," replied his companion, a half-Indian like himself, and no less strong a fellow, "you must mind and keep out of harm's way. I'm going to California, too, along with this party. I aint comfortable here. People say I have stabbed a white man and a Choctaw Indian, and I don't like such talk."

"You're a great villain, you are," said Bill, "and they'll hang you yet—but there come our mules, we must go to work." At these words both rose and went off in the direction where a loud trampling announced the approach of the still wild mules, in taming and breaking which the two half-breeds were to show their strength and skill.

One of the most difficult tasks in the preparations for a journey through these steppes is the breaking and shoeing these animals, whose strength and power of enduring fatigue, even under a scarcity of food and water, is incomparably greater than that of the horse. Mexicans and Indians drag the reluctant animals with the lasso under a sort of scaffolding, with four upright posts. The animal is then lifted, by means of cleverly contrived tackle, about three feet from the ground, its legs are attached by leathern thongs to each of the four posts, and before it can look round or guess what is going to be done, four smiths standing ready with iron and tongs have completed a work which even with a quiet horse usually takes ten times as long. As soon as the shoes are in their places, the frightened creature is delivered over to the waggon-driver, the exhortations to obedience are repeated with illustrative remarks, with the whip and lasso, until his fits of rage become less frequent, and he is declared fit for service.

On the 15th of July, 1853, the expedition left the camp at Fort Smith, crossing the Poteau and following the marshy bottomlands on the sharp angle formed by the Arkansas and the last-mentioned tributary. Passing a solitary hill where the copper-head snake, rolled up in a ball, watched their passage, stretching out his head as if preparing for a spring, they reached a fort named after its founder, the American General Koffee. It is beautifully situated on a hill about eighty feet high, that rise abruptly from the waters of the Arkansas, and on the land-side slopes gently down; and the white building gleams out pleasantly from the dark cedars. After the building of Fort Smith, however, Fort Koffee lost its garrison, and was, twelve years ago, transformed into a missionary school-house, and the buildings erected for a warlike purpose have since then been turned to account for peaceful ends. Well-cultivated fields of maize and wheat lie close round the gardens, in which negro slaves are sometimes diligently at work and sometimes loitering leisurely about; while groups of dark-coloured children at play peep out curiously with their black eyes at the passing wanderer. The school is supported by the American government, and under the guidance of a married Methodist preacher. On an average about fifty of the young Choctaws are receiving their education here, and a similar institution for girls was a few years ago established nearer to the Agency, and is now apparently very prosperous, and producing good fruit. The way from the Mission to the Agency leads along the side of a spacious prairie, sometimes crossing parts of the grassy plain, sometimes cutting off small tracts of light wood, and at last, when near the Agency, turning into the deep forest, when after proceeding for a short distance you come again upon fields of maize and wheat, and log-houses, surrounded by flourishing young fruit trees, which announce the commencement of the rising Indian town.

The town itself consists of a kind of broad street, formed of log-houses and gardens, and does not differ much in appearance from many other thriving villages; Indians, Negroes, and Europeans are seen moving about—domestic animals of all sorts enliven the farm-yards, gardens, and streets; the sound of the threshing machine is heard, and the regular fall of the smith's hammer upon the anvil, and in general there is an appearance of lively industry about the place, called by the Indians Hei-to-to-woe, but by the American population Soulleville, or simply the "Agency."

The nation of the Choctaws is stated by Catlin at 22,000, who now occupy the territory southward of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers—bordering to the east, on the state of Arkansas, to the south on the territory of the Chickasaws, and to the west on that of the Creeks. The northern neighbours of the Choctaws are the Cherokees, who stand at about the same grade of civilisation, and differ but little from them. The differences that exist are chiefly to be found in some ancient customs and traditions, which appear to depend upon their origin. Before their settlement on the Arkansas, the Choctaws occupied the rich hunting grounds of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, which they sold to the United States, agreeing that the payment should be made by regular instalments in the course of twenty years. This term is now nearly expired, and most of the money has found its way back into the hands of the whites, having done the Indians little good by the way. If we compare the current traditions still to be found in these regions with one another, we shall easily come to the conclusion that this tribe must at one time have lived in the Rocky Mountains, to the north-west of its present territory, as neighbours of the Flat Head and Chinook Indians. These are the only tribes who disfigure the natural form of the skull, by squeezing the heads of the new-born infants between boards; and old Choctaws state that they have heard from their forefathers of the former prevalence of this custom among them. This is confirmed by the tradition of their great migration, which as related by an Indian runs thus:—

"Many winters ago, the Choctaws lived far away towards sunset, behind the great flowing water (westward of the Missouri), they lived behind the mountains with snow (the Rocky Mountains). They then began to wander, and they passed many winters and many summers in wandering. A great medicine man was their chief; he led them the whole way, and he went always first, carrying a long red pole in his hand.

"He walked always foremost, and wherever he

struck the red pole into the ground, they pitched their camp; every morning they noticed that the red pole was inclined towards sunrise, and the medicine man declared this signified that they were to go on till it remained standing upright, by which they would know that there was the place that the Great Spirit had destined for their home. They wandered on and on for a long while, until at last, at a place called *Nah-ne-ton-ge* (precipitous hill), the pole remained perpendicular. They then established themselves on the spot, and made a camp a mile long and a mile broad; and the men lay down around it, and the women and children in the midst; and *Nah-ne-ton-ge* is still regarded as the centre of the Choctaw nation."

Christianity has found its way to these people, but still many of them remain attached to the faith of their fathers, which promises them the continued existence of their souls after death, and is in its main points nearly the same as that of the Northern Indian races.

The deceased Indian has, according to them, a long journey to take towards the West, until he comes to a deep rushing river, which separates him from the happy hunting grounds. The two shores of this river are connected by a long pine trunk, stripped of bark and polished, which must be used as a bridge. The good man passes with a firm and secure step across this slippery bridge, reaches the happy hunting grounds, and enters on the possession of eternal youth and strength. His sky is always clear, a cool breeze is perpetually blowing for him, and he passes his time in sailing, hunting, dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad man, when he steps upon the bridge, sees the two overhanging shores totter, he attempts to escape, and falls into the abyss below, where the water is rushing with the sound of thunder over rocks, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations from dead fish and other animal bodies; and the water, whirling round and round, brings him always back to the same point, where all the trees are withered; where it swarms with lizards, snakes, and toads; where the dead are hungry and have nothing to eat; where the living lead a diseased life and cannot die. The shores are covered with thousands of these unhappy beings, who climb up to get a glance into the happy hunting grounds, which they can never enter.

There is among the Choctaws a tribe called the Crawfish Band, of whom the following strange history is told:—

"They lived formerly in a great cavern, where for miles and miles round there was no light. They used to crawl out to the daylight through a marsh, and return in the same way. They looked like crawfish, went on hands and feet, did not understand one another, and were very shy and fearful. The Choctaws watched for them a long time, to try and speak to them, but they would not speak to anyone, and vanished again into the marsh. At last the Choctaws found means to cut off their retreat to it, and then they escaped to a neighbouring rock, and disappeared somehow in its crevices. The Choctaws then brought fire to the entrance of the cavern, laid grass and green boughs upon it, and drove in the thick smoke, by which means they at length drove out these crabmen to the light of day, but treated them kindly, taught them to speak and to walk upon two feet, instead of on all-fours, cut their long nails, plucked the hair from their bodies, and afterwards incorporated them with their own tribe; but many of them, after all, went back to burrow in the earth, and are still living in the great dark cave."

We will now turn to the Council of more civilised Indians, and admire the eloquence displayed in it.

At the western end of Sculleville lies a small warehouse (with a somewhat raised corridor), which is the rostrum of the Choctaw orator, and the open sky the ceiling of his hall. "The Indian orator," I was told, "finds his speech flow freely when his eye falls on the swallow shooting through the air; when he sees before him the tree with its beautiful green leaves, his words grow together like the fresh leaves, and form one whole, for there are many leaves on one branch, and many branches on one tree; the tree throws a shade so that many men can stand in it, and his speech falls like a shade upon the hearers, and every one says the speech is good. The wild bee goes murmuring past with her honey, and the speaker takes the honey and mingles it with his words. Honey is sweet; the Redskin likes to eat it; and the hearers of his words suck them in like honey, and every one can understand the words, and listen to them sharp-eyed and motionless, like the antelope in the prairies and the stag in the thicket."

On a magnificent summer evening, the whole masculine population of Sculleville was assembled before this rostrum, and of the camp of Lieutenant Whipple very few were wanting. The Indians had mostly brought their wives with them, but the ladies were too modest to approach the Council, and remained at a distance; for although the wives of the Choctaws have now assumed something like their rightful place, and are no longer slaves to their husbands, as among most uncivilised nations, they are themselves reasonable enough to see that the interference of a single woman in political affairs would sometimes do more harm than the men of the whole tribe could make good again. It will probably be a long time before the emancipation of the sex is to be looked for amongst the Choctaws.

The first orator who presented himself, though a great chief, was no painted and plumed warrior. He wore a cotton hunting-shirt of rather fantastic cut, a brown low-crowned hat shaded his copper-coloured physiognomy, he looked dusty, as if from a long ride, and his horse, still saddled and bridled, stood a little way off.

From his first word the most breathless stillness reigned, and every one listened with profound attention, even those among his auditors who were entirely ignorant of the language in which he spoke. He had no time for preparation, but he knew what he wished to say; there were no theatrical gestures, or attempts to excite the passions of his hearers, but merely a light movement of the hand occasionally accompanying the most emphatic words, which although uttered in deep guttural tones, were distinctly audible to the most distant of the assembly. He spoke with ease and freedom, and was interrupted neither by applause nor contradiction; only a unanimous *Hau!* followed on certain questions that he asked, and when he had ended there was a short murmur of remarks among his auditory, and then another orator took his place.

The questions in discussion were, first, a proposal for running the railroad across a part of the Choctaw Land, to which it is probable that the circumstance of our party being encamped on the spot had given rise; and, secondly, a change in the form of govern-

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ment, as it had been proposed that the power now distributed among several chiefs should be delegated to one.

The judicial business is conducted in the same manner; and the Choctaws are strict and inflexible in the administration of justice. The punishment of death is sometimes inflicted, in which case the delinquent is seated opposite his judge, cross-legged on the same blanket, and when he is condemned receives his death by a bullet on the spot.

The sitting on the present occasion was prolonged to a late hour of the night, one speaker following another without any interruption, and the same attention being paid to the last as to the first; even those who did not understand a word were not tired, and the effect of mere tone and gesture upon them was such, that an American exclaimed, "I used to think English was the finest language in the world, but now I doubt whether Choctaw does not equal it."

Some of the larger of the prairies, which lie apart from others, are often made the place of rendezvous for thousands of Indians, who come together to carry on their ancient games, which are coeval with the existence of their tribes, and which will only be forgotten when they perish. No matter how far they may have advanced in civilisation, the Indian gentleman educated in the Eastern States is as ready as the still wild hunter of the same tribe to throw aside all the troublesome restraints of clothing, and, painted from head to foot in the fashion of the "good old times," to enter the lists with unrestrained eagerness for a grand national game of ball.

This ball or ring playing is practised more or less among all the North American Indians, and even among the lately discovered Mohawe and Pah-Utah Indians, on the Great Colorado river, it is equally in favour. The ball-playing of the Chocktaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, is, however, carried on with such grand formalities, and has such a great charm or "*Medicine*" ascribed to it, that it deserves more particular mention.

The first occasion for a festival of this kind is generally given by a challenge between two men who have gained a high reputation as ball-players. The day is then fixed for the contest, and both parties send out their recruiting officers, painted cavaliers armed with an ornamental ball-stick, and themselves fantastically decorated. They ride on from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, through the whole tribe, announcing to every man the names of the champions and the appointed day, as well as the spot where the contest is to take place, and calling on him to join the side of the player by whom they are sent. Assent is signified by a simple touch of the decorated ball-stick, after which the word is irrevocably pledged. Since each champion brings into the field as many men as he can get together, half the nation is sometimes assembled, some to take part in the game, others, and especially the women, to bet. The two parties pitch their tents opposite one another, on the two sides of a prairie adapted to the purpose; and the preparation then goes on. The middle of the ground between the two camps is measured and marked, and 250 paces back from it, each party drives two poles into the ground, six feet from one another, and then connects them by a cross pole sixteen feet long, so as to form a kind of gate; the two gates being placed exactly opposite to one another. Four impartial old men are commissioned to watch the accuracy of the measurements, and they have subsequently to act as umpires. Scarcely has the middle line been drawn, before an eager throng rushes from either camp, to choose their respective antagonists, and begin to bet across the line, every one being quite sure of the victory of his own party, and offering to bet the most valuable article he can afford. The prizes consist of horses, weapons, blankets, articles of clothing, household utensils, in short, of all imaginable chattels, which are brought to the line and placed before the four umpires, who have the duty of watching the valuables the whole night through, and who from time to time manifest their watchfulness by a howling song, to the accompaniment of the Indian drum, or smoke pipes in honour of the Great Spirit, that he may bring the great game to a happy conclusion. The time till sunset is passed by the players, not exactly in dressing, since every article of clothing, except a small apron, is laid aside, but in preparing and adorning themselves. They put on an embroidered girdle with a long streamer or tail of coloured horsehair attached to it, round the hips, in such a manner that the tail may flutter out behind; no player is allowed to wear shoes or mocassins of any kind to protect his feet, which, like all the rest of his person, are painted in all imaginable colours; and except the ball-stick used on the occasion no weapon or implement whatever must be carried. These sticks are made of light wood, and provided at one end with a ring, large enough to hold the ball, but not to allow it to fall through, for the ball must be touched by no hand.

Accustomed from their childhood to manage these sticks, these people display astonishing dexterity both in flinging the balls to an immense distance, and in catching them as they fly through the air. Only one ball is used in the game, and the possession of this, so as to be able to throw it through the gate of his party, is the object of every one's exertions, for the side which first does this for the hundredth time gains the victory and wins the prizes. As the sun sinks behind the trees, and their shadows fall longer and longer on the grass and then vanish in the twilight, the players advance in long lines with torches towards their respective gates, and dance round them singing, howling, drumming, and playing with and rattling their ball-sticks; the women also advance in procession to the line of demarcation, place themselves in two rows between the gates, and dance and rock themselves and shuffle from one foot to the other on the same spot, raising their voices at the same time in a wild chorus, the umpires sitting at the same time on the frontier line and sending up clouds of tobacco smoke to propitiate the Great Spirit. In this manner the night passes; the songs and dances are repeated every half-hour, and no other pauses are allowed than such as are necessary to renew their strength for making a noise. The rising sun finds every one in readiness, thousands sometimes waiting for the given signal; soon a shot is fired, and then one of the "impartial," standing on the frontier line, flings the ball high up into the air. The players instantly rush madly forward and become mingled together in one wild struggling mass of human bodies and limbs in which no individual or group can any longer be distinguished. The turf is trampled into dust—the crowd sway this way and that—now one has the ball,

but it is immediately torn from his grasp—the next moment another has snatched it, and it is seen flying through the air towards the goal; but it does not reach it, for it has been arrested in its progress by a watchful eye and a sure hand; the struggle begins again, and at last it is really pushed through one of the gates. A momentary pause follows, and then the ball is again thrown into the centre of the field, and the contest has to be renewed, until it has taken the same course a hundred times; and it is seldom that the end of this rough exciting game is announced before sunset. (*See* p. 601.)

As soon as the Pine Grove and Sansbois Mountains are left behind, the character of the country becomes entirely changed. Hitherto it had been woods interspersed with prairies, now it was prairies varied by occasional patches of wood. Beyond Gaines Creek running streams and gushing springs were sparkling all over among the rich grass of this beautiful country, except where the exuberant climbing plants and wild grapes had absorbed all the moisture and nourishment of the soil to themselves. In this district the Chickasaws and Choctaws live in a peaceable manner together; for the former, who were originally found more to the south, have come to an amicable agreement with the Choctaws concerning the possession of certain lands, so that it is now often difficult to distinguish one tribe from the other. Their territory extends as far as the Canadian, whilst the paradisiacal tract between the Canadian and the Arkansas is occupied by the Creeks or Mus-ko-gees. It is as yet but thinly settled; but well-managed prosperous farms are rising under the hands of the Indians, and the inexhaustible fertility of the soil repays the smallest labour with a superabundant harvest.

Not only competence, but even wealth, is to be found among these agricultural tribes; and where but a short time since the painted warrior was endeavouring to express his vain thoughts and wild fancies by hieroglyphical pictures drawn on a tanned buffalo hide, you may now see the civilised Indian reading a newspaper printed in his mother tongue, and an Indian mistress directing the work of her negro slaves—who certainly enjoy milder treatment than she did herself when she was the slave of her lord and master in his savage days.

The Creek Indians, who number about 20,000, formerly inhabited large tracts of the States of Alabama and Mississippi; but after they ceded their lands to the government of the United States, they moved further to the west, and became the southern neighbours of the Cherokees, the River Arkansas forming the boundary between them. The Cherokees, who are reckoned at 22,000, were not readily to be induced to quit their extensive lands in the state of Georgia, and abandon the graves of their forefathers. By a former treaty with the United States, they had been recognised as a free and independent nation, with full right to make and administer their own laws; but as it was found that the existence of this separate sovereign state within the limits of Georgia was productive of great inconvenience, the United States government had since made many attempts to induce them to move westward, and found a new settlement; but all these efforts had been frustrated by the iron will of the Cherokee chief, John Ross, an extremely well-educated man, who, in addition to his authority as chief, possessed great influence with his nation.

At last, however, a small number of them were induced to migrate to the Upper Arkansas, under the guidance of a chief named Jol-lee; and the accounts they sent back of the beauty and fertility of the new country, united to the persuasions and urgency of the United States government, had so much effect, that even John Ross finally gave way, and a few years ago followed, with the whole remainder of the nation, in the steps of Jol-lee.

Beyond Coal Creek the prairies became still more flat, and after a few marches they arrived at the first settlement of the Shawnee Indians, who dwell in the Canadian.

Scarcely was the arrival of the white party made known, than friendly Indians came trooping on horseback and on foot into our camp, bringing with them large quantities of maize, sweet melons, most refreshing water melons, and juicy peaches for sale. Such visitors were of course exceedingly welcome, more especially as the deportment both of men and women was remarkably orderly and modest, and they moved about in their cleanly European costume with as much ease and decorum as if they had worn it from their birth.

The regularly featured faces of the men were moreover adorned by a handsome moustache, of which, as of an ornament very rare for an American Indian, they were not a little proud. The women were all what might be called handsome, and the roses visible on their cheeks, despite the dark colour of their skins, spoke of health and cheerfulness. In pleasant quarters does the weary wanderer find himself, when, resting before the cottage of one of these hospitable Indians in the shade of the roughly-made protecting corridor, refreshing himself with new milk and fresh bread, or gathering juicy peaches in their cottage gardens, or finding out the water-melons hidden in their cool shady bowers. The few families settled in this district appear far more happy and contented than the larger portion of their tribe, who have proceeded northward to the Kansas and the Missouri, and have seen many of their number succumb to their cruel foes—small-pox and brandy.

Of the great and powerful tribe of the Shawnees, or *Sha-wa-nos*, there are not now left more than 1,400 souls; and the time is not far off when even these few will have become scattered in all directions, and nothing but the memory remain of this once powerful nation.

As neighbours of the Delawares on the coasts of the Atlantic, in the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the Shawnees were among the first who felt the pressure of the victorious civilisation that advanced upon them from the east across the ocean. Many trace the origin of their tribe to the peninsula of Florida, grounding their conjecture on the name of the River *Su-wa-nee;* but it is certain that the Shawnees played a part in the history of the civilisation of Pennsylvania, and that their wigwams stood on the shore of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bay. The Delawares, who had always been their neighbours, fought with them as allies against the common enemy, and marked with the blood of their pursuers the path towards the Alleghany mountains, along which they were driven. Those mountains protected them for a time from their insatiable foes, and for sixty years they maintained themselves in Ohio; but then they had to give way again and move further west, but fighting boldly as they went, till they at last found a permanent home beyond the Mississippi. Still there is now but a poor remnant to be found, and if you ask one of them where is the great brave nation of the Sha-wa-nos, the answer will be, "The graves of our fathers are to be sought by the salt water towards sunrise;

then follow the road to the west which is marked by whitening bones, and you will pass over the remains of the brave Shawnees and their fallen enemies."

The chiefs of this people seem to have been without exception great men, and in the struggles of the whites with the Indians, Te-cum-seh, besides being a most dreaded warrior, showed himself the most enlightened and influential politician of his race. His early death probably alone prevented the execution of a deeply-laid plan, which had in view nothing less than the burying the war hatchet among the tribes, and uniting the whole race of the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent in one common effort against the whites. The history of Te-cum-seh is written in that of America, and one scarcely knows whether to regard his being cut off so early as a cause of sorrow or satisfaction.

From Shawnee Village to Shawnee Town is a distance of twenty miles; the way lies near the Canadian River, and is entirely shaded by thick woods. A little to the west, on the there high bank of the Canadian, stand still some wigwams or rather log-houses of Quappa Indians, who may boast of not having yet quitted the lands of their forefathers. But they have shrunk to a small band that cannot furnish above twenty-five warriors, and it would scarcely be supposed that they are all who are left of the once powerful tribe of the Arkansas, whose hunting-grounds extended from the Canadian to the Mississippi, and who carried on sanguinary and successful warfare with the mighty Chickasaws. It is related that on one occasion a war-party of the Quappaws fell in with a troop of Chickasaws, who, as they had no powder, drew back and avoided the encounter. When the Quappaw chief was informed of the cause of their retreat, he called his warriors about him, and desired them to empty their powder-horns on a blanket spread out for the purpose. When they had done so, he divided the stock into two equal halves, and keeping one for themselves, he desired the Chickasaws to come and take the other, and then a furious battle began; in which the Quappaws lost one of their number, but had the satisfaction of hanging up the scalps of eight of their enemies to dry in their wigwams.

## III.

Old Fort Arbuckle—Black Beaver—Delaware Indians—A Burning Prairie—Wacos Indians—Buffalo Hunting.

At the western end of a sea of grass, our travellers came upon Old Fort Arbuckle, the residence of Si-ki-to-ma-ker, the Black Beaver, a chief of the famous tribe of the Delawares, who have settled in this neighbourhood, and besides their principal occupation—the chase—carry on a little cattle-breeding and agriculture. Old Fort, or as it is sometimes called, Camp Arbuckle, served but a very short time as a residence for a garrison, which was afterwards moved thirty miles southward to the new fort of the same name. The abandoned post was then given to a Delaware chief, named Si-ki-to-ma-ker (the Black Beaver), who had done the United States good service in the Mexican war as a hunter and guide. The position was quite in accordance with his wishes; others of his race settled near him, and they now live very happily under the protection of the astute and experienced "Beaver."

The fort itself is such as one might expect to find in these wild regions, consisting of a number of log-houses built in a right angle at the edge of the forest about a mile from the Canadian, which formerly served as barracks for soldiers; and there is also a separate court surrounded by a high palisade, that is intended as a place of refuge for cattle in case of an attack. Several Delaware families have now taken possession of the abandoned barracks, and are continuing the cultivation of the rice fields laid out by the former garrison. Domestic animals of all kinds increase here without any care, and the thievish Pawnee or Comanche, who should venture to meddle with any of the Delaware possessions, might lay his account with having to a certainty, sooner or later, his scalp hanging out to dry on a peach tree before the door of the Black Beaver; for few as are these descendants of their great and powerful race, the blood and spirit of their fathers is living in them still, they are a terror to their enemies, and faithful self-sacrificing companions to their friends.

The Delaware Indians, who do not now number more than 800, inhabited originally, to the number of 15,000, the eastern parts of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. Like the Shawnees, they were destined to be continually conquering new hunting grounds, only that they might again resign them to the United States Government. Further and further west they were driven, and on every spot where they rested they had first to use their weapons in self-defence against powerful enemies, before they turned them against the wild animals, so as to obtain food and clothing.

Much labour has been expended to bring this tribe within the pale of Christianity, but always in vain. By Christians they had been cheated and betrayed—driven from the graves of their fathers and cut down like wild beasts—and for this reason they have repelled missionaries with displeasure and contempt, considering that as the pioneers of civilisation they would bring in their train the ruin of the legitimate owners of the American continent.

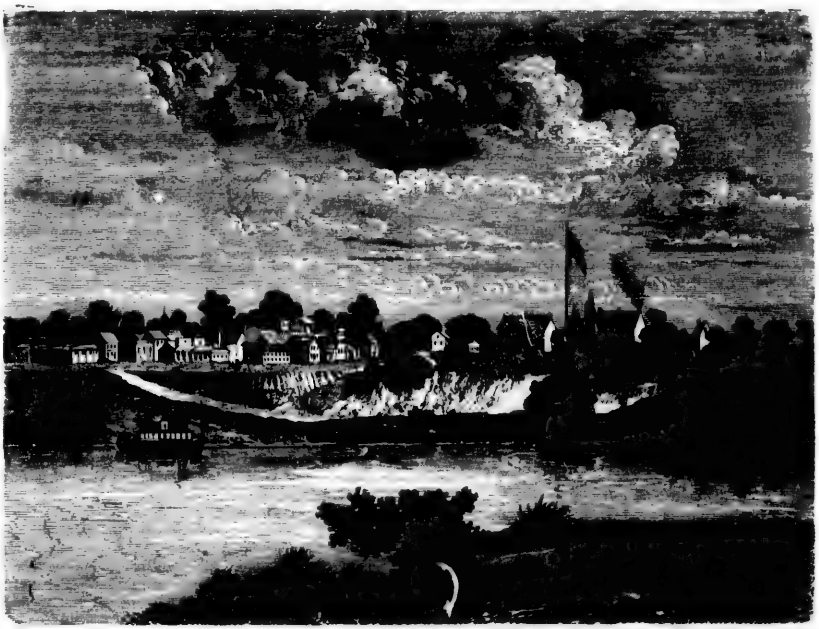
Here, on the extreme frontier of civilisation on the borders of the boundless wilderness, the Delawares can gratify to their hearts' content their love of adventure. They carry their hunting expeditions to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and sometimes do not return to their settlements for years together. The long chain of the Rocky Mountains has scarcely a pass through which a troop of these bold hunters has not made its way, nor a spring whose waters they have not tasted. The Delaware fights with the gray bear in California, and pursues the buffalo in the steppes of the Nebraska; he follows the elk to the sources of the Yellowstone River, and throws the lasso over the maned head of the mustang in Texas; and it must be added that he does occasionally take a scalp when he can find an opportunity, from a hunter or an enemy's race that he may meet with in the desert, or from the midst of a village that has kept insufficient watch.

From the mode of life followed by these people, it is not surprising that very few men are usually to be be found in their settlements, and travellers may therefore consider themselves fortunate who are able to engage some of this race as scouts and hunters. Any at all remarkable feature of a country that a Delaware has seen but once in his life, he will recognise again years afterwards, let him approach it from what point he may, and tracts of country that he enters for the first time, he needs only to glance over, in order to declare with certainty in what direction water will be found.

If the beasts of burden, so indispensable in this journey, have strayed away during the night, and have been given up for lost by every one else, having left apparently no trace behind, or because hostile Indians make it dangerous to attempt it, the Delaware will not fail to find their track, and will follow them for days or even weeks together, and return at last with the fugitives. These are the qualities that make them so desirable for guides, and their services, upon which the very existence of a whole party of travellers often depends, can hardly be paid too highly.

The Black Beaver was renowned as a guide, and every means in their power were used to induce him to accompany the expedition, but in vain. Seven times, he said, he had seen the Pacific Ocean at various points, and he should have liked to see the salt-water for the sight; but he was old and sick, and he would like to be buried by his own people. The bed of the Canadian River was at this point already broad and sandy; it was difficult to find places deep enough to bathe and fish in, its banks were desolate and willow-clad, and the only game were horned frogs and little lizards with steel-blue tails! But if Black Beaver declined to accompany the expedition, he was not chary of his advice and information.

The expedition left the fort on the 22d of August, journeying on in the neighbourhood of Walnut Creek; now over far-stretching grassy uplands, now through



PORT SMITH, ON THE ARKANSAS.

deep wooded ravines; it was still the "rolling" prairie that we were travelling on; but the rolling waves had now become mighty billows, and the beds of rustling brooks had changed into deep chasms, at the brink of which we often had to stop and consider how we should get to the other side. Willows and oaks shaded the scantily flowing streams: the last kind of tree, especially, is widely diffused over the neighbouring chains of hills, though it is no longer so lofty and vigorous as when it drinks its nourishment from a cool fertile soil, but a low, gnarled trunk that struggles in vain to keep the burning sunbeams from drying up its juices.

The wind, which was from the west, had been all day driving towards us clouds of smoke, which slowly floated before the breeze, or were more rapidly dispersed before a stronger gust. It was evident that, as far as we could see from north to south, the prairie was in flames, and the fire was driven rapidly by the increasing wind over the high grass towards the east. Under these circumstances it was necessary to be exceedingly careful in our choice of a camping place for the night; and we thought we might count on being tolerably safe if we pitched our tents between two ravines not far from one another. These ravines were broad and deep, and their precipitous walls, down which poured several streams of water, were destitute of any vegetation that could offer nourishment to the flames; so that the

westerly one might fairly be considered as a natural limit to the advance of the fiery tide.

Our cattle were driven down into the one lying eastward, to withdraw them from the sight of the fire, and obviate the danger of the panic, terror, and wild flight called a *stampedo;* and when they were safely disposed of, the greater part of our company betook themselves to the other side, in order to watch the fire from the edge of the ravine, and extinguish in time any sparks that might be driven that way.

Although these fires in the prairies frequently arise from accident, or the carelessness of travelling or hunting Indians, it does sometimes happen that they are intentionally kindled by the inhabitants of the steppes, who burn great tracts of the plains to favour the growth of young vigorous grass. From among the singed stubble, fine blades shoot up in a few days, and the whole surface is soon clothed again in bright green, and has the appearance of a well-cultivated corn-field where the young corn is just springing up; and then the Indians proceed thither with their herds of cattle, after they have first kindled a fire in another district.

It is, nevertheless, a matter of no unfrequent occurrence that one of these intentionally kindled fires proves the destruction both of the cattle and of the Indians themselves; for though anyone can light the fire, at almost any part of the waving grassy plain, it is often beyond any human power to control it after it is lit, when a storm wind arises to drive it over the boundless surface.

As we sat thus at the edge of the ravine calmly watching the whirling clouds of smoke, and the flames that were now just visible in the distance, or observing the movements of the terrified animals that were hurrying through the high grass and seeking shelter in the ravine, we were suddenly startled by a cry of fire from the camp.

The effect of such a cry upon minds already excited by the scene we had been witnessing may be imagined, for everyone knew that not only the success of the expedition, but the lives of those concerned in it, were imperilled by such an accident. We all rushed down to the camp, where, through the carelessness of the cooks, the nearest grass had been set on fire, and under the influence of the violent wind, the flames were spreading terrifically. Fortunately, the accident had happened on the east side of the tents and waggons, so that the chief danger was blown away by the wind, while on the other side the prairie-fire countersected the current of air, and approached the camp but slowly. Our whole company now formed a close rank, and following the rapidly spreading fire, stifled the flames by a brisk application of blankets, sacks, and articles of wearing apparel; and with considerable exertion the danger was at last overcome. Only a spark was to be seen here and there, whilst on the other side of the ravine the conflagration raged unchecked.

The flames had now advanced in a diagonal line to the western edge of the ravine, but the space was too wide for them to cross; the flying sparks went out when they had reached not more than half way, and we were now able to give our undisturbed attention to the majestic phenomenon before us, and watch the fire as it moved across the plain; first, while yet afar off, withering up the tracts of juicy grass before it, and then, as a touch, converting them into ashes.

The night as it came on showed us a sublime picture—a picture that can be adequately described by neither pen nor pencil. The vivid colours of the flames made the sky appear of the most intense black, while they shed a glowing red illumination on the gray clouds of smoke that were rolling away, and changing their hue every moment as the fire was driven before stronger gusts of wind, or nourished by more or less luxuriant vegetation.

A peculiar disquieting sort of sound accompanies these prairie burnings; it is not thundering, or rushing, or roaring, but something like the distant hollow trembling of the ground when thousands of buffaloes are tearing and trampling over it with their heavy hoofs. It sounded threateningly to us in the camp, and it was with a thrilling kind of admiration we contemplated this awe-inspiring spectacle.

The hunter, accustomed to be on his guard against all chances, when he sees the black clouds of smoke rolling over his head as harbingers of the fiery tide, composedly kindles a new fire in the high grass before him, and having cleared of all combustible matter a spot large enough to ensure his safety, looks calmly from it on the threatened danger passing harmless by. But woe to him who is caught unprepared by a prairie fire, for he will in vain try to save himself by the swiftness of his horse. The tall grass whose ears lash his shoulders, entangle the hoofs of the animal as he flies on his rapid course, and horse and rider become the prey of their terrible enemy.

The red natives of the steppe, who are ready to meet with haughty defiance enemies the most superior in strength, tremble at the thought of the swiftly advancing fire, and the proudest warrior among them will droop his decorated head when you speak of it and whisper, "Do not awaken the anger of the Great Spirit, he is in possession of a terrible *medicine.*" (*See* p. 593.)

Shortly after this incident, they met some Indians belonging to the tribe of Wakoe—two tall, slender young men, their limbs almost girlishly delicate, so that when they compared the strong bows they carried, with the small hands and slender wrists that had to manœuvre them, you could not help wondering that they should be able to draw the strong sinew and the feathered arrow to the ear.

Two horsemen, says Möllhausen, of our party might generally be seen pursuing their march at some distance from the noisy train of waggons, now following the course of a stream, now scrambling down into a ravine, riding over some naked hills, or working their way through shrubs and underwood. This pair consisted of the worthy old Doctor, our botanist, and the German naturalist, with whom he was fond of going on these excursions. An intimate friendship had sprung up between the two; they fished together in various waters, and crawled together through damp chasms and marshes,—the one in search of reptiles, the other of plants,—but they spiced their conversation with many a wrangle nevertheless; the Doctor scolding when the German passed a deer that might certainly have become his prey, to follow some unknown kind of snake; and the German, in his turn, rating the Doctor soundly for shooting at the game a quarter of a mile off, and so just driving it away. The unlucky sportsman would listen very patiently to the lecture, plucking at his gray beard, and modestly suggesting that a quarter of a mile was not too far for a rifle if

you kept it at an angle of forty-five degrees. These little differences did not, however, at all interrupt the good understanding between the two; and when the squabble was over, the conversation was generally taken up again just at the point where it had been interrupted. Others of the expedition were also frequently induced to join them, and listen to the talk and story-telling that went on between them.

One of the long stories was one day suddenly interrupted by the appearance of buffalo in the distance.

"Doctor," cried the narrator, here suddenly interrupting himself, and seizing his companion by the shoulder, while he pointed with the other hand to some distant object, "look over the first hill there, and you will see a wood. Run your eye along that dark streak, and at the end of it you will see some black specks, like bushes standing apart—those are buffaloes!" The old Doctor's sportsmanlike ardour was aroused in a moment, especially as he saw some horsemen from the front of the cavalcade spring forward and gallop in the direction indicated, where a small herd of buffaloes was quietly reposing in the high grass.

"Hurrah! buffaloes!" exclaimed the eager old gentleman, cocking his rifle, and, like his companions, making vigorous use of his spurs. To overtake a herd of frightened buffaloes with mules would, however, not be very possible; and it was therefore determined to approach them unperceived, and get within range under cover of a hill. But each of the twelve or sixteen enthusiastic hunters was animated by a natural desire to be the first to fire a successful shot at this superb game, and each, therefore, endeavoured to push before his comrades. Nobody paid any attention to the wind, or thought of the sharp scent of the shy bison; and when the party at last turned the corner of the wood, they beheld the herd in full flight, about a quarter of a mile off. Everybody looked indignantly at the heavy galloping giants, thundering away—their short tails, with their long tufts, stretched out, and trampling the ground beneath them to dust. The Doctor broke silence first by firing off his rifle, and exclaiming; "Well, if I didn't hit the buffaloes, at any rate I fired the first shot;" and a loud laugh, in which the good-natured old gentleman joined with all his heart, was the reward of his facetiousness, as turning their smoking animals, the disappointed hunters rode slowly towards the train of waggons, now just visible in the remote distance, and for a long time their talk was only of buffaloes.

Numerous herds of these animals still animate the boundless prairies to the west, and extend their wanderings from Canada to the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. It is probable that the great mass of them regularly proceed northward in the spring, and in the autumn return to the warmer regions; but a few may be found scraping away the snow from their food near the sources of the Yellow Stone, and even further north; and there are also others that contrive to subsist through the summer in Texas, on the grass, burnt up as it is by the heat of the sun; but these are but few, and usually old bulls, which have been too stiff, or too lazy, to follow the black columns of their comrades.

In the months of August and September, the herds, fat and well fed from the fresh spring herbage, come together in such numbers, that often, as far as the eye can reach, the plains are blackened with them; and a rough estimate of their number may be made by calculating the number of square miles they cover. Thousands upon thousands often crowd together in a wild confused mob—the dust rising in clouds from their scraping and stamping hoofs, and the bulls attacking each other, and fighting desperately till their bellowing is heard far off like the sound of distant thunder. At this season a hunter might wander over great tracks of the prairies without finding the track of a single buffalo, and might be tempted to think them entirely deserted, unless he should happen to fall in with one of these immense herds, which would bar his way for days together. A few weeks, however, bring a change; the great herds disperse in all directions, and again carry animation into the lately desolate solitude of the wilderness. You meet sometimes a single buffalo grazing quietly by himself, and sweeping the ground with his long beard; sometimes a small group lying on the grass, engaged in the pleasant occupation of chewing the cud; or playing with great agility, and throwing themselves into the most comical attitudes; or going lounging after one another along an old deeply-trodden path, which leads to a river, or to some opening in the mountains, where they are most easily passed; or to marshy meadows where they may find old "wallows," or make fresh ones. For this purpose the leading bull will search, with a droll business-like earnestness, in a low spot for a place adapted to his views; and when he has found one, kneel down, and begin to rout up the earth with his short thick horns, and then to scrape it away with his feet, until he has made a sort of funnel-shaped hole, in which water soon collects. The creature, tormented by the mosquitoes and the heat, then pushes himself down deeper and deeper into the morass, stamping with his feet, and working his body round and round. When he has revelled in this mud-bath to his heart's content, he does not look like any living thing; his long beard and his shaggy mane have become one huge mass of dripping, clammy mud; and only by his rolling eyes can you recognise in this moving heap of mire what a short time since was a stately buffalo. No sooner has he quitted the pleasant hole, than another takes his place, to resign it afterwards in his turn to a third; and the operation is repeated by every member of the company, until each bears on his huge shoulders a thick muddy plaster, which soon dries into a hard crust, that has to be gradually rubbed off by rolling in the grass, or washed off by heavy rains.

In former days, when the buffalo was a kind of domestic animal among the Indians, no decrease was perceptible in the countless herds; on the contrary, they increased and multiplied in the luxuriant pastures; but when the whites found their way into these regions, the thick soft skin of the buffalo pleased them; they found some parts of its flesh to their taste, and both articles promised to yield abundant profit in civilised countries. In order to obtain them, a desire for the intoxicating and glittering productions of the whites was excited amongst the dwellers in the prairies, and small quantities of these tempting articles offered in return. Then the devastation began; thousands of buffaloes were killed for their tongues only, and still more frequently for their shaggy hides; and in a few years there was an evident falling off in their numbers. The careless Indian never thinks of the future, but lives only for the present and its enjoyments; and he now no longer needs to be urged to the chase, but

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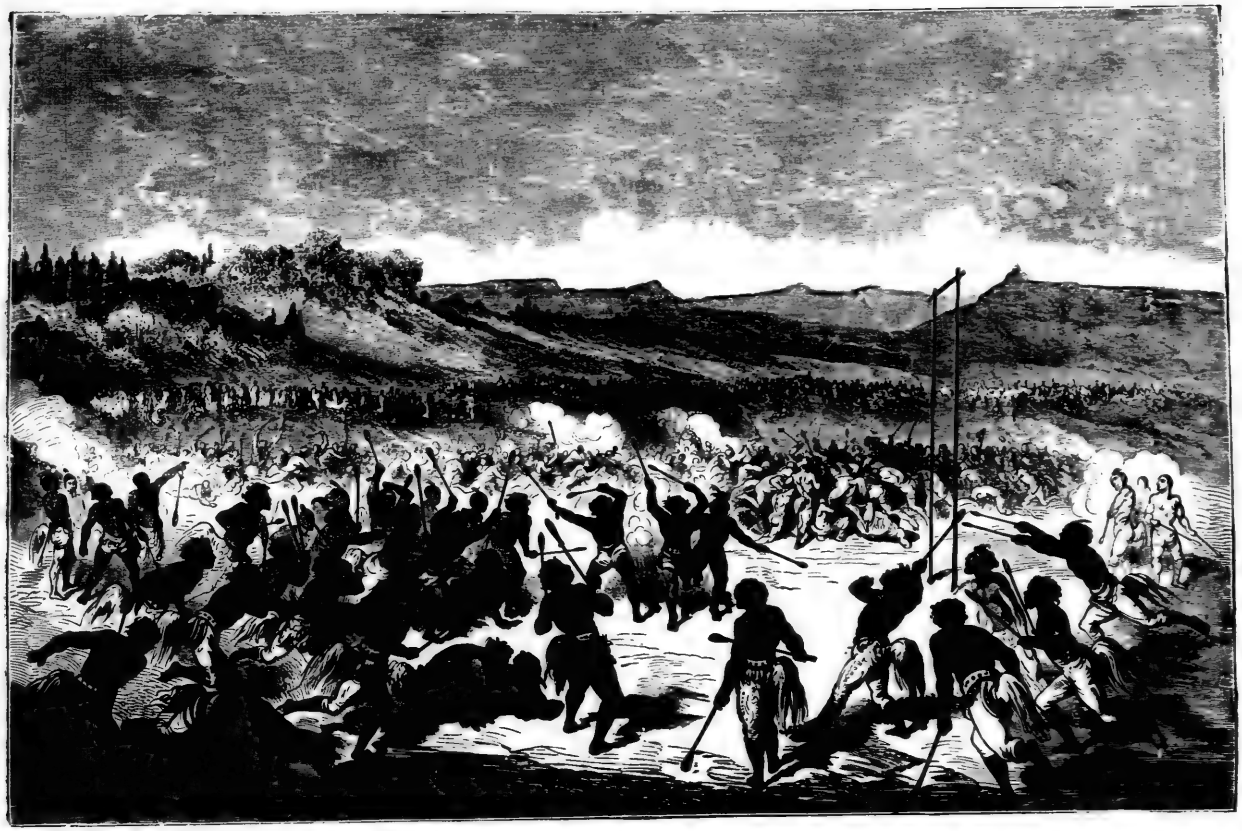


BALL PLAYING AMONG THE CHOCTAW INDIANS.

will pursue this noble animal while there is one left. The time perhaps is not far distant when these imposing herds will live only in remembrance, and 300,000 Indians, as well as millions of wolves, deprived of their chief support, and wild with hunger, will become the scourge of the civilised and settled parts of the country.

Buffalo hunting is not only the chief occupation of the prairie Indian, but also his highest enjoyment. Mounted on a swift, strong horse, itself probably but just caught, he can overtake almost any animal that shows itself, and delights in sending his deadly arrows among the flying herd while at full gallop.

When the Indian proposes to overtake a herd of buffaloes, he strips himself and his horse of every article that can be dispensed with; leaves saddle and clothing behind, and takes with him only a raw leather thong, forty feet long, which is fastened to the jaws of the horse, and then, being thrown over his neck, drags at its full length behind on the ground. This serves to recover the horse in case of his getting loose by the fall of his rider or any other accident.

The hunter carries his bow, and as many arrows as he can conveniently hold in his left hand, and in his right a heavy whip, by the merciless use of which he urges his horse among the flying herd, and up to the side of a fat cow or young bull. The docile steed soon understands the intention of his rider, and needs no further urging, but places himself near the chosen prey, so as to give the hunter an opportunity of burying his arrow up to the feather in some soft part; but scarcely has the arrow whistled from the bow, and the sharp iron found its way through the curly hide, than the horse springs away as far as he can go, to escape the horns of his now furious enemy, and seek out another victim. Thus the hunt proceeds with the rapidity of a storm-wind, until the exhaustion of the horse warns the wild hunter to put some restraint on his ardour. The wounded animals in the meantime have been left by the herd, and are lying exhausted or dying on the route over which the wild hunt thundered but a few minutes before. The wives of the hunters follow in their track, and are soon busily employed in cutting up the game, and conveying the best pieces and the skins to their wigwams, where they cut the meat into thin strips, dry it, and tan the skins in their simple manner.

The greater portion of the animals slaughtered is left to the wolves, which are always found in considerable numbers in the train of the buffalo.

The chase is, however, not the only mode in which the Indian carries on his endless war with the buffalo. Another plan is to draw a wolf's skin over his head and the upper part of his body, and go crawling on his hands and knees, pushing his weapon before him, and approach the game in a zig-zag line. The long hair that hangs over the buffalo's eyes prevents his being very clear-sighted, and as long as his keen olfactory organs give him no warning of the presence of the Indian beneath the disguise, the enemy will often succeed in getting near enough to kill him without disturbing the rest of the herd. Even the sound of a shot does not alarm them, as long as they do not scent a human being; and though many of their number fall, and the death-rattle is heard from those who die, it creates no further sensation than that the shaggy heads are turned inquiringly for a moment, and then peaceably continue the pleasant business of grazing.

The poor buffalo is persecuted at all seasons of the year, even when snow storms have drawn a covering over the hollows, and rendered a hunt with horses impracticable. The herd at these times can only work its way slowly through the deep snow; but the Indian has contrived broad plaited snow-shoes, which he fastens to his swift feet, and so skims over the uncertain ground after the laboriously wading giant, and kills the now defenceless animal with the lance. More buffaloes, however, are sacrificed to the uncontrollable passion for the chase than to real necessity, and the war of extermination against this fine ornament of the prairie is carried on in the most unmerciful manner. There will probably be no thought of forbearance till the last buffalo has disappeared, and, shortly afterwards, the last red-skin, and with them the only native poetry of the great North American continent.

## IV.

THE CROSS TIMBERS—ROCK MARY AND THE NATURAL MOUNDS—GREAT GYPSUM REGION—PRAIRIE DOGS—COMANCHE INDIANS—A POWERFUL AND INDEPENDENT TRIBE—CATCHING MUSTANGS, OR WILD HORSES.

THEIR camp was pitched between the sources of the Wallnut Creek and the Deer Creek, about the middle of the Cross Timbers, a strip of forest which forms a remarkable feature in this region. These strips begin at the Arkansas, and extend in a south-westerly direction to the Brazos, a length of more than four hundred miles, with a breadth varying from five to thirty. These Cross Timbers, chiefly dwarf oaks, with wide spaces between them, so that waggons can drive with ease, and a sandy barren soil, form, to a certain extent, the boundary between the lands adapted for cultivation and the barren steppes.

Westward of the Cross Timbers stretch the great plains in their sublime monotony; no hill there appears to the weary wanderer, at the foot of which he might hope to find a spring; the wide surface is unbroken, except by isolated fragments, apparently the remains of an ancient plateau, which stand up here and there like pillars, serving the traveller as landmarks, and showing how powerful Nature can be in the destructive operations that she carries on through thousands of years. No group of trees affords refreshment to the eye that wanders over this vast space; unless sometimes on the banks of a river, there is no promise of cool shade; the waters that flow over the strata of gypsum are mostly impregnated with bitter salts, the few springs that do afford good drinkable water, give but a very scanty supply of their treasure, and the last drop of them is soon sucked in by the sand.

Passing Deer Creek, where the expedition stumbled upon some fat deer and strutting turkeys, and the popping went on all day in every direction, they came to Rock Mary and the Natural Mounds, a chain of conical hills, lying separate, but scattered in a direction from north-west to south-east; they are all about equal in height, namely, about eighty feet, and covered with a horizontal stratum of red sandstone. They appear to be the remains of a former elevated plain, which has been preserved from complete destruction by the upright masses of rock contained in it; and this seems the more probable, because on the flat plain to the west, you find what looks like a range of columns; consisting of blocks of sandstone lying so regularly one upon another, that it is not easy at first

to be convinced that these—not perhaps imposing, but certainly surprising structures, have been formed solely by the hand of nature, or left thus after a comparatively recent convulsion.

There are twelve or fourteen of these columns still standing and more that are gradually being worn away; the largest attain a height of about twenty-five feet; some consisting of vast square blocks of freestone, whilst others, of the same height, have not a diameter of more than two or three feet, and sooner or later will fall.

This was the boundary between the sweet and the salt waters, and on the following day they entered on the great gypsum region. This tract begins at the Arkansas, where it has a breadth of fifty miles, and it extends in a south-westerly direction across the Canadian to the sources of the Red River south, then over a part of the elevated plain, touches on the Colorado, and then stretches out beyond the Brazos and Pecos, to a length of at least 400 miles. The Indians use the transparent plates of gypsum for windows.

The journey through this gypsum region lasted five days: towards the end of the time the want of good water was much felt, and every one had to quench his thirst with a bitter draught. Unfortunately it was found not only that the thirst became more troublesome than ever, but a general feeling of indisposition prevailed throughout the party, and the food, which seemed also affected by a disagreeable flavour, became quite distasteful to us. Under these circumstances it will not seem surprising that much of our accustomed good humour and cheerfulness disappeared, and that we jogged along, with as much patience as we could, but in a very dull mood.

When we got to within two day's journey of the Antelope hills, the land of the gypsum region, and at the same time the boundary between northern Texas and the lands of the Indians, the formation appeared to be undergoing a change, for the small elevations were no longer covered with fragments of gypsum, but with fossil oyster-shells. This continued, however, only for a short time, and then the plain resumed its former character.

The mules and the small herd of cattle we had with us were well content, for the salt taste of the water was to them an agreeable condiment, and the grass was plentiful though not high. Scantily watered as the district was, we could manage every evening to reach a brook, which offered sufficient for our necessities, while our cattle found food on its banks. All these streams, including the most considerable of them, the Gypsum Creek, hastened in various windings to the Witchita and Canadian. They were swarming with fish of many species, amongst which we particularly distinguished the *Chastodon rostratus*, armed with its tremendous row of teeth; this creature appeared to share the dominion of the waters with the soft-shelled coriaceous turtle.

The Kioway Indians hunt these regions, but the boundary between their grounds and those of their western neighbours, the Comanches, is not determined. The great tribes of the Comanches and Kioways live on a friendly footing with one another, and extend their ravages and their hunting expeditions from the settlements of the Shawnees to the Rio Grande, and from the Nebraska or Flat River to the colonies on the Mexican Gulf.

Once more they reached the Canadian River at Antelope or Boundary Hills, but the waters were scant and no longer potable, and the region they were now in abounded in prairie dogs or marmots. A small species of burrowing owl (*Athene hypogrea* of Bonaparte, according to Möllhausen, but *Strix hypogea* according to M. Remy), is often found as a joint tenant of their subterranean dwellings, but our author declares that if the rattlesnake is also found there, you may be sure he has either driven away the marmots or devoured them. Travelling along, they came suddenly to a hollow upon some low vines laden with delicious grapes, nor were they long in throwing themselves down among the twining branches, and revelling in the blue juicy fruit to their hearts' content.

A sudden cry of "The Comanches!" however, roused us pretty quickly from our epicurean indulgences; we were immediately in our saddles again, and hastening up to our advanced guard, who it seemed had met with two scouts or spies of this tribe, but their companions were seen prancing about their horses at a distance without showing any special desire to meet with the whites, and they soon in a mysterious manner vanished in the direction of the Canadian.

The visitors were two gloomy-looking, elderly warriors; mounted on magnificent horses, which obeyed in the most graceful manner the slightest touch of the rein fastened to their lower jaw, and seemed to form one body with their riders, who rode without saddles. A blue blanket formed the only clothing of these savages, and they held their bows and arrows in readiness for immediate use, while the wildness of their appearance was much increased by the very long hair that fell round and partly covered their bronze faces. (*See* p. 620.) According to their declaration, we were not likely to be troubled with many of their tribe, since only a small division of them had a camp about a day's journey off on the Canadian; a larger party was at this moment engaged in a predatory expedition to the southern settlements of the whites, and the greater number had followed the buffalo to the northern regions, and would only return with them late in the autumn.

The warlike and far-spreading nation of the Comanches is divided into three great tribes, the northern, southern, and middle; which are again subdivided into various bands, led by distinguished warriors, medicine men, or by petty chiefs, with whom they traverse the prairie in all directions. The northern and middle Comanches constantly follow the wandering buffalo, whose juicy meat forms almost their sole support, and who are thence appropriately named by their neighbours the "Buffalo-Eaters." The wide steppe is their home, and their unconquerable love of wandering carries them from place to place over these desolate inhospitable regions, where the pure invigorating atmosphere alone compensates for the scarcity of wood and water. Their territory is free from morasses, stagnant pools, or thick woods, where any unhealthy and fever-breeding miasma might be generated; the currents of air find no obstacle on the boundless plain, and as they blow freely across it they seem to strengthen both the body and mind of the dwellers on the steppe. Kind mother Nature often affords men some compensation for the adverse conditions of life to which they are exposed, and she has here bestowed on them some of her best gifts—health, cheerful spirits, and all-enduring strength. The flexible nature of man soon accommodates itself to the hardest conditions of climate and soil, and the tribes who inhabit

this wilderness, are quite convinced that their country is to be preferred to the whole world. There are, indeed, white settlers enough to be met with in the far west, who are a good deal of their opinion; who shrink from the advances of civilisation and the increasing population that accompanies it, preferring the wilderness with its dangers to the personal security, convenience, and pleasures of social life; it may, therefore, well be imagined that the wild children of the steppe are attached to their grassy plains.

The Comanche Indian knows of no wealth but the buffalo and the antelope, and the horse that enables him to overtake them; with these he has food, clothing, and shelter, and he desires no more; he is not troubled by cares for the coming day; and in his wars with his enemies and his management of his horse finds the means of gratifying his own ideas of honour. From his earliest childhood to the latest day of his life he is continually on horseback, indeed he makes but an awkward figure enough on foot, though he is no sooner mounted than he seems transformed; and when, with no other aid than that of the rein and a heavy whip, he makes his horse perform the most incredible feats, he considers himself the greatest and most independent gentleman on the face of the earth. You may often see troops of Comanches dashing about in all directions, and playing the wildest tricks, hanging now on one side of the horse, now on the other, and throwing lances or shooting arrows under his neck with the most astonishing accuracy at a given mark; though one cannot help thinking, while admiring their feats, that this wonderful skill in horsemanship must make them so much the more dangerous when they come on their plundering or hostile expeditions.

Every Comanche Indian keeps a special war-horse, in the choice of which more regard is had to swiftness than to any other quality. As among the Arab tribes, the horse is the best friend, the most sacred possession of his master, who would not part with it for any treasure that could be offered him, and mounts it only for war, or peculiar festive occasions, such as a buffalo hunt; and when he returns he finds his women awaiting him at the door of his wigwam, to receive the beloved steed, and pay him every attention. (*See* p. 607.)

With the exception of a few cooking and domestic utensils, the sole possessions of these Indians consist of horses and mules, many of which have evidently, from the brands upon them, been stolen from the settlements of the whites; but the appropriation of other people's goods is considered creditable, and a young man is not thought worthy to be counted in the list of warriors, till he has returned from some successful plundering expedition into the Mexican provinces, so that the greatest thieves are not only the most opulent, but the most respectable members of society. A gray old warrior, who was heard praising his two sons, and declaring them the joy and support of his age, did not fail to add that they understood horse-stealing better than any young fellows in the whole nation. It is not therefore surprising, that some particularly meritorious persons have accumulated a herd of from two to three hundred of these testimonies to their prowess.

Parties of from one to thirty young men are in the habit of associating for the execution of these predatory enterprises, which, on account of the dangers and privations connected with them, are placed in the same rank with those of a directly warlike character. Every one provides himself with a horse, weapons, and what is necessary for a journey of hundreds of miles through the desert, where the game is but sufficient to afford them a very scanty support. They will travel this way sometimes for months before they approach a settlement, and lie in ambush waiting for an opportunity of falling with wild cries and yells on the keepers of some solitary herd, and either drive them away, or, in case of resistance, kill them, drag away their women and children as prisoners, and ride off with their booty to their wigwams. In some cases they are absent as much as two years from their camp before finding an opportunity of executing their plundering plans with success, and every man dreads the disgrace of returning with empty hands to his people. Sometimes, of course, the Comanches fail in these attempts, and are beaten. Alexander von Humboldt mentions having seen, at the beginning of the present century, in the prisons of the city of Mexico, whole bands of these Indians, who had been sent southwards from Taos and Santa Fé, in New Mexico.

Another way by which the prairie Indians increase their herds, is by catching the mustangs, or wild horses of the American steppes; small but powerfully-built animals, and unquestionably the descendants of those brought into the country by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest of Mexico, which, having escaped into the desert, and become wild, have since increased to herds of thousands, and animate the prairies from the borders of Texas and Mexico to the Yellow Stone, a confluent of the Northern Missouri.

The Indians soon learned to estimate the useful properties of the new animal in bearing burdens, and they also had recourse to them for food in seasons when the buffalo was difficult to obtain; at present the catching the wild mustang is an occupation or a sport, to which they give themselves up with all the wild passion of which these untamed children of nature are capable.

With a lasso forty feet long, they follow the flying herd, and having, by the most unmerciful use of the whip, brought up the horse they are mounted on near enough to use it, they send it whirling and flying out of their hands, and with unerring aim right over the head of the victim selected. After a short struggle, the mustang falls half-suffocated; a leathern thong is quickly passed round his fore legs, and then the lasso round his throat so far relaxed as to avoid quite choking him. The Indian then fastens a rein to the lower jaw of his prisoner, breathes several times into his open nostrils, takes the fetters from his neck and feet, and jumps upon his back. Then follows a ride for life and death, but at last the creature is mostly brought in tamed, and placed among the herd; and wildly and cruelly as the Indian appears to go to work on such occasions, he is extremely cautious not to break the spirit of the mustang in taming him, for in that case the flesh would be all he would get by his dangerous and exhausting labour.

The two Comanches accompanied the expedition but a short way, and then went off in a northerly direction; possibly after having satisfied themselves that as the party was a well-organised and armed force, it would not be possible to levy tribute from it.

## V.

### A Discovery in the Dark—The Dry River—A Centenary Cotton Wood Tree—The Kioway Indians.

As our travellers advanced on the Great Plains, the many dry beds of rivers or brooks, with their reddish sands, contributed much to the mournful and desolate

character of the scenery, and from time to time horizontal masses of wall, the remains of a portion of the Llano Estacado or gypsum arids, stood out like the ribs of a mighty skeleton. They had now travelled 424 miles over these plains since they left Fort Smith, and the Antelope Hills had disappeared in the blue distance. When they started they were all longing for the vast sublime prairie with all its wonders, and now there were few who would not have preferred the shady forest, with its rich decoration of autumnal leaves, to the hard ground and short grass over which they were slowly toiling under an oppressive September sun. The Canadian, delineated in the maps as a great river west of the Antelope Hills, had a bed of moist sand but not a drop of water in it. But there was water it appears in holes and in unexpected places.

Before sunset the dusty waggons were drawn up in a circle, the airy tents ranged side by side, the camp-fires were blazing, and all around them was bustle and animation. Some of the company went out to seek for water, and possibly to make prize of a turkey or two, but soon returned with unwelcome intelligence. The bed of a stream certainly wound beneath the high trees, but as far as the moist sand of the Canadian, there was not a drop of water in it, much less a good place for watering the cattle, so at last they had to be driven down to the shallow bed of the Canadian, and since no better was to be had, its sandy water had to serve for cooking, and then the company dispersed to engage in various occupations.

A cry of "Supper ready, gentlemen," from the sooty cook, soon brought them all with their camp stools to the several tables; but one seat remained empty. "Where's the German?" cried one of the young men. "I met him on the other side of the wood," was the answer; "he was following the track of a panther; but as it seemed to be leading him further and further from the camp, I left him and the panther to settle it." Just then a shot was heard. "There he is, most likely," said some one, and there was no further anxiety about him.

The meal was nearly finished, when from the dark shadow of the wood issued a strange-looking figure, which was seen to advance hastily towards the camp, and was recognised immediately as the lost one—but in what a pickle! At every step the water trickled out of his boots, and his wet clothes clung to his body; but on one shoulder he carried his rifle, and on the other a mighty turkey.

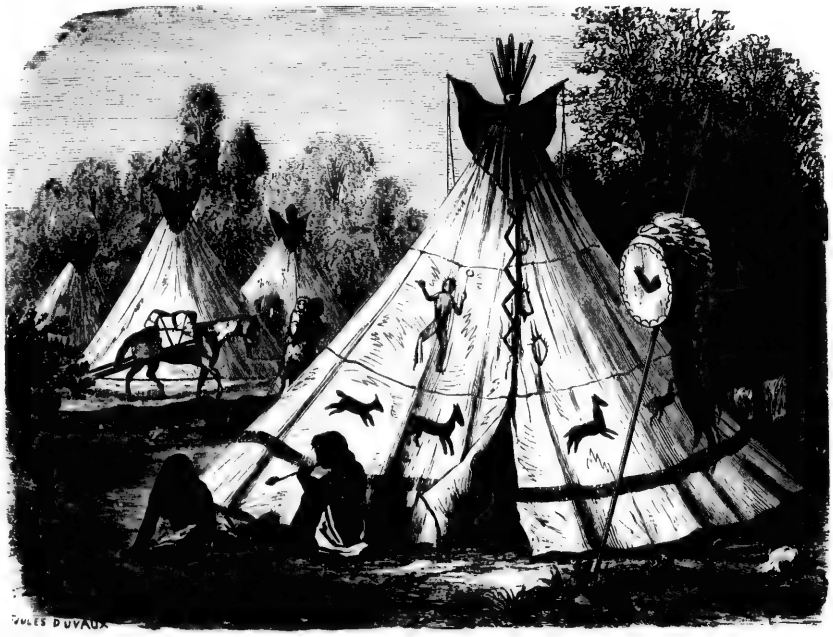
"What in the world has happened to you?" was heard from all sides. "Why you've got more water in your clothes than can be found in the Canadian in a day's journey."

"What should have happened?" replied the hunter; "here have we been for days together looking in vain for water, and now in the night, just as we have managed to do without it, I go plump into such a deep pool that I find it no easy matter to get out again. Just let me get off these heavy clothes, and get something to eat, and then while I dry my rifle I will tell you my adventure. It had very nearly cost me my fine rifle, and, perhaps, my life into the bargain."

After these preliminaries, the adventure was thus related: "As I was wandering about the wood, looking for water, I discovered on the sand in the dry bed of a stream, fresh traces of a fine-grown panther, which I supposed to be still lurking about the wood, and I cautiously followed where they seemed to lead. The fellow must have been in the wood when we arrived, for his track crossed it in all directions, as if he had not been able to make up his mind what to do under the circumstances. I followed his broad footsteps patiently, till they led me out on the other side of the wood (where I met Mr. Campbell), and then straight to the Canadian, where the crafty animal had turned to the eastward, creeping along the high bank, under shelter of the scattered trees and bushes. I hoped to be able to rout him out, and so went on and on, till at last the setting sun warned me that it was time to turn back; and though I was vexed enough to give up the chase, I shouldered my rifle, and turned round, when at that moment, not ten steps from me, there was a rustling in the bushes, and I beheld—no! not the panther, as you are all thinking, but a fine fat turkey, which just fluttered heavily to the next tree, where my bullet soon reached him. The shot awakened not only the echo on the high bank, but also a whole flock of these birds, from some hiding-place among the boughs, and they went flying in all directions. I hit a second with my left barrel, and then slinging the two over my shoulder, as soon as I had reloaded, I trotted back, tolerably content, the same way by which I had come, as nearly as I could tell. But by the time I had reached the mouth of the ravine, it was quite dark, and I could hardly make my way through the thick bushes. Presently I was startled by a sound among the leaves, but it was only a sleepy turkey, probably one of the flock I had frightened away, which just moved a little further, and placed himself on a withered branch immediately before me, as if he had really been inviting me to shoot him. I had fastened one of the two I had killed to my belt, and was carrying the other in my hand, but this I now laid down gently to have a try for a third. I was a long while taking aim in the dark, but at last I fired, and the bird fell, flapping his wings, but I did not think by the sound that I had killed him; so in order to catch him before he recovered himself, I gave a great jump, and down I went over head and ears in deep water. How deep I sank I cannot exactly say; but I could feel no ground under my feet. I was in an awkward case, for I would not let go my rifle, and I had the heavy bird fast to my belt and my shoulder. I do not think, however, that it made me sink, on the contrary I believe it helped me to swim. Fortunately, I had instinctively caught a branch with my left hand as I fell, and this enabled me, by a desperate effort, to place myself, as well as my rifle and my turkey, once more upon dry land. Had I lost my rifle, I should have been inconsolable; but as it was I had to mourn the loss of two turkeys, for I could not tell in the darkness where to look for them, and I should not have liked to try for fear of tumbling into another hole; so I worked my way through to where I could see the light of your fire, and here I am with one turkey instead of three, but with the satisfaction of having discovered in the dark the water that you could not see in the daylight." "It is well you saved that one," said one of the party; "he will make us a capital roast to-morrow." "Yes," answered the sportsman; "but I would gladly give him to be able to make out how such a hole as that, a hole of small circumference, and seemingly shaped like a funnel, could remain full of water, in a place where the wet quicksand seems to fill immediately any hole you can dig."

The march of the following day brought them to Dry River, which presents some remarkable peculiarities. It is near 600 feet broad at its mouth, and its

bed is at times several miles in width, yet is it supposed to owe its origin merely to a buffalo path, which wild mountain torrents transformed into a brook. Deep ruts and clefts, formed in the same manner, opened into it, bringing fresh streams of water, so on till the newly formed river widened its valley to its present extent. A characteristic of most of the flowing streams of this region is peculiarly striking in the Dry River. When the water is low, the river is dry at its mouth, but has water in places further up: in some of these the water collects only during the night, and as the sun rises and gathers strength it dries up again. The same thing happens with respect to the tributaries of the great Colorado of the West. Deer and antelopes, and other wild animals, are aware of this fact, and they come down in the morning hours to take the refreshment that has to last them a whole day. In the same neighbourhood was a tree that rose solitarily on the plain, and was remarkable both for its gigantic growth and for its strangely twisted and entangled boughs and branches. It was a cotton-wood tree, centuries old, and had a diameter of twelve feet; at the height of about six feet from the ground it divided itself into two mighty arms, which stretched themselves far out, and with numerous boughs shaded the arid ground. Young shoots, hanging down, had become




CAMP OF COMANCHE INDIANS.

trees, and supporting themselves with their whole weight on the ground, raised again their leafy crowns to mingle with the foliage of their venerable parent, and increase the grandeur of his appearance. The red-skins had respected this patriarch of the plains, and carved rude figures of rattlesnakes and long-necked horses on its bark.

Whilst looking at this monarch of the plain, one of the party recognized traces of travelling Indians. "Fresh tracks of Indians are fresh reasons for caution," said one of the more experienced, addressing the party which lay at their ease under the shade of the giant tree; "our waggons and their escort are a long way on before; there are but few of us here, and it would seem by their marks that a considerable troop of Kioways or Comanches must be somewhere in the neighbourhood. Our mules have got enough for the present, and they will be certainly of our opinion." The loiterers, therefore, saddled their patient beasts, climbed leisurely into their saddles, threw one parting glance upon the beautiful tree, and then turned into a freshly broken Indian path, which led in the direction taken by the main body. Soon they passed the waggons, and were in advance of the cavalcade. The Indian path they were following wound across bald hills, ornamented only by a low cactus, and made short turns, so that they could not at any time see far before them.

On a sudden, Möllhausen relates, we found ourselves in the midst of a herd of superb horses, which, startled by our approach, dispersed in all directions, with raised tails, and open, snorting nostrils. They were tame horses, but without keepers; so that we inferred that there must be an Indian camp in the neighbourcood, and that it would consequently be advisable to ride with caution, and in closer order. At a new turn of the road we came in sight of a small river, shaded by cotton-wood trees and shrubs, on the western bank of which was an Indian camp of eighteen large tents. (*See* p. 616.) The population seemed as yet to have no idea of the approach of such a considerable body of whites, since the women and children, mounted on horses without saddles, were cantering carelessly about, among a numerous herd that was grazing peacefully at the river side. The sudden appearance of pale faces so near them produced, however, a change of scene, and the feminine guardians of the herds were replaced by young men, who drove away the cattle towards the Canadian, to place them beyond the reach of visitors whose intentions were as yet unknown to them. In the meantime the foremost of our party had reached the stream, and seemed to be making preparations to cross it, when some Indians appeared on the opposite bank, and made some very intelligible signs that our company was, for the present, not at all desired in the village, but that they would come over and make our acquaintance. We signified our assent to this arrangement, and waited whilst the chief and some of his warriors threw the blankets in which their limbs were wrapped over their shoulders, and waded through the water.

When the party reached us, one of them presented himself as *Ku-tat-su*, chief of the Kioways, and asked, partly by signs, and partly in broken Spanish, for our *Capitano*.

As Lieutenant Whipple had remained behind with the surveyors and the waggons, a young American who was with us took it into his head to point out Dr. Bigelow as our chief; but *Ku-tat su*, after contemplating attentively the mild-looking, little old gentleman, mounted on a small mule, and without any kind of warlike decoration, seemed to have some suspicion that he was hoaxed, and inquired of the by-standers whether that was really the capitano. He was assured that the doctor was not only a chief, but a most powerful medicine man; and thereupon the Indian advanced to perform his salutations in due form. He threw back his blanket, opened his arms wide, stepped before the doctor, and embraced him in the most affectionate manner, rubbing his painted cheeks against the other's whiskered ones, according to a custom that seems to have been transplanted from Mexico. The worthy doctor was quite affected by these demonstrations, and leaned tenderly towards the savage from Billy's back, patting him on the head and the bronze-coloured shoulders, and exclaiming repeatedly, "Good old fellow!"

This sentimental scene, in which the botanist looked as if he were receiving caresses from a bear, amused us greatly; but it was cut short by the arrival of Lieutenant Whipple, who, after he had been announced as the great chief of all, had to submit to the same compliments. Friendship was now formally established between the high contracting powers, and no further obstacle was opposed to our passage of the river.

A crowd of warriors, old and young, hastily rouged and decorated for the occasion, came out to meet us whilst others, as we could see through the half open tents, were still busily engaged with their toilets, beautifying their faces with the indispensable streaks of paint. There was a gray-headed old man among the first comers, who particularly attracted our attention; his costume consisted merely of an American blue blanket coat, much too large for him, but in which, nevertheless, he evidently took no little pride; and besides the blanket coat, he possessed a wonderful fluency of tongue, which he exerted to the utmost to make a good impression on the Americans. As he had probably heard of the war between the United States and Mexico, he endeavoured in every possible way to make us understand that the Kioways were sworn friends of the former, and that only a small portion of his tribe was here encamped, the rest having gone to Mexico to steal horses; and the orator repeated in the most emphatic manner, "Steal heaps! horses! much horses!"

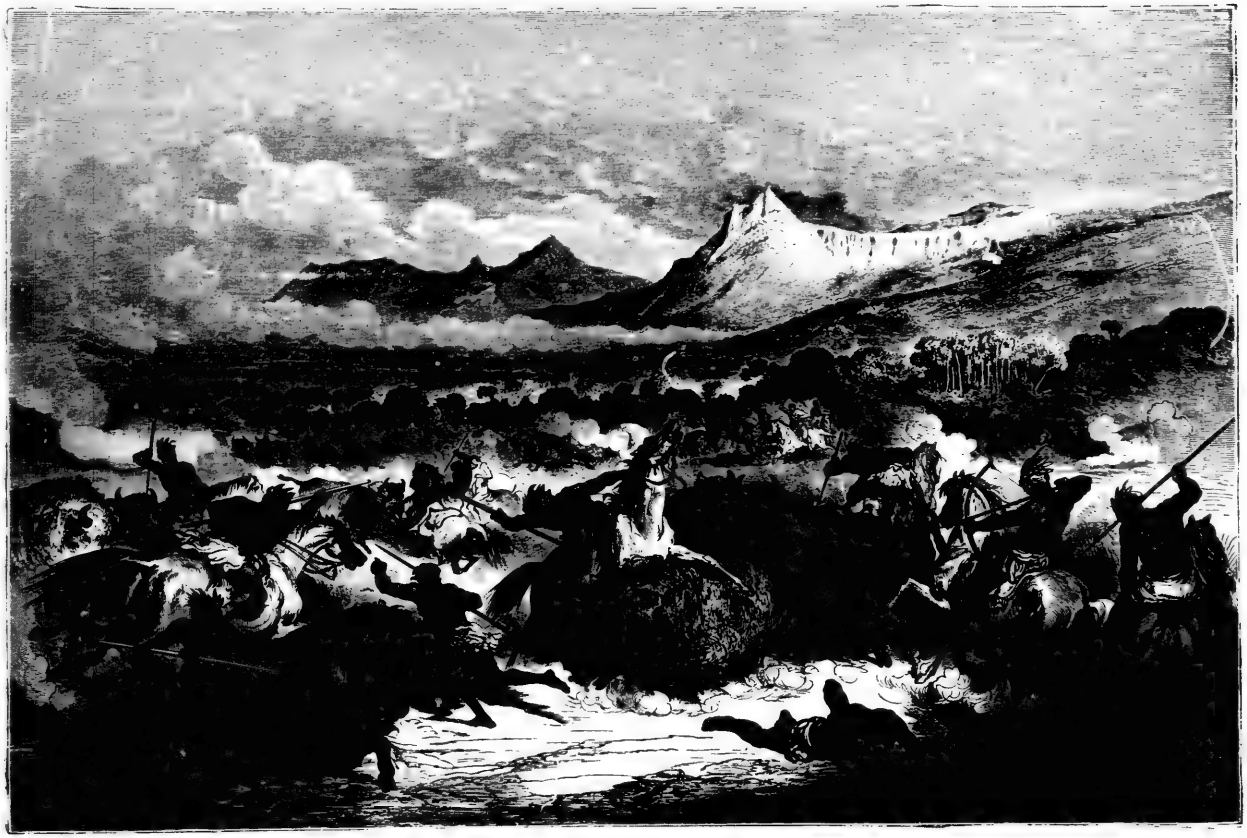
In compliance with an invitation to that effect, the chief climbed into a small waggon that served for the transport of the instruments, and drove on first with it, in order to make his entry into the village in this triumphant manner; showing great anxiety that all his people should see him; and they did not fail to testify the due amount of admiration at the imposing figure he made.

They stayed only a short time at the Indian village and then betook themselves to a spot some hundreds of yards further west, where according to their agreement with the Indians, they were to pitch their camp for the night. The next day there was a grand diplomatic conference, at which the most distinguished warriors assisted in their gala dresses, and tried to levy a small tribute by coaxing and begging, as they saw there was nothing to be obtained by force.

The Kioways are little distinguished in external appearance, character or manners, from the Comanches, their nearest neighbours, with whom they have their territories in common: and yet there is not the smallest likeness to be discovered in the language of the two nations, and they can only understand each other by means of interpreters, unless they have recourse to the speech of the Kaddo Indians, a tribe living further south, or to what may be called the general prairie language. The first is generally understood sufficiently by both to serve as a medium of communication; and the second consists almost exclusively of signs, but is intelligible to all the Indians of the steppes; while at the same time it enables the white traders to hold intercourse with them.

The Comanches, as well as the Kioways, greatly resemble in their manners and customs the nomadic nations of the Old World. They are governed by a chief, whose authority lasts no longer than the general consent. He is the leader in war and the chief in the council; but should he be guilty of any act of cowardice or of bad administration, he is immediately deposed from his supremacy, and another more capable chief chosen in his stead. The laws of the Kioways correspond entirely with their peculiar position, and are made valid by the will of the whole tribe, and exactly and rigidly put in force by the subordinate chiefs.

Their ideas on the rights of property are very peculiar, theft being regarded as not only allowable but highly honourable; so that it is not surprising if more deter-



BUFFALO HUNTING AMONG THE DELAWARES.

mined thieves cannot be met with anywhere than among these tribes. To punish them for these robberies would be a very difficult task indeed; for as the prairie Indians are accustomed from their earliest youth to the use of arms and horses, and have no settled villages or fixed place of abode, it does not occasion them the smallest inconvenience to be suddenly compelled to transport themselves and their whole possessions from one end of the buffalo region to the other. They are in possession of immense numbers of stout horses, so that they are able to move with the greatest rapidity; and their exact knowledge of the locality, and of the places where water is to be found, of course affords them great advantage and facility of escape from pursuit. A war would by no means entail the same misery on them as on tribes with more settled habits; and it would even be of little use to try to cut off their usual supply of food, since their herds of horses and mules would afford them subsistence for a long time. They know perfectly well too, that they are very difficult to get at, and the knowledge only renders them bolder and more dangerous. They are, like all Indians, very superstitious, believing much in dreams, carrying medicine-bags and amulets, and endeavouring to propitiate the favour of invisible spirits by sacrifices, dances, and music. The existence and power of one great Supreme Being, the guide and ruler of all things, is acknowledged by them as it is by the Comanches, and they worship the sun as his symbol. They believe also in the continual existence of the soul; but they assume that the future life will be precisely like the present; and bury with the deceased warrior his weapons of war and of the chase, that he may make his appearance in a creditable manner in the fields of the blessed.

No attempts have yet been made to raise these savages to any higher degree of physical or moral culture, so as to lay the foundation for civilisation and Christianity; for the pious men of America look with indifference on the heathens before their own doors, but send out missionaries to preach Christianity in the remotest parts of the world. When, through the covetousness of the white civilised races, the free inhabitants of the steppes shall have been ruined and exterminated, Christian love will find its way to their empty wigwams, and churches and meeting-houses rise over the graves of the poor, victimised, legitimate owners of the green prairies.

## VI.

A Revel in the Great Plains—Pueblo, "Town or Village" Indians—El Llano Estacado or the Marked-off Plain—Indian Paintings.

For several days subsequent to this interview with the Kioway Indians, their route lay along the so-called Canadian River, with its moist sands, in which Dr. Bigelow, the botanist of the expedition, was nigh being engulfed one day, himself, his mule and his party, all in the same tremendous quicksand, until at length the wearisome sand-hills were succeeded by a valley expressively designated as Shady Creek, and where a rich and lively landscape rejoiced their eyes. A deep tranquillity, that was in no way disturbed, brooded over wood and stream and meadow, a tranquillity that was in no way disturbed by the presence of hundreds of leafy bowers, which had been constructed with boughs by the Comanches for their summer dwellings. They were now empty and forsaken, but not desolate, for the mocking-bird was sitting between the dried leaves and singing merrily to the world in general; the prairie cocks were hopping about through the dry twigs, and ravens playing with gnawed bones and bits of leather in front of the huts. Among the latter were the medicine huts with the fire-place for heating the stones, by means of which the Indians extemporise a kind of vapour bath.

Four Mexicans, who had joined the party at the camp of the Kioways, and who had not experienced the best treatment from the Indians, having even lost some of their weapons, were now travelling under the protection of the expedition. A few Pueblo-Indians from St. Domingo and the Rio Grande, crossing the Great Plains for purposes of barter, had also joined and kept pace with them, intending to separate from the expedition at Shady Creek, and proceed in company with the Mexicans, in longer marches towards their homes in the Rio Grande. The two helped to get up a grand fandango before the separation took place.

About a hundred yards from the waggons, the goods of these Mexicans and Pueblo-Indians were lying scattered about in a semicircle; the moon shone brightly down on the vast plain; all was still, except that there now and then came from afar the howl of a prairie wolf, faintly heard in our camp, where men of various races were sauntering negligently about. The beauty of the night seemed somehow to awaken the music in the soul of an American waggoner of our party; and having found himself the highest and most convenient place he could on the top of the luggage, he brought out an old cracked fiddle, which he had laboriously conveyed from his distant home, and began to draw from it some extraordinary sounds. The shrill notes, however, no sooner reached the ears of the company, than a crowd gathered round the amateur, who, proud of the sensation he was producing, worked away more and more vigorously upon the dusty jangling strings, negro melodies alternating with "Hail Columbia!" and "Yankee Doodle." Those were tunes that found their way straight to every man's heart.

Logs of wood were flung on the fire to make a fresh blaze, and bearded Americans, yellow descendants of Spain, and half-naked Pueblos, all armed from head to foot, and in attire that bore the marks of long and painful travel, began to foot it as if possessed.

Here two long Americans seized each other, and jumped and whirled round together in mad circles; there a Mexican was seen waltzing with an Indian; on one side were two Kentucky men performing an energetic jig, and a little way off two Irishmen, in the uniform of the United States infantry, were working away energetically at a national dance, and shouting "Ould Ireland for ever!" and "Oh if we had but plenty of whisky!"

Even the sentinel leaning on his musket grew sentimental and musical, and murmured to himself,

"J'aime à revoir ma Normandie."

while the musician, from his lofty throne, looked calmly down on the commotion, and fiddled away unweariedly, triumphantly remarking, that all the dances in the world might be danced in time to his tunes; and the songs of every nation on the earth carried on amicably together. He played through half the night, till a thick cloud of dust hid his face and his violin, and the exhausted dancers sank down beside their luggage

or betook themselves to their rest, to try to gather, from a few hours' sleep, strength and spirits for the march of the following day.

A more peaceful race of people than the Pueblo-Indians, who joined so merrily in this mad revel, is hardly to be imagined. They are always friendly and obliging to strangers, wherever they may meet them, and show the greatest hospitality to those who visit their dwellings. Many populous Indian towns still flourishing in New-Mexico contain but a remnant of this once powerful and wide-spreading race, traces of which are to be found in all directions, from the Rio Grande to the great Colorado of the West. Having been now for some time in habits of frequent intercourse with the Mexicans, their manners as well as their costume have become much modified, and the greater part of them have mastered the Spanish language. Industry is one of their leading virtues; they cultivate their fields and gardens, and often take journeys to visit the wild Indians of the steppe, in order to exchange their wares for skins and furs; and travellers approaching the borders of New Mexico often meet little caravans of Pueblo-Indians, driving their well-laden asses and mules briskly over the plains.

Beyond Shady Creek the expedition no longer followed Canadian River, but kept upon desolate and dead plains, the unfruitful soil of which was scantily grown with gramma-grass, and the beautiful cactus, which takes thanktully the poorest food and hardest fare, was found blooming alone. A new species of cactus, the *Opuntia arborescens*, now first showed itself, growing in great luxuriance. The short stem rose from the ground like a dwarf-tree, and then separated into branches and boughs, which spread themselves out into a crown, bearing, besides innumerable thorns, a quantity of yellow seed-vessels. No living thing, except the prairie-dogs and the burrowing owl, was to be seen. Along the edge of the prairie (*Llano Estacado*) the country was broken into picturesque cliffs and chasms which, filled with cedar, penetrated far into the plateau, and cut off from it masses like gigantic walls and fortresses. There were also more living things. Antelopes were springing about on the dry hills, deer lurking behind the blue-green cedars, eagles and kites wheeling their flight through the air, and lively little prairie dogs peeping out and giving tongue from the opening of their dark abodes.

Since leaving Fort Smith they had traversed 564 miles in a tolerably straight line, over smooth and rolling prairie, and had imperceptibly risen to a considerable height. Fort Smith lies only 460 feet above the level of the sea; the second remarkable point, the Antelope Hills, or boundary hills of Texas, 2100; while in this camp, at the foot of the lofty plateau, they found themselves at the height of 4278 feet. The lofty plain called *el Llano Estacado*, or Marked-off Plain,[1] which extends over four degrees of latitude and four of longitude, reaches, at certain points, a height of 4707 feet, and the average elevation is reckoned at 4500, therefore 222 feet reckoned above the base. The soil is sandy, and horizontal beds of red and white sandstone extend from one end to the other. A very small part of this vast plain is yet known, for travellers shrink from penetrating into regions where they would be liable to perish from want of wood and water, and the ascent to it is so troublesome, that they are not very willing to cross a corner of it, to avoid a wide and laborious circuit. The tract which Lieutenant Whipple and his party had to pass was twenty-seven miles across, consequently a good day's march; and though Encampment Creek was to be touched on in the course of the day, it was easy to foresee that it would be dry; and they therefore determined to make the ascent of the plateau on the following morning before sunrise, to rest for an hour at Encampment Creek, and then, with renewed strength, to hasten on to Rocky Dell Creek, the western boundary of Texas, and at that point to descend again from the dreary plain.

Water failing at the next station called Encampment Creek, they had to pursue their way to Rocky Dell Creek by night. If in the daytime, says Möllhausen, the prairie often reminds you of the ocean, it requires at night still less imagination to fancy yourself on the wide sea-shore, or on some small island in the watery waste. There was no continuous stream at Rocky Dell, but there were deep basins full to the brim both of water and fish of many species. There were also many grottoes around tenanted by diamond rattlesnakes, and the men killed several of an extraordinary size as they rambled about. The overhanging rocks were richly adorned with small swallows' nests, which adhered to each other and hung in complete garlands over them. In one of the larger caverns were some rude Indian paintings and engravings, apparently made in the soft stone with pieces of iron on the points of arrows. Some of these curious representations doubtless owed their origin to the sportive caprice of Indians or Mexicans, but the majority of them bore a character that could only be explained by reference to the superstitions of the Pueblo-Indians.[2] The most striking was the fantastic sketch of a large animal, half-dragon, half-rattlesnake, with two human feet. This monster, which took up half the length of the cave, was evidently a sort of divinity of the descendants of the Aztecs, and it was explained to us in the following manner by two Pueblo-Indians who came in. The power over seas, lakes, rivers, and rain, has been assigned to a great rattlesnake, which is as thick as many men put together, and much longer than all the snakes in the world; it moves in vast curves, and is destructive to wicked men. It rules over all water, and the Pueblo-Indians pray to it for rain, and reverence its powers. The representations of two misshapen red-haired men were rather boldly declared by the same Indians to be meant for Montezuma, to whose reappearance the inhabitants of the Pueblos, although they call themselves Christians, still secretly look forward.

The sun, as the symbol of supreme power was not wanting among these pictures, but otherwise they consisted merely of childish attempts to represent animals of the country, Indians, and their modes of warfare. (*See* p. 623.)

[1] On this plateau there is nothing whatever that could serve the traveller as a landmark; and the Mexican traders of former times have planted long poles in the ground, at certain distances, to show the best way across it. Thence the name, *el Llano Estacado*. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

[2] The natives of the country who live in towns or regular villages, are called by the Americans Pueblo-Indians, from the Spanish word Pueblo,—town or village; as we speak of them of the steppes as Prairie-Indians.

## VII.

## NEW MEXICO.

Cerro de Tucumcari—Water-shed between the Pecos and the Canadian—Enormous Flock of Sheep—Mexican Shepherds—Frontier Mexican Town of Anton Chico.

Having crossed the Rocky Dell Creek the expedition found itself beyond the western boundary of Texas. They had traversed the entire extent of that state from the Antelope Hills, a distance of 180 miles, and were entering upon New Mexico. From Rocky Dell to Fossil Creek, a distance of forty-five miles, the direction of the road was determined by the table-land, and no variation in the scenery was perceptible. The road, however, bore marks of some not inconsiderable traffic, carried on probably for centuries past, between the Indians and New Mexico. The Great and Little Tucumcari, between which their route lay, were displayed before them, and the end of the plateau was attained; that is to say, the place where it breaks off from the westerly direction it has hitherto kept, and turns towards the south.

At noon on the following day, the train of waggons was moving slowly past the Cerro de Tucumcari, a hill of an imposing aspect, which rises, like an impregnable fortress, 600 feet above the plain. Its circumference at the base may be about four miles; and since the rocky walls rise nearly perpendicularly, it cannot be much less at the platform. The thick bed of white sandstone which lies everywhere close beneath the surface, here frequently crops out, and is for a long way intersected at regular distances, by deep perpendicular cells formed in the course of time by the dripping of water; so that the whole appears as if the huge walls and ramparts, provided with long ranges of port-holes, rendered it exceedingly strong. Wherever there is a little earth to afford them nourishment, cedars have sprung up; but under such unfavourable circumstances, they do not attain anything like their full proportions, but remain dwarfed and crippled, though even thus they adorn the declivities and ravines in a picturesque manner with their dark fantastic shade.

This, then, was the Tucumcari; in comparison with the picturesque shores of the Hudson, or the stately summits of the Alleghanies, not much worth mentioning; but here on the wide plain rejoicing the eye by the regularity of its structure, and setting one to calculate how many thousands of years Nature must have been at work chiselling and dressing these stones, before she could have brought the original rough mountain mass to its present form.

Here, as amidst the wilderness of waters, in the dark primeval forest, among the giant mountains, Nature builds a temple that awakens feelings not easily to be expressed; but the pure joy we feel in the works of the Almighty Master may well be called worship. Even the savage on his war-path is not wholly insensible to such impressions, and he does not bow only before the works themselves, but before Him who has placed them there as a token of His power, and whom he calls his Manitoo. The fact that clear springs so often gush out amongst the rocks amidst these grand scenes, inviting the wanderer to rest near them, may even suggest the idea that the hard rock has been thus smote and the water made to gush forth, to detain man the longer before these natural altars.

The Indian, as he lingers there, recalls the vague traditions that have come down to him from a remote antiquity, and which are often to be found amongst different races, and in regions far remote from one another. We find, for instance, the Manitoo Rock on Lake Erie, the Great and Little Manitoo on the banks of the Missouri, the "Chimney Rock" and the "Court House" in the Rocky Mountains, and many other remarkable points in the American continent, which the Great Good Spirit, the Indians say, placed there when his Red Children had forgotten him, to lead them back to him; and when they come to these places they are fond of decorating them with such images as their wild fancies suggest.

The country on the Upper Pass, which we had entered through the defile of Las Vegas, is a succession of wide and narrow clefts and valleys, between table-shaped sandstone mountains which they encompass, and larger mountain plateaus, which these valleys intersect, from the strata of the Jurassic formation down to that of the new red sandstone. A thin forest of pines and juniper trees, with an underwood of dwarf oaks, spread over hill and valley, here and there interrupted by pasture land, whilst there is occasionally seen on the sandy or stony soil, amongst trees and bushes, a low yucca, a small *opuntia arborescens*, a white flowering aster, a delicate crimson phlox, or some other plant flowering in that season.

A considerable breeding of sheep is carried on in this part of New Mexico, as well as in other sections of the territory; and we met in these deserts large flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds, armed with bow and arrow. They are driven for the night into sheep-folds, to protect them against the wolves; but whenever the Indians have an appetite for roast mutton, flocks and shepherds are pretty much at their mercy.

We paid a dollar a piece for some sheep purchased for our caravan. The breed is a small one. I do not venture to judge of the value of the wool, but the meat has an excellent flavour.

There had been a storm and rain during one of the nights we spent in this part of the country, and at daybreak the guard mentioned that a valuable horse had disappeared from the *corral*, and at the same time one of our Mexican muleteers was missing, who, probably, had decamped with the animal. The recent rain enabled us to track and follow him. Arrangements were made for the pursuit of the deserter, who, as we discovered on a closer examination, had also broken open the boxes of some of his companions, and taken part of their contents. The nearest human dwellings were distant about a day's journey, with the little village of Anton Chico not far off; but the thief, in order to secure himself and his booty, had taken the road to Las Vagas; and here we discovered our horse the next day, although nearly destroyed by an incessant gallop of forty to fifty miles. We could not catch the thief; he had sold the animal, which was worth several hundred dollars, for five dollars and a blanket.

Whilst we were busied with the pursuit of the thief, the attention of the party was drawn to a Mexican lad, one of our muleteers, the same who, at the nocturnal "stampede," on the Arkansas, had been dragged along. We thought it probable that the theft might have been committed whilst he was on guard at the *corral*; and according to the rule of

dealing practised toward Mexicans by the Anglo-Americans, this suspicion was sufficient to justify inquisitorial violence. My heart revolted at the sight of the boy tied to a waggon-wheel; it was out of my power to interfere; and when a stout American driver advanced with a heavy mule-whip, I stepped aside to avoid witnessing any further proceedings. I, however, heard the lad called upon to confess, and his repeated assertion of his innocence. Then the lash descended. "For the love of God, sir, do not beat me! for the sake of your mother's life, sir, do not strike me!" "Speak! confess!" A third stroke followed. "For the sake of the beautiful eyes of your wife, stop! I will confess." The lad now confessed the thief had threatened him with death should he betray him; that hereupon he had let the horse pass out, and the thief ride off while he was on guard, without raising an alarm; but he knew nothing more, and was no further implicated in the theft. Such occurrences frequently happen in the North American trading-caravans, in whose service Mexicans are engaged: and these people are, indeed, under the Anglo-Americans, in a position quite unprotected by law. The conductors of the caravans subject them to penal discipline, which is allowed neither by laws of the United States nor by those of the Mexican Republic; for in Mexico the law gives the master no right to the corporal chastisement of his peons. The Mexican victim of Anglo-American violence there has, commonly, no legal protection; the most distant attempt to deal with an Anglo-American, who has hired himself out as a labourer, as is so frequently done with Mexicans on the journey and in the frontier places, would doubtless result in the instant death of any one who should venture the attempt; and not until the Mexicans, in their intercourse with Anglo-American masters, venture their lives in resisting attempts against their honour and liberty, in the same decided manner, will they be secure from such treatment. He who can assert his rights will always be treated by the Anglo-Americans with consideration; but woe to the weak who are unable to defend themselves. The general consent of public opinion in the United States adjudges the rights of man to him only who has the power to assert them. Whatever laudable qualities the Anglo-American may possess, he wants one of the essential graces of man—generosity of the strong towards the weak. No observant person can regard the gallantry shown to ladies in the United States in this light, inasmuch as, if for no other reason, the female sex has here assumed the position of the stronger part, on account of the smaller number in which it exists at the beginning in every colony.

Rough, uneven country, small, pleasant prairies, naked rocks, cedar-wooded hills, and rounded fragments of sandstone—these were the features of the landscape on either side as we pursued our way in the old direction towards the west.

We found ourselves now on the dividing ridge or water-shed between the Pecos and the Canadian, and at a height of 5,550 feet above the level of the sea. The Hoorah Creek, at which we rested for a day, was the first stream we had crossed that carried its waters towards the Pecos, and the immediate connection with the Canadian, that had so long served our engineers as a guide, was cut off. (*See* Map, p 624.)

There was now a difficult tract of country to be examined, measured, and topographically surveyed. The difference of level between Fort Smith and the above-mentioned water-shed amounted to 5,000 feet; but the ascent was distributed over a surface of 700 miles, and, with the exception of a single place at the Llano Estacado, was so gradual, that it would form no obstacle to the laying down of a railroad. Our expedition was, however, still at a distance of 150 miles from its place of destination, Albuquerque on the Rio Grande, and in this short tract, up to the water-shed of the Pecos and the Rio Grande, it would have to work up to a height of 7,000 feet (the average elevation of the high table-land eastward of the Rocky Mountains above the sea), and then down again to the Rio Grande, whose level at Albuquerque, or Isleta, is 2,000 feet below that water-shed, or 4,945 feet above the sea. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

In order, if possible, to discover a suitable pass, one part of the expedition was to have followed the Pecos, perhaps to its source, thence proceeded to the source of the Galisteo, and afterwards followed the course of this stream to its mouth in the Rio Grande; but this plan was given up when it appeared that the Pecos, further up, breaks its way through a narrow rocky valley. Our party, therefore, remained together as far as the pass of Canon Blanco—two days' journey westward of the place where we crossed the Pecos.

The inequality of the ground was especially striking when, on the 25th of September, our expedition reached the Gallinas, a few miles above its union with the Pecos, and had to descend a considerable depth into a valley, and then toil up again as high on the opposite side. The sources of this river are not far from those of the Pecos, therefore only a little eastward from the foot of the Santa Fé mountains. As both rivers run through this tract in the same direction, increase at nearly the same rate, and unite in an acute angle, the Gallinas might fairly be considered as a branch of the Upper Pecos.

The banks of the first are low and bare, and this is, perhaps, why travellers are apt to regard it as a mere brook; but if you stand by the side of it, and see that its breadth varies from twenty to fifty feet, and that its clear flood rolls briskly along over its smooth pebbles, dashing vigorously against projecting banks, rebounding from the hard walls, and throwing up foam and bubbles on its surface, you will wonder how such a pretty river comes to be wanting in the ornament of a luxuriant vegetation—why no rich foliage is reflected in its bright waters, and no stately trees protect the lonely Mexican shepherd from the almost perpendicular rays of the sun. On the arid gold-bearing sands of California there are trees that tower to the skies, and gigantic cacti draw their nourishment from the black trap rock, and the cold lava of extinct volcanoes; but on the fruitful soil of the rivers of New Mexico there is seldom so much as a solitary cotton-wood tree to be seen.

The closely-cropped grass now told us, almost as plainly as the sight of the flocks and herds at a distance, that we were approaching the settlements; and we had scarcely reached the high western shore of the Gallinas valley, when the air seemed filled with a confused murmur, that became louder as we advanced, and the sound of thousands of animal voices was mingled with the tinkling of many bells from an enormous flock grazing in a valley that we were passing. A flock of sheep would certainly not have attracted much attention from any one of us at home; but now it was such an unwonted sight, that probably

there was not a single member of the party that did not turn to gaze with interest at the five or six thousand sheep and goats that were bleating and baa-ing in chorus, while the stately bearded rams and he-goats made, with their horns, threatening demonstrations at the waggons.

A young Mexican lad, with wild black hair hanging over his brown face, stood leaning on a knotted stick. His naked limbs were covered with weals, and the few rags that served him for clothing were the very symbols of destitution; a lean wolf-dog that lay at his feet glanced suspiciously towards the strangers, but the ragged Mexican politely raised his remnant of a straw hat, and held it in his hand, saying, "Buenos dias, Senores!" The salutation was courteously returned, and as some of the party appeared desirous of asking him some questions about the character of the country, he threw his tattered blanket across his shoulder with the stateliness of a hidalgo, and modestly stepped forward to meet the strangers.

According to his account, it might be about six miles to a spring, where the Expedition could pass the night, and then on the following morning we should have six miles further to reach Anton Chico, the first settlement. Many rather unmeaning questions were put to the lad, most of which he answered with a *Quien sabe?* (Who knows?) and when we left him again to his solitude, we could not help grieving over the lot of these poor fellows. With no other provision than a bag of maize-flour, they leave their customary shelter, under the rough wooden verandah of the first house they come to, and follow their flocks for weeks, or even months, without seeing a human creature, unless, perhaps, at a distance, another shepherd, with whom they are forbidden to join company, to avoid the mixing of the flocks under their respective charge. Their only amusement is afforded by a surly dog, or some pet lamb of the flock, and the only interruption to the dreary monotony of their existence is the occasional unwelcome one of an attack by wild Indians, who rush down and plunder their flocks, even if they do not murder them.

After a short march over stony heights covered with pine woods, the country opened, and afforded us a view over a valley inclosed by high rocks, with the Pecos winding through it. Here the road divided; one way turning off in a north-westerly direction to the table-lands on the Upper Pecos, and then crossing the river at San Miguel, led towards Santa Fé; whilst the other lay immediately along the Pecos in an opposite course. By this last the Expedition travelled conveniently down the river; and after crossing it, we found ourselves at only a short distance from the frontier town of Anton Chico, which looked, as it lay before us in the plain, uncommonly like a collection of brick-kilns. A suitable place was soon found for the encampment; and after the cattle had been driven away to pasture in some grassy ravines (for the immediate neighbourhood was like a dusty threshing-floor), everyone arranged his domestic establishment under a waggon tilt, or in his tent, and then set off to walk to the town, and find means, between broken Spanish and whole English, to scrape acquaintance with the Dons and Senoritas; as well as to ask some interesting questions about the prices of fowls, eggs, milk, butter, and of some drink a little stronger than water.

Anton Chico, though an old settlement, has never counted more than three hundred inhabitants. The situation is not happily chosen, since, whatever commerce goes to Santa Fé—the chief commercial town of the West—can only reach this town by a circuitous route; and the environs are too little favoured by nature for agriculture ever to become a chief source of maintenance to the inhabitants. The few houses, which are inhabited by herdsmen and shepherds, are built of large square masses of unburnt brick (*adobes*), and make not the smallest pretension to beauty without, or convenience within. There is a church in the same style of architecture, and near it a *fandango saloon*,—fandango being the name here given to every kind of dance or ball. The space between the houses and the Pecos is laid out in gardens and maize fields, which require artificial irrigation; and this is effected by little trenches, or ditches, that run near one another through the fields, and answer the double purpose of bringing water from the river to the fruit-trees in the dry season, and carrying the superfluous moisture down to it during the heavy rains. These precautions are indispensable if any harvest is expected from the heavy clay soil, which, in the dry season, is as hard as a rock, and in the wet reduced to a toughly tenacious paste. The River Pecos has considerable resemblance, in character, to the Gallinas, though it is somewhat broader and deeper. The high table-lands which inclose the valley to the north keep off the cold stormy winds; and the chief trouble of the inhabitants proceeds from the wild Indians, who from time to time make their appearance and levy a forcible tribute on them.

The arrival of our party drew the entire population of the adobe houses to their flat roofs, or out of their doors, whence they contemplated the strangers with much curiosity. Our inquiries about shops were soon answered, and our men swarmed about them like bees, to get rid of the few shillings in their possession as quickly as possible.

Froebel describes Anton Chico as a small place of wretched appearance resembling Las Vegas; but which has a still more death-like aspect from its distance from the high road. The stony heights of the surrounding country, dotted here and there with single juniper-bushes, impart to it a desolate and gloomy character; and the dilapidated mud-walls, against which, wrapt in the old shabby serape, a man is occasionally seen leaning, to thaw his stiffened limbs in the sun, with groups of women and children seated on the ground, all present a concentrated picture of North Mexican misery.

## VIII.

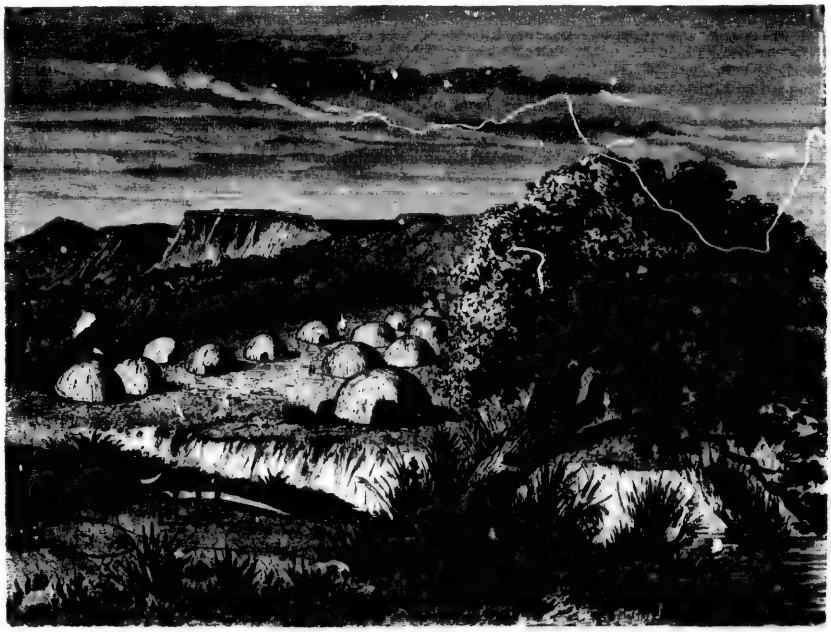
THE EXPEDITION DIVIDES — VALLEY OF CUESTA — CANON BLANCO — GALISTEO — ORGAN ROCK — VALLEY OF THE RIO GRANDE — PUEBLO OF SANTO DOMINGO — HOUSES WITH LADDERS — PUEBLO INDIAN CHURCH — BLENDING OF CHRISTIAN AND AZTEC TRADITIONS — THE SACRED FIRE.

THE expedition was divided into two parties at Anton Chico, in order to examine two routes thence to Albuquerque. One was to proceed by Galisteo and San Domingo down the Rio Grande, while the main party proceeded by the San Antonio and the San Pedro pass. What may be designated as one of the southerly prolongations of the Rocky Mountains, the other being the Sierra Madre, which divides the head waters of the Rio Grande from those of the Colorado, now lay between them and the valley of the Rio

Grande. The valley of Cuesta, being of formidable depth and inclosed by high rocks, presented a very imposing aspect. The River Pecos or Puercos flows through it, and hence to the Rio Grande, by a great longitudinal valley in the Rocky Mountains, which are here known as the Sierra del Sacremento, Guadalupe, Hueca and Organ Mountains. The town of Cuesta lay like a little fortress, on a lower step of the plateau. The view over the valley and the neighbouring mountain ranges convinced them that it would be vain to follow the course of the Pecos any further, with a view of discovering a suitable line for a railroad, and they therefore returned to the main road, in order to follow the remainder of the party through the pass of the Canon Blanco.

Froebel describes this so-called Canon Blanco, or "White Defile," as a dry rocky valley, passing from the Pecos valley, through the plateau of white sandstone, of the Jura formation, which separates the Pecos from the Rio Grande. The valley forms an open forest of pines and juniper trees, between sandstone rocks. The party were overtaken by a storm in the same pass; and the description given of it is as picturesque as usual, but less defined. The next day they reached Galisteo.

The sun had not yet set when our troop crossed th



CAMP OF KIOWAY INDIANS.

River Galisteo, and approached the first houses of the town of the same name.

Lying on the slope of a gently rising ground, it is prettily situated, and makes, from a distance, an agreeable impression, which, however, vanishes as soon as you enter its dirty streets, showing signs everywhere of extreme poverty, and find yourself regarded by every one you meet with mistrustful glances. Most of the male population, with their bearded faces and dirty blanket-wrappers, looked like banditti; and there was an impudent and profligate expression on the faces of the women, who greeted us besides with looks of mocking defiance.

We determined to pass the evening at a small inn, which looked somewhat more inviting than the other buildings, and entered an apartment that served at the same time as sitting, sleeping, and reception room, where we were welcomed by the host and his family, and some American officers then on their way to Santa Fé.

The plateau between the Pecos and the Rio Grande is, according to the accurate Froebel, bordered on the west, along the Rio Grande, by a line of isolated mountain groups, of interesting Alpine forms, between which the defiles lead down into the valley. They are the Placer Mountains, Sandills Mountains, Manzana Mountains, and other groups whose names he could not learn. The Placer Mountains of Froebel appear to be the same as the Gold Mountains of the American expedition. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

The River Galisteo trickled through deep ravines at the foot of the Gold Mountains, so Möllhausen's party desisted from following its course, and describing a wide arch round the mountains they turned into the valley near the Rio Grande. They had now got into a black and recent volcanic region, and springs as clear as crystal gushed forth in every direction to fertilise fields and gardens. What a change when once the great plains are crossed! Hence they proceeded down the Canon Boca, numerous squirrels springing about among the loose stones, and the chapparal cock (*Geococcyx Mexicanus*) hiding himself behind projecting rocks, till on turning from the ravine into the plain they came upon such wonderful formations of white sandstone that Möllhausen says they all involuntarily halted to gaze upon the spectacle.

From out of the bed of the Galisteo rose a close range of elegant columns, growing shorter and thinner towards the end, and beautifully notched and ringed, which, at a short distance, had such an astonishing resemblance to the pipes of a mighty organ, that I believe we should have scarcely felt surprise to hear tones of solemn music issuing from them. But they lay there in majestic stillness, though the listening ear caught various sounds of another kind. The stately buzzard, as he hovered on high, sent his piercing cry down to earth; the swallows twittered as they described, far below him, their zig-zag lines in the air; grasshoppers hung on the dry blades, and made as much noise in the world as they were able; merry crickets chirped from the cracks in the ground; and near the great silent organ, where an ancient tree bent down its decaying head, the woodpecker hammered away briskly to the no small alarm of the less noisy inhabitants of the time-worn trunk. All these various tones blended into a chorus that sounded like a hymn of praise; and when other travellers stand still to admire the spectacle, and wonder at the results of a cause so simple as that of falling drops of water, to which it owes its origin, the devout Mexican bares his head, crosses himself, and kneels down to repeat an *Ave Maria*. (*See* p. 630.)

When they had once obtained firm footing on the plain, they proceeded at a rapid trot. The valley of the Rio Grande was beckoning them, and every one was longing for the first sight of that much-talked-of river and its banks. At length the way wound down a steep declivity of hard clay, and the Rio Grande lay in full view; but under what a different aspect from what we had anticipated! We had been dreaming, perhaps, of luxuriant vegetation—of lofty palms and giant ferns—of umbrageous groves and navigable waters: and now there lay before us a treeless, clay-coloured flat, and a shallow, muddy river—a desert rather than a populous valley. At the foot of the hills the road turned towards the south, and the gloomy impression made on us by the first sight of this landscape became somewhat softened when we suddenly saw before us a peculiarly built town, surrounded by fields and gardens.

This was Saint Domingo, an ancient settlement of the Pueblo Indians, which reminded us, at first, of the Casas Grandes on the Gila, and further south in Mexico. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

Here, as in most of the towns of Mexico, unburnt brick was the chief building material, and it gave an old and ruinous aspect to the houses; which was increased by the various stories lying in terraces one over the other, so that part of the flat roof of the lower story served as a little court to the upper, and the highest was considerably the smallest. By this plan, as the houses are built close to one another, there are formed upper, as well as lower, streets, which lead past the doors of the dwellings on the second and third stories, and establish an immediate connection between them. There are no doors on the ground-floor; but the ascent from the street is by ladders, which can be drawn up when the security of the inhabitants is supposed to require it. An opening in the flat roof of the first story gives access to the interior, while other ladders lead from the platforms of the lower stories to the second and third.

The rooms on the ground-floor seem to be exclusively employed as store-rooms, sufficient light being afforded by small square openings, glazed with plates of transparent crystalline gypsum.

There is little life in the lower streets, but a great part of the population was assembled before the doors, the men smoking, the women working, the children at play; and all showed great excitement at our approach, and leaned eagerly over their parapets to look down on us as we passed. The noise that so peculiarly characterises the towns and settlements of the whites was wanting here; there was no shouting, or bawling, or loud laughing, but the various groups conversed in low tones; and half-veiled figures, bearing on their heads parti-coloured earthen vessels, hastened with light steps through the streets, or nimbly ascended the broad rungs of the ladders without even putting a hand to their burden, and without spilling the smallest fraction of its contents.

In the meantime we had reached an open quadrangular square, two sides of which were formed by houses, and the remaining ones by the church and other public buildings; but we did not then take much time to look about us, but followed an Indian, who led us to a green meadow beyond the town, where we pitched our tents as quickly as possible, in order to get back the sooner to the town. The entire population of Saint Domingo did not consist of more than 800 persons; and since the masculine part of it at least was familiar with Spanish, it was easy, when they came flocking out to the camp, to enter into conversation with them.

The peculiarity here described, of houses built with no doors on the ground-floor but an ascent from the street by ladders, is an Aztec mode of building, and adapted to a kind of communistic life, something like that advocated by Owen. The celebrated *Casas Grandes* are so called, on account of their numerous floors, and they form the residence of several families. The system is now said to be best represented at the Pueblo of Saint Domingo, where we are now describing it. But Möllhausen says, it exists equally remarkably in the ruins of Zuni, as well as those of other Aztec cities in the Colorado Chiquito. The profound peace in which the present Pueblo or town-dwelling Indians live, have rendered perseverance in the system a most superfluous precaution. But often a particular system adopted for a particular purpose, is persevered in from the force of habit and custom.

The stay of the party at St. Domingo being limited to one night, they resolved upon visiting these Pueblo Indians in their ladder-houses this same evening, in order to make what use they could of the time, to learn as much as possible of this interesting people.

They ascended, therefore, the first ladder that they

came to, and, says Möllhausen, we found ourselves in a clean little court surrounded by a parapet; and we then entered, without ceremony, an open door through which we could see the light of a fire. When the occupants, a young man and two girls, became aware of our presence, the former took several blankets out of a corner, spread them on the floor, and invited us in the most friendly manner to be seated.

The two girls, who were busy cooking, immediately presented each of us with a warm *tortilla*, and placed before us a dish with another kind of baked cake, looking uncommonly like a large wasp's nest, inviting us by very intelligible signs to eat.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was very small but clean, even in its darkest corners, and had an air of comfort from the piled-up store of furs and blankets. The smooth walls were covered with articles of clothing, household utensils, and weapons, which were arranged with much attention to order. After we had, to the great satisfaction of the good-natured host, not only done ample justice to the viands set before us, but put the remainder into our pocks as well as satisfied our curiosity by a minute examination of all the objects lying or hanging around, we bade "Good night" to our Indian friends, and continued our exploring expedition along the roofs of the lower stories. We entered many dwellings, found everywhere the same domestic arrangements, and were received with the same obliging hospitality; and at a late hour we returned to our temporary homes on the green meadow.

Early on the following morning we visited the town again, especially to see the interior of the church; for which the Gobernador had given us the permission, and the key, besides offering us his company.

The church was not externally distinguished from most others in the smaller Mexican towns; it had rough walls inclosing a simple hall, and the chief gable was turned towards the square and, projecting a little, was supported by two square clay columns. Between these two was the entrance, and over it a gallery communicating with the choir. On the roof was a kind of stone scaffolding, or belfry, containing the small bell, and surmounted by a cross. Some subordinate buildings in the same style, and an inclosed churchyard, completed the Pueblo church, which evidently owes its origin to Catholic missionaries. The interior was in the same style; there was a kind of altar; and the walls were of smooth clay, on which hung some old Spanish pictures,—the sole decoration, with the exception of some rude Indian paintings, amongst which we remarked the figure of a man on horseback riding over a troop of men: a *Conquestador*, therefore, and evidently an allusion to the Spanish conquest. The Catholic and Aztec religions were evidently blended in these representations; the Holy Virgin is often found in company with an Indian figure denominated Montezuma by the ignorant people of northern Mexico, and under the cross is seen a picture of the caves where the sacred fire was kept burning. In the populous Indian towns on the Rio Grande, and westward of the Rocky Mountains, this "everlasting" fire has long been extinguished; but it appears from tradition (a very uncertain authority, of course), that the holy flame was last cherished near the sources of the Pecos, where ancient ruins still attract the traveller's attention. It is also stated that Montezuma planted a young tree on this spot, and declared that as long as it stood, the descendants of the Aztecs, the present Pueblo-Indians, should form an independent nation; but that when the tree had disappeared, white men should come from the east and overrun their country. The inhabitants of the Pueblos were then to live in peace with these white men, and patiently await the time when Montezuma shall return and unite them again into one powerful race.

## IX.

Arrival of the Expedition at Albuquerque—The Americans in New Mexico—Outrage of the White-Skins—Old Fitzwater, Commandant at Albuquerque—Brutality of American Waggoners—Villages of Mexican Girls.

Beyond San Domingo came the little Pueblo of San Felipe, on a plain inclosed by naked rocks, and with anything but a pleasant aspect. Immediately after this they crossed the River Tuerto, near its mouth, passed through the Mexican town of Algodones, and went on along the foot of the Sandia range, between such extensive chain and the Rio Grande, they kept about midway.

The neighbourhood of settlements, says Möllhausen, and cultivated lands was recognisable long before by the canals and ditches which intersected the low lands in all directions, and were destined to convey the water of the Rio Grande to the plants and seeds; for without such measures it would be scarcely possible to raise the most scanty harvests under the arid climate of New Mexico. Flocks of marsh and water birds animate the fields thus irrigated: and under shelter of the close stalks of the Indian corn some of the sportsmen got a few very effective shots among them. This part of our journey was quite like a pleasure tour, and so much the more so as thriving settlements and pretty *ranchos* continually lay smiling before us. We could have been only a short day's journey from Albuquerque when we determined to pass the night in the neighbourhood of Bernalillo, also an Indian town, and to wait for morning to continue our journey.

Twilight was still resting on the valley of the Rio Grande, though the peak of the Sandia range had begun to glow in the morning sunshine, when the impatient company was already in the saddle, and urging on the cattle to all possible haste. The environs had now lost all their interest for us, and all eyes were looking out for the distant church towers of Albuquerque.

Every passer by, whether Indian or Mexican, was asked about the distance to the place, and the usual answer was, "*Quien sabe?*" with which we had, perforce, to be content.

We had come so far that we found ourselves opposite the southern point of the Sandia mountains, when our way was crossed by a broad road, which, coming from the east, led to an apparently great settlement on the Rio Grande. Here some Mexican women, whom we saw at work, were again questioned concerning the town of Albuquerque, and they laughingly pointed to the river, where a row of low houses and two small towers indicated the presence of a town. We turned immediately into the cross-road; the horsemen spurred on, the waggons followed briskly, and we soon found ourselves between fences and long buildings, from the doors and windows of which looked

out men wearing the uniform of the United States' dragoons.

Passing these buildings, we went on to a green sward beyond the town, with white tents gleaming from it, and there checked our mules, and received a hearty welcome. There was as much hand-shaking, and eager questioning, and talking amongst us, as if we and our comrades of the expedition had been separated for three years instead of three days; and suddenly, by some enchantment, bottles and jugs, filled with the excellent wine of El Paso, made their appearance, and our joyful reunion was celebrated by a festive banquet in the open air. After the first burst of our jollity was over, we hurried into the town to get our letters that had been forwarded to us by the government in Washington through the Santa Fé post to Albuquerque; and in the evening many of us might have been seen in our tents reading over, for the third or fourth time, the news from our distant homes.

A few days after a pompous announcement appeared in the *Amigo del Pais*, the weekly paper of Albuquerque, to the effect that a railroad expedition had arrived at that fortunate city, naming its members and anticipating its success with that enthusiasm so characteristic of southern blood, that there must have been some poor ignorant people who would have expected the railroad itself to follow in the van, only a few days after. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

So far then, however, their appointed task of exploring the country between the 35th and 36th parallels of north latitude had been performed; but there remained for their investigation the entirely unknown regions westward of Zuni, to the coast of the Pacific. This, as they were informed, was likely to be the most troublesome part of their undertaking; and, as a protection against hostile Indians, an additional military escort of twenty-five men, under the command of Lieutenant Fitzball, was ordered to join them at Fort Defiance. The winter was now at hand, and must add much to the difficulties they should have to contend with; but they enjoyed some days of most welcome rest, and exchanged reciprocal good wishes for a safe and speedy arrival at their ultimate destination, the Mission of Pueblo de los Angelos on the Pacific Ocean. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

Before, however, starting upon this adventurous expedition, it may be as well to introduce here an incident or two relative to the present relation of the Anglo-Saxons to their recently acquired territory of New Mexico. There is no doubt that they have done much towards establishing order in the country, and that with the indomitable spirit of enterprise characteristic of their race, they will ultimately succeed in introducing and in firmly establishing a system of colonisation and civilisation which will supersede the equally effete Aztec and Spanish superstition and disorganisation. But the means of intercommunication are as yet almost worthless, and the Great Infertile Plains, with their tribes of unsubdued and tribute-exacting Indians, of which we have given some idea in the previous pages, intervene like an almost insuperable barrier between the civilisation of the East—especially that of the non-slavery states—and the corruption and degradation—physical and moral—of the extreme West. The towns of New Mexico are still the theatre of violent scenes which have not always their origin in Indian savageness, for the great evil attached to these congregations of people is, that they are composed of the most heterogeneous elements come from all quarters—a point of union of persons who come with the caravans, acting often as guides or even as muleteers, and who, expelled from one place to another on account of their bad conduct, wander about living not merely by their wits, but too often by the red hand of crime. We will quote one example given by Dr. Bigelow, to whom we have already referred, to Mr. Möllhausen. The events related happened at Socorro, a town situated in the valley of the Rio Grande, some distance to the south of Albuquerque, and of which Froebel says, "One of the many interesting scenes of landscape which the valley of the Rio Grande presents to the traveller, is the view from the hills below Parida, on to the opposite side of the valley, with the town of Socorro lying at the foot of the high mountains."

"Well, we shall be soon in the promised land now," began Mr. Garner, an American, who was riding in the midst of a group of comrades, letting his mule take its own course; "in the land of fandangos and bowie knives, of lassos and red pepper, of *Quien sabes* and senoritas. Many a pleasant day have I passed there already; for I, too, like Dr. Bigelow, belonged to the Boundary-surveying Commission; I hope, though, we may not have to witness such scenes of horror on this journey as on that." At these words he turned to the doctor. "Do you remember," cried he, "at Socorro your driving a troop of murderers with an unloaded musket out of your room, into which a dying man had been brought, a victim of the lawless barbarians?" "Ay, well do I remember those times," answered the doctor; "terrible they were, and it does seem incredible that such things as those you allude to could have happened in the nineteenth century." "In order," continued Mr. Garner, turning to the rest of us, "to make you understand how these things happened, I must go a good way back. When the Boundary Commission landed on the shores of Texas in 1850, about fifty waggoners and other workmen had to be engaged for it. The quartermaster, on whom the difficult task of engaging them devolved, found no great choice, and was obliged to take the men pretty much as they came. It is not strange, therefore, that a collection of the most worthless and depraved fellows were thus taken into the service of our Government; and on our arrival at El Paso and San Eleazario, it was found necessary to dismiss some of the worst subjects. Some companies of emigrants making their way to California, as well as several trading caravans, had done the same thing at this very same place; so that some of the very scum of the human race were collected together in these little settlements, with no means of honest livelihood, even if any of them had been inclined to reform their way of life, and no money; for such of them as had had any to begin with, had soon lost every cent in gambling.

"The peaceable inhabitants of Socorro, a place where caravans usually halt for a short time, were especial sufferers from this circumstance; their lives were no longer safe, not only out of doors, but even by their own hearths; for the audacious robbers made their way everywhere, leaving too often a dwelling stained with the blood of its unoffending inmates. Many of the Mexicans, conscious of their impotence to withstand the brute force of their enemies, packed up their goods, left their homes, and migrated to distant settlements. This was the position of affairs when our Commission

arrived, but the appearance of an armed, well-disciplined force alarmed the company of gamblers, horse-stealers, and murderers, and made them more cautious in their proceedings. Hardly, however, were the various surveying parties sent off in different directions, when the former atrocities recommenced. Houses were mercilessly broken open, in order to satisfy the most disgraceful and criminal passions, and every new deed of violence increased the temerity of this terrible gang, by convincing them of their power and impunity. After several murders had been committed, the well-disposed inhabitants of Socorro associated themselves for the purpose of putting an end to these outrages, and requested assistance from the military post of San Elezario; but the assistance was refused by the commanding officer, on the ground that it should have been first asked from the civil authorities; and so things went on in the old way, and it seemed likely that the little town would be entirely depopulated, as all the inhabitants who could leave it were hastening to do so. One evening a ball was to be given—a very frequent diversion in all Mexican towns. These fandangos, as they are called, are open to every one; and, as may be supposed, the band of robbers above-mentioned did not fail to enliven the meeting with their company. Their brutal behaviour soon attracted attention; pistols were fired over the heads of the women; but when they fled in terror to the door, they found it blockaded by some

COMANCHE INDIANS.

of the ruffians, who compelled them to remain. The excitement in the confined space then became greater, and at last bowie-knives were drawn and used. A Mr. Clarke, the assistant of our quartermaster, who happened to be present, was the first victim, four of the villains attacking him at once with their bowie-knives, and he fell mortally wounded near the door.

"He was hastily carried to the quarters of our friend Dr. Bigelow here, who, after he had examined nine or ten wounds, gave up all hope of saving him; and the murderers actually pursued him even hither to complete their work. Dr. Bigelow, however, enraged at their brutality, seized a double-barrelled gun, and pointing it at the blood-thirsty miscreants, threatened to shoot them instantly if they did not leave the room. The gun was not really loaded; but as, fortunately, they were not aware of this fact, the cowardly assassins retired.

"When the news of the murder of a member of our commission reached our camp, of course we all got into a state of great excitement; and the question was how to get hold of the perpetrators of the deed.

"There was no help to be looked for from the military station; and the alcalde of the town was a weak, sickly man, who had delegated his authority to another still greater coward than himself; so that no very energetic measures could be hoped from him. All that could be done, therefore, was for all the members of the commission to unite, and do what was necessary for public security. We despatched messengers to San

Elcazario, where our chief division lay, to mention the occurrence, and request their assistance; they all obeyed the summons instantly, and a troop was collected of Americans and Mexicans, who armed themselves, and hastened to Socorro, where a number of the townspeople were awaiting them. Our force was then separated into two divisions, charged to institute the closest search after the murderers.

"We all went to work zealously, every house was searched, and eight or ten of the banditti arrested; though the leader, a fellow of the name of Young, had it appeared, made his escape early in the morning from the place. Our prisoners were carried by an armed party to the house of a magistrate named Berthold, and there kept in close custody while we got together a jury consisting of six of our own people, and six Mexicans. An advocate was offered to the criminals, but declined; probably because they considered the whole affair a mere form, and thought they could easily swear themselves free again. The examination was conducted in the most serious manner, though without any loss of time, as it was rumoured in the place that a plot was forming for the rescue of the villains, and only watching for a favourable opportunity. A more peculiar-looking court of justice can certainly hardly be imagined; all who took part in the proceedings, as well as the spectators, who also undertook to preserve order, were armed from head to foot, and composed, in their various costumes, a scene that seemed to belong to the middle ages. The light-complexioned, but sun burnt faces of the American jurymen, who sat calmly smoking their pipes, contrasted strongly with the dark Mexicans wrapped in their striped serapes, with their broad hats in their hands, and their little *cigaritos* between their lips. The judge sat before a rough wooden table, on which, instead of legal documents, there lay a pair of pistols; and the prisoners on a bench, in the midst of the stern determined-looking assembly, had lost nothing of their hardened, indifferent manner, but looked about them with a defiant scowl.

"The trial lasted two days, and an attempt was made by the friends of the prisoners to delay it still longer, evidently with the view of gaining time to effect their rescue in one way or another. These attempts were fruitless, however, and three out of the four were declared guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon them, which was ordered to be executed the same evening. A priest was appointed to accompany them to the place of execution, but they rejected his consolations with contempt, and died as hardened villains as they had lived. The setting sun saw three human bodies dangling from the branches of a cotton-tree; and then all who had taken part in the proceedings, as well as the spectators, retired quietly to their respective abodes.

"In order to get hold of the leader of the band, our society determined to offer a reward of 400 dollars to any one who would produce him, and the reward was tempting enough to send people searching for him in all directions. In a few days the murderer was sent to us in fetters, by the people of Guadeloupe, and we had now the unpleasant duty of inflicting his well-deserved punishment. His trial was short, and he died on the same tree as his accomplices.

"Order and security were now re-established in Socorro; all whose characters were doubtful, and who were entirely unconnected with the commission, and without occupation, were ordered to leave the place in twenty-four hours; but the order was scarcely needed, for after the execution of the four most dangerous of the banditti, the rest did not deem a longer stay in the place advisable, and before the end of the second day they had all vanished. Our proceedings were fully approved by the civil and military authorities, and the inhabitants of Socorro thankfully acknowledged that such an example had been long wanting. They could now again sit peacefully before their doors of an evening, and were not obliged to retire and barricade themselves in their houses as soon as it began to grow dusk. It is not from the wild Indians, New Mexico has most to fear, but from villains of the white race, who have thrust themselves into the country, and become the scourge of the peaceful inhabitants.

"The Mexicans have great, and some of them, unpardonable faults, but they are now generally inclined to an orderly and peaceful way of life."

"I suppose," said one of the party, "we need hardly fear any affairs of that kind in Albuquerque? As Santa Fé is the capital of the Far West, most of the rascality will probably be drawn in that direction."

"I am convinced," said Mr. Garner, "that we have some neat specimens of that kind among our own men. They look innocent enough now, but when we get to Albuquerque, they will most likely be beginning their tricks. You'll see that when once they are dismissed and find themselves their own masters, you will hardly know them again. We shall have to look sharp after our mules, if we do not wish to lose some of them every night, and have them some days afterwards sold in Santa Fé, by persons unknown."

The history of Fitzwater, the actual United States' commandant at Albuquerque, at the time that the expedition was at that place, as related by Lieutenant Whipple to his travelling companions, was not a little characteristic of the social condition of the country:

"Old Fitzwater," began one of the officers, "whom you most likely know by name, has been appointed by our government to be the Commandant for life of the military station of Albuquerque. This old soldier is about the greatest curiosity that you ever saw in your life. I believe he has not a bone in his body that has not been shot or hacked through, and patched together again, and his left leg is kept stiff by an iron rod, so that he has to mount his horse on the right side. Most of his wounds have been received in skirmishes with the Indians, but the severest in our war with Mexico. He was an old serjeant then, but could bear all the hardships and privations with the youngest man in the army. In some battle, I forget which, this old Fitzwater was posted with a party near a mass of rock, so that the rear was covered by a granite wall. He and his men kept up a brisk fire with their muskets upon the enemy's fusiliers, who answered to the best of their ability, and were occasionally supported by a whiff of grapeshot from their artillery. Just while Fitzwater was loading, a bullet went through the neck of the man next him with such force as to strike the granite rock behind and send the splinters flying out. One of these entered Fitzwater's left eye; but he only turned his bleeding face to his comrades, saying, 'Well, I never met with anything like that before. I never believed a bullet, already past, could wound in the rebound! It's well it was not my right eye!' and he then proceeded to take aim at a Mexican. After the war he undertook

regularly to escort the post from Texas to Santa Fé, and back again, and it was only on these journeys that he so frequently met with hostile Indians. The astonishing coolness that he always displayed in moments of danger never once forsook him, and to these qualities he owes his present position in Albuquerque. His worst enemies were the Apache Indians, who were constantly following and endeavouring to get hold of him. One morning, when he was not far from El Paso, old Fitzwater was sitting by a fire preparing breakfast for himself and his only companion—a pretty substantial breakfast, too; for, however the old fellow has been cut and hacked about, his excellent appetite has never been injured. He was devoting himself with his whole soul to the cookery of a savoury roast and the making of some capital coffee, when he suddenly saw himself surrounded by a party of Apache Indians, evidently with a hostile purpose. He saw in a moment the impossibility of resistance, for the very instant he had stretched out his hand to a weapon a tomahawk would have shattered his skull. He did not, therefore, take the slightest notice of the threatening gestures of the savages, but proceeded with his cookery, and carelessly told them to sit down and help themselves to some bits that were already done while he made some coffee and put some more meat to roast. This unaccountable coolness, united to the friendly invitation, so completely took the Indians by surprise, that they involuntarily obeyed, and squatted down to satisfy their appetites on Fitzwater's dainties, and afterwards went off without doing him any harm, or even touching any of his things. Fitzwater declares that, though he would much rather have given the Apaches a taste of his long knife than of his coffee and sugar, he was heartily glad to find himself and his companion with a whole skin after their visit."

When Froebel was on the Rio Grande not far from Socorro, he was also witness of gross excesses on the part of the Americans. "Our next night-encampment," he relates, "was below Sabino. Some of our people begged to be allowed to return to the village, and join in a dance. On this occasion a North American so excited the jealousy of a native peasant, that he was surrounded, and a general attack was made upon him. At this he drew a small pistol from his pocket, and, like Don Juan, fired into the crowd of people in the room; fortunately, however, the affair turned out quite as harmlessly as in the opera—no one was hurt, and the culprit was unheeded. I have before observed the Mexicans living on the borders suffer much from the insolence and violence of the North Americans. The next night one of our North American drivers found one of our Mexican muleteers asleep at his post, and to arouse him, he gave him a blow which laid open his head with a wound about two inches long; it nearly killed him, and the driver openly boasted that this had been his intention." Froebel describes many other causes of just discontent on the part of the inhabitants, and of the failure of unsuccessful military colonies. When on the frontier-river, Mora, he relates, "that his people gave themselves up to enjoyment, after their fashion; some got intoxicated, and began quarrelling: others disappeared from the camp, and did not return till the next morning—when he heard that this frontier locality, but just reclaimed from a perfect desert, was inhabited by a number of Mexican girls, who made a trade of selling their favours to passing travellers. Small cottages, situated here and there in some corner, are the dwellings of these girls." He was told that even larger establishments devoted to this traffic, are connected with certain settlements in this country. Thus, says the philosophical Teuton, "Here, on the western edge of the Great North American Desert, are found the counterpart of African caravan stations. It would seem as if a similar social discrepancy arose in two totally different portions of the globe, simply from the existence of the same physical circumstances—the necessity in both cases of a long extent of travel, away from all the ordinary conveniences of civilisation."

## X.

Society at Albuquerque—Robber Raids of Apache and Navahoe Indians—Pueblo or Village Indians—Descendants of the Aztecs?—Hispano-Indian Breeds—Traces of Early European Civilisation—Anglo-Saxon Settlers—Valley of the Rio Grande—The River is not Navigable—Prospects for the Future—El Paso Wine—Mexican Fandangos.

The state of things at Albuquerque itself did not belie what has been said of other portions of New Mexico. Even among the better classes there was the same characteristic thoughtlessness and love of pleasure. The evenings, Möllhausen says, were passed by most of our party in the houses of public entertainment, or in the hospitable abodes of the officers; and when the church bell summoned us to the fandango, most of the party might be seen streaming towards the spacious hall where smiling and dance-loving Mexican fair ones were awaiting us. Thus every hour was occupied either with work or play; days and weeks flew by, and every one began to feel himself quite at home; but I believe, nevertheless, there was not a single member of the expedition who was not quite willing that this kind of life should come to an end.

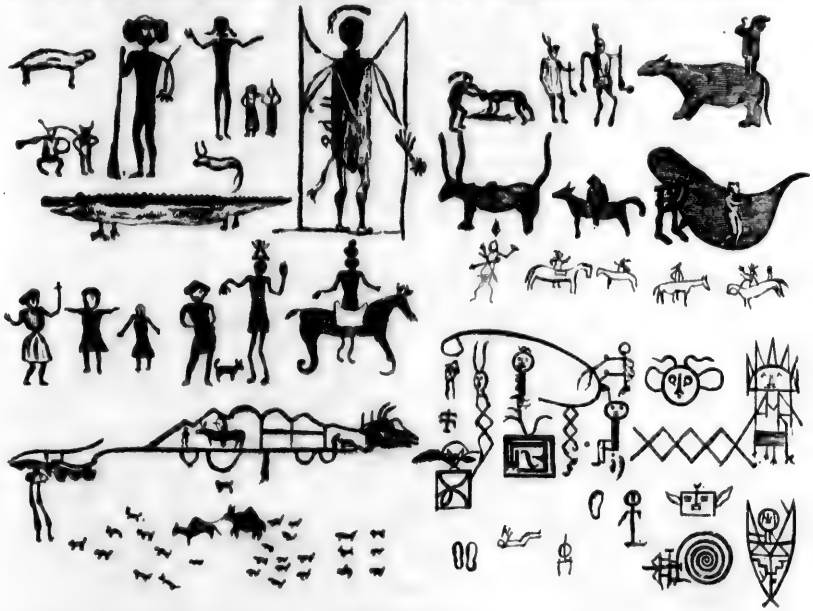
Very few towns in New Mexico have a picturesque appearance. They are generally built in broad valleys bounded at a distance by naked rocks; the houses are one-storied, partly concealed indeed by trees, but these, with the exception of a few alamos,[1] are the only trees to be seen. Albuquerque lies about five hundred yards from the Rio Grande, and has a rather ruinous aspect; the only building at all conspicuous is the church, which, with its two towers, might lead to the expectation of a more important settlement. Church, houses, barracks, and the stables of the garrison are all built of the same material, namely *adobes*, or bricks dried in the air in the usual Mexican fashion. They are made of the earth of the valley, mixed with straw and small stones to give them greater firmness. Both inner and outer walls are from two to three feet thick, and, except the doors, very sparingly provided with openings for light and air. These habitations are all built on the flat ground, or at the most only slightly raised on a bed of clay, and the interior is as rudely simple as possible, though not altogether without convenience; and among the more opulent inhabitants, apartments may be seen to which, by means of white-wash, a neat and pleasing appearance has been given. Boarded floors are an unknown luxury, and both rich and poor content themselves with hard stamped clay, which only the wealthy cover with straw mats and carpets.

Albuquerque has increased both in importance and

[1] The Spanish name of the cotton-wood tree (*Populus angulata*).

extent, since it has boasted a military garrison; but it is still by no means on a level with Santa Fé or El Paso, which have been for a long time the chief commercial places of these regions. It is a kind of offshoot from Santa Fé, and the number of its inhabitants does not now exceed 700 or 800, most of whom are engaged in trade or cattle breeding, though there are among them many most worthless fellows, gamblers, who are always on the watch to relieve the soldiers of their pay, as soon as they get it; and robbers, who not only never miss an opportunity of making off with a horse or a mule, but have not the least objection to commit a murder, to secure their booty. These villains are a dreadful plague to the peaceable part of the population; but since the military garrison has been established here, the town is no longer so much troubled by the attacks of wandering troops of the Apache and Navahoe Indians, though hordes of them do still roam about in the neighbourhood, and lie in wait to steal cattle or make prisoners. It is by no means an uncommon case for a horde of these savages to be under the guidance of a Mexican rascal, who takes his share of the plunder.

The nation of Apache Indians is one of the greatest and most widely diffused of New Mexico, and comprehends numerous tribes scarcely known even by name. According to the accounts of settlers in the country, as well as of travellers, the Apache territory extends from 103° to 114° longitude west from Greenwich, and from 30° to 38° north latitude; but they are found roaming



INDIAN HIEROGLYPHS.

far beyond these limits, though they have no villages beyond them, and are carried by their love of plunder even to the states of Sonora and Chihuahua.

It is possible that in some parts of this wide territory Indians may be found who do not belong to the Apache race; but this can only be ascertained by a comparison of their languages. The tribe of the Navahoe or Navajoe Indians, by far the most numerous westward of the Rocky Mountains, also belongs to this family, and it is more than probable that kindred tribes may be found much further north.[1]

A certain touch of the chivalrous in the character of the American Indian east of the mountains is entirely wanting among these tribes: even their exterior is far less prepossessing, and there are very few fine forms among them. Their food consists, in a great measure, of the flesh of the horses and mules with which they provide themselves from the Mexican settlements; but the Navahoes are almost the only Indians of New Mexico who keep large flocks of sheep, and lead with them a nomadic life. They know, too, how to spin the wool, and weave from it very close blankets of various colours, of a quality seldom surpassed by those manufactured in the civilised world.

These parti-coloured blankets, in which the Navahoes envelop themselves, have a peculiar and rather agreeable effect, when a troop of them are seen together.

[1] See Bartlett's *Personal Narrative*, vol. i. p. 326. In an essay read before the Ethnological Society, by Professor Wm. W. Turner, he has shown that a close analogy exists between the languages of the Apaches and the Athnapascans, a tribe on the Polar Sea.

GRAND INDIAN SHOW WOW WITH COMMISSIONERS.

THE ALPS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Their costume in other respects resembles that of other tribes,—unless indeed, of such as wear no costume at all. A cotton shirt is considered a garment of rather superfluous elegance; but the Navahoes devote much care to the manufacture of their deer-skin *chaussure*, being very anxious to have strong soles, turning up into a broad peak at the toes, on account of the *cacti* and other thorny plants that occupy large tracts of those regions, and in which they could not take a single step without this precaution. They wear on their heads a helmet-shaped leather cap, usually decorated with a gay bunch of eagle, vulture, or turkey feathers. Besides bows and arrows. they carry a very long lance, in the management of which they are extremely skilful, and when thus armed, and mounted on their swift horses, are antagonists not to be despised.

The most striking contrast to these robber races, against whom the New Mexicans have to be constantly on their guard, is seen in the Pueblo or village Indians, whose settlements lie on the Rio Grande, and in the fertile valleys of its tributaries. They are the best part of the population of New Mexico, living on friendly terms with all their neighbours, and diligently pursuing their avocations of cattle-breeding and agriculture. In observing the patriarchal customs and manners of these people, and comparing their terraced houses with the ruins of the Casas Grandes on the Gila, and in Chiuahua, the probability of their being descendants of the ancient Aztecs involuntarily suggests itself; but how far such a conjecture may be depended on, and how nearly it approaches the truth, can only be determined by making these Indians the objects of close study, and following from north to south the traces that the Aztecs have left behind them, in their great migration. These Indian tribes, — generally, though incorrectly, called copper-coloured, for, unlike the nations living further to the north, they are of a brownish-yellow complexion,—constitute, with the descendants of the Spaniards, the present inhabitants of New Mexico.

The valley of the Rio Grande del Norte is closely cultivated in many parts from the mouth up as far as Taos, and among the population of this district the Spanish physiognomy is so mingled with the Indian, that the closest examination can hardly discover the pure Andalusian blood. It seems, however, that from generation to generation, the Indian sloth has gained ground on the old Spanish energy, and prevented either colonisation or civilisation from advancing beyond a certain point; but the recent constant intercourse with the Americans, and their example, does nevertheless appear to be animating the people of New Mexico to greater exertions And yet long before the first settlers had landed in New England, or any colonies been planted in Virginia, Christianity had found its way into the heart of the American continent, and was no longer strange, even to the Indians of New Mexico; the steppes where the shaggy bison grazes, had been visited by Europeans, and the foreign intruders had made their way east and west, through the narrow passes of the Rocky Mountains: the Gila, and the Colorado, which as unknown rivers have lately awakened so much interest, had been several times crossed, and the bold Spaniards had already established on the Pacific Ocean the missions or colonies which were the long enduring memorials of their former greatness.

In the regions south of the 36° north latitude—to which the attention of the government of the United States has been specially directed, and to which many well-equipped expeditions have been sent—travellers frequently come upon the traces of an earlier European civilisation, which could only have existed for a short time and must have subsequently passed into oblivion, but the re-discovery of which now attracts much attention. At the sight of these vestiges, a comparison between the colonisation of the Spaniards on the one hand, and of the Dutch and English on the other, involuntarily suggests itself. In the first, missionaries advanced bearing the cross, followed by the standards of their country, and surrounded by haughty warriors; the natives were baptized, missions established at suitable spots, and the population compelled to labour for the benefit of their new masters, and the maintenance of the Church. Up to this point, these undertakings appeared to flourish, but centuries passed without any perceptible progress, or any increase of the Christian community; on the contrary, many descendants of the first Christians are now dragging on a wretched existence in remote districts of New Mexico, the sport of the neighbouring tribes of Indians, who have remained deaf to the Christian doctrines.

The Dutch and Anglo-Saxon settlers, on the coasts of the Atlantic, came with the plough and the rifle; they cleared forests, broke up the ground, cast seed into it, and the thousandfold produce that rewarded their industry soon enabled them to build churches under the shadow of the mighty trees, beneath which their first prayer meetings were held. On the path thus broken, civilisation advanced towards the west, and the axe and the rifle were followed by trade, industry, art, science, and religion.

The inexhaustible wealth of nature which rendered, and still renders, the colonisation of the North American continent so comparatively easy, is not in so high a degree characteristic of New Mexico, and in some places there are even deficiencies, but the fruitful valleys of the Rio Grande and its tributaries, as well as its mountains, rich in iron, coal and gold, are profuse enough in their gifts, not only to maintain, but to enrich whole nations, and carry them to the highest point of civilisation. No other advantage, however, can be obtained from the Rio Grande than that of irrigation, for its depth of water bears no sort of proportion to its breadth, and there can be no idea of ever rendering it navigable. Its breadth, from the neighbourhood of Santo Domingo to Santa Fé—therefore, throughout its entire upper course—varies from 400 to 800 feet, whilst the depth is on an average scarcely as much as two or three; though here and there deeper spots are to be found. Even near the Gulf of Mexico, the Rio Grande increases very little in depth, and from its mouth to its source, it has not been found necessary to unite its shores by a single bridge. Waggons can drive through its shallow bed at almost every part; but it is necessary, nevertheless, to be careful in choosing the fording place, to avoid having your wheels sunk in the quicksand, from which it is often extremely difficult to extricate them, and this can indeed be in some cases only effected by taking the waggons to pieces, and dragging them out bit by bit. The water in this river is thick and sandy, except during the inundations from the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains.

These inundations mostly occur every summer, and

when they do not, the bed of the Rio Grande becomes almost dry, for the amount of water furnished by its tributary springs is drawn away through ditches and canals (*acequias*) by the settlers and Pueblo Indians, for the irrigation of their fields The advantages of a regular artificial irrigation over an irregular natural one, are lost if the rising of the river in the summer does not take place In February and March, indeed, there is abundance of water to freshen and fertilise the fields, but if the supply is not kept up by contributions from the masses of snow in the mountains, it soon becomes insufficient, and the plants, which have shot up rapidly, wither away on the arid soil before the ears or seed-vessels have been formed. In such cases, the farmer not only sees his hopes of a harvest annihilated, but finds that his labours and expenses in clearing his canals have been in vain. Such an entire failure as this, however, is very rare, and in favourable years the product is very abundant. It is calculated, that of the area of the valley of the Rio Grande, which varies from a quarter of a mile to four miles in breadth, one eighth cannot be cultivated from the deficiency of water; but thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of settlers, might find room and occupation in the remaining seven-eighths of this thinly-peopled region. Maize, wheat, and of late even barley, have been successfully raised here, but the attempts to introduce the potato have never prospered, so that only very small fields of this root are to be seen; rather a remarkable circumstance, as the American continent is its native home. Onions, pumpkins, and melons thrive remarkably well in New Mexico, and attain an enormous size, and magnificent fruit is grown in the gardens. To the vine particular attention is paid, and at El Paso we saw vineyards containing the most exuberant crops of the grape, from which the well-known El Paso wine is made. The Spaniards are said to have introduced this grape; but that it prospers so well tends to contradict the common opinion, founded on recent experience, that the European grape never thrives so well as the native American when improved.

The people of New Mexico have a very simple method of cultivating their vines; they do not train them either round poles or edges, but in the autumn cut them off close to the ground, so that new shoots strike out every spring. The more careful growers cover the vines during the winter with straw, to protect them from the dangerous night frosts, and at the beginning of spring they are placed under water, and kept so until the ground is sufficiently saturated for the moisture to last, in most cases, through the summer.

In July the first grapes begin to ripen, and the last are only cut towards the end of October. They are then thrown into large vessels, trodden out by men with naked feet, and afterwards pressed in sacks of raw ox-hide. By this rude method is produced the excellent El Paso wine, which has some resemblance to Madeira.

As Albuquerque is a western frontier town, the stores of the traders exhibited a curious variety of all imaginable articles in ordinary use, &c. Clothes and medicines, dried fruits and iron goods, linen and pastry, brandy and prayer books, coffee, hams, shoes, blankets, and hundreds of other articles were to be had in abundance for hard cash, literally hard cash, for paper money is not taken. We found, therefore, every facility for fitting up the gaps in our wardrobes or other possessions; and as we were, above all things, anxious to make, at the numerous balls of Albuquerque, a rather less ragamuffin appearance than we had done at Anton Chico, many a good dollar belonging to our party found its way into the shops, and was joyfully exchanged for an article of a tenth of its value, which happened to be wanted at the moment. When the evening bell of the old church began to sound, the best dancers of the company hastened, as I have said, with exemplary punctuality to perform their devotions to the fair and gaily-dressed Mexican ladies. We found that, though all the balls were public, the company consisted of two distinct classes; the one formed by the more cultivated inhabitants of Albuquerque, which was joined by the officers of the garrison and the members of our expedition; the other of a wild throng of very rough fellows, who, in their own circle, might dance, shout, quarrel, and swear to their hearts' content; and they had just as little desire to submit to the restraints of our more decorous society, as we had to mingle in theirs. One of the most indefatigable visitors of the ball-room was the commandant, "Old Fitzwater," who, though his stiffened limbs could nohow be induced to permit his dancing himself, was all the more zealous in encouraging others to sedulous exertion, and he also contributed much to the amusement of the company by humorous tales of his youthful adventures. Even Dr. Bigelow, too, was actually tempted, for a brief interval, to forsake his beloved herbarium and take part in a fandango.

After we had enjoyed several of these pleasant evenings, it was unanimously resolved among us to invite the officers, citizens, and especially the lovely *citizenesses*, to as splended a ball as we could manage to get up. For this purpose, we hired the most spacious *locale* that was to be found in the town, and then sent out invitations to all the good folks of Albuquerque whom we could regard as at all educated and presentable. The next business was to collect all the good things in the way of meats and drinks that the country round could furnish; we even sent for them to Santa Fé, and, in short, exerted ourselves to furnish, regardless of expense or trouble, such a *fête* as Albuquerque had not often seen. There were oysters that had made a journey of a thousand miles in hermetically closed cases to do honour to our "solemnity," and champagne from the other side of the world, and all in such profusion as would have sufficed for a still more numerous party. Among our guests was General Garland, who happened to be then on a journey of inspection to the various military stations, and who, with a squadron of dragoons, had pitched his camp near Albuquerque. He mingled in the dance with as much frolicsome activity as the youngest lieutenant, and showed very clearly that his long journeyings through the steppes had not tended to render him a less lively and agreeable companion. Our ladies were all natives of the country, who looked very charming in their white dresses and simple but tasteful ornaments.

In order not to be disturbed by any objectionable individuals of the population, Lieutenant Johns had taken the precaution to place several sentinels at the door, with the strictest orders to allow no one but the invited guests to pass; and with this precaution we gave ourselves wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour, and the day had dawned before the company left our "festive halls," and sought, tired enough, their respective beds.

Often enough afterwards, as we lay round the flickering camp-fire in the high snow regions of the San Francisco mountains, or toiled through the lonely arid wastes to the west of the Colorado, we thought of that pleasant night of revelry in Albuquerque: and every weary wayfarer brightened up a little as he called it to mind, and told of some remarkable anecdote connected with it.

## XI.

THE BACKWOODSMEN — THE INDIAN TOWN OF ISLETA — PUEBLO LAGUNA — POUNDING MAIZE WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT — A TOUCH OF NATURE — THE MORO ROCK — INSCRIPTIONS — THE RUINS OF NEW MEXICO AND THEIR ORIGIN.

One of the great objects at Albuquerque was to procure a guide or guides, such persons were indispensable on their way through tracts of country hitherto untrodden by any but Indians or trappers, and there were very few sufficiently acquainted with those regions to undertake such a responsibility. The three oldest backwoodsmen at this epoch were Leroux, Fitzpatrick, and Kit Carson. Fitzpatrick, says Möllhausen, has spent half a century in the steppes and wildernesses of North America, and all three are gray-headed old fellows, whom one cannot avoid looking at with a certain feeling of respect and admiration, when one remembers how often during their long wanderings death in many forms has threatened them; by hunger and thirst, by wounds and disease, by the scalping knife of the red skin, or the fangs of wild beasts, or a thousand perils in which they have seen many of their comrades fall and perish by their side, and have yet dauntlessly persevered in a mode of life that has kept them vigorous, and one may say young in mind and body, though they have reached an advanced age.

As I had myself, through a similar concurrence of circumstances, for some time led the life of a trapper, and held frequent intercourse with the fur-hunters of the west, I felt great interest in adventures of this kind, and was always ready to listen to their stories, of which I may here take the opportunity of mentioning one or two.

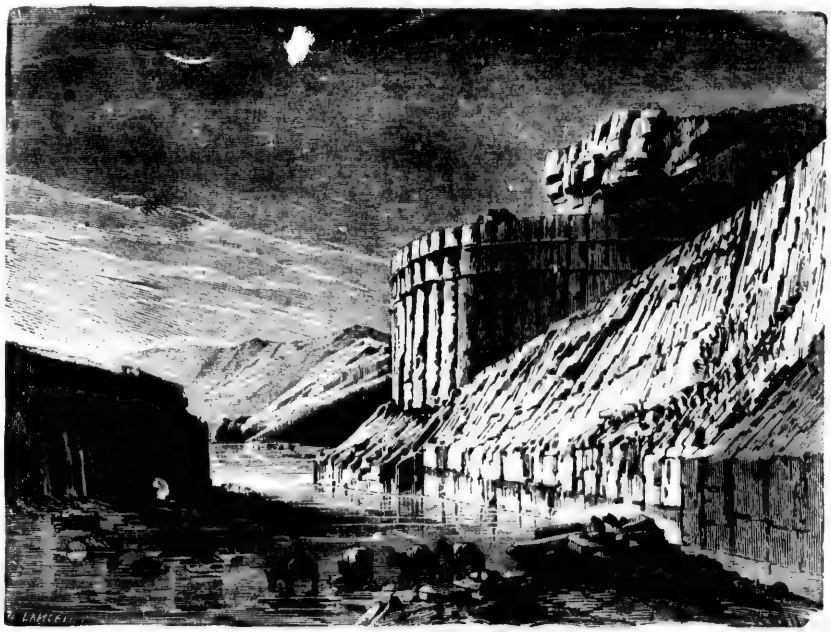
Many years ago, when the white men who had seen the Rocky Mountains might still have been counted, and only very few of the prairie Indians knew the use of fire-arms, Fitzpatrick had one day got separated from his companions, and was pursuing his game alone in the wilderness. As ill-luck would have it, he was seen by a war party of Indians, who immediately prepared to give chase. There was not the smallest chance of escape for him, but the young hunter made a feint of running away, in order, if possible, to gain time. He happened to know that these savages, who as yet were little acquainted with the use of fire arms, had several times, when they had taken white hunters prisoners, put the muzzle of their rifles close to their breasts, and fired them by way of experiment, to see what would come of it. He therefore thought it prudent to extract the bullet from his, and then continued his flight. The Indians followed, and very soon overtook him, and then they disarmed him and tied him to a tree. One of the warriors, who, it appeared, understood how to pull a trigger, then seized the rifle, placed himself a few paces in front of the owner of it, took aim at his breast and fired; but when the Indians looked eagerly through the smoke towards Fitzpatrick, they saw that he was standing safe and sound in his place, and he quietly took out of his pocket the bullet he had previously placed there, and tossed it to his enemies, who were all amazement. They declared he had arrested the bullet in its flight, was invulnerable, and a wonderful conjuror, and what was more, that some great misfortune would most likely befall the tribe, if they did not set him free immediately, and they therefore cut his bonds, and made off as fast as possible, leaving Fitzpatrick free to go where he pleased. The three old backwoodsmen had hundreds of such anecdotes to relate, but they never talked of them in a boastful style, but told quite simply and truly, even the most terrible adventures, merely as interesting reminiscences of bygone times.

The renowned Kit Carson had stood, as faithful friend and companion, by the side of Colonel Frémont in his laborious journeys and valuable investigations in the Far West. He is the son of a Kentucky man, who also in his time distinguished himself as a hunter, and in the wars with the hunters gained a considerable reputation. Young Kit or Christopher Carson, when a boy of fifteen, found his way to Santa Fé, and through New Mexico to the silver and copper mines of Chihuahua, joining a trading caravan, in which he afterwards engaged himself as waggon driver. At seventeen he undertook his first excursion as a trapper, proceeding with a party of fur hunters up the Rio Colorado of the west; and the success that attended his first adventure redoubled his ardour for this kind of life, in spite of its many perils and hardships. He returned to Taos, and then accompanied another trapper party to the sources of the Arkansas, and thence southward to the Rocky Mountains to the rise of the Missouri and the Columbia. In these regions he remained eight years, and gained the character of an excellent shot, a skilful trapper, and a most trustworthy guide His courage, sagacity, and perseverance became so well known, that in all attacks on the Indians, and other dangerous undertakings, his services were always in requisition. He was once, for instance, engaged to follow with twelve companions the trail of a band of sixty Crow Indians, who had stolen some of the trappers' horses, and he overtook them, creeping up unperceived with his comrades to where the Indians had halted at an abandoned fort. The horses were tied up only ten feet from the fort, but the determined little party cut the thongs, attacked the Indians, and returned in triumph with the recovered booty, and moreover, with a Crow scalp, which an Indian who accompanied Carson had helped himself to. In another skirmish with the savages, Carson received a bullet in his left shoulder, which shattered the bone; but that was the only serious accident he ever met with, though so continually in danger. As the trappers pass their lives in a country where there are no laws but such as people make for themselves, the most peaceable man cannot always keep out of quarrels which, not unfrequently, come to a bloody termination, and Carson once had a difference of this kind with a Frenchman. In the course of some squabble that had arisen, as such things mostly do, about a mere trifle, the Frenchman declared that he had horsewhipped many an American, and that, in fact, they were good for nothing but to be horsewhipped. Carson, hearing his nationality thus insulted, answered, as he himself was but a poor specimen of an American, the Frenchman had better get his whip and

try it upon him. A few violent words followed, and then each seized his weapons, mounted his horse, and prepared to put an end to the dispute by a peculiar kind of duel. At the moment agreed upon, they rode furiously at one another, the Frenchman armed with a rifle, while Carson had only a pistol; but he was too quick for his antagonist, and when the horses' heads nearly touched, delivered his fire, and sent a bullet into the other's brains before he had time to take aim. Another moment and he would infallibly have fallen by the better weapon of the Frenchman.

Carson became acquainted with Colonel Frémont by mere accident on a steamer, when the other was about to undertake his first expedition to California, and immediately joined the young officer, and accompanied him on all his subsequent enterprises; and in the midst of hardship and danger a friendship grew up between the men which still exists in all its original warmth. In the year 1847, when Carson visited Washington, the President of the United States appointed him lieutenant in the same regiment of chasseurs in which Frémont was serving as lieutenant-colonel.

Of these three old weather-beaten and bullet-proof backwoodsmen they were luckily enabled to retain the services of one—Leroux—and the confidence which he inspired—a confidence that had been earned by thirty years' toil in primeval wildernesses—made them all



ORGAN ROCK, NEAR SAN DOMINGO.

rejoice not a little at having secured his services. They also engaged a Mexican, who had already visited the Colorado, as a second guide. The arrival of Lieut. Ives and his party enabled them to cross the Rio Grande with a considerable increase of strength, for the *personnel* of the expedition, which before numbered only seventy persons, now amounted to 114, including an addition to the military escort of twenty-five men, who were to join them from Fort Defiance on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains; the meeting to take place at Zuni.

Möllhausen, taking a kind and cordial leave of his friends in Albuquerque, started with Dr. Kennerley on the 8th of November, 1853, in advance of the rest, along the western shore of the Rio Grande, to the Indian town of Isleta. In the valley, says Möllhausen, we had to contend with canals and ditches; but the heights were covered by a deep loose sand, that obstructed the progress of our animals, and compelled us to return to our companions on the road. Here we got on pretty well, and passed what were called the towns of Arisco, Pajarito, and Padillas, though they certainly had no claim to be considered more than villages, meeting on our way persons of various ages, sex, and race, often strikingly contrasted in appearance. Now came prancing by on a fine horse, a showy-looking Mexican, in embroidered jacket, thickly studded with ornamental buttons, and wide-laced trousers,

taking care that his spurs and chains should clatter imposingly as he raised his hat in a stately style and gave us a *Buenos dias*. Then followed a quiet Pueblo Indian, trotting along on a modest little ass, and holding up his feet as he rode, that his toes might not come into unpleasant contact with stones, or the irregular surface of the road. Faces of the feminine sex peeped curiously at us as we passed from the gardens of the farms; but neither age nor youth, beauty nor ugliness could be discerned through the mask of chalk or the blood of cattle, with which they had seen fit to bedaub themselves.

Whether the ladies of New Mexico have borrowed this custom from the Indians, or adopt it as a protection against the rays of the sun, or with the view of whitening complexions that nature has made somewhat dark, we could not learn; but the handsomest women are frightfully disfigured by it. The fair ladies themselves seemed conscious that their present appearance did not gain much by this attempt to improve their charms, for many of them at our approach hid their faces so completely in their veil-like wrappers (*rebosos*) that nothing of them could be seen but the flashing black eyes. Further on we met small caravans, with laden mules, journeying to Albuquerque, and Pueblo Indians, coming down from the mountains with clumsy two-wheeled carts, carrying loads of wood.

In the afternoon we came to Isleta, a town that in its style of building, as well as its situation, reminded ... of Santo Domingo, except that some one-storied houses of Mexican settlers were interspersed among the two and three-storied dwellings of the Indians. As we approached the town, we saw numbers of the latter busily at work in their vineyards, and talking in loud cheerful voices as they cleared the ground of its seed-bearing weeds, whilst the lazy Mexicans were lounging before their doors smoking cigars. We stopped as we passed through the town to buy some fruit, and then pitched our camp on the north side of it, near the bank of the river, on some fields where the last remains of a fine harvest were still to be seen, and in whose loose, well-cultivated soil, we had great difficulty in fixing our tent-pegs firmly enough to hold the canvas extended.

Scarcely had we completed the task when we saw a crowd of Indian women hastening towards us from the town, bearing pitchers of milk, and baskets of fruit. They offered us their wares in a very good-humoured manner, and we bought as much as we could use, and amused ourselves till the evening with these harmless people, who came thronging about us.

The night was pretty far advanced when the sound of drums and of a wild kind of singing reached our camp from the town, and awakened our curiosity. The weather was cold, but very fine, and several of us set off for a walk in the direction whence the noise proceeded. The streets were empty and silent, and we met but a single Indian, whom we saw, when he had passed us a few yards, let fall a stone. It was evident that he had caught it up at our approach as the nearest defensive weapon at hand, and the circumstance indicated that even these peaceful Indians do not feel themselves quite secure even in their towns. Little as they possess that could, one would think, tempt the cupidity of Indian, much less of white robbers, they are occasionally exposed to the attacks of vagabonds and villains of this sort.

Guided on our way by the tones of the wild concert, we reached the house whence the music proceeded, and looking through a small window, or opening in the wall of the lower story, beheld a singular spectacle. By the light of some burning logs we could see a number of men sitting on the ground beating the Indian drum most vigorously, by way of accompaniment to a howling song, while a throng of women and girls were kneeling around, pounding maize, or grinding flour between two stones, and keeping time with their work to the music. We stood for a long time watching them, but the entrance, or rather the climbing, into the house was not allowed to us. We returned at a very late hour to the camp, but found Lieutenant Ives still engaged in astronomical observations, for which the transparent atmosphere of Mexico offers peculiar facilities.

On the following morning, two dragoons were sent to them from a neighbouring military station to serve them as guides to the Zuni road. They seem to have been of little use, however, for the next day they took a road through the cedar woods which divided into paths for the Isleta people to fetch wood, and they had to make their way back and bivouac at the entrance of the wood. Next day, crossing the Puerco, they discovered a rocky pass, on the smooth walls of which the Indians sometimes cut their rude hieroglyphs, at others painted them in bright colours.

Where in scenes like this the inquiring traveller stands in silent awe to contemplate the sublime architecture of nature, and, it may be, devoutly raises his thoughts to its Almighty Creator, and bows in adoration before his all-embracing power: the uncivilised inhabitant of the inhospitable wilderness also feels impelled to some attempt to express the emotion awakened even in his mind by the grandeur of the scene. The savage could give no account of feelings originating in the divine spark implanted in every human breast; but without knowing why, he thinks of his Manitoo, and attempts to give utterance to his confused ideas, in hieroglyphical signs, and symbolical figures cut in the hard rock; and accordingly, the smooth walls of this natural rocky gate bore many such, sometimes merely cut, and sometimes rudely painted in colours.

They next reached an elevated plain from whence they had a view over the valley of the Rio San José, stretching out far up the stream towards the west, where it appeared to be shut in by high rocks. On a rocky range to the south, they visited the ruins of a town which must have resembled in its construction, the still-inhabited Pueblos. At Puebla Laguna, a little beyond, they joined the rest of the party. Most of the Indian towns are so like one another, that the only choice between them is in the difference of situation, and the greater or less agreeableness of the environs; but Puebla Laguna, with its gray terraced houses, rising one above another, the numerous ladders leading to the different stories, and the Indian forms moving in various directions or standing about on the roofs, had not only an interesting, but even a picturesque and beautiful effect.

Some Americans and Mexicans saluted them at their approach. They had built themselves habitations almost adjoining the town, and apparently opened shops there: a missionary whom they also saw, had preached there on the preceeding Sunday.

The next day's march lay through a broad fertile valley, intersected in all directions by canals, and the agricultural settlers, by guiding the water through the smallest runnels, had completely softened every part of

the land. The immense flocks of water-birds which, tempted by the spacious lake in the middle of the valley (and whence the name of the place), covered every large or small pool, enticed many of the party to leave the road in hopes of a lucky shot, but they got so entangled among the canals and ditches, that it cost them much toil and trouble to get back to the waggons. The chase was not altogether fruitless, for they got a sight of the countless flights of birds that hovered screaming and chattering over the lake, or circled with vigorous wings high in the air above the valley. This is doubtless not so very uncommon a sight, yet is one that is possessed with no small interest, to those who can sympathise with God's works, whether in the four-footed and feathered creatures, as well as in the more noble work—man. For our part, we can quite enter into the feelings of the German naturalist, on contemplating such a scene, and we have no doubt many others will too.

The traveller who is himself far from his native home, has a kind of sympathy in their doings, and easily persuades himself that they are communicating with and understanding one another. There, for instance, stands a group of snow geese, apparently listening with respect to the remarks of an old experienced gander, who is giving them good advice about this and that, and very likely pointing out to their notice that there is a man watching them. The more sober of his hearers stand motionless, only showing their attention by quick knowing turns of their heads; whilst the younger and more conceited are at the same time attending to their feathers, and putting every ruffled one in exact order. Long-legged strand-snipes stalk past unnoticed by the geese, stop for a moment to hear what the gander is saying, and then, as if it was in their opinion nothing worth attending to, turn their backs upon him, spread out their pointed wings, and shoot swiftly across to the opposite shore. On the lake are groups of various kinds of ducks, wrangling and quarrelling, and then going off altogether to another party, as if they meant to appeal to them to settle their dispute. It appears that a judicious decision has been given, for the assembly is now dissolved, and the members of it disperse to indulge in a little recreation, perhaps in anticipation of a pleasant journey—now diving down into the water, now trying the strength and suppleness of their pinions by flapping them with all their might.

Apart from all this vulgar noise and bustle, some stately swans are floating tranquilly along, occasionally bending down their long necks to gaze thoughtfully into the flood, and possibly meditating on the long and wearisome journey that lies before them. Whoever observes attentively the ever-varying spectacle of busy animal life, and sees, in every movement, in every coincidence, not mere accident, but the wise ordinance of nature, will enter into the pious spirit of those words of Goëthe:—

"Thus does Nature speak to known, unknown, and mistaken senses, to herself and to us, through a thousand phenomena; and to the attentive observer she is nowhere dead or dumb."

A few miles beyond the lake, the road turned north into a mountain pass, at the western side of which they saw a Mexican settlement, the town of Covero, to the foundation of which a spring, that now came gushing out in a thick stream from a cleft in the rock, had given rise. As we rode, says Möllhausen, through the narrow pass, we could see that the houses were stuck to the rocky walls like swallows' nests, and the settlers, partly no doubt out of idleness, but partly with a view of giving their houses greater solidity, had turned every smooth surface and every hollow of the rock to account in their buildings. Near the spring the houses, crowded closely together, presented a melancholy picture of poverty and dirt, and such of the population as we saw about gave the impression of people who would only work just as much as was necessary to keep them in existence, and enable them to dance an occasional fandango.

We set up our tents in an open space in the middle of the town, where there gushed out just before us the above-mentioned spring of excellent water; and on the broad sandstone rock which opened to pour forth this welcome supply we saw a remarkable stone in the form of an immense urn, with a somewhat feeble foot, that rose ten feet high, and formed so conspicuous an object that it could not fail to attract the attention of every passer-by. What made it the more remarkable was, that instead of being, as might have been supposed, a mass of rock rolled from above, which the atmosphere and the rains had worn into this form, it was itself a part of the sandstone deposit on which it rested, and the weak foot, by which the whole burden was supported, was so hollowed out that a man could conveniently crawl through it.

Hence they entered upon the black districts which outlay the chief furnace of an extensive volcanic district, some days' journey to the south of Mount Taylor. The valley of the San Jose still leads up towards the Sierra Madre, where that principal and most central ridge of the Rocky Mountains could be traversed by three openings, one by the Camino del Obispo, a second by the Canon del Gallo and the Zuni Pass, and a third by Campbell's Pass and Fort Defiance. The expedition proceeded by the second while Mr. Campbell went to explore the third. On the 19th they crossed the summit of the ridge of the Sierra Madre, the watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and at that point 8,250 feet above the level of the sea. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

Thence they descended into an extensive valley, into which, says Möllhausen, here and there, ran spurs from various ranges of mountains, and which included a level highland with horizontal strata, and wild hills that gave a picturesque character to the landscape. Where the roots of trees could by possibility find room between the masses of stone, there were sure to be seen dark woods of pine and kindred species; and at rare intervals the black line of this forest was broken by the withered foliage of a solitary oak. In the plain itself, which passed towards the west into wave-like undulations, trees of the coniferous order were scattered sparingly about in the hollows. Our way led, in a westerly direction across the plain, towards a range of mountains running north and south, and then northwards along their base. After some time the range again turned to the west, and when we had passed the angle formed by this turn we came in sight of Inscription Rock, rising like a gray giant before us, at the distance of about two miles. The precise form of the rock could hardly be ascertained at this distance, but it evidently rose perpendicularly to a great height, and had very much the figure of an obelisk.

The spring at this rock had been fixed on as the goal of this day's march; and as we all wished for an opportunity of examining the inscriptions and ruins, of

which we had heard so much, and were aware that we should have to continue the journey on the following day, we urged on our mules to their utmost speed, and trotted up and down hill, over the frozen ground, at a brisk pace. Several hours before dark our tents were already pitched, and we were setting out to find a path by which we might climb the rock. From our camp, which was placed immediately at the base of the eastern point of the Moro, as the rock is called by the Mexicans (*See below*), it appears inaccessible, rising for 200 feet from the ground, as smooth and abrupt as a mass of masonry; but this point was one angle of a triangle, of which one side ran towards the west, and the other to the south-west. The southern wall, at the distance of some hundred yards from our camp, where it had a perfectly smooth surface, was covered with incisions and irregular low formations, whilst the northern, for the extent of nearly half a mile, appeared to maintain the same height and the same direction, but was nearly covered by lofty pines and cedars.

The spring was at the south side, in a small ravine, at the place where the smooth rocky wall came to an end; but it had only a scanty supply; and the water, which formed a little pool, was hardly enough for our expedition.

A large pine stood alone in the dark corner by the water; but the remainder of the southern side of the

INSCRIPTION ROCK OR "MORO."

rock was covered by dwarf cedars, reaching up to the summit of the plateau, and adding greatly to the picturesque effect of the scenery. The formation of the rock showed gray sandstone, lying in immense, closely-connected strata, which inclined a little towards the west, so that the eastern peak of the rock was the highest point, and we had to go round to the west, to seek a method of access to it. Before ascending Inscription Rock, however, we sought out the inscriptions of which Lieutenant Simpson had already spoken in his report to the Secretary of War, in the year 1850. On the north, as well as the south side, where smooth vertical walls of yielding sandstone rock offered the most convenient opportunity for such a purpose, names and inscriptions had been cut, that, with few exceptions, were in the Spanish language, and in an antique character, affording the most convincing proof of the extent to which the Spaniards had carried their researches and enterprises.

There is a strange and even solemn feeling in standing thus before these mouldering and half-illegible, but still venerable, relics of past times. There are, indeed, to be seen in many parts of the world more striking memorials of former ages, but they are mostly known, and we have been prepared for the sight of them by historical records. But the impression was more powerful, and we were more immediately carried back in imagination to those long-departed generations

when we stood face to face with these newly-discovered tokens of the presence of the mail-clad Spaniards who also once stood here laboriously carving those inscriptions, and look around us on the objects that have ever since remained untouched, and tried to decipher the characters on which hardly a human eye had since then rested.

The names, which form various groups, have been cut at different times, as chance directed, or as it pleased successive travellers to place them, here and there, among the former ones. In one place, for instance, you find, "In the year 1641, Bartolome Romelo," and then some words no longer legible. Further on "In the year 1716, on the 26th day of August, came past this place Don Felix Martinez, Governor and Captain-General of this kingdom, in order to subject and annex the Moquis," and again some illegible words. Then, "On the 28th day of September, in the year 1737, came past this place Bachelor Don Juan Ignacio de Arrasain." "Diego Belasquez came past this place." "On the 28th day of September, of the year 1737, reached this place the famous Doctor Don Martin de Liza Cochea, Bishop of Durango, and left on the 29th for Zuni."

"Joseph Dominquez and others came past this place in October, with much caution and some fear."

"Juan Garica de la Rêvas chief Alcalde, and the first one chosen for the town of Sante Fé, in the year 1716, on the 26th of August."

"By the hand of Bartolo Fernandez Antonio Fernandez Moro. Bartolomo Narrso, Governor and Captain-General of the province of New Mexico, for our lord the king, came past this place on his return from Pueblo de Zuni, on the 29th of July, of the year 1620, and restored it to peace, admitting the people, on their request, to the favour of becoming subjects of His Majesty, and they were again obedient; and they did this out of their own free will, considering it as more wise and Christian,* * *" "a so renowned and valiant soldier * * *" the rest is entirely decayed.

"There passed this place with despatches (some words effaced) on the 16th day of April, 1606."

This last seems to be the oldest of the inscriptions, of which there are some hundreds, covering the smooth face of the rock, and among which are many names of men who played an important part in the conquest of New Mexico.

The presence of these inscriptions, and of Indian figures and hieroglyphics along with the Spanish names, is, as Möllhausen justly remarks, easily explained from the fact that, as this is the only spring for many miles which the old Zuni road passes, travellers, whether European or Indian, usually rested here, and were tempted by the smoothness of the sandstone rock to make inscriptions and drawings on them. Towards the end of the afternoon we reached the south side of the rock, where the less steep position of the masses of stone made the ascent of the Inscription Rock easier, and after frequent slips on the slanting surface of the blocks we at last reached the highest point, whence we obtained a wide and magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. Looking north or east we could see the Sierra de Zuni or Madre, covered with dark cedars and pine woods, running from north-west to south-east; and towards the south the horizon was bounded by blue mountain peaks and ranges, rising high above the neighbouring wooded hills and table-lands which adjoined Inscription Rock.

Towards the west we saw the horizontal lines formed by the highlands and table-rocks, and immediately around us lay small prairies, scattered over with trees, singly or in groups, that afforded a most pleasing contrast to the wall-like rocks, and displayed a beautiful fresh green colour instead of the prevalent autumnal gray. But what attracted our attention more strongly than either the inscriptions or the prospect was the sight of the decaying ruins of two old towns, the dwellings of a people now passed away, that crowned the heights of the Moro.

The plateau of the rock formed by no means an uninterrupted surface, but was cleft by a ravine that opened towards the middle into a sort of court. The sides of this ravine were, however, so steep as to be inaccessible without artificial assistance: lofty pines grew at the bottom of it, but though they reared their heads to a considerable height, they did not reach the level of the rock where we were standing; only a solitary cliff, that shot up like a column and stood apart from the rocky wall, attained an equal height. On every side of the ravine, which nearly cut the rock into two halves, could be traced ancient foundations, and remains of architectural works; the actual ruins formed a rectangle of 307 feet long by 206 in breadth, and the foundation walls showed that the apartments must have run round the sides, leaving a free space in the middle; the principal ones forming the side walls. but there were also traces of architecture visible in the inclosed courts. The chief walls appeared, judging by their remains, to have been carefully built of small blocks of sandstone, cemented together: and, like all the ruins of New Mexico, these were surrounded by an immense quantity of fragments of pottery, so that the idea unavoidably suggested itself of their having been in former days many more pots broken than the ordinary accidents of domestic life would account for. Possibly such a custom may have prevailed in connection with religious ceremonies or festivities,—at all events the present Pueblo Indians, though they use earthenware vessels of the same kind, exhibit no such accumulations of fragments.

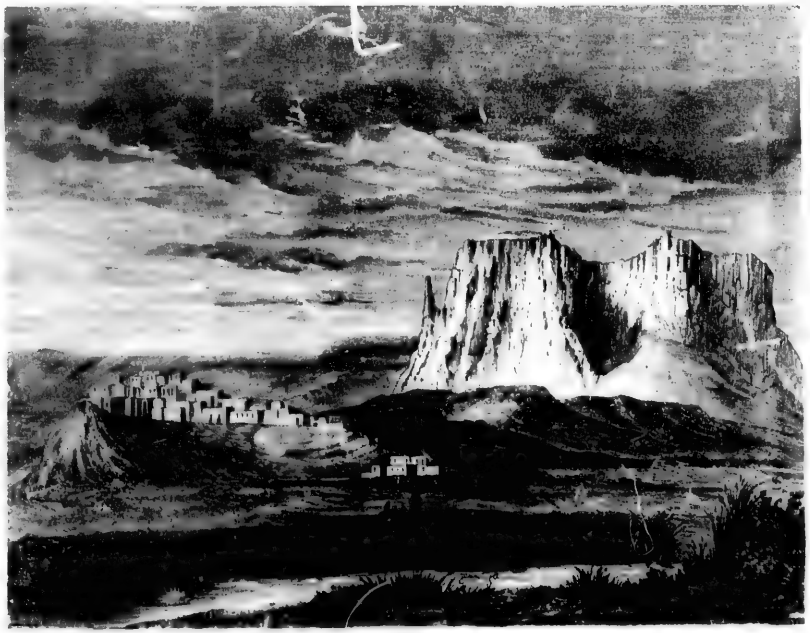
What could have induced the long-departed inhabitants of these ruined towns to build their habitations upon almost inaccessible rocks can now only be guessed at.

Leaving the Rio Grande, and proceeding westward, between the 34th and 36th degrees north latitude, the ruins that you pass are so numerous, even in fertile and well-watered regions, that you are continually led to speculate upon the past history of these countries. How richly cultivated must once have been these desolate regions, now only occasionally traversed by bands of Apache and Navahoe Indians intent on plunder. Nearer to the Rio Grande and the Gila, there may indeed be seen a few gray Indian Pueblos scattered among the Mexican settlements, but their number is quite insignificant in comparison to the mass of ruins. Many conjectures have been formed concerning the relation of the Pueblo Indians to the Aztecs and Tolteks that once overran the whole country, and scarcely a traveller passes through Mexico who has not his own hypothesis to offer on the subject, but no one has yet succeeded in penetrating the deep obscurity that hangs over the history of these vanished races. Only the most learned and diligent inquirers have been so far successful as to decipher the hieroglyhics, and bring the results they have obtained into such conneo-

tion as to fill up most of the chasms in the ancient history of Mexico. In this manner we learned how well-founded were the conjectures of the migrations and the three halting-places of the Aztecs or ancient Mexicans, which Bartlett, in his nevertheless excellent work, designated as idle traditions, founding his opinion on the total want of resemblance between the language of the ancient Mexicans and that of any tribe of Indians existing further to the north.

The laborious and elaborate works of a great philologist, Dr. Buschmann, prove how bold is the assertion of such a total want of resemblance. The diffusion of the Aztec names of localities, from the interior of the Mexican Highlands—Coahuila, Chihua-hua, and Michuacan to Guatemala. Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica, the numerous Aztec words to be found in the primitive language of Sonora, as well as in that now spoken on the island of Omotepec in the great lake of Nicaragua, declare how extensive were the wanderings of the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac.

Might there not be then, besides the indisputably genuine hieroglyphical writings of the calendar-keeping Aztecs, other marks left of their migrations? Might they not have left traces on the road that would also serve as tokens of their passage? Among the ruins that are found at various parallels between the valley



TOWN OF ZUNI.

of the Rio Grande and the Pacific, it is very obvious that the further south they lie, the more culture and artistic skill they exhibit. The ancient towns of the south have not fallen so completely to decay as the more northerly, and the unlearned observer cannot but ask amongst whom should these ruins have originated but amongst the ancient races, who, during a journey that lasted for centuries, were doubtless making progress in civilisation; and when they left one halting-place to build new dwellings elsewhere, applied the experience they had gradually acquired to the improvement of their mode of architecture. In this manner may perhaps be explained the difference between the mere heaps of ruins on the Little Colorado, the better preserved Casas Grandes on the Gila, and the temples and other highly artistic structures found in Mexico.

The towns of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico differ, indeed, in many respects from most of the old ruined ones; but there is, on the other hand, a great resemblance in the foundations to the plan of their terraced many-storied dwellings, and in the employment of ladders as the means of access to the interior of the houses. The variations of the newer mode of building, from the more ancient, are very trifling in comparison with the length of the period during which they have arisen; the earthenware fantastically-painted household utensils of the present inhabitants of the Pueblos, give, when they are broken, fragments that

are not distinguishable from those found in the ancient heaps of ruins; and the practice of taming birds, namely, eagles and wild turkeys, one that in these countries dates from the remotest antiquity, still exists among the Zunis, Moquis, and in most of the Pueblos. If it is proved, then, that the ruins of New Mexico may be ascribed to the ancient Aztecs, Tolteks, and Chichimeks, there can be no doubt that the present Pueblo Indians, if not pure descendants of the above races, are at all events nearly akin to them, though a considerable mixture must certainly have taken place. The variations among the languages of the present town-building Indians, and their difference from that of the Aztecs is indeed, according to Bartlett, opposed to such a conjecture; but it is nothing uncommon to find, on the American continent, tribes of the same race, living at a very short distance from each other, who can no longer understand each other's language: as Germans, Frenchmen, in short, representatives of all the nations of Europe, when they emigrate to America, learn English, which is itself the language of an immigrant race, and their children mostly forget their mother-tongue. The individuals and tribes left behind in the great Aztec wanderings may have joined the races already existing there, learned their speech, and either compelled them to turn town-builders, or themselves have adopted the nomadic life, as the element of the original population, or of the newly-arrived one, predominated; a point determined, perhaps, by their numerical strength.

Thence, too, might be explained the difference that so strongly marks the two great divisions of the brown-red population of New Mexico, the peaceful Pueblo Indians, with their patriarchal manners and customs, and the nomadic Apaches, with their kindred robber races. The Aztecs may thus be said to exist still more or less in all the Indian races of New Mexico; but you look in vain among them for the large aquiline nose and retreating foreheads, which appear from their sculptures and paintings to have characterised the Aztecs and Tolteks. In one part only of the American continent are you strongly reminded of them, namely, among the Flat Head and Chinook Indians, in the north, near the Rocky Mountains; though, in fact, this peculiar conformation of face is not among them a characteristic of race, but the effect of the practice of compressing the heads of their infants between two boards. By this proceeding, the back of the head is rendered long and peaked, the nose excessively projecting, and the whole physiognomy assumes a bird-like expression; but the more the natural features are distorted, the handsomer they become in the estimation of the tribe. The custom is said to have formerly existed also among the Choctaw Indians, on the Arkansas, amongst whom there are traditions of a great migration having taken place.

## XII.

THE DESOLATE CITY—THE CAMP BEFORE ZUNI—THE SACRED SPRING—RUINS OF OLD ZUNI—PLACE OF SACRIFICE—PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

AFTER a march of twenty miles from this remarkable mountain district of Moro, they reached the no less interesting and remarkable region of Zuni, at the springs of the Rio del Pescado, or Fish River, and which are called *Los Ojos del Pescado*. Beautifully clear water trickled at various places from the basaltic rocks, and united into a rivulet that flowed westward through a valley, on either side of which table-lands and lofty masses of rocks towered up. Close by were the remains of an ancient settlement or town, but it was covered with turf, and so hidden beneath its grassy mantle that they only discovered it after close examination, by the foundation walls, and the numerous fragments of pottery lying about. Towards the west, about 1,000 yards from the camp, there were more ruins, but of tolerably well-preserved houses, lying close together, and forming a kind of town, on the banks of Rio del Pescado. Mr. Möllhausen at once proceeded to the examination of the forsaken town. It rose on the northern bank of the stream, which here attains a considerable breadth, and which he had to cross by stepping-stones.

The space, he says, covered by this old Indian settlement appeared to be not more than 200 yards by 150; the houses were quite close together, two stories high, and built of flat stones cemented with clay. They inclosed a rectangular space, in the midst of which were the remains of a single building; the Pueblo did not seem to belong to the oldest time, for the roofs and walls were still standing, and even the fireplaces and chimneys recognisable. I got down into some of the dwellings, it was easy to do, notwithstanding the want of ladders, as they were sunk several feet below the surface of the ground. A cold damp air came from the desolate apartments, and rents and chasms in the walls admitted a partial daylight that enabled me to search for any article that might have been forgotten, or intentionally left behind. But all was empty, except that here and there in a corner lay a little straw, indicating that the shepherds of the neighbourhood had sought shelter there, and probably made use of the inclosures as stables for their cattle.

The rather mournful thought involuntarily suggested itself, that perhaps the place had been depopulated by infectious diseases, for the drying up of water, that in many cases has occasioned the abandonment of Mexican towns and settlements, could not be the cause here, since the crystal stream of the Rio del Pescado flowed through a fertile plain, and far and wide around were to be seen the unmistakeable signs of former cultivation by careful and industrious hands. I could trace the paths by which in former days the women and girls bearing earthen vessels on their heads had tripped over it, and the men had plodded along to their labour in the fields. On the small hills adjoining the houses had the gray old men of the town doubtless warmed themselves in the sun, and the boys carried on their noisy games; but now all was desolate and dead, no sound was to be heard within the forsaken walls, and no living creature was to be seen but two wolves, which left the ruins as I entered them, and remained prowling about outside. I sent a bullet after them, and the brutes disappeared, but ducks and snipes, startled by the report, rose screaming from the rivulet, and the sound echoed through the desolate buildings, and more slowly among the distant mountains, and then all was as drearily still as before. I went back by a circuitous path through the fields, which bore the marks of harvests reaped not long before; and I subsequently learned that the people of Zuni come at certain seasons every year to the forsaken town to sow and reap on the fruitful lands around. It is not impossible that the last inhabitants may have gone over to the Zuni Indians, and have preserved the custom of annual visits and pilgrimages to the graves of their forefathers, which they would be more likely to do,

as the fields hereabout are of richer soil than those in the neighbourhood of Zuni.

Hence they travelled to where the valley narrowed, and the ranges of mountains that lay to the north and south approached and appeared to touch, forming a kind of gate. Beyond this the country opened again, but was as rocky and rugged as before, and more or less overgrown with cedars, and now watered by the Zuni river, which, as well as the Pescado—one of its affluents—is a tributary to the Rio Colorado.

No sooner had the expedition arrived near Zuni, than its more active and intelligent members set forth to ramble all over the place in search of anything remarkable. They were soon rewarded upon this occasion by discovering a spring that formed a pool, or holy well, twenty-five feet in diameter.

The pool received its tribute from veins lying concealed, and sent its superfluous water through a little hidden runnel to the nearest brook, and through this to the Zuni river. The tiny lake had been carefully inclosed by the Indians with a wall, probably to prevent the incursions of cattle. The cultivated fields that surround the spring appeared to be exclusively watered from it, although there was a rivulet so near; for numerous urns and vessels that had served for drawing and carrying water stood ranged at the top of the wall. Some of our party, attracted by the peculiar form of these vessels, wished to take some of the lighter ones with us; but the Indians would not allow even the order in which they stood to be disturbed, so that the idea occurred to us that the spring was in some way venerated by the Zuni. (*See* p. 641.)

The news of the arrival of the expedition soon reached the Indian town of Zuni itself, and before they could get their camp in order, it was so filled with the brown forms of the natives that there was not a single tent or fire without some of them. In appearance they were very like the Pueblo Indians they had met with. The next day a battue, in which the Indians assisted, was made in the dark ravines to shoot the gray bear, but without success. They were only led to a spring which the bears frequent, and where the Indians kill them by placing a large stone on the well, which when the thirsty animal sets to work to remove with his fore paws, he gives an opportunity for so deliberate an aim as to be killed with a single shot. They were joined at this place by Mr. Campbell, who had been exploring the Pass through the Sierra Madre, which is designated by his name, and which was declared to be the most available.

On the 25th of November, the expedition left the camp before Zuni, and, accompanied by a number of Indians, proceeded towards the Pueblo, whilst Möllhausen and several of the party, with Lieutenant Whipple at their head, went off for an excursion to the ruins on the rocky plateau.

An Indian, he relates, was soon found to serve us as a guide, without whom it would have been very difficult to find a way up the precipitous walls of rock that rise sheer 800 feet above their base. The path, which was not practicable even for mules, exhibited many of those remarkable formations that the weather and the atmosphere will often effect in the course of time in a yielding kind of rock. Sometimes there appeared dome-like cupolas or regular arches, sometimes strange chasms and columns, the latter not unfrequently showing a striking resemblance to the human form. Two of them were, indeed, pointed out by our Indian guide as petrified human beings, and he accounted for their presence in the following manner. In ancient times, when the Zuni still lived in the city on the heights, it was noticed one day that the waters in the valley were beginning to rise. Higher and higher they rose till they began to wash the surface of the rock on which the town was built, and threatened to wash away it and its inhabitants. Thereupon, by the advice of certain wise men, they took a young man and a maiden, and flung them from the rock into the waters, which immediately began to retire, and at last had entirely run off; but the two young sacrifices were found standing between the rocks and turned to stone.

It does not require much imagination to trace the resemblance to the human form in the columnar fragments to which this old myth refers; and, indeed, it was probably this resemblance that gave the first occasion to the story.

The platform itself was not so dreary as it looked from below, for cedar bushes managed somehow to grow on the sterile stony ground, and partly hid the ruins, which consisted chiefly of remains of walls and foundations. We also found some places of sacrifice or altars, which had the appearance of being still in use, as neatly-cut boards were fixed in the ground around them in a certain order, as well as little sticks decorated with feathers, and very curiously-made articles and figures of wicker-work. Heaps of things of the same kind in a decaying state also lay about, and seemed to indicate that the decorations were from time to time renewed by Indian visitors. (*See* p. 645.)

We could learn no further particulars concerning them; but the opposition made by our Indian guide to our proposal of carrying some of them away as memorials showed us the importance attached by the Zunis to these relics. Just as we were going away our guide took a little flour out of a bag, placed it in the hollow of his hand, and then turning towards the place where we had been standing, blew out the flour into the air, as if by way of effecting some kind of purification of the spot. He stated that he did it to prevent disaster to the corn.

The present Indian town—Pueblo de Zuni (*See* p. 635)—rises from a little height above the Zuni river, which carries its waters to the Colorado Chiquito. Its houses are built like those of Santo Domingo, in the terraced style, with from three to seven stories, one above the other, each smaller than the one below it, so that each possesses a small fore-court or gallery; but the streets between the houses are very narrow, and sometimes entirely covered by building over. There is a Roman Catholic church in the town, built, like the houses, of white bricks, and very simple in its interior decorations, having only a few bad pictures and worse statues round the walls.

The number of inhabitants may be reckoned at from 1,800 to 2,000, but the small-pox has committed such terrible ravages amongst them, that it is difficult to make any close estimate. It is said that there are some Albinos among the Zuni Indians, but we could not obtain a sight of them for fear of the small-pox, for though some of our party had already been attacked, and we had of course to carry them with us in the waggons, it was still thought advisable for us to keep clear of the Indian dwellings, from which the malady threatened us in its most fearful form.

The Zuni Indians are more favourably disposed to civilisation than those of any of the other Pueblos

They breed sheep, keep horses and asses, and practise agriculture on an extensive scale. The harvest was over when our expedition passed, but in all directions fields of wheat and maize stubble, as well as gourds and melons, bore testimony to their industry, and they also raise in their gardens beans, onions, and capsicums; the latter especially, immense quantities of which were hanging to dry in garlands all over the houses. Besides agriculture and cattle breeding, they, or rather their women, are skilful in the art of weaving, and, like the Navahoes, manufacture durable blankets. The grinding of the corn to flour is also regarded as women's work, and is performed with no other machinery than one stone to rub against another placed aslant, and there is a forge in the town, at which Indian hammers and tongs are seen at work.

The Pueblo—with its terraced houses, elevated streets, numerous ladders, and the figures climbing up and down them, the tame turkeys and the eagles sitting about on the walls—presents an interesting picture, and appeared still more attractive when we looked back on it across the wide plain now stripped of its harvests, and with the background of grand masses of rock and blue distant mountains.

The Rio Zuni coming from the south-east, attains a breadth of 200 feet in the neighbourhood of the town. They did not, however, follow the course of the stream, but turned more to the north, as they intended to pass the night near a spring at a low rocky chain that the Indians had pointed out to us. They had now the great chain of the Rocky Mountains behind them, and the country appeared to open and promise more convenient travelling, but still they sought to obtain guides from the Zunis, as the services of natives who possessed an intimate acquaintance with their own hunting grounds would be of more avail to them than the general knowledge of the most experienced trappers. This they at length succeeded in doing; it was determined by the Indians in council that the enterprise of the

PUEBLO OR TOWN-DWELLING INDIANS.

ALCALDE OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Americans, which tended to establish more direct and rapid communication between the Pueblos and the white settlements, were by all means to be promoted; and one of their number, José Hatché by name, was appointed to guide the expedition by the shortest and best route to the Little Colorado, whilst another, José Maria, was commissioned to proceed, in company with another Indian, in a north-westerly direction to the Moqui Indians, in order to obtain from them guides for the next portion of the journey, namely, from the Little Colorado to the San Francisco Mountains.

## XIII

Deep-lying Salt Pool—Curious Discovery of Precious Stones—The Rio Secco—Petrified Forest—Small-pox among the Indians—Ruins on the Colorado Chiquito—Comparison of these Ruins with the Casas Grandes on the Rio Gila, Rio Salinas, and in Chihuahua.

On the 28th of November the expedition broke up its second encampment westward of Zuni, and followed a circuitous path through the woods in a continually ascending country, with rugged and steep acclivities of a very desolate aspect, till they came to a curious pond of brackish water, hence called "the Salt Pond." Without a guide, says Möllhausen, we should never have found it, for there was not the smallest swelling or sinking of the ground, or any richer vegetation by which the presence of water might have been surmised. The pond was more like the crater of a volcano than anything else, for it lay at the bottom of a deep funnel-shaped hole, where, looking over the precipice, we could see it gleaming below. It could not be less than two hundred feet below the surface, and while the top of the opening was about two hundred feet in breadth, it contracted so much as it went down that at the surface of the water it was scarcely sixty. A narrow path wound round the inside of the steep clay sides of the funnel down to the water, and offered the only possibility of a descent, and even by this great care was required, as a slip or a stumble might have been dangerous. The animals could only be driven

down in small numbers at a time, for the water was only accessible to them in one place, and there they sank up to their knees in a morass.

It was not possible to make even an approximate estimate of the depth of this mysterious looking lake, but the dark colour of the water, in which some few crippled cotton-wood trees were reflected, showed that it was deep; and of the long reeds that grew but a few feet from the bank, we could see only their tops above the surface. The water had exactly the same taste as that found eastward of the Rocky Mountains in the gypsum region, and seemed to be so much the more agreeable to the animals. Herds of black-tailed deer and antelopes showed themselves in the twilight, and alarmed our people, who took them for a troop of Navahoe Indians. Probably the creatures wished to get down to the lake, but, being disturbed by our presence, passed on further to the west.

From this remarkable lake or pond, they passed on in a more northerly direction, and they had scarcely gone six miles before they came to a fresh spring, and they immediately made preparations for resting and passing the night there. This spring is called Navahoe Spring, from the Indians inhabiting the region around. There were ruins of an old town around, and they were visited by two of the tribe, who would not, however, hold intercourse with them, because they came from a place infested with small pox, and had some cases in their camp. It is very possible indeed, says Möllhausen, that we may have had our small-pox patients to thank for remaining unmolested by the Navahoe Indians during our whole journey through their hunting grounds.

On the 30th of November they left Navahoe Spring, and crossed an undulating country, which, by its barren sands and almost total absence of vegetation, well deserved the name of a desert.

Deep ravines and dry beds of streams intersected our path, and greatly obstructed our progress; woods and trees retired further and further from our sight, and at last disappeared altogether, and the prospect on every side became most forlorn. Before us, in the blue distance, we could distinguish the peaks of a range of high mountains, which we ascertained to be those of San Francisco,—gigantic extinct volcanoes,—towards which lay our route: but we had many a long and weary day's march before us, and many an obstacle to overcome, before we could hope to slake our thirst at the cool waters of the spring that gushes out at the foot of the principal mountain, Leroux Spring as it is called, from our guide, who was its first discoverer.

We had been much struck by seeing many of the Zuni Indians wearing precious stones, especially fine large garnets, as ornaments in their ears; but all we could learn about the matter was that they got them from the region of the setting sun, and we had been in a great state of excitement to make out the precise locality of the ground that bore this harvest of gems. Now at length this good fortune fell to our lot, and we discovered the spot about which these stones, as well as those showed to us in Albuquerque, were probably found. We came to a tract of lowland, scattered over with a number of hillocks, made by large ants, and consisting entirely of small stones. As the ants had withdrawn themselves deeper into the ground on account of the cold, we could scrape away these hillocks without being annoyed by them, and the bright sunshine favoured our search. Wherever a ray fell on a precious stone it showed a red or green sparkle, and we needed only to stoop to pick up a garnet, an emerald, or a ruby; but none of them larger than a pea; probably because those of more considerable size had exceeded the power of the ants to move.

We had little time, however, for this treasure-seeking, for stern necessity compelled us to move on, that we might be able to get water again before night; and to linger behind, and perhaps lose sight of the train of waggons, was by no means advisable, as we could not know whether the Navahoes were not lying in wait for the opportunity of plundering and even murdering stragglers.

On the 2nd of December, as we were toiling along, over or through the loose sandy soil, having just quitted the dreary valley where we had passed a very uncomfortable night, we found our progress arrested by a broad ravine that it was impossible for the waggons to cross, so that the whole procession had to turn to the south to seek for a way down, though it extended north and south as far as the eye could reach. Some antelopes that had leaped down by a shorter way tempted Mr. Campbell, Dr. Kennerley, and myself, to follow them, though that was certainly no easy task, for the banks were excessively steep and composed of red sand mingled with masses of gypsum, and rent in all directions by the rains. The loose earth gave way continually beneath the hoofs of our mules, but between slipping and scrambling we got somehow to the bottom, where we found the ground so much broken by torrents of rain that our progress became still more difficult. Immense masses of water must sometimes rush through this valley, though at the time of our arrival we found only the narrow dry bed of a stream, showing here and there a pool of bitter brackish water, where the sandstone rock had prevented its trickling through. The valley is called by the Americans the Rio Secco, or Dry River, though at this part it might deserve the name of the Petrified Forest.

As we proceeded further we really thought we saw before us masses of wood that had been floated hither, or even a tract of woodland where the timber had been felled for the purposes of cultivation. Trees of all sizes lay irregularly scattered about, and amongst them stumps with the roots that had been left standing, some of them were more than sixty feet long, and of corresponding girth, and looking as if they had been cut into regular blocks, whilst broken branches and chips lay heaped up near. On a closer examination we found they were fossil-trees that had been gradually washed bare by the torrents and had broken off by their own weight, and that, singularly enough, in logs of from one to three feet in length. We measured some of the largest trunks, and found one of five feet in diameter. Many of them were hollow—many looked as if half-burnt, and they were mostly of a dark colour, but not so much so as to prevent the bark, the burnt places, the rings, and the cracks in the wood from being clearly discernible. In some of the blocks appeared the most beautiful blending of agate and jasper colours; and in others, which had yielded to the influence of the weather and fallen to pieces, there were bits so brilliantly tinted, that if polished and set they would have made elegant ornaments; others, again, had not yet lost the original colour of their wood, and looked so like decaying beams of deal that one felt tempted to convince oneself, by the touch, of their petrifaction. If you pushed these they

fell into pieces that had the appearance of rotten planks. We collected small specimens of all these various kinds of fossil-trees, and regretted that as our means of transport were so small we had to content ourselves with fragments, which certainly showed the variety of the petrifaction, but not the dimensions of the blocks.

We sought in vain for impressions of leaves and plants, and the only thing we found besides the trunks and blocks were the remains of some tree-like ferns, that we took at first for broken antlers of stags.

The expedition had to renounce its intention of making their way further to the south, along the Rio Secco, for they found its bed piled up more and more wildly with masses of earth and stones, and saw new chasms opening across their path. At length they reached the Colorado Chiquito, whose course was to indicate the direction of their route for some time. Here, again, they came upon ruins, which, though now barely recognisable, clearly showed that this region must at one time have been thickly peopled. The Colorado Chiquito is but a small river, but rolls on a considerable quantity of water with great rapidity towards the Rio Colorado of the west; it rises on the northern declivity of the Sierra Mogoyon, and, flowing at first towards the north-east, receives the two small streams of Dry Fork and Burnt Fork. At the point where it is joined by these, it suddenly changes its course, and turning to the north-west, forms a confluence with the Zuni River, and the Puerco of the west, and then keeps this direction till it reaches the Great Colorado. (See Map, p. 624.)

Fertile soil, quite capable of cultivation, lay on both sides of the river, and more and more ruins, in such quantities as to afford ground for the conjecture that wandering races of a remote antiquity had possessed extensive settlements in this valley, where there was to be found every requisite for human subsistence, fine wholesome water, and fruitful soil, as it indisputably was, being several times in the year overflowed by the Colorado Chiquito.

On the 5th of December the guides returned from the Moquis with the sad intelligence that the small-pox was raging in a frightful manner among their tribes, so that, according to the account of Jose Maria, the Zuni Indian, whole households had been swept away, the survivors were no longer able to bury the dead, and wolves and coyotes were feeding on their flesh. Possibly there may have been some Indian exaggeration in this, but even with this allowance it was a mournful story. An adverse fate certainly seems to pursue the original inhabitants of the American continent in every way, but nearly all that they have suffered, and are still to suffer, may be laid, directly or indirectly, to the charge of the white population. And how few are the attempts to make this poor deceived race any amends for the harm that has been done them! In the judgment of all travellers who have come into contact with the Pueblo-Indians, they well deserve the help of the missionary, since they show already such a tendency to civilisation. They are peaceable, industrious, and domestic in their habits; but remote as they are from any centre of civilisation, they can proceed no further than to provide for their own maintenance, and some few of the conveniences of life. Yet they might be made skilful mechanics, and even trained to become conscientious teachers of the young: the benefit of instructing them in the method of vaccination would be incalculable, and had they once attained to a certain grade of civilisation, they would, of their own accord, advance from step to step, until they could enter the rank of cultivated nations. Unfortunately, however, most missionaries think, that when they have built a church, and entered certain tribes in their reports as Christians, they have done all that is required of them: as other nations have passed away, leaving scarcely a name behind, so will the lost descendants of these once renowned warrior races, and these pious men will be perfectly satisfied with such a result if they can only say that when the Indians perished they were no longer Pagans.

They proceeded hence on their way towards the extinct volcanic mountains of San Francisco. Sometimes they journeyed through the valley, and sometimes crossed small hills, where the valley made a curve, and they thought they could cut off a bit of the road. Their sport was improved by the presence of black-tailed deer (*cervus Richardsonii*), which showed themselves in the neighbourhood of the water; and from time to time they saw porcupines (*cercolabes nova*), lazily climbing the trees. From the passage over the water-shed of the Sierra Madre, at an elevation of 7,750 feet above the level of the sea, to the point where they touched the Colorado Chiquito, they had made a considerable descent, and they now found themselves at no greater height than 5,525 feet. The distance between these two points being 137 miles, gives a depression of 18 feet per mile.

They had now arrived at the mouth of Chevelon's Fork, a stream that, rising in the Mogoyon mountains, flows almost due north to the Colorado Chiquito. It owes its name to an unfortunate trapper, who, urged by hunger, one day dug out some poisonous roots on its banks, and died a few hours after eating them. A few beavers had erected their dams on the banks of the river.

After a stampede, as a panic and general flight of the beasts of burthen is designated, in this instance occasioned by wolves, and entailing no slight delay, and being joined by Lieutenant Fitzball with five-and-twenty wild daring-looking fellows, whose physiognomies and entire bearing were strongly indicative of their having been long in remote uncivilised territories, they proceeded along the river towards the west, and pitched the tents in a meadow that offered some food for their beasts, nearly opposite to a spot where on a small height there were to be seen obvious traces of a former Indian settlement.

The rounded elevation, says Möllhausen, on which the ruins lie, rises separately from the hills that inclose the valley, and stands apart, so that at times of inundation it must have been quite surrounded by water, and there is little doubt, that at the time when the town was flourishing, the hill was surrounded by a trench connected with the river, and that the access to it was by bridges. The area of the hill, and consequently of the town, was but small, not more than a few hundred yards; but if, as is probable, it was once entirely covered with terraced many-storied buildings, like those of the present Pueblos, the number of inhabitants could not have been so very insignificant. It appeared to us to have been built not exclusively with adobes, but also in part with stone; for besides the foundations, heaps of roughly-hewn stones were lying about, that had evidently belonged to masonry.

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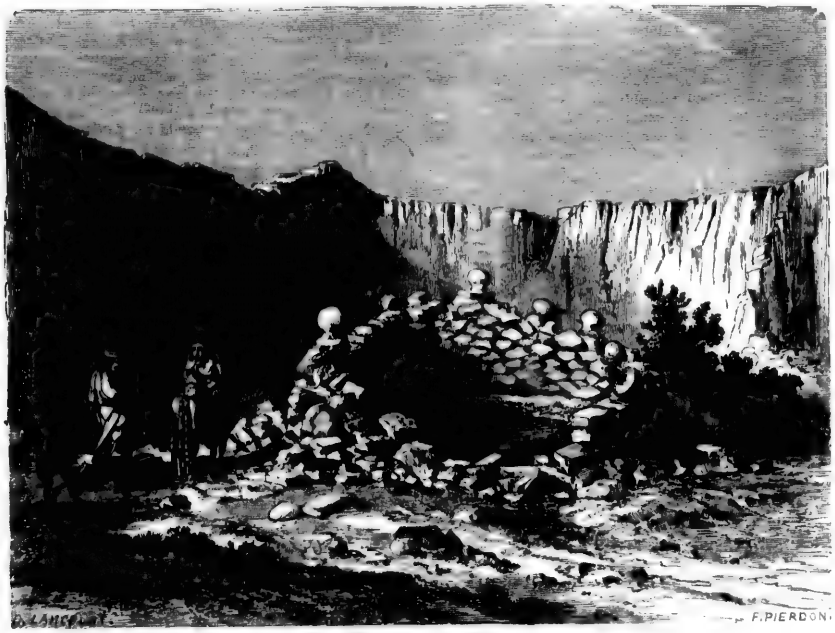
which, in the course of time, had fallen in. There were even traces of arches recognisable, besides the usual masses of broken pots, and we were fortunate enough to find some stone arrow points among the rubbish. Several days' journey further to the west, near the river, but above the falls, at a point that we were not to touch upon, Captain Sitgreaves discovered some better preserved ruins, and it is probable that between here and the Colorado, the traces of a half-civilised race will be found still more frequently. These ruins, described by Captain Sitgreaves in his report, lie at a short distance from the river, on a projecting crag of a plateau covered with lava, and they consist of fragments of houses of considerable extent, many of them of three stories. They are obviously the remains of extensive settlements, that must have lain scattered over an area of from eight to ten miles about the valley of the Colorado Chiquito, and which must have rendered it at one time a thickly-peopled district. That no water is found near the ruins that lie farthest from the river, the natural reservoirs and springs being choked with volcanic dust, is considered by Captain Sitgreaves sufficient to account for their abandonment. It is, however, scarcely conceivable that in the vicinity of a river that is never dry, there could be a want of water, or that industrious people could allow their reservoirs and cisterns to become thus choked. It is surely far more probable that a general emigration




HOLY WELL AT ZUNI.

occasioned the abandonment of these numerous towns; when the valley became too narrow for their habitation, they may have been tempted by the better soil and wider space offered them further south, on the Gila, and in Chihuahua, where they built their Casas Grandes—but only to leave them again as soon as they had obtained knowledge of the paradisiacal districts southward again of those.

The Casas Grandes on the Rio Gila, and at Chihuahua, have been mentioned by every traveller who has ever passed that way, from the Spanish missionaries of the 17th century to the officers of the most recent expedition sent by the United States; and the numerous reports that have been collected, offer abundant material for study to the inquirer into Mexican history. It must strike every one that the more southerly ruins manifest greater culture and experience in the builders, and also indicate that the towns and settlements so situated were more thickly peopled, and inhabited for a longer time, than those lying further north, which also are in a state of far more complete decay. Among the former are some remains of buildings that might be restored with no great expenditure of time and trouble. Mr. Bartlett, in his *Personal Narrative*, has given us an excellent description of the Casas Grandes, and alluded also to those of other travellers—old and new. He first mentions the Casas Grandes on the Rio Salinas, whose broad valley shows evident traces of former cultivation, though now thickly overgrown with mesquit bushes.

Old canals, often of considerable length, for the irrigation of the neighbouring lands, as well as ditches for the same purpose, are clearly recognisable, although mostly choked up and overgrown. The ruins themselves, which at a distance looked like rugged hills, lie on a kind of elevated plain or plateau, and consist of the remains of an ancient adobe building, that must have been two hundred feet long, and eighty broad, with its four sides fronting towards the four cardinal points Portions of the walls are still standing in many places, namely, at the highest point on the south side, where there must have been four stories, rising one above another; and again at the north end of the west side. These fragments of walls, however, scarcely rise above the wildly luxuriant shrubs that grow about them. One round heap, overtopping all the rest, appears to have been a kind of tower, and the masses of adobes are still so hard, that it is no easy matter to break them. On the western side are visible the remains of a long wall, that must have stretched out far beyond the building, and probably served as an inclosure. Towards the north-east, at a distance of three or four hundred feet from the principal building, are the remains of a circular inclosed space, of which it is not easy to make out the purpose. It is much too small for a courtyard, and again much too large for a well, and the vicinity of the canal also makes this supposition unlikely. From the highest point of these ruins, which may be about twenty-five feet above the surface of the plateau, other similar heaps of ruins are visible in all directions, and especially at a distance of a mile towards the east, where a whole range of them may be seen extending from north to south. The entire plain is covered with painted fragments of pottery, some of which are in such good preservation, that you might draw the whole outline of the vessel of which they have formed a part. There are, also, many green stones found on the surface of the ground, where they have been washed free of earth by the rains, and they are always eagerly sought for by any natives who may happen to be present. These stones also have been mentioned by all travellers from the Missionary Coronado, who crossed the Gila in 1540, to the latest visitor.

Bartlett's description of the Casas Grandes is so accurate, that a comparison may easily be made by means of it with the ruins on the Colorado Chiquito, but unfortunately the latter are so much decayed that there is little more left than foundation walls. Even in these the resemblance is perceptible, but these buildings must have been of smaller extent than those on the Gila and in Chihuahua; and the dimensions of the masonry also, and of the rooms, must have been less considerable. Apart from the consideration that for this very reason the buildings on the Colorado Chiquito would have been more quickly destroyed, everything appears to indicate that if the northern and southern ruins originated, as can hardly be doubted, with the same people, the northern must be older than the southern; but that greater experience, and the wish to erect more durable abodes, occasioned the construction on the Gila, the Salinas, and Chihuahua, of larger, more commodious, and more solid edifices.[1]

[1] Lieut. J. W. Albert, in his Report concerning New Mexico made in the years 1846, 1847, p. 49, says, "We were surprised by the great resemblance between the Casas Grandes and the buildings of Acoma and Pueblo de Taos. We need no further proof of the common origin of the New Mexicans (Pueblo-Indians) and the Aztecs; and Clavigero also says, on the subject of the nations of Anahuac having come from the north, 'Besides the testimony of Torquemada and Bezancourt, we have other proofs; on a journey that the Spaniards, in 1606, made from New Mexico to the Tijon River, six hundred miles towards the north-west, they found there great buildings, and met with Indians who could speak the Mexican language."

The most important observations on the subject of the Casas Grandes, however, have been made by Professor Buschmann, in his copious, elaborate, and excellent work *On the Aztec Local Names*, pp. 59-67, 1853, already cited.

## XIV.

Departure from the Colorado Chiquito—Volcanic Cones—First Fall of Snow—The Woods of the San Francisco Mountains—Subterranean Abode of the Natives—Christmas in the Mountains—The Four Chief Summits of the San Francisco Mountains—Squirrels—Leroux Spring.

Winter was approaching, a hard frost had drawn an icy covering over the waters of the Colorado Chiquito, and thrown its white mantle on all prominent objects. New cases of small-pox had occurred, notwithstanding the favourable change in the weather, but of nine cases that occurred in the camp all recovered, though the most severe illness prevailed in the high mountains, where there was little protection from the cold and snow, and an interruption of the journey was not to be thought of.

The waggons rolled along easily over the frozen ground, the hoar-frost sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams, and, as the sun rose higher, gradually disappeared; further and further westward we journeyed, mile after mile was passed, and at last the snowy mountains of San Francisco could be distinctly seen with all the details of their scenery: and numerous volcanic hills, ravines, and lofty woods, were clearly distinguishable. We now found ourselves passing over rough stony ground, that formed the inclosure of a valley, then through the valley itself; sometimes we saw the glassy river gleaming close to us, sometimes only the trees on its banks, and that at a considerable distance, according to the windings of the streams, and as it approached or retired from our course, which we endeavoured to make as straight as possible. Large red-tailed buzzards (*Buteo borealis*, Swa.) sat thoughtfully on the projecting branches of cotton-wood trees, and small partridges hopped about among the thick shrubs, and nothing hindered our progress, until we found ourselves so hemmed in among volcanic rocks that we were compelled to take the only way open to us, namely, the way back.

On the 22nd of December they bade farewell for ever to the Colorado Chiquito. They were now 1182 miles from Fort Smith, and 348 from the Rio Grande del Norte, and they found themselves at a height of 4775 feet above the level of the sea. From the time they quitted the river, they began to ascend. A more dreary country, says Möllhausen, than we travelled through on this day can hardly be imagined The way went up hill and down hill, over rugged volcanic ground, the shoes of our mules and the iron hoops round the wheels of our waggons leaving lead-coloured marks on the sharp lava-like rocks; and the journey was so much the more toilsome as we had to contend against an ascent of forty-seven feet to the mile, and an icy north wind which was driving the volcanic dust in our eyes. We had provided ourselves

with water for our own use, as the first spring we expected to meet with lay at two days' journey from the Colorado Chiquito, but our cattle were obliged to do without it, which was so much the harder on them that they could find only a very scanty supply of food, so thinly scattered about the stony ground that it was hardly worth their search. There was little choice with respect to a camping-place, so, after jogging on till towards evening, we pitched our tents at the foot of a heap of lava, where a few shrubs offered a supply of fuel; the sky clouded over, a bitter wind came howling between the naked hills, and everything indicated the approach of snow and bad weather.

After a few miles the next day they came to a group of small extinct volcanoes, the only ornament of which was the cold black streams of lava, which could be clearly discerned on the gray surface of the hill; and towards the north-west rose more and more hills, one seeming to hide behind another. The ascent was now fifty feet to the mile, and the snow was falling so thick that we could no longer see round us, and had to be very careful not to miss the track, for a very few minutes served to cover it completely with snow. We met herds of forked antelopes, who appeared to be hastening away from the snowy regions towards the plains, and with every mile some change took place in the scenery. Single cedars began to emerge from the white covering, and, becoming thicker and thicker, at last formed woods, which increased in height as we advanced into them. We had to make many a round to avoid impenetrable thickets and deep ravines, that would have been impassable for our waggons. Our guides, amongst whom might now be reckoned those who had made the journey but a few days before, were scarcely able to make out the way we were going, through the falling snow; but, fortunately, the wind that raged above in the mountains did not reach us, sheltered as we were by both mountain and forest.

Although we suffered a good deal from cold in the feet, we could not but rejoice in the fine spectacle of nature that surrounded us, and I believe that to all who shared in the expedition this first day's march in the depth of winter—this sudden transition from the dreary volcanic waste to vast forests and sky-piercing mountains—will not readily be forgotten.

Most picturesque was the effect of the wild ravines and beds of torrents, with their huge blocks of stone covered with snow, and the black caves and chasms beneath, in which many firs and cedars had struck root. The slender trees hung perfectly still from the declivities, and allowed the snow to rest on the dark green needles that thickly clothed their boughs, only bowing their heads gently when a gust of wind rushed down the mountain to die away among their trunks. A solemn stillness reigned through all nature, for the deep snow hushed the sound of the waggon-wheels and mules' hoofs, and the wolves, lurking here and there in the woods, indulged us only now and then with a broken howl.

There wanted now only one day to Christmas, and still the eye could feast on richly-clothed trees; in every one's baggage were to be found some well-preserved bottles of that which makes glad the heart of travelling man; and the marvellous combination of wood and mountain and valley must have tended to remind every one of their great Creator, and awaken feelings of devout gratitude. This feeling is closely allied to those of love to one's neighbour, and compassion for the brute creation; and there was no one, says Möllhausen, I imagine, in our whole expedition who did not at this time sincerely grieve for the hardship suffered by our poor beasts, who for their Christmas cheer had to scrape away snow a foot deep to get at the scanty grass and moss beneath.

A little beyond they came to the edge of a rocky ravine, where wildly rushing waters had worn a deep hollow in the rock, and, as in this chasm they were protected on all sides, they halted to pass the Christmas.

The northern bank of the above-mentioned ravine consisted of a steep wall of lava, which in cooling had formed nearly horizontal rents that ran far in below the surface of the ground. These chasms had offered the Indians facilities for constructing tolerable dwellings with very little labour, not certainly a very eligible residence, but one that to a wild Tonto or Yampay, who is accustomed to make his house out of the bark of a tree, probably had its recommendations. The sharp points of the lava on the floor had been covered by a bed of hard stamped clay, on which they could stretch their unclothed forms in great comfort, and then clay partitions had been built up to form chambers, sometimes entirely separate, sometimes communicating with each other by small openings; but these, as well as those which led into the open air, were only just large enough for a man to creep through. It did not appear that these chasms had been recently inhabited, at least we found not the smallest article that could indicate such an occupation, but it is true that the persons likely to inhabit them have so very small a stock of worldly possessions, and those few so indispensable to them, that they are very little likely to leave anything behind them. Most probably they are only inhabited in the summer, and as the winter is very severe in these elevated regions, the natives withdraw at that season, and seek a refuge in the somewhat milder climate of the plains. The entrances to these dwellings were in such awkward places on the rocky wall, that now, when the path was rendered still more slippery by the snow, we had to take the greatest care, in scrambling out again, not to glide down into the abyss below.

Christmas-eve was duly celebrated, but of Christmas day, Möllhausen says it was passed in perfect quiet, in thinking over past times and our distant homes, where the church bells were now summoning all to the religious celebration of the season. We heard no pleasant solemn bells, but he must have been, indeed, a dull clod in whom the scenery around awakened no feeling of devotion. While deep in the woods the woodpecker hammered away at the decaying trunks, and the small birds seemed to warble their thanks for the lovely sunny day, and the shelter afforded them by the thick cedar boughs from frost and snow, we looked up at the sublime summits of the San Francisco Mountains, and needed no temple made with hands wherein to worship our Creator.

On the 26th of December we broke up our encampment at an early hour, and set out again, directing our course towards the southern point of the San Francisco Mountains. (*See* p. 625.) As soon as we had the wooded hills behind us, and were following an opening towards the west, we saw the mountain displayed in all its beauty. We were about ten miles from the base of the principal one, and could clearly distinguish its formation. Four great peaks, covered with dazzling snow, rose high above the rest, and though numerous summits thronged around and seemed connected with

them—perhaps had grown out of them—that only tended to complete their unmistakably volcanic character, which would have struck us even if we had not been for days past travelling on volcanic soil, and obviously not far from the great centre of action. The deeply hollowed-out beds of the ancient lava streams now formed wooded ravines, that cleft the mountain from summit to base, and increased in width as numerous small streams issuing from the sides poured into them. The dense pine and cedar woods reached about half way up the mountain, and thence became lighter and lighter, leaving about one third of it lying in spotless purity of white, on which the inequalities of ground were marked only by very light shadows.

When near the foot of the mountain we turned to pass round it to the south the way leading between lofty pine woods and small treeless plains. We saw herds of antelopes and black-tailed deer, but they were so wild and shy that we could seldom get a shot at one. Of the magnificent squirrels native to these woods, we got several; but, unfortunately, these pretty creatures took refuge at our approach on the tops of the highest trees, so that we could only reach them with our rifles, and on this account we had to kill several before we got one whose skin was not torn by the bullets, but fit to be stuffed. Those that were shot were, however, not lost, for they made a very well-tasting dish for our somewhat frugally-supplied table. The length of this squirrel (*Sciurus dorsalis*) is two feet from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail, which alone measures eleven inches. The ears are broad and almost round, furred inside and out, and with long tufts of hair at the tips. The colour, dark gray, with the exception of a stripe of fine red brown along the back and behind the ears. The belly is white, and the white part is marked off from the gray by a black line along the side. The tail is gray at the top with long white loose hair, but quite white underneath.

On the evening of the next day they reached a level ravine which soon led them into a spacious valley, bounded on three sides by woods, but on the north by the real San Francisco Mountains, two of which rose like enormous colossi before us, whilst the snowy peaks of the two others only peeped over from the west. We passed, diagonally, across the valley towards an angle formed by the hills and the spur of the great mountain, and halted near Leroux Spring.

We had now reached our highest point since crossing the Sierra Madre, and found ourselves at 7,472 feet above the level of the sea, but 278 feet lower than on the Sierra Madre. Reckoned from the base, the principal mountain rose 4673 feet, which gives, as the total height of the peak, 12,145 feet above the sea level; and we therefore still wanted nearly 200 feet to the line of perpetual snow, which in this latitude is at 14,000 feet. The number of miles we had travelled from Fort Smith to this point was 1239, and from Albuquerque 405. (*See* Map, p. 624.)

On the former occasion when Leroux had passed through these regions, he had had no waggons to think of, but travelling only with mules, and trusting to their sureness of foot, he had always taken the straightest way. But the case was otherwise now, since it was our business to get the waggons on at least as far as the Colorado of the west, for to carry them across that broad rapid river, with the few means at our disposal, we did not hope.

As none of our reconnoitring parties had proceeded beyond Leroux Spring, it was considered advisable to stop the expedition at this spot, in order to send forward another division which should examine, as thoroughly as possible, the ground to be traversed, and send back messengers to indicate the best route for the waggons.

## XV.

Bill Williams' Mountains—Gray Bears—The Natives of these Regions—Partridge Creek—Turkey Spring—Warmth of Snow—Pass of the Aztec Mountains—Yampay and Canon Creeks—Impracticability of the Ground—Presence of Natives in the Ravine.

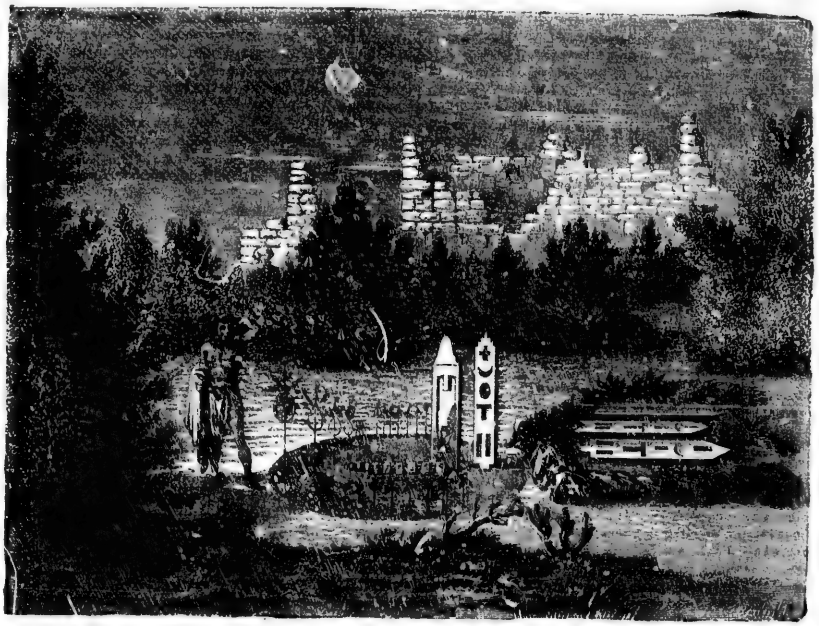
The days passed at the foot of the San Francisco Mountains were very cold and had they not been so much protected by them, they would have suffered considerably. They were seldom able to see far around them, and the snowy masses that rose up on every side, left them very much in doubt concerning all that exceeded the distance of twenty-five miles. Due west, however, there arose a blue peak above the rugged landscape, which they determined must be Bill Williams' Mountain, and it subsequently appeared that they were not deceived. The mountain, or rather group so called, were extinct volcanoes covered with pines and cedars. On the first of January, 1854, Lieutenant Whipples' party in advance bivouacked at 'New Year's Spring" at the foot of the mountains, the rest of the Expedition came up the day following.

The numerous footprints of the gray bear, which traversed the forest in all directions, Möllhausen says, tempted us to follow them. We examined the forest that lay to the south of us, as well as that at the foot of Mount Sitgreaves and the neighbouring hills, and we found dens in such numbers that if they had been tenanted we should have had a bear to every acre of land. The declivities and ravines of Mount Sitgreaves are, it seems, a particularly favourite residence with them, and even Leroux, old trapper and hunter as he was, did not remember to have ever met with signs of such numbers living together on so small a space; but, unfortunately, the whole company had emigrated but a few days before our arrival. Probably the freezing of the water had occasioned this move, for we found on the ice marks of their having tried to break it. They seemed to have made their journey to the south in troops of eight or more, and their path was plainly recognisable on the glittering snow. They walk one behind another, each stepping in the footprints of his front rank man, and in this way broad trampled impressions had been made, in which the snow, melted by the heat of the fleshy foot soles, had afterwards frozen again to smooth ice. They had probably left with reluctance a region that had afforded them in superfluity their favourite food, the sweet nuts of the cedar; but the want of water had driven them all away, and our bear hunt consisted in nothing more than running about looking for the prints of their huge paws, and then, from their breadth, estimating the size of the individuals who had made them. Every day, as long as we remained at this spot, we searched the woods, climbed the neighbouring hills, and scrambled down into the ravines, but no creature but the gray squirrel enlivened the solitude, and it fled at our approach to the top of the highest trees.

There can be scarcely any human beings in existence who stand on a lower grade than the Indians between the San Francisco Mountains and the great

Colorado of the west. They are generally reckoned as belonging to the race of the Apaches, or, at all events, as akin to them; they are equally shy and mistrustful, and have the same thievish propensities, and all attempts to establish anything like a friendly relation with them have hitherto failed. The very sight of a white man seems to strike them with terror, but they will go creeping after him whenever they can, to watch for an opportunity to shoot a few arrows at him and his steed from a safe hiding-place. Were they in possession of anything that might be turned to advantage by the whites, better-considered attempts would have been probably made for the civilization of these savages, but they are utterly destitute, and distinguished from the beasts of the forest only by the faculty of speech. Their forms are dwarfed and ugly, and can hardly be otherwise, considering the kind of food they subsist upon, chiefly the berries of the cedar, the edible nuts of a kind of pine (*Pinus edulis*), grass seeds, and the roots of the Mexican agave.

They have a great desire for flesh meat, indeed; but, as they are very bad sportsmen, notwithstanding the superfluity of game in their forests, they very seldom get any, unless they can succeed in stealing a beast from the people of New Mexico, or when a party of travellers are passing, wounding some straggling animal with their arrows, so that it has to be left behind. Captain Sitgreaves suffered several losses from a tribe



ALTAR AND RUINS AT ZUNI.

of these natives known under the name of *Cosninos* or *Cochnichnos*, who used to slink about his herd, and at last send a whole flight of arrows among them. On one occasion, when three of his mules were killed, he ordered the soldiers to fire on the savages, but they were already almost beyond range, though a track of blood showed that at least one of them had got a lesson. We were now passing through the territory where Captain Sitgreaves had been so continually tormented by them, but we never so much as caught sight of one, or even came upon any fresh traces of them; the cause of the difference being doubtless that his journey was made three months earlier than ours, at the season when the natives were getting their harvest of nuts in the woods, instead of being driven away by frost and snow.

The expedition was delayed eight days at New Year's Spring shoeing the mules and making excursions to discover a way through the mountains. On the ninth a start was effected, and they bivouacked in a deep crevice of black lava, or "Lava Creek," as they called the place. We had now, says Möllhausen, for a considerable extent the same scenery, the same rough ground, the same deep ravines, lava fields, and volcanic hills. Here and there we saw solitary specimens of the black-tailed deer and the antelope, and more frequently wolves and cayotas announced their presence by howling and chattering as they prowled around us in

the scanty cedar woods; there was a dreary character in the whole landscape that gave us little hope of any better pasture for our cattle, but we plodded on, paying what attention we could to the objects that fell within our several departments, and the viameter marked with unvarying fidelity the number of miles traversed.

After leaving Lava Creek, the next place that deserves any mention is Cedar Creek, a tolerably broad valley, richly grown on either side with cedar woods, whence the small river or brook, which seems to contain water only in the rainy season, has received its name. Four miles before Cedar Creek the country begins to decline so rapidly, that there is a difference of 700 feet in this tract, namely, 183 feet to a mile; the fall also is not equally distributed over the whole extent, but includes some very steep descents, down which it was very difficult to bring the waggons safely to Cedar Creek.

After this we still continued to descend at the rate now of only forty-one feet to the mile, till on the 11th of January we reached the dry rocky bed of a stream that turns in many windings towards the south-west. At first we took it for the Bill Williams' River, which rises in the mountains of the same name, and flows towards the Great Colorado; but we became convinced afterwards that we were mistaken, and called it Partridge Creek, from the numerous pretty creatures of that kind, with their splendid head ornaments, that adorned its steep rocky shores. It was not easy, however, to identify a river of which we knew only the mouth, and presumed to have its source in the Bill Williams' Mountains. All else that we knew concerning this river rested on the narratives and the testimony of a certain trapper denominated Bill Williams, who, coming down the Great Colorado, had discovered the mouth of a river near some village of the Mohave Indians, and had followed it up to the neighbourhood of some mountains, which were also called after him by the western hunters, until at last his name found its way to the newest maps. At present, it would be no easy task to determine the exact geographical position of the Bill Williams' Fork. (*See* p. 665.)

The banks of Partridge Creek were high and abrupt, but the adjacent ground looked so unfavourable for our purposes, that when we found a tolerably suitable place for getting down into the bed of the stream, we pitched our camp there at a spot where the water was not quite dried up. This was as far as Lieutenant Whipple had come, so that it was now necessary to stop and ascertain the possibility of continuing our course along the bed of the stream, or of leaving it conveniently if we could not, which appeared a more uncertain matter than the first, from the towering height to which the banks now rose.

The pretty little partridge that abounded so here was the *Callipepla Californica* of Gould; *Callipepla squamata*, if the feathers of the crest are long and pointed. It is about the size of a common tame pigeon, is distinguished by its beautiful gray and brown plumage, and especially by six or eight feathers, two inches long, upon its head, which are broad at the top and narrow below, so that when pressed together they assume a club-like form. When the bird is frightened or on its flight, it carries this crest forward towards the beak, but at other times falling over the back of the head. These pretty creatures are as agreeable to the taste as to the sight, and we found them in such masses in Partridge Creek, that very few shots served to serve us all with an abundant dish.

We also saw the large gray wolf (*Canis lupus*, L.—*Var griseus*, Richardson) crossing along the edge of the ravine, but he was very shy, and knew exactly how to keep out of the reach of our rifles.

The sun shone brightly over the hard frozen ground and the frosted vegetation, as we pursued our way along the foot of the mountains, up and down the hills connected with the mountain chain; and we had not gone many miles before our attention was powerfully attracted by a row of cotton-wood trees; and on coming nearer we discovered the dry bed of a stream that appeared to proceed from the mountains. Some closely-growing willows that we saw in a ravine led us to infer the neighbourhood of water; and we accordingly turned the steps of our mules in that direction.

As we rode through the long withered grass that covered an opening in the wood, we suddenly came in sight of a numerous flock of wild turkeys, which, startled at our approach, were running at a great rate towards a hiding-place. The shots fired among them were eminently successful; but when several of them fell, the rest spread their wings and flew away as fast as they could. The birds killed had fallen in the neighbourhood of water that gushed out of the ground over an area of some acres in extent, and turned it into a kind of marsh, with occasional pools; only at one place did it flow bright and clear, towards the above-mentioned bed, and was there lost again after a short course. The turkeys we had shot suggested a name for the newly-discovered spring, which was forthwith entered in everybody's journal as Turkey Spring. At the place where we watered our cattle, and where natives appeared to have encamped only a few days before our arrival, we filled our leathern flasks; and then, after a short rest, continued our journey. By our visit to Turkey Spring we had got deeper into the mountains, which much increased the difficulty of our progress. The heights that we had to cross were more abrupt, the ravines deeper, and as the chain of mountains ran in an easterly direction, and we had not changed our course, we were soon surrounded by them, though those lying towards the east might certainly rather be called hills.

We were now no longer on volcanic ground, but metamorphic rocks, and stupendous masses of granite lay piled up around us, seeming to look down proudly like castles on the dark low forest beneath them, and blocks of white quartz with yellow veins reminded us of the gold-bearing quartz of California.

The whole scene appeared beautiful to us after our long journeying over the dreary, desolate, volcanic region, and our eyes rested with great pleasure on the lofty peaks, the dark green pines and cedars, on the fantastic forms of the masses of granite, and on the long range of hills, vanishing at last in the blue distance.

Hence they came to another row of leafless cotton-wood trees, but this time not on the banks of a dry river bed, but, to their great satisfaction, by a swiftly running stream, and which they followed upwards to a gently-ascending, almost treeless hill, where they found ancient ruins, from which they named not only the stream but the whole range—Pueblo Creek.

Who could have imagined, says Möllhausen, that even in such a remote, secluded spot as this, traces of the Aztecs would be found? But it was so, for we had before us the foundation stones of small buildings, that still lay in the order in which they had been placed by their builders. The walls, indeed, had entirely dis-

appeared and left not a trace behind, from which we concluded that they had been built of Adobes, which in the course of time would be dissolved and washed away. The foundation stones lay in circles and ovals of from fifteen to twenty feet diameter, as if the walls that had stood on them had formed towers; and there could be no doubt about the place or the origin of the masonry, as we found about the usual painted fragments of pottery—though in no great quantity, as if only a small part of the town-building nation had inhabited this fruitful district; but the place was admirably adapted for a settlement, for the Pueblo Creek watered a charming little valley, that, by its situation and its fertility, might well have tempted the former inhabitants of these ruins to plant a town in it.

Beyond Pueblo Creek they had before them what our traveller designates as the primeval wilderness, untouched, unchanged as it came from the hands of the Creator.

It was not, however, the grand primeval forest such as may be seen more to the east, nor the dreary deserts characteristic of this mountain chain; but low cedars, and scattered oaks and pines, growing as irregularly as if they had been flung there at random among fantastically formed rocks, and masses of rolled stones, that had much the appearance of masonry. The utter death-like stillness of this solitude, where every word spoken and every footfall were distinctly re-echoed, had something in it strangely oppressive. Even the animals appeared to shun the place, and to betake themselves in preference to the pleasant valley of the Pueblo. The only creature we saw was a skunk, which looked very cross at us, holding up its shaggy tail, and threatening us with the weapon wherewith nature has armed it; but two of our Mexicans, disregarding its menaces, killed it from a distance with stones. A shot might have injured the bladder, and allowed the overpowering fluid it contains to escape, by which the skin would have been rendered utterly useless for my collection.

It is not generally known that wet garments placed over night in dry snow, that is when the frost is severe, will dry ere the morning, nor is it generally known that a bed in the snow is a very warm one, and a protection against cold, although everyone is aware that the covering the earth with snow in winter is a bountiful provision of Providence to shelter and protect vegetation. Here, however, is a curious instance related by Möllhausen when bivouacking in the mountains:—

Towards morning I was awakened by a feeling of intolerable heat; the blankets lay so heavy upon me that perspiration was bursting from every pore; and at the same time I had such a sensation of oppression at the chest that I was alarmed, and thought I was certainly going to be ill. I threw back the covering that I had drawn over my head when I fell asleep, and then the matter was explained by the falling of loose snow on my face, and though it was still dark I perceived that I was completely snowed up. The wind was whistling around us, roaring through the ravines and breaking down and tearing up decayed trees, and furiously shaking the strongest trunks and closest thickets; and the snow was falling heavily, and was drifted by the wind in great quantities towards our hiding-place. Our whole company was soon awake, but no one ventured to get up; for as the snow had nearly stopped up the air-hole that each had left in his wrappages, and more than doubled the weight of his coverings, every one was as much overpowered by heat as myself, and it was thought better to avoid sudden contact with the cold air.

At length, after many tedious searches after a way, the expedition undertook, on the 23rd of January, the march up what they designated the Aztec or Pueblo Pass, and at first Möllhausen relates all went smoothly enough, but very soon all hands had to be summoned to clear away obstacles with pickaxes, axes, and spades. Very slow work it was, and when within about half a mile of the watershed, we were compelled to stop from utter exhaustion, as well as from the coming on of darkness. There had been a slight thaw during the day, but it froze again at night, and so arrested the melting of the snow.

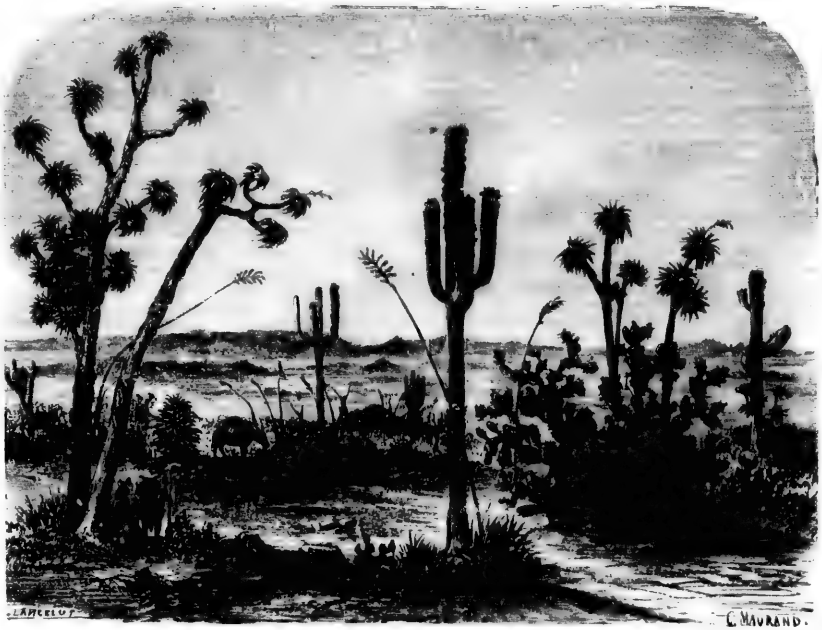
On the 24th we prepared for crossing the highest point that lay before us before reaching the Pacific; and heavy work we had with the last mountain, but, as every one was in full vigour after a night of undisturbed repose, we set to work with a will, and in a few hours the last waggon rolled; and the last rider trotted, down the western declivity of the Aztec Mountains. I could not leave the spot without taking a sketch of the scene that presented itself as I looked back over the way we had passed. I could see along the whole length of the ravine, and, quite clearly, the distant blue mountains that rose far away on the eastern side of the Val de Chino. The ravine, seen from above, looked like a long strip of pine-wood inclosed on both sides by high rocks and mountains. The snow, that still lay all around, enabled us to distinguish far off the trees and shrubs that adorned the plateau here, covered with horizontal strata of stone, and the grotesquely-shaped towering masses of rock. Even in its wintry robe the scenery was beautiful, but must be far more so when the now leafless cotton-wood trees that border the Pueblo Creek wear their rich spring decorations, and a bright green serpentine line winds along the tops of the dark pine-woods. Towards the west nature wore a totally different aspect. When from the San Francisco Mountains we had beheld the chain of the Aztec, we had hoped, from their summits, to be able to discern the Colorado and its valley; but instead of that we had now again before us only wild mountains, intersected by dreary plains. North and south, as far as the eye could see, stretched the range that we had just crossed; in a south-westerly direction we saw extinct volcanoes, and due north elevated plateaus; due west, in the remotest distance, snow-covered regions seemed to approach each other. It is scarcely possible that the foot of a white man ever trod this pass before us, and years may elapse without anyone finding his way through it again; yet probably before ten years have gone by the panting and snorting locomotive will waken the echoes of these wild mountains!

We have every faith in the ultimate establishment of at least two railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific—one, as we have before explained, by the fertile belt of the main Saskatchewan and the low northerly passes of the Rocky Mountains, the other in the south through the Mormon territory of Utah, or still more likely through New Mexico; but it will in all probability be many decades before either of these most desirable results are brought about, and when they are, it is strongly to be opined that some far more favourable line will be found in New Mexico than that

explored by Lieutenant Whipple's party. To judge of the time necessary to carry out railway communication, we need only refer to this fact, that owing to the want of completion of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, for nearly six months of the year there are no means of communication between Great Britain and Canada, except through the territory of the United States, and yet the thing is not done.

The way lay downwards after crossing the Aztec mountains, and with the fall of the ground the snow began to melt away, and the ground became soft and slushy; and what they had taken at a distance for hilly country proved to be rugged mountains, which were rendered still more toilsome and dangerous to travel over, by the numerous and deep ravines by which they were intersected. The expedition took two days' rest in this wild country, at a place called Yampay Creek, where were cliffs of red sandstone, rising perpendicularly in blocks, slabs, columns, and whole colonnades, with numerous clefts and caverns—a whole labyrinth of chambers, corridors, and spacious saloons—some of which had evidently been inhabited by Mezcal or Agave-eating Indians.

We remained so long, says Möllhausen, scrambling about in these caves, that, though we did not seem to have gone far, we could not find our way back; and though we came often enough to openings that led into the open air, we could see no way of either getting




THE GIANT CEREUS.

down into the valley or up to the plain. The height of the opening from the ground made a jump out of the question, and the rocks were too steep for even a Tonto or Yampay Indian to climb down. After long wandering about, however, we discovered a narrow opening like a chimney, through which we managed to climb up to the plain above: and then we found that the place where we had emerged into the upper world was a very little way off the camp. To return into the valley, we must again have made the same wide circuit as before; so, after all, our researches in the valley of Yampay Creek were limited to a very small portion of it.

From one creek the road lay to another. One day it was Tampay, the next Canon, so called from its being the deep rocky bed of a river, to get out of which they had to harness twelve mules to every waggon. The environs were more wild and rugged than at any point of our previous journey. Northward, at the distance of about two miles, rose stupendous table-shaped rocks, that made any advance in that direction impossible; and southward, also, lay mountains of an irregular form, but equally inaccessible: to the west, only, the mountains fell back a little, and seemed to leave, at all events, a possibility of a passage; but the ground between them was rugged and broken, and furrowed by a perfect network of chasms and old torrent beds.

In what direction we were to make our way to

Lieutenant Whipple we could not even guess, though, in hopes of saving time, we made an attempt to get along the shore of Canon Creek towards the south; but we were compelled, after a short march, to return to the place we had left, and there wait for further information from our reconnoitring party; for, in the

MOHAVE INDIANS.

direction we had seen, we could not even travel with unladen mules, far less with waggons, so rent and broken was the ground.

As on the sand, that covered most of the hollows, there were many traces of large hares, Dr. Kennerly and I went out in search of sport. We had tethered our mules on an open piece of ground, and then proceeded up the ravine, and a sudden turn in it soon hid from

me both the mules and my companion; but the circumstance did not seem worth notice, and I was going along examining the ground closely in order to distinguish the old marks of hares from new ones, when I suddenly perceived that in one place the track of the hare had been trodden out by an Indian sandal evidently only a few hours before. I jumped as if I had seen a poisonous snake, for I knew that I might be surrounded in this place by enemies who did not know the meaning of compassion, and who might, from behind any of the masses of rock or chasms about, salute me with a shower of their dangerous arrows. Cautiously peeping into every corner, and getting my rifle and revolver ready for instant use, I commenced a retrograde movement; and when I turned round the corner perceived, to my great fright, that Dr. Kennerley's mule had vanished, and that mine, though still in her place, was giving unmistakeable signs, by snorting and throwing up his tail, that he felt uneasy in his mind. I stood still, and was endeavouring to make out whether there were any savages lying in ambush, when I heard Dr. Kennerley's voice calling out to me from a neighbouring hill—"Mount and come away directly." I obeyed, and was very soon by his side; and keeping our arms in readiness, we made as quickly as possible for the heights, where there were no treacherous lurking-places whence the savages might rush out upon us.

My comrade, I found, had, like myself, lost sight of the mules, but was called back by hearing their violent snorting. Thinking they had been frightened by a wolf or a panther he went to them, but found out his mistake when he discovered the traces of Indians, who must have hidden themselves the moment before his return behind some of the rocks. He mounted his mule immediately, and rode to a height whence he could see the ravine into which I had turned, and also cover with his rifle the approach to my mule; but the savages were probably alarmed by finding us so well on our guard, for a more cowardly race than these Indians does not exist.

When we were once more on open ground our anxiety vanished, for we were too well armed for them to show themselves. We had forgotten, in our eagerness for sport, the insuperable obstacles that opposed the progress of the expedition; and when we got on the track of the waggons were much surprised to find that they had returned to the old camp.

## XVI.

Tonto Indians—Cactus Pass—Bill Williams' Fork—The Giant Cactus (Cereus Giganteus)—The Beaver Village.

They had just finished a meal at the camp when a loud shrieking noise that sounded like laughter reached their ears, and immediately after some of the Mexicans, with two Indians whom they had caught, issued from the cedar thicket. The prisoners trembled under the firm gripe with which they were held, and passively allowed themselves to be dragged towards the watch-fire, where the commanding officer of the escort, Lieutenant Johns, ordered some men to mount guard over them. They had been found by two of our muleteers in a cave, from which there was no way of escape, so that they were easily taken; but of course they were not detained with any cruel or hostile intentions, but only in order to make them show us the springs hidden in these mountains.

More repulsive-looking physiognomies and figures than those of our two prisoners could hardly be imagined. They were a young and an older man, somewhat below the middle size, but powerfully made; with large heads, projecting cheekbones and foreheads, very thick noses, swelled lips, and little slits of eyes with which they looked about as fierce and cunning as wolves. Their skins were darker than I had ever seen those of Indians, and their hair hung in wild tangled masses round their heads, though the usual Indian topknot, tied round with some pieces of stuff and leather, was not wanting.

The younger was dressed in a kind of cotton shirt, and wore torn mocassins and leggings; but the other had only some rags of a Navahoe blanket, which he had fastened round his body with thorns for pins. His legs and feet had no kind of protection from the sharp stones, thorns, and cactus prickles, unless the thick indurated skin, like buffalo leather, that covered them, might count for such, and render other covering superfluous. Their weapons consisted of bows five feet long, and reed arrows measuring three feet, and furnished with neatly-cut stone points.

The savages were brought to Lieutenant Johns' tent, and many questions put to them, but they could not or would not understand the signs made to them, but chattered and moaned continually, and snatched at everything that was offered them, or lay near them, and stuck it into a kind of pouch or girdle made of woven bast. One could hardly help asking oneself whether these two wretched creatures, who seemed to have no other intelligence than a sort of monkey-like curiosity, and no other feeling than selfish fear, could be really human beings in whom glowed a divine spark that only needed to be fanned for them to become useful members of civilised society. One cannot but feel some doubts about it, though their appearance certainly excites compassion.

After many vain attempts to get out of these Tonto Indians information about the character of the country, they were taken back to the watch-fire, and given into the charge of a soldier and two Mexicans, who were to prevent their escaping, but not to fire upon them if they attempted it. As the evening wore on, the curious spectators who had collected round them gradually dropped off, so that at last only the sentinels were left with them. The captives had been sitting quite passive, without manifesting the smallest inclination to move—probably in order to lull the vigilance of their guards—but now the moment they took their eyes off them, they sprang up like lightning, and rushed to the neighbouring thicket. The younger had made such an immense leap that it had carried him out of reach, but the other was brought back, and since it was a very important point for us not to lose sight of him, we fastened him, by means of a long chain and a padlock, to a strong stake in the ground; a bayonet was then held to his breast, so that the sharp point touched the skin, and he was given to understand that it would be driven into his breast if he again attempted to escape. Of course this was only said to frighten him, and he contemplated our proceedings merely with a kind of vacant curiosity, and gave us to understand, by occasional moaning sounds, that he did not enjoy being in our company; but he ate the food offered him, put the presents into his pouch, and then curled himself round like a dog, and lay down before the fire and slept till the next morning.

The attempt to obtain some information from his

was then repeated, but completely frustrated by his obstinacy, or his real stupidity; but the arrival of two Mexicans, sent back by Lieutenant Whipple to guide us to his camp, put an end to his examination, and the savage was dismissed with some small presents, and the sign for breaking up given.

Under the guardianship of the Mexicans they traversed two miles of wild impracticable sort of country, and then entered upon a plain which ended in high rocks till they came to a ravine, where they bivouacked. The next day the road lay from one ravine to another, between cedar-wooded hills, and thence by a pass which was called Cactus Pass, from the abundance of the gigantic *Echinocactus Wisizeni*, many of which stood among the rocks looking like huge casks or barrels. Many were four feet high and seven feet round. The dreary wilderness beyond this assumed so repulsive an aspect that they were forced to give up the plan of a direct course west to the Colorado, and to submit to a new reduction of the luggage, and leave behind some more of the articles not absolutely necessary.

Since leaving the San Francisco mountains, they had travelled 150 miles, but they could still see clearly their ice and snow-covered summits. It was for the last time, however, for their way now led down into a valley, and so steep a one, that all hands were in requisition to get the waggons down. When they got to the foot of the mountains they turned south, till they came to a brook, called "White Cliff Creek," which enlarged further on to what they designated "Big Sandy," and hence they soon joined the Canon Creek, the main branch of Bill Williams' Fork, which burst here clear and bright from the eastern mountains, and showed them in its valley a way that soon led them to the Bill Williams' Fork, and thence proceeded to the Great Colorado.

Where we first struck the Canon Creek, its breadth varied from ten to twenty feet, some cotton-wood trees stood here and there upon its banks, and mezquit and withered bushes partly covered the valley. As far as we could see, towards the south-west, its inclosure was formed by rocks, and high stony mountains or low hills, whose vegetation consisted solely of scattered mezquit bushes and cacti. The fine fresh water of the river was too inviting, and the thirst of the animals too great, for us to think of moving on immediately; but as the day was not far advanced, we passed into the valley, and travelled five or six miles further, without much hindrance. When we stopped and looked about for a suitable camping-ground, however, we were much annoyed to discover, instead of a swiftly flowing stream, only a dry river bed and drifting sand, and we had to send back some mounted messengers to fetch as much water as was positively necessary.

A mild spring breeze was blowing here, which, though the trees and shrubs were still bare, had covered the ground with fresh grass, that was eagerly cropped by our cattle. We were now only 2,000 feet above the sea, and the ground was declining rapidly towards Bill Williams' Fork. A march of a few miles brought us, on the following morning, to a place where the river suddenly made its appearance again, gushing out of the sand, and watering the valley over its whole breadth, moistening the roots of the cotton-wood trees and willows, and sending forth new green shoots from amongst the dried reeds. We rested in this pleasant spot some hours, and then went on again till late in the evening. This day we saw, for the first time, the giant cactus (*Cereus giganteus*), specimens of which stood at first rather widely apart, like straight pillars ranged along the sides of the valley, but afterwards, more closely together, and in a different form—namely, that of gigantic candelabras of six-and-thirty feet high, which had taken root among stones and in clefts of the rocks, and rose in solitary state at various points (*See* p. 648.)

This *Cereus giganteus*, the queen of the cactus tribe, is known in California and New Mexico under the name of Petahaya. The missionaries who visited the country between the Colorado and the Gila, more than a hundred years ago, speak of the fruit of the Petahaya, and of the natives of the country using it for food; and they also mention a remarkable tree that had branches, but no leaves, though it reached the height of sixty feet, and was of considerable girth. We touched, on our journey, the northern limit of this peculiar kind of cactus, which from there extends far to the south across the Gila, and is also frequently found in the state of Sonora, and in Southern California. The wildest and most inhospitable regions appear to be the peculiar home of this plant, and its fleshy shoots will strike root, and grow to a surprising size, in chasms and heaps of stones, where the closest examination can scarcely discover a particle of vegetable soil. Its form is various, and mostly dependent on its age; the first shape it assumes is that of an immense club standing upright in the ground, and of double the circumference of the lower part at the top. This form is very striking while the plant is still only from two to six feet high, but as it grows taller, the thickness becomes more equal, and when it attains the height of twenty-five feet, it looks like a regular pillar; after this it begins to throw out its branches. These come out at first in a globular shape, but turn upward as they elongate, and then grow parallel to the trunk, and at a certain distance from it, so that a cereus with many branches looks exactly like an immense candelabra, especially as the branches are mostly symmetrically arranged round the trunk, of which the diameter is not usually more than a foot and a-half, or in some rare instances a foot more. They vary much in height; the highest we saw at Bill Williams' Fork measured from thirty-six to forty feet; but south of the Gila they are said to reach sixty; and when you see them rising from the extreme point of a rock, where a surface of a few inches square forms their sole support, you cannot help wondering that the first storm does not tear them from their airy elevation.

Inside the fleshy column, however, it is provided with a circle of ribs, each from an inch to an inch and a-half in diameter, reaching to the summit, and of as close and firm a texture as the wood of the cactus usually is; and these enable it to defy the storm. When the plant dies, the flesh falls off from the woody fibres, and leaves the skeleton of the giant standing sometimes for years, before it too becomes the prey of corruption. The trunk of the cereus, as well as its branches, is notched from the root to the tip, at regular distances, and the structure of the outer surface gives it a certain resemblance to an organ. The edges are closely set with tufts of grey prickles, at equal distances, between which gleams out the bright green colour of the plant itself; in May or June, the tops of both branches and trunks are adorned with large white blossoms, which are replaced by pleasantly tasting fruit in July and August. When dried, this fruit

strongly resembles a fig, and is a favourite kind of food with the Indians, who also prepare a syrup from it, by boiling it in earthern vessels.

If the smaller specimens of the *Cereus giganteus* that we had seen in the morning, excited our astonishment, the feeling was greatly augmented, when, on our further journey, we beheld this stately plant in all its magnificence. The absence of every other vegetation enabled us to distinguish these cacti columns from a great distance, as they stood symmetrically arranged on the heights and declivities of the mountains, to which they imparted a most peculiar aspect, though certainly not a beautiful one. Wonderful as each plant is, when regarded singly, as a grand specimen of vegetable life, these solemn, silent forms which stand motionless even in a hurricane, give a somewhat dreary character to the landscape. Some look like petrified giants, stretching out their arms in speechless pain, and others standing like lonely sentinels, keeping their dreary watch on the edge of precipices, and gazing into the abyss, or over into the pleasant valley of the Bill Williams' Fork, at the flocks of birds that do not venture to rest on the thorny arms of the Petahaya; though the wasp and the gaily variegated woodpecker may be seen taking up their abode in the old wounds and scars of sickly or damaged specimens of this singular plant.

The capricious river soon vanished again in the sand, but before evening they reached a group of trees which had been invisible to them the greater part of the day, and where the stream, in all its abundance again, forced itself through a narrow bed. The trees and shrubs were already pushing forth fresh buds, and the patches of green grass were becoming more frequent. There was also now an abundance of excellent water, but their cattle had suffered too much to be able to recover themselves in a short rest. Not a day, says Möllhausen, went by without our having to shoot, or leave behind, some of them; and one waggon after another was abandoned, and its load distributed, as well as might be, on the sore backs of our poor beasts, so that we were every moment reminded to lose no time. We were threatened also with another trouble: our flocks of sheep were diminishing rapidly, for 116 men had to get from them daily rations of meat, which it would not do to lessen, since the rations of flour had been diminished one half, and we could only calculate on using the mules for food in cases of extreme distress, that we might not diminish the means of transport for our papers and collections. Game, with which we could have made an acceptable addition to our dietary, was almost entirely wanting. Partridges, indeed, hovered daily around us; and the fowl that covered the broader parts of the river, and the neighbouring marshes and flooded meadows, made us many a savoury dish; but these resources were trifling in proportion to the numbers of our company, and our appetites unluckily seemed to increase as our supplies diminished. There were sheep in the neighbouring mountains, and we caught sight of one occasionally, but they were excessively shy, and if pursued would frequently plunge, head over heels, down a precipice; we could not boast of the capture of one of these interesting animals, for we could never get even within rifle-range of them. There were, therefore, reasons enough why we should get on as fast as we could, if only in short marches, towards our destined goal.

Their start, on the 6th of February, was favoured by fine weather, and they took their way slowly along the bed of the river itself; and, our traveller relates, at first the sand was firm, but gradually it became unsteady, the valley closed in, and even if we had left the river, and endeavoured to force our way through the thick tangled growth of underwood, we should have gained little in the firmness of the ground, for the whole valley was standing in water. We soon found that this was an artificial inundation, for we came to a number of dams, constructed with so much sagacity and forethought that the water could not rise above a certain height, and, at the same time, that in the ponds could not decrease. We were now in a beaver settlement, and as my mule stepped cautiously through the deep water, I was amused by listening to the remarks of some soldiers, who imagined they saw, in the ingenious structures before them, the work of human hands, and rather hastily inferred, that they would now have no more half-rations.

It is scarcely possible, indeed, for any one who sees these dams for the first time, to believe that they are the works of any but rational creatures, for nowhere is there the slightest indication of ignorance of the power of water, and the strength required for a wall that is to resist its pressure. No single dam is exposed to it along its whole breadth, but the structure is placed diagonally to the stream, and raised till the water collecting before it is found sufficiently deep. Quite at the end of the dam an opening is left, just large enough to prevent the superfluous water from flowing over the dam and injuring it, yet not so large as to allow the water to get too low for building the separate dwellings.

The beaver is unfortunately so shy, that he can very seldom be seen at work, and the untiring industry of the builders can only be inferred from their works. In a beaver republic there are, it appears, two classes of works—namely, the public ones, which are necessary for the welfare of the whole community,—such as the building of new and the repair of old dams, and the construction of the houses, which are built in stories, and so that the upper one rises above the surface of the water.

In the first, the whole population, without distinction of sex or age, takes part, and their united strength will effect what at first would seem incredible. Overhanging trees, of more than a foot in diameter, are skilfully gnawed off so far that they must break and fall in; and fresh relays of workers are then at hand, to gnaw away the branches and any part of the trunk that may remain attached to the shore, so that it may be easily floated down to its place of destination. Other labourers are there awaiting it, having gone on before with sticks, mud, and earth, in order to secure the floating logs without loss of time, and fresh materials are continually brought and constantly added and secured, till at length the dam rises like a wall above the water; and the clever little builders, creeping along the top, smooth it with their broad tails, and so render it more solid, at the same time that they improve its appearance. Not till these public works are finished do the individual members of the community set about the erection of their private houses, in which no one concerns himself with the affairs of his neighbours, but consults his own wishes in the erection of his dwelling, and constructs a sleeping apartment above the surface of the water, where he can take his ease, while at the approach of danger he can slip below un-

perceived. These sagacious creatures also watch closely the height of the water; should it, through rains or any other cause, be increasing, some of the beavers go to the opening of the dam made to carry off the superfluous water, and enlarge it; or should a long drought occur, they close it partly or altogether, as circumstances may require.

They appear, in all things, a peaceful, industrious community, perfectly understanding each other's actions; and in the whole proceedings of these harmless creatures, and of animals in general, as well as in the mysterious irresistible power by which the plant shoots forth from the germ, we are continually led to admire the wise laws of nature, and bow before the great all-controlling creative power to which it owes its birth.

After passing the beaver village the valley of the river narrowed so much, and made so many short windings, that they were compelled to seek for a way across the spurs of the nearest mountains, till they were again enabled to join the winding of the river, and which they followed over a stony waving tract, beyond which stretched a chain of black eruptive rocks, through which they could see, as through a gate, the place where Bill Williams' Fork forced its way through them.

## XVII.

VALLEY OF BILL WILLIAMS' FORK—MOUNTAIN SPRING AND INDIAN PAINTINGS—ARRIVAL AT THE RIO COLORADO—THE LAST WAGGON ABANDONED—NATIVES IN THE VALLEY OF THE COLORADO—THE MOHAVES, CHIMEHWUEBES, CUTCHANAS, AND PAR-UTAHS.

On the 9th of February they passed through the Rocky Gate, and found a small plain on the other side, through which the river flowed in a deeper stream, and here they obtained a considerable number of ducks and snipe, besides innumerable trout and large frogs, which, we are told, added a very agreeable dish to their modestly-supplied table. On the 11th they passed round the southern base of an old volcano which, for

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some trivial reason, had received the name of Artillery Peak, and after this the valley became broader, and they came to a ravine with spring, surrounded by Indian paintings of various kinds.

The paintings, says Möllhausen, that covered the smooth rocky walls were of the very rudest kind; they consisted chiefly of stars, suns, or mere streaks, and sometimes of figures that had not the remotest resemblance to any object known. Single hands, previously smeared with colour, appeared to have been pressed on the stone; but the attempt to represent the human figure was such a total failure, that it was only just possible to make out what it was meant for. On the side of the rock, at whose foot lay the little basin of water, a broad curved line was drawn with red and white paint, which seemed to mark the limits of the spring from the dry rock. In all these artistic attempts we saw nothing more than the childish amusement of savages standing at a very low grade of culture, and I do not believe that any signification whatever is to be ascribed to them.

The same evening they reached a small valley, at the end of which lay the Bill Williams' Fork, and along whose course their way lay amidst wells and marshes. For four weeks, says Möllhausen, we had now been looking out in vain for the Colorado, the great Colorado of the West, and we had rejoiced in the anticipation of the advantages we should enjoy in the broad valley of a river of the first rank; but still we could see from the heights, day after day, nothing but an endless wilderness, and we did not imagine, on the 19th of February, that the chain of rocks before us lay on the western shore of the Colorado, so that when (on the 20th) a sudden turn of the valley brought us in full view of the broad majestic river, the sight was as unexpected as welcome. For some miles before its mouth, the Bill Williams' Fork waters a beautiful valley varied by meadow, woods, and ponds or small lakes, and the clear waters of the stream, passing the rugged mountains, take their way to join the flood of the Colorado, which at this place violently breaks its way between the naked gray rocks, which, with the

broad river, make a fine, though not exactly pleasing scene. The total absence of vegetation always seems like a want of health in nature, and though you may admire her other combinations, you have not the joyful feeling inspired where a rich vegetable mantle clothes the soil, and thousandfold life seems bursting from it.

The Mexicans saluted with shots, and the Americans, with a hearty hurrah, the appearance of the long-sought river, and though we had gone but a few miles, preparations were immediately made for indulging in a good rest by the side of the Colorado, and then pursuing our way with renewed strength up the stream. At the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork in the Colorado, we found the latitude to be 34° 17′ N. and the longitude 114° 06′ W. from Greenwich, the height was 208 feet above the sea, and we had therefore descended 6,073 feet, since crossing the Aztec Pass, a fall distributed rather unequally over a distance of 154 miles. We were now 1,522 miles from Fort Smith, and 668 from Albuquerque.

The expedition was obliged, on arriving at the Colorado, to proceed northwards to where they might find, perhaps, among the Mohave Indians, a suitable place for crossing the river. Up to this time, says Möllhausen, we had still two large travelling waggons, so that we had proved that it was possible to penetrate with waggons as far as the Colorado.

To get them across the river, however, would have been a mere waste of time, especially as before us, to the north, there lay a group of steep craggy mountains, that appeared quite impassable for waggons. It was considered necessary, therefore, to leave them behind, and distribute their loads upon pack-saddles and the backs of mules; and it was while our people were engaged in this labour in the afternoon, that the first of the natives made their appearance and approached our camp confidingly.

They were four very tall, finely-grown young men, whose powerful forms and perfect proportions we had a full opportunity of admiring, as, except a narrow white apron, they had not a particle of covering, and even their feet were bare.

They were entirely unarmed, and as this manifested their peaceful intentions, they were of course received with the utmost friendliness. The colour of their skins was a dark copper, but the faces of all four were painted in a really terrific manner, coal-black, with a red streak passing from the forehead over nose, mouth, and chin: a style of decoration that must be very fashionable among these Indians, as I afterwards saw it frequently. Their thick black hair hung far down their backs, but was then cut off blunt, and by means of softened clay twisted into stiff rods—a custom prevalent among the male natives of the valley of the Colorado. A thin cord of bast was passed round the hips, and the above-mentioned narrow strip of stuff drawn through it, so as to hang down to the knee in front, and at the back almost to the ground.

This must form some kind of distinction among the tribes there, for I afterwards noticed that the wearers were always anxious to have it seen; and when one of those young men had been presented by some of our people with a pair of trowsers, and with their assistance put them on, he manifested great embarrassment because this train or tail was no longer visible. After some meditation, he tore a hole in the middle of the garment aforesaid, and with an expression of great triumph in his own sagacity, pulled the favourite appendage through it—contriving thus to combine the Indian and European costume, in an indescribably comic manner.

Our visitors had rats, squirrels, and frogs dangling to their girdles, and wished to roast them at our fires, but as they were new specimens we exchanged them for mutton, and added them to our collection.

We had now before us, in great numbers, three different tribes of the natives—Chimehwhuehs, Cutchanas, and Pah-Utahs, who, however, did not differ at all in appearance, and we were never tired of admiring the vigorous, powerful race, amongst whom a man of less than six feet high appeared to be quite a rarity. We were especially struck by the difference of such as we had seen of the Yampays and Tontos, who lead the lives of wolves in the mountains, and these vegetable-eating inhabitants of the valley of the Colorado, with the small hideous figures of the first and the cunning repulsive expression of their faces, and with these real masterpieces of creative nature. It was a real pleasure to see these finely-developed forms, as they came bounding towards us in immense leaps over stones and bushes, with the agility of black-tailed deer, and their pleasant, almost open looks, which even their frightful style of decoration could not disguise; and to watch the perpetual good-humour that seemed to prevail among them, their playing and romping with each other, and the shouts of laughter that followed their reciprocal jokes, the whole day long. Towards evening they always disappeared, probably to procure for their naked bodies some shelter from the cold that then set in.

The women of the Colorado were unlike the men in growth, being short, thick-set, and so fat as to border on the comic. Round their hips they wore an apron, or rather petticoat, made of strips of bast, fastened at one end to the girdle, and hanging down to the knee like a deep fringe. At a distance, these women looked very much like our ballet-dancers, even to the swinging of the petticoat and affected movements that may be noticed among those ladies. Both sexes wore the hair cut short over the eyebrows, but the women never have it twisted into tails. They have fine black eyes, and their somewhat broad faces have a cheerful and far from unpleasing expression, though they cannot be called handsome. They go more carefully to work with their painting than the men, and tattoo themselves more; their lips are mostly coloured quite blue, and their chin, from one corner of the mouth to the other, is adorned with blue lines and spots. They carry their babies about with them, up to a certain age, wrapped in pieces of bast. (*See* p. 656.)

On the third day of our stay at the Colorado, we had an opportunity of entering into a barter trade with the Cutchanas, who came streaming into our camp bringing beans, maize, wheat, fine flour, gourds, and melons; in exchange for which we gave old clothes and strips of our blankets. They also brought us some bows of five feet, and arrows of three feet, long; the first consisted merely of bent pieces of tough wood, strung with some firmly-twisted animal sinews; the arrows were made of three pieces,—a hard stick thrust into a cane, with a feather fastened to it, and a neatly-shaped stone point. In what way these Indians manage to cut and barb these arrow points is to me inexplicable. They are fixed to the shaft with a mixture of resin, but so that they may remain in the body when the shaft is with-

drawn. Besides these weapons of attack, these Indians carry a short club or mallet, cut out of a single piece of wood, whence they have received from the Americans the name of "Club Indians."

This club is a foot and a quarter long, made with much labour out of light but very firm wood, rounded at the handle or stem, and with a sharp edge at the extremity, and a hole in the handle, through which is passed a leathern thong, so that at the moment of striking a blow, though it may slip it cannot escape from the hand. The force of the blow is thus more than doubled, and clumsy as the weapon may be it is certainly not one to be despised when in the hands of a brave and gigantic Indian. Of their courage Captain Sitgreaves had a signal proof some years ago, when, on going down the Colorado, he was attacked by a party of them, for they stood a fire of musketry for twenty minutes long without flinching, though they lost four of their number, besides having others wounded, whom they dragged away with them. Their behaviour towards us was perfectly friendly, and they even seemed to have some notion of the purpose of our Expedition, and to desire more intimate connection with the whites. Had they been hostile they might have given us much trouble, or possibly even frustrated the whole design and dispersed the expedition.

We now frequently passed well-cultivated corn-fields, and always found a number of Indians near them, who begged us by signs not to trample down their corn. Of course every care was taken not to cause the smallest damage, especially as with the slender resources at their disposal the cultivation of even a small field must cost them much labour.

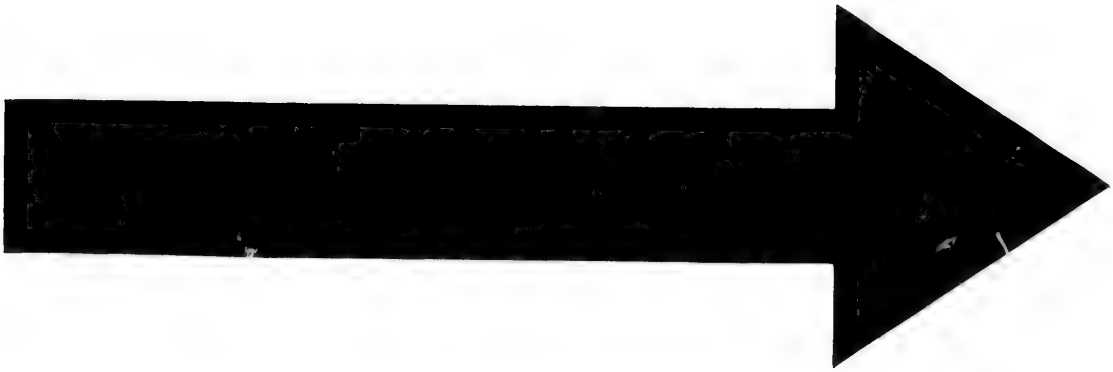
On the 25th of February we received, for the first time, a formal visit from the Cutchanas, Pah-Utahs, and Chimehwhuebs, who brought us maize and beans in elegantly-plaited baskets and dishes. All was taken from them in the way of barter, and not only did we ourselves now obtain enough to satisfy our sharp appetites, but our mules also were supplied with small rations of maize, to restore a little the strength that had been so much exhausted. Red flannel, were it ever so old and worn out, proved to be a very acceptable article to these Indians, whilst they looked with contempt on the fine red paint that had been so successful as an article of commerce among the nations east of the Rocky Mountains. In general we found that the Indians of the Colorado differed widely, not only in their manners and customs, but also in their inclinations, from all others that we had known; and if in former times Spanish missionaries ever came among them, it is wonderful that the civilisation to which they have so obvious a tendency should not have taken root.

In their whole behaviour towards us, and in the circumstance that they seemed to understand and approve the purpose of our expedition, we thought we discovered a spark that needed only to be fanned in order to bring them at least to the level of the Pueblo-Indians of New Mexico, even apart from the consideration that to an agricultural people civilisation always finds more ready access than to nomadic tribes. Unfortunately, however, the experience of past centuries, as well as of the present, has shown that the insolence and injustice of the whites, when in close and frequent intercourse with at first innocent savages, will soon stifle any germ of confidence that may be springing up, and transform their friendliness into bitter hostility. The native, who seeing himself trampled upon, revolts against the dominion of the white race, is then at once treated like a noxious animal, and the bloody strife never ends till the last free inhabitant of the wilderness has fallen. I may cite, in proof of this assertion, the example of the murderous war of the Californians against the warlike tribes of the Chauchiles Indians in the year 1851, the sole cause of which was the brutality of a dealer in cattle.

Far in the Mariposas Mountains, there lies a district called the Four Creeks, generally acknowledged to be an Indian paradise. Numerous springs gush out at the foot of the snow-covered mountains, and form streams that wind through fragrant clover plains, shaded by broad umbrageous oaks or lofty pines; and amongst them was one sacred tree, a mighty oak, that was justly regarded as the monarch of the whole region. Under the shadow of this tree the Indians held their councils, worshipped their Manitoo, and buried their great chiefs and wise men, and the passing caravans of emigrants had always respected this sacred tree, until one day a cattle-dealer made his appearance with a great herd. The Indians came to him in a friendly manner, and even offered to help him in putting up a fence for his cattle: but it happened that the fellow had taken a fancy to the sacred oak, and he chose to drive his beasts under it. He paid no attention to the remonstrances of the Indians; but answered that he had a fancy for putting up his oxen for the night in the "Indian church," and that nobody should hinder him. The result was, that when the Indians witnessed the desecration of the graves of their most distinguished warriors, they fell on the cattle-dealer and murdered him, and seized on his herd. War was then declared between the whites and the Indians, and numerous victims fell on both sides, before the strife, awakened by the flagitious conduct of one man, could be completely appeased. How long will it now be before a reason is found or invented for beginning a war of extermination against the hitherto peaceful Indians of the valley of the Colorado? On the whites alone can the reproach justly fall, if whole races have vanished from the face of the earth; for nearly all the errors, nay the crimes, of the copper-coloured aborigines against their oppressors, have arisen from faults peculiar to uncivilised men, and those who punish savages according to the laws of civilisation have themselves no claim to be ranked among the civilised.

On the 22nd of February they continued their journey northward, at some distance from the Colorado, and towards noon reached the river, along whose banks they travelled till towering masses of rock, stretching far into the country, seemed to bar their way. They pitched their camp, therefore, in order to debate on the course they were to take, for they had not yet reached the actual village of the Mohave Indians, although numerous parties from it had visited them. As far as we had hitherto seen, says Möllhausen, of the Colorado, dry stony ground and bare rocks alternated with valleys, fertile, though of small extent. In these valleys or lowlands, the Indians live hidden in mesquit woods, and appear to obtain from the fruitful soil all that they desire or need, for besides those fruits of the earth, for which they have partly to thank their own industry, they have the mesquit tree itself,[1]

[1] The mesquit tree (*Algarobia glandulosa*) belongs to the family of the acacias; the leaves are delicate, the wood of a hardness that, did the tree attain a larger size, would render it admi-



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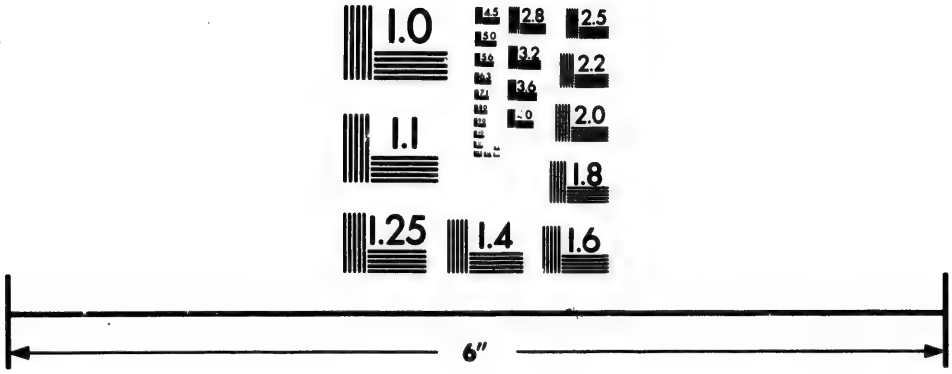


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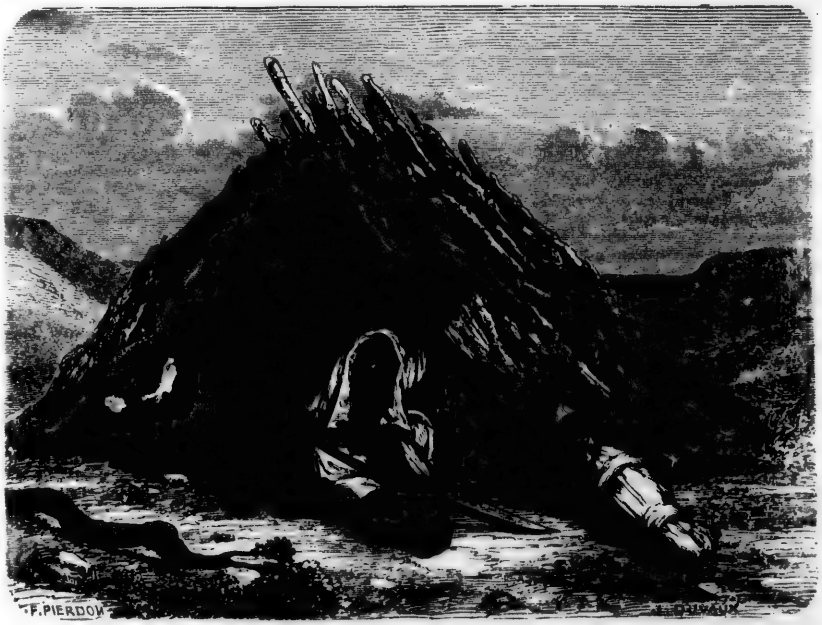
which, in years of bad harvest, affords them valuable help.

Many Indians visited us this day in our new camp, watched curiously all our doings, and laughed and shouted at all that appeared extraordinary. Now that they were at peace, they were the most innocent, well-meaning fellows in the world. While we were talking, as well as we could, with some of the men, we became aware of the approach of a whole troop of others with women and children, who were advancing from the rocky chain towards us in solemn procession. They were Mohave Indians, who came in a spirit of commercial enterprise to enter on a barter trade with various articles; and though they were little, or not at all dressed, the troop had a very gay appearance, as, led by a chief, it entered our encampment. The herculean forms of the men, with their hair dressed with white, blue, red, and yellow paint, and hanging down to their feet, their brilliant eyes flashing like diamonds—looked even taller than they were from the plumes of swans', vultures', or woodpeckers' feathers that adorned their heads. Some wore as their sole garment a fur mantle, made of hares' or rats' skins, thrown over their shoulders; but one outshone all the rest of the company, having picked up an old waistcoat that had been thrown or bartered away by some of our people, and now displayed it for the completion of a costume that had hitherto consisted only of paint. The women all




HUT OF COHMEHWHUEB INDIANS.

wore the peculiar petticoat above mentioned, the front of which the ladies of most distinction had made of strips of woollen cords, instead of strips of bast. They carried on their heads clay vessels, bags made of bast, and water-tight baskets filled with the productions of their fields and of their own industry. When they reached the camp, the women knelt down in rows on the ground, and placed their full baskets before them, while the men who had accompanied them scattered themselves about the camp, challenged our people to trade, and sometimes watched the fulfilment of a bargain. This went on till late in the evening, when most of the Indians were, for the sake of security, required to quit the camp and the watch-fires; but many of the number had retired to their huts and caves as soon as it began to grow cool. (*See* p. 649.)

Only a few of the Indians appeared on the morning of the 23rd of February, to witness our departure, but among them was one of our first acquaintances.

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rably adapted for turning. The long narrow seed-shells are a favourite kind of food with horses and mules, and the beans are ground by the natives, and made into cakes, either alone or mixed with maize or wheaten flour. The name *Algarobia* is used by De Candolle for one division of the species *Prosopis*; but by George Bentham for a species belonging to the tribe *Parkiea*, of the natural order. The *Algarobia glandulosa* was first mentioned by Torrey, and drawn and described for the *Annals of the Lyceum of New York*, vol. ii., p. 192.

FERRY ON THE RIO COLOPADO.

This man had contrived to mount upon his person every morsel of stuff of any kind that he had received from our company, and now bore on his shoulder a useless old rifle that had been bestowed upon him; his satisfaction in his own appearance when thus accoutred seeming boundless. This man was to serve us in some measure as a guide, and he led us to the rocky chain, where the path divided into two, one leading along the rocks close to the river, and the other eastward towards the mountains.

Late in the afternoon, our traveller goes on to say, we reached a plain formed by the low banks of the Colorado. It was covered by woods of stunted trees, underwood, and rushes, and numerous lines of smoke were rising from it in all directions, pointing out the spots where lay the simple habitations of the Mohave Indians. The valley of this river must be thickly peopled, for, on both shores, as far as we could see, appeared these signs of human habitation. We had not ridden far in this plain, when two Indians, mounted on magnificent stallions, came galloping towards us, and we were even more struck by the beauty of these evidently well-kept steeds, perfect models of horses as they were, than by that of the young riders who guided them merely with a hair-cord. With the exception of these two, we never saw but one horse during our stay on the Colorado, and all three seemed to be regarded rather in the light of things sacred than as intended for use. They were petted and fed by every one who came near them, so that it was no wonder if they appeared in good condition; and when I tried to persuade the Indians to sell me one, they only laughed at me, and overwhelmed their darling with caresses. The horses were young, but appeared to have belonged to this nation from their infancy. The two young Indians seemed to understand very well our inquiry after a pasture for our cattle, and making signs to us to follow them, led us to a grassy meadow, bordering on a little wood, where we immediately made preparations for our bivouac.

## XVIII.

Rest in the Mohave Settlements—Sports of the Mohaves—Game of the Ring—Shooting at a Target—Village of the Mohaves—Passage of the Colorado—An Indian Family—Services of Natives.

The expedition took up its quarters for a day or two among the Indians. The motive for this delay was twofold; on the one hand, it was a matter of great interest for the expedition to acquire as much information as possible concerning these hitherto almost unknown Indians of the Colorado, and we should thus also afford more time for the inhabitants of distant villages to bring us corn and other provisions. As the Indians have seldom any inducement to raise more than they require for their own consumption, they could not, though they came to us in crowds, spare more than a very small quantity of their produce for barter, and many a basketful of maize had to be poured out on our outspread blankets, before our whole herd of mules, diminished as it was, could get a single feed.

There was soon a lively bustle going on around our camp, but within its precincts only chiefs and distinguished warriors were admitted, as we had to be careful that, in case of any sudden outbreak of hostilities, our party should be all together, and with a sufficiently clear space for action. The Mohaves were in hundreds about us, but in their gala attire; for only on festive occasions are they so extravagant with their paint in the decoration of their naked persons. I cannot undertake to describe the various fashions, but any one seeing the swarms of red, white, blue, and black forms, in continual motion, and horribly beautified with rings, and lines, and figures, which they contemplated with much complacency as they leaned on their long bows, might have rather taken them for a troop of demons, about to begin some infernal rites, than for the good-tempered creatures they were.

But merry shouts of laughter were heard from all sides, usually indicating the amusement they found in watching our doings. I busied myself in trying to sketch the most striking figures, and I was not a little surprised that they looked on quietly, and even seemed to take a pleasure in my work, and brought their women and little children to me to draw, watching attentively, as I gradually produced a representation of them on paper. The mothers were even specially anxious that I should not omit one of the coloured lines which they had described on the persons of themselves or their offspring.

Several of the men carried poles sixteen feet long in their hands, the use of which I could not make out, till I saw the brown forms leave the crowd two by two, to begin a game, which remained somewhat obscure to me, though I looked on at it for a long time. The two players placed themselves near one another, holding the poles high up, and one of them having in his hand a ring made of strips of bast, of about four inches in diameter. Lowering the poles, both rushed forward, and at the same time the one who held the ring rolled it on before him, and both threw the poles, so that one fell right and another left of it, and arrested its course. Without stopping a moment, they then snatched up the ring and the poles, and repeated the same movements back again, over the same spot, a piece of ground about forty feet long, and so on again and again, until the indefatigable players had trampled a firm path on the loose soil of the meadow. They continued this game for hours without stopping a minute or exchanging a single word, and though some of the Indian spectators joined them, they were just as much absorbed in the game, as the players themselves, and would by no means allow me to come nearer, to try and make out the meaning of it. They gave me to understand by sign, that an important affair was going on, which my presence would interfere with, and when I attempted, disregarding their prohibitions, to come nearer, they even made threatening demonstrations, with their clubs towards my skull. Whether these poles ought to have gone through the ring, or were intended to fall by the side of it, did not become clear to me, but it was evident here and elsewhere, that these Indians were as passionately in earnest about this game, as the most enthusiastic chess-player could be amongst us. (*See* p. 667.)

The chief food of these Indians consists of roasted cakes of maize, or wheaten flour, which they prepare by grinding it between two stones. Many of our visitors brought these cakes with them, and they ate with great apparent appetite in the course of the day; but I cannot say that the sight of this very dirty pastry, which they carried fastened on a convenient part of their bodies, at all tempted us to taste it. The Indian flour, however, when prepared by our

own cooks, made very good bread, and their beans and dried slices of gourd extremely savoury dishes.

In the afternoon we got up a shooting match with revolvers, in which the Indians took part with their long bows. They were very much surprised to see our shots send a bullet every time through a strong board, and we wondered no less at the skill and certainty with which their arrows hit the mark. We then took our rifles, to let them see at what a distance the lives of our enemies were in our power; but the revolvers remained the greatest marvel to them, as they believed we could go on shooting with them, without ever reloading, and we left them in the belief, which it was so much the easier to do, as they knew scarcely anything more of fire-arms than that some of their number had on a former occasion been killed with them by the whites. At sunset our guests, or rather our hosts, took their leave of us and retired quietly as before.

On the 25th of February, the first Indians who came to the camp found us busied in our preparations for departure, as we intended to proceed through the low woods, to the Colorado, and endeavour to discover a suitable place for a passage across it. Riding towards the woods we soon saw a path that turned into them and led in a north-westerly direction, but was so narrow, that we had to ride in a long line, one behind another, passing small clearings, cultivated fields, and Indian dwellings, not standing together in a village, but scattered about on the sides of little hills, which indeed formed part of the dwelling itself, being hollowed out for the purpose. Before the opening, a broad roof was erected of the same height as the hill or earth-wall, and rested on strong stakes, so as to make a kind of verandah; under these were standing large earthenware vessels for keeping corn and flour, as well as the household utensils in daily use, which consisted of prettily plaited water-tight baskets and dishes, and some hollowed-out gourds. Near each dwelling we noticed a small edifice of peculiar appearance, the purpose of which we could not immediately guess. Poles four or five feet long were placed upright, in a circle of from three to five feet in diameter, and then woven together with wicker-work, so that the whole had the appearance of a very large basket, fitted at the top with a round roof-like lid. At a distance they did not look unlike small Chinese houses, but they turned out to be corn magazines, which the proprietors had now crammed to the top with mesquit pods, and small spiral-shaped beans.

These are not the customary food of the Mohaves, but are stored up from year to year to form a resource against hunger in times of bad harvests, or unforeseen misfortune. The peculiar nature of the productions, and the careful packing they receive, causes them to keep for many years without spoiling, and this is very desirable, as there are many seasons when the harvests are not rich enough to form or add to a store of this kind, and the people, with the best will, are unable to fill their magazines. This provident care for the future, and preparation for unforeseen and uncertain contingencies, I had never seen among Indian tribes east of the Rocky Mountains—a difference that may, perhaps, be accounted for from the fact that the prairies, and the woods and mountains bordering on them, are richer in game than these regions; but in any case the care and forethought of the people of the Colorado is not to be placed on a level with the instinctive storing up of food of marmots and bees.

Our appearance in the settlements and villages of these savages created no little sensation, — though only of a pleasant and good-humoured kind. The hills and roofs were quickly covered with natives of every age and sex, who enjoyed thence a full view of the long procession of strangers; and our copious beards, which had now had the benefit of nearly a year's undisturbed growth, and with most of us reached down to the breast, seemed particularly to amuse the ladies. In the encampment that we had left, one or another had occasionally ventured to touch these somewhat tangled decorations, in order to convince herself of its genuineness, but when at a distance, they gave us to understand, in an unmistakable manner, that they did not consider these appendages at all attractive, though we were rather proud of them, as testifying to the length of our journey. Whenever one of us bearded fellows rode past them, the women burst into a fit of laughter, and put their hands before their mouths, as if the sight of us rather tended to make them sick.

It was curious enough that they should be of that opinion, as their own men had evidently by nature a great deal of hair on their faces, a thing almost unheard of elsewhere among the copper-coloured race; but they have some method of scraping, singeing, or plucking out the hair, so that, though the beard was perceptible, they appeared to be as clean shaven as possible.

We travelled for many miles through these variously peopled woods, troops of curious Indians flocking to us from both sides, and bounding and leaping through and over the bushes, with the swiftness and agility of panthers. As we were jogging along through the dense willows, quite unable to see around us, an accident happened, that deprived us of one of our mules, and might easily have cost us a man also. A Mexican, who had fastened his rifle on his saddle in the customary manner, was driving his mule along carelessly through a thick part of the wood, when a twig somehow caught the trigger of the rifle, discharged it, and lodged the contents in the body of the nearest mule. It was necessary to put the poor animal out of its pain with a second shot, and transfer its load to another mule.

In a very few minutes more the dead one was literally torn to pieces by the Indians, and a more hateful spectacle they made, as they hurried past us to their dwellings, carrying the still bleeding limbs of the animal upon their naked shoulders, smeared from head to foot with its gore, and looking like genuine cannibals. The eager appetite for flesh meat, which this action betrayed, created some misgivings amongst us for the safety of the expedition, for in these woods it would have been no difficult matter to rob us of many of our mules, or even to steal away our whole flock of sheep. A Comanche or Sioux Indian would assuredly not have allowed such an opportunity to pass, but no Mohave showed the slightest intention of stretching out an unlawful hand towards our property; on the contrary, if a mule or a sheep wandered away from us, there was sure to spring up a band of Indians to yelp and shout after it, and drive it back.

We made a halt at some sand banks close to the river, to pitch our camp for the last time on the east side of the Colorado, and found ourselves opposite a sand mound, which rising in the middle of the stream promised to facilitate our passage across it. On each side of this island it flowed on rapidly, in a breadth of 200 yards, and was, from the many whirlpools, evidently of a considerable depth.

We set about our preparations this evening, in order to get across in better time in the morning. Lieutenant Ives had brought with him from Texas a canvas boat, which being packed with the greatest care, had now travelled in safety to the place of its destination, the great Colorado of the West. The craft consisted of three long canvas bags, connected together, and lined inside with gutta percha, so as to be perfectly air-tight. By means of a bellows fitted to them, and some ingeniously contrived screws, it was pumped full of air, the frame of a small waggon, which exactly fitted it, placed on it, and the sacks drawn up at each end, so that the whole had very much the appearance of a Venetian gondola, and even the awning was not wanting, as the waggon furnished one. The boat was immediately launched, and to our great joy, not only swam admirably, but proved to be of great capacity. A mattress made of the same material was also filled with air, to carry over all our lines and cordage, as well as some of the people; and Lieutenant Fitzball, having proceeded rather further up the stream to collect drift wood, constructed a raft, upon which he meant to carry over the men under his command. These labours were all completed before twilight, and we had then leisure to attend to the Indians, the population of a whole village having come out to us, under the guidance of an aged chief, Mo sik-eh-ho-ta, a venerable looking man, with an immense plume of feathers on his head, and a thick spear in his hand, who walked at the head of his people, they following in regular order, bearing baskets of various wares on their heads.

Business commenced without much preliminary ceremonial; the blankets and pieces of cotton stuff that we had brought with us for the purpose were cut and torn into strips, and bartered with beads and knives for provisions. We also purchased some of the weapons and ornaments of the savages, and even the elaborately worked little petticoats of the ladies found admirers amongst some of the party, who had ethnological collections, and were willingly exchanged by the Indians for half a blanket each. This branch of the barter trade gave occasion to some rather comic scenes; but we were all struck with the modest propriety of behaviour of these primitive savages, which not only surpassed that of any Indians we had hitherto known, but of many whites who claim to be considered civilised persons.

The Mohaves had now been acquainted with us several days, and having brought everything they could think of to barter, at last hit on the notion of offering us fish. The first that they produced, being a rare as well as favourite dish with our company, were extremely well paid; but when the rumour spread among the Indians that we did not disdain this article of commerce, the camp was immediately overwhelmed with them, and, of course, from the glut of the market the price of the goods fell considerably. This the sellers could by no means understand; they, it seems, had calculated that our appetites would increase by what they fed on, and with the appetites the price we should be willing to pay. Among the fish brought in were some distinguished by a large hump on the back behind the head, and of this, as well as of all other distinct species, we added specimens to our collections. Towards evening, as we stood watching the course of the swift stream that we had to cross, and looking over to the opposite shore, we perceived groups of black heads bobbing up out of the water; which heads we found belonged to families of Indians, swimming back to their dwellings with their wives and children. One group especially attracted my attention. It consisted of a young woman, who had very quietly and innocently disencumbered herself of her petticoat in our presence, and folding it up laid her baby upon it in a little flat but strongly made basket, and with this under her arm, a little thing of about four years old held by the hand, and two elder children of seven or eight following her, had taken to the water, pushing the baby's basket before her, and giving a glance backward occasionally at the two youngsters, who were romping and splashing about as they followed in the track she made on the surface of the water. I watched them as they landed on the small island, walked quickly across it, and then plunged into the river again on the other side. It was a pretty family picture: even among heathen savages the sweet and holy affections of nature bear witness to its divine origin!

The brightest of skies and the most lovely sunshine favoured our laborious work on the 26th of February. One of the men lying stretched out on the air mattress, rowed himself over to the island, carrying with him the end of a rope held by some of the people on the bank. Being thus secured the simple vessel was drawn back and a second and third man put across in the same way; and the united strength of the three being then sufficient to draw a heavier burden, the rope was fastened to the large boat, which three men entered together. A second line, long enough to stretch across the arm of the river, was then fastened to the other end of the boat, so that it could be pulled back again, and also be prevented from drifting away in the strong current. The first attempt having succeeded perfectly it was repeated, and as there was soon a sufficient number of men on the island to unload the things and carry them over to the other side, the regular transport of the baggage of nearly a hundred mule-loads began. Lieutenant Fitzball, too, got afloat with his men on the raft, and moved slowly towards the island; but the water was so shallow that the heavy raft could not be brought near enough, and the men had to wade for a considerable distance through it with their things, whilst the flat gutta-percha boat could be drawn up quite high on the sand. Measures had also to be taken for the security of our goods, and one part of our escort was left at the place where the goods were being shipped, and another with their weapons equally ready on the island, so that we could not be attacked by the savages with effect on either side. Our people now worked with a will. The boat flew backwards and forwards, the heap of goods on the island rapidly increased, and that on the shore diminished. As the sun rose higher and warmed the atmosphere, the Indians came streaming by hundreds towards us; and the river swarmed with brown swimmers gazing at the marvellous doings of the whites. Some of them came floating down on little rafts made of bundles of rushes (the only species of craft I ever saw among the inhabitants of the Colorado valley), and landed on the island on the eastern shore. It was so gay and ever-varying a picture that we were never tired of looking at it. Every time the boat came in or went off, the Indians hailed the event with wild yells of glee. By degrees they learned the simple mechanism in use, and placed themselves in a row to pull at the rope, making the empty boat fly back like lightning over the water, in the performance of which feat it several times happened that it upset, and arrived

bottom uppermost. Once this occurred when it had a full cargo; but as it was near the shore little was lost, and the tilt of the waggon kept it from sinking. When the last load of goods had been carried across, the men left on the bank had to assemble in full force to drive the mules and sheep into the river, and compel them to swim over; no easy task, for they shrunk back at the sight of the broad stream and the cold feeling of the water. When the mules had all been got down to the edge of the stream, Leroux and some Mexicans mounted theirs and rode in, the men at the same time pushing others in by main force: others again were induced to follow by the cries and howls of the Indians; and as the river was deep at this part they soon got into the current, and were carried by it towards the island, where even the weakest of them landed safely. The getting the sheep over was a more troublesome affair still, for they had no sooner wetted their feet than the whole flock, seized by panic terror, rushed back between the legs of the men, and away to the woods, where they vanished. The exulting delight of the savages at this incident knew no bounds, and off went the whole yelling band, more swift-footed than the sheep, and plunged into the thicket after them. Certainly at that moment few of us expected to taste mutton again till we got to the Pacific Ocean; and imagining that the Indians would be sure to help themselves to our sheep, and we should never see them again, we were beginning to console ourselves with the thought that mule meat was almost as good; but we were mistaken. In a short time the gigantic brown fellows made their appearance again, each carrying a sheep, and proceeding towards the shore every man plunged headlong into the water with his burden. Even those for whom no sheep was left jumped into the water and joined the noisy throng that came swimming towards the island.

They had never had such a jubilee apparently; and they swam round the flock, supporting the weaker animals which the current threatened to carry away, turning back those that seemed inclined to turn out of the right direction, and all with the frolicsome pleasure of a troop of children at play. They came dripping to us on the island without having lost a single sheep, and their eyes sparkling at the fun they had had with these almost unknown animals of the whites, and seeming to look forward eagerly to the continuation of the joke in getting them over to the further bank of the river. The Indians who came floating by on their rush rafts amused almost as much by the tricks they played tumbling each other into the river; and the gambols of the nobly formed fellows, who seemed as much at home in the water as on land, formed really a pleasing spectacle. (*See* p. 657.)

The passage of the second arm of the river was effected in the same manner, and just as safely as the first; and in the evening the whole expedition assembled on the western side, and fortunately with only a few trivial accidents. We had some narrow escapes, however. In the western channel the current is much more rapid than in the eastern; and among other little disasters the boat in which I and a young American, Mr. White, with two servants were seated, turned over in the middle of the stream. I was the only one of the party who could swim, and I had to make great exertions to get Mr. White to where he could lay hold of the tow rope; the two servants, a Mexican and a German, clung fast to the boat and managed to scramble up on the bottom of it, so that they were drawn safely ashore. Very fortunately I had taken the precaution before entering the boat to fasten my rifle to one of the supports of the waggon frame, that no unforeseen mischance might deprive me of this faithful companion of my travels; and it was well for me that I did, or heavily clothed and armed as I was, I must have let it go when I was swimming. As it was we suffered no other harm than getting very wet, and that was too common a thing to concern us much; but our poor Dr. Bigelow had very nearly met with a worse accident.

He was sitting in the boat when some soldiers got in and laid their muskets at the bottom of it, so awkwardly that one of them went off just under where Dr. Bigelow was sitting, carrying away part of his stocking, but luckily only leaving a red mark on the skin. We were all pleased with the coolness of the doctor, who, without moving a muscle, said, "It's just as well as if the ball had gone into the air; a miss is as good as a mile!" Besides that the doctor had remained uninjured, it was particularly fortunate that the ball had not made a hole in one of the air bags, in which case our craft would have become perfectly unserviceable, and much time must have been lost in repairing it.

We lost none of the mules in the water, but one or two of them died afterwards from exhaustion, and two or three sheep were drowned in crossing the second arm of the river; these were all the sacrifices that the dangerous stream cost us. Three sheep and a goat were presented by Lieutenant Whipple to the Indians, in return for their friendly services, and at the same time they were strongly advised not to eat them, but to begin sheep-breeding. Fresh meat is, however, such a rare and highly prized dainty to them, that it is not very likely the advice was taken.

## XIX.

THE RIO COLORADO—EARLIEST ACCOUNTS OF THE RIVER, AND ATTEMPTS TO NAVIGATE IT—MOHAVE GUIDES—DESERT BETWEEN THE COLORADO AND THE MOHAVE—DRY SALT LAKE—VALLEY OF THE MOHAVE RIVER—MURDER OF A MULETEER BY THE PAR-UTARE—PURSUIT OF THE SAVAGES—THE EMIGRANT ROAD—MURDER OF CAPTAIN GUNNISON—ARRIVAL AT PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES—A NATURALIST IN DISGUISE.

It is fitting, ere we leave this great river—the Rio Colorado—that we should say a word or two upon its history as known to Europeans, and that of the inhabitants of its long and remote valley. On the old maps of California and New Mexico are often found the names of Indian tribes, whose existence has in modern times been doubted. Missionaries who travelled on the Colorado more than a century and a half ago, first mentioned their names and gave a slight sketch of the geographical position of their territories, though for a long time very little credit was given to their statements; but the more these countries are examined, the more highly we estimate the accuracy and historical value of the accounts of these old Spanish monks. Bartlett, in his excellent *Personal Narrative*, vol. ii., p. 178, mentions "the Geniguch, Chemeguabe, Gumbuiscariri, and Timbabachi Indians as tribes of whose existence we know nothing;" but the Chimehuehes, whom we met on our journey to the Colorado, are doubtless the same as the above-mentioned Chemeguabe, and it is probable that the other tribes mentioned may be found higher up the Colorado or in the

neighbouring regions. Father Kino, who travelled on this river in the year 1700, mentions the Quiquimas, Coupas, Baiopas, and Cutganes. Of these tribes we found the latter, or Cutchanas, who were the first natives who met us on the Colorado. Of the Mohaves Bartlett speaks as of a great nation consisting of athletic warriors, who live a hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Gila, on the Colorado, and this statement we found to be correct, though ours was not the first regularly organised expedition that had come in contact with them; for Captain Sitgreaves had been there with a smaller party two years before us; and from the visits of the fur-hunters no corner of these western regions is secure. He had not, as I have said, met with a very friendly reception from them, but his energetic proceedings had at least inspired the Indians with respect for the arms of the whites.

One of the oldest descriptions of the natives on the Lower Colorado and the Gila, is probably that of Fernando Alarchon, who, in the year 1540, at the command of Antonio de Mendoça, viceroy of New Spain, explored the Gulf of California, and on this occasion discovered the mouth of the Colorado, and, under great hardship, sailed a considerable distance up that river. He speaks of the natives of the country as large, finely built men, who carried as weapons not only bows and arrows, but wooden axes hardened in the fire. He describes further their grindstones and earthen vessels, as well as their maize and mequiqui (probably mesquit beans); and, according to his testimony, they worshipped the sun, and burned their dead. Padre Gonzago, who travelled up the Colorado in 1746, describes the dress of the Indian women in those regions: "Their dress consists of three pieces, of which two make a kind of petticoat round the hips, and the third a sort of mantle. These pieces are not woven, but the strings are fastened together at the top, and fall down over the body like thick fringes. The women of the more northerly parts are dressed with less cost, being only covered from the girdle to the knee."

Lieutenant Whipple, who travelled on the Gila with Mr. Bartlett, describes the Yuma Indians living at the mouth of the Gila in the following manner:—"When we reached the Colorado, we met with Santiago, one of the chiefs, who led us into the village of his tribe, where we were saluted by a great number of natives. The women are mostly fat, and their clothing consists of a fringe petticoat made of strips of bast, fastened round the loins. The men are large, muscular, and well formed, and the expression of their faces is pleasing and intelligent. The warriors wear a white apron, and their hair is twisted into cords, and hangs down the back, adorned with eagle's feathers. They are admirable riders, and use the bow and the lance with inimitable skill. While we remained there the Indians were very friendly, and brought us grass, beans, and melons."

In this description, with the exception of the subsequently mentioned wealth in horses, the resemblance of the Yumas to the Mohaves, or rather to most of the tribes on the Colorado, is not to be mistaken. Whether any relationship really subsists between them will soon appear, from a comparison of their several languages, on the publication of the vocabularies made by the officers who have travelled among them by command of the government of the United States, which is always foremost to promote the cause of science.

From the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork to the place where we effected the passage of the River Colorado, we had gone thirty-four miles, and in this distance had risen a hundred and sixty feet, and we now found ourselves at a height of three hundred and sixty-eight feet above the level of the sea. As far as we had become acquainted with the valley of the stately river, it was quite well adapted for cultivation, but not altogether to meet the expectations of white settlers; for besides that the Colorado can probably never be navigable by steamers far up, and for that reason cannot, like the rivers in the eastern part of the North American continent, open a way for colonisation into the heart of the country, there is not, on its banks, land enough adapted to agriculture and cattle-breeding on a grand scale, and there is a want of the woods that are so advantageous to colonists.

The Rio Grande also is not navigable for any great distance, and the woods that crown its banks are somewhat scanty; but on either side of the river, from its source to its mouth, extend vast fertile tracts where whole nations might maintain themselves by agriculture and cattle-breeding. Had the Colorado offered any special advantages to settlers, the first Spanish missionaries, who so long explored the territory of this river, would certainly have taken care that colonies and towns should be founded in its valleys, as well as on the Rio Grande. They refrained, however, from any such attempt, and left to our time only descriptions of the lands they visited. On the River Gila alone are found the remains of an old Spanish mission. Should a railroad ever be carried across the valley of the Colorado, there will be no want of settlers on its small plains; and the defects for which it is now shunned will be easily remedied, or vanish of themselves. The journey through the arid deserts that extends far on both sides of the Colorado will be performed in brief space, and the then cultivated valleys of this river become welcome stations for tourists and commercial travellers. The river may also be navigated in part by light steamers, though all attempts made with sailing vessels have completely failed. The great obstacle is the unmanageable violence with which the tide forces its way in and out again—a violence that has induced almost all who have explored the Gulf of California, and wished to become acquainted with the Colorado, to desist from their intention. As it now is, so was it three hundred years ago, when the bold Spaniards traversed the Gulf to ascertain to a certainty whether California, of which they knew only the coast, was connected with the main land, or separated from it by the prolongation of the Gulf; and it was not till the year 1700 that they were convinced, by Father Kino, that California was connected with the continent of America, and that only the River Colorado flowed between. When the Father made known this discovery, he received public thanks from the commandant of Sonora, in the name of the king; and the superiors of his order followed this example.

We know, as I have said, of an attempt made in the year 1540, at the command of Antonio de Mendoça, viceroy of New Spain, when Ferdinand Alarchon discovered the mouth of the Colorado, and he describes the dangers to which the vessels were exposed there, and how they were only rescued with difficulty from a situation of the utmost peril. He mentions, also, that he attempted to perform the navigation in boats, and had them dragged for fifteen days and a-half up a

portion of the river, that on his return he passed in two and a-half.

In the year 1746, Padre Gonzago, when on an exploring journey he reached the mouth of the Colorado, made another attempt to enter it, but the current was so strong that he had not ropes and lines enough to drag the boats up against it, and had to give up the plan. In recent times, before California belonged to the United States, the mouth of the Colorado was visited by Lieutenant Hardy, of the English navy, and his account of it has been found quite correct, except that he committed the error of placing the mouth of the Gila in the Colorado, only ten miles above the mouth of the Colorado in the Gulf of California, though subsequent explorations have shown it to be 100 miles above it. The part of the Colorado that we saw was deep and swift, and certainly navigable by steamers, if a sufficiently deep canal were made to lead past the falls that we saw by the Needle Rocks; but below the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork, where the Colorado forces its way through narrow ravines, the obstacles to navigation are probably of a more serious character.

The expedition left the spot where they had made this passage of the Rio Colorado, to proceed up the river to the Mohave, the bed of which they purported following, till they joined the Spanish trail and emigrant route near San Bernardino. Two of the Mohaves kindly accompanied them as guides. The first part of the journey was not propitious. With the earliest dawn of morning, on the 1st of March, our guides, the two gigantic Mohave warriors, presented themselves in our camp, and warned us that it was time to depart, as we had a long way to go to the spot where we should halt for the night. We were soon ready, and turned out of the valley of the Colorado due west, where a bare unfertile country rose rapidly before us. Many Indians accompanied us on this day, and gambolled noisily about the procession, whilst our guides, who had fastened on their feet thick sandals that enabled them to walk comfortably over the rough stony ground, marched on at its head in silence. We passed southward towards a rugged mountain chain that stretched far towards the north, and for a considerable time a dry river bed, which we took for that of the Mohave, proved of great service to us, as we could travel along it, without being so continually hindered by rents and chasms as on the higher ground. Westward of the mountains the river bed turned to the north, and we, keeping still to the west, were led by the Indians to the declivity of a small hill, where there was a good and clear, but not very abundant spring. As we had scarcely gone six miles, we refreshed ourselves hastily by a draught from it, and then pursued our way in a north-westerly direction.

The mountain chain that we had passed round to the south, now lay between us and the Colorado, and the last group of trees that adorns the valley of the stately river had soon vanished behind craggy masses of rock. To the west a mountain chain ran parallel with that now eastward of us, from south to north, and the Indians led us in a diagonal course across the plain that stretched between the two ranges.

It was a dreary, dead-looking country; naked, arid rocks rose in the distance, and a dry wind swept over the stony, sandy surface, where scarcely a trace of vegetation was to be seen. The expedition followed in a long line the two stately Mohaves, who walked on silently, with long steps, and without once looking round.

The country was level, but not quite without hindrances, for it was intersected from east to west by long clefts or chasms, that had been gradually worn by the rains, and which often checked our progress. We were now on the edge of the broad waterless desert which stretches from the Gila, beyond the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito, for more than 100 miles. One part of it we had travelled through on the eastern side of the Colorado, though in the valley of the Bill Williams' Fork we did not so much notice it; but now its desolate monotony, and frightful arid character, showed itself on all sides.

All but two or three of the Indians, besides our guides, had turned back at the spring, as if they dreaded the parched wilderness, which is indeed avoided even by the wolves and foxes. It is, however, by no means unknown to the Mohaves, for before we left their village they made to us very intelligible signs that we should only find water four times in the whole tract between there and the Mohave river, and advised us to travel as quickly as possible.

As it subsequently appeared, these springs were so hidden in the mountains, that had it not been for our guides we should certainly have passed them, and our doing so would in all probability have led to our destruction. The services of the Indians were therefore of inestimable benefit to us, and without their guidance we should, perhaps, never have taken the way that led us by the shortest route to the Pacific. As we approached the western chain of rocks, the desolation of the prospect was sometimes relieved by the presence of a solitary yucca, mournfully stretching out its naked branches with their crowns of leaves over the bare ground. The Indians had intended to guide us this day to another mountain spring, but they had overestimated the strength of our animals, which were so exhausted as to be scarcely able to move, having had to ascend 1,500 feet in the twenty-two miles we had travelling since the early morning.

The sun was declining towards the western mountains, when our guides pointed to a promontory still five miles off, which we should have to pass round in order to reach the promised spring, and we would willingly have gone on, but Lieutenant Whipple, in consideration of the state of the cattle, decided that we should remain where we were, and not seek the ravine where the water was till the following day. We fed our fires this evening with the dead stems of yucca that were lying about, and which gave a peculiar oily kind of smell, and little heat. Our couch was very hard and inconvenient, for besides that there was scarcely level space enough to stretch ourselves out upon, there were sharp stones sticking up everywhere through our blankets, which militated considerably against the luxury of our accommodation. We therefore saluted with great joy the rising sun, though it was impossible not to grieve at seeing our poor cattle standing dejectedly about, after seeking in vain for food, and we therefore made what haste we could to set out towards the spring.

Three of the Mohaves who had hitherto escorted us took leave of us on this day, and returned to their own people, apparently contented with the treatment the guides received from us, and prepared to tranquillise the minds of their brethren on the subject—for it had not escaped our notice that the tribes on the

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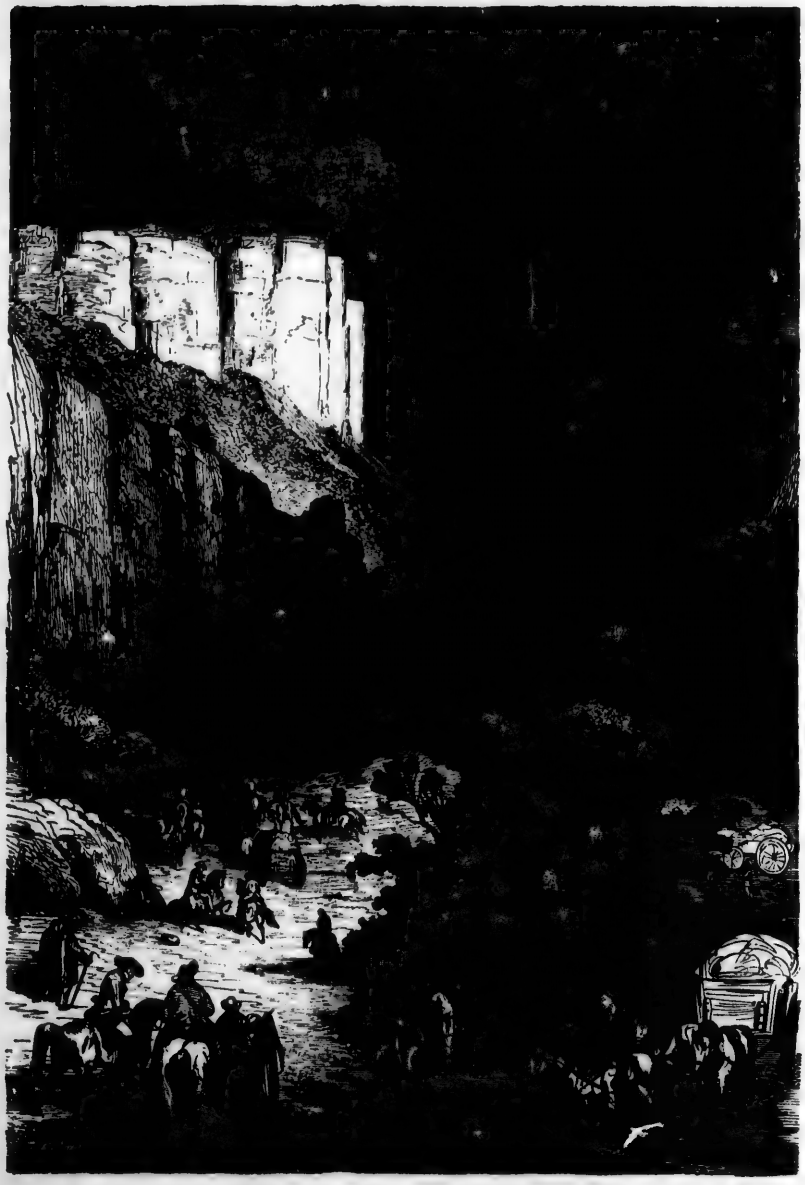


BILL WILLIAMS' FORK.

Colorado had felt some anxiety concerning the fate of the two guides whom they furnished to us, and that the other Indians had probably attended us so far with a view of watching us.

The next day they came to a ravine with a rivulet, where the Indians cultivated maize and millet. There were also numbers of turtle-shells lying about, the mode of preparation of which is very cruel, for the savages lay the living animal on its back in the glowing embers, and roast it in its own shell.

A dreary and inanimate plain now lay before them, the monotony of which was not much relieved by the yuccas that stood pretty thickly towards the west. Springs became so scanty that the expedition had to divide, so that one party should arrive some sixteen hours after the other, by which time the water-hole emptied by the first would be full again for the second, and so on for the third—the number of companies they had to form into. On the 6th of March they reached the watershed between the Colorado and the Mohave, and this was also the highest point, Möllhausen remarks, on which they touched on the latter part of their journey. The whole distance from Fort Smith was now 1,647 miles, from Albuquerque 813, and from the Rio Colorado of the west 97 miles. When we left the Colorado, we found ourselves 368 feet above the level of the sea, but on this watershed no less than 5,262; so that in the last 97 miles of our journey we must

GAME OF RING AMONG THE MOHAVES.

have ascended 4,294 feet. Our latitude was 35° 11' north, our longitude, 113° 21' west from Greenwich. The fall of the country from this point is so rapid that for every mile of distance we found ourselves on an average 101 feet lower.

The path along which the Indian led us was an old one, and we saw on our way little heaps of ashes, amongst which embers were still glimmering, while around them on the sand were tracks not only of men, but of women and children; so that even in this desert, it appeared, human beings could exist. I scarcely know how I can give an idea of the desolate character of the scene through which we had now been passing for several days. We were continually going down, sometimes gradually following the course of rocky ravines, sometimes winding round terrific precipices, or scrambling down abrupt descents, where the loose stones came rolling after us at every step. I found it a dreadfully fatiguing march, and the more so as I was on foot; for in order to spare my mule, I had let it run with the herd, without anything to carry but the saddle and the things I had got by barter from the Indians. Our guide, however, seemed to possess muscles and sinews that knew no fatigue, for he followed with the most perfect indifference any road that presented itself, without ever altering his long swinging pace. The mountain ranges that we had seen from the heights towered up higher on both sides as we descended, and

towards evening we found ourselves in a rocky hollow, that led into a gradually widening ravine, and following this, a sudden turn brought us unexpectedly to the edge of a valley, stretching from north to south. But, what a valley! A frightful waste of sand extended for full twenty miles, and intersected by a range of volcanic rocks and hills, as dreary as the arid sand steppes by which they were surrounded. Through this desert the Indian told us we must pass to come to water, and he showed us in what direction it was to be found. We saw, or thought we saw, the red beams of the setting sun reflected in a lake or river, and we could distinguish a white streak like a strip of snow at the end of the valley; but the distance was too great, and men and cattle too fatigued for us to attempt to reach it this night, so we stretched ourselves on the sand, to await the following day.

On the 7th we were early on the way, through loose sand, in which our heavily-laden mules sank in above the hoofs at every step, and the fatigue was increased by the ground being now heated by the full power of the sun, and no cool draught of air refreshing the atmosphere. As we passed the volcanic hills and sand downs, we saw here and there fine blades of grass sprouting out of the ground, and were induced, for the sake of our cattle, to make a short halt. From this point we had a view over the second half of the sandy valley, and it looked like a field of snow. At first we supposed this white appearance to be some delusive atmospheric effect, but we soon found that we were on the bank of the spacious bed of a lake from which every drop of water had been dried up; but the salt with which the water had been impregnated, had been deposited in a crust half an inch thick upon the loose earth, into which we broke to the ancles, so that a deep path was formed as we walked or rode after one another.

Through this white plain, which we named Soda Lake, we proceeded in a south-westerly direction, and when we had reached the middle of the bed of the lake, I stepped out of the rank, to take a leisurely view of the scene, and impress it on my memory, though it was of too uniform a character to be adapted to a picture. East, south, and west the limits of the lake could be distinguished by the strip of yellow sand that lay between the white surface and the bordering ranges of rocks; but towards the north the rocks advanced so as to form a wide gate, through which I could see in the remote distance the bed of the lake blending with the horizon, while isolated rocky islands rose like obelisks from the dry salt surface. Whether I really saw the end of the lake, or that it stretched still farther towards the north, I could not tell; but as the base of the rocky islets appeared as rounded as their summits, and the atmosphere over them quivered continually, I could not doubt that the forms of objects were much altered by refraction, and the same phenomenon was perceptible till noon on the following day.

On the afternoon of that day we reached the end of the Soda Lake, but we were scarcely yet in the middle of the valley, which extended far to the south, where the sandy ground began to rise a little: the Indian pointed to it, and gave us to understand that there was much water in it. We saw, in fact, some hollows, containing water as clear as crystal, and stooped eagerly to relieve our painful thirst, but our lips had no sooner touched it than every one started back in disgust at the intolerably bitter taste. It was almost undrinkable for human creatures, but it was all we had, for the little stock brought to us had been used up in the morning, and we were compelled to prepare our food with this horribly unpleasant stuff. We dug in various places, and water soon collected in them, but it was all the same, and even our mules turned away from it two or three times before they could resolve to drink it. As soon as they had drank, the salt in it began to produce its effect in increasing their thirst, so that they had to return again and again to the pools, which, bitter as they were, cooled their mouths.

It had struck us all that, after leaving the Colorado, we had met with no living creature but some horned lizards. I had found a dead humming-bird that lay with outstretched wings, and quite dried up upon the sand, as if it had been suddenly struck by death while on its flight. I picked up the pretty little creature, and afterwards put it into a letter that I sent from California to Europe. The absence of animal life in regions so unkindly treated by nature was not surprising; but the presence of natives was, and by the tracks it appeared that they had lately been crossing the sandy plain in many directions, and at no great distance; probably they had been observing us, and had scraped themselves a hiding-place in the sands (a practice of the natives of these regions when they wish to remain concealed), in order to fall like wolves on any straggling mule they could find—tear it to pieces, and eat it up. If they had this design they would have thought it better not to present themselves openly in our camp, even for the sake of begging. What these people—contemptuously called by our Mohaves, Pah-Utahs—live upon, remained long a puzzle to us, until our guide explained that they subsist somehow on snakes, lizards, frogs, and roots. He advised us to be on our guard against the Pah-Utahs, as they were very likely to come in the night and kill some of our mules with arrows.

According to the description given us of these people, they are a little distinguished from the lower animals in their character or mode of life; they are as wild and shy of man, as fierce after prey, as the beasts of the forest; and they hovered about us continually, and committed many acts of petty mischief, without our ever catching sight of any one of them. We paid all due regard to the warning given us by our guide at the Salt Spring, and since our company consisted only of thirty men, we divided them, in case of any night attack, into four watches, one of which had to remain constantly on their post; and since no one of us desired to shirk this duty, we could all feel secure when we slept of being watched by a strong and well-armed guard.

At length, on the 8th of March, they reached, to their inexpressible joy, the flowing water of the Mohave, which rippled as a clear stream over smooth, well-washed pebbles. Before continuing their journey next day, Möllhausen relates, we were once more warned by our Indian guides against the evil-disposed Pah-Utahs, who, according to them, harboured in the caves and holes in the rocks on both sides of the Mohave. There were many traces of them, but we saw nothing of the savages themselves, and it seems that they were fleeing before the expedition, so that our people were thrown off their guard, and received, in consequence, a melancholy lesson.

Before the ravine from which the Mohave river flowed the expedition was once more divided, in order that the waggon with the viameter, with the young men in charge of it, and a sufficient escort, might take

the more convenient way through the narrow valley of the river, whilst the pack mules and the rest of the riders should cut off a bend, and follow a path over the mountains, the two parties meeting again higher up the river. Dr. Kennerly and I, in the hope of finding some sport on the water, had joined the waggon party, and we soon found ourselves surrounded by steep rocks, which sometimes pressed closely on the river, sometimes retired and left it ample room for its windings. On both sides of the stream, which was nowhere more than sixteen feet wide and frequently not more than five, there was room enough for the light waggon, drawn by four mules, to make its way conveniently. Tempted by the appearance of some ducks we rode on ahead, rejoicing in the sight of every patch of green grass, after having so long seen nothing but dreary barren mountains and sandy steppes. The reeds and rushes, which had at first grown scantily, soon became so thick that at a turn where we expected to meet with our companions we had great difficulty in making our way through; but we reached the rocky path nevertheless before the others, who had loitered in the camp after our departure, had begun to descend it. Proceeding slowly and occasionally resting, the two Mohave Indians, the advanced guard of the party, at length came up with us; and it was now evident how greatly the mules had suffered from the fatigues of the journey, for more and more of them had had to be relieved of their burdens and were driven slowly along by the muleteers. The latter had orders never to lay aside their weapons, for we came so frequently upon traces of the natives that we were convinced they were hovering continually about us, and in all probability, themselves unseen, were looking down from every rocky cleft and hiding-place, watching for an opportunity of cutting off any straggler, whether man or beast, that they could perceive. For a short distance we all went on together through the widening valley; but when the Mohaves turned up another rocky path, for the sake of a short cut, we parted again, I and a few companions following the little waggon. The river, or rather rivulet, here described such short windings, and its banks were so thickly overgrown with bushes, reeds, and rushes, that we had to make our way sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; and for nearly two miles we travelled along the sandy bed itself, as the water here made its way through beneath the surface of the ground. The right bank after this formed a kind of narrow plain, slightly sinking, so we worked our way up to it, and keeping a straight course on it, saved a considerable turn that the river made at this part, and struck it again where it wound through a grassy meadow. Here we halted for the chief train, which did not come up for a few hours, having stopped to rest in the mountains, and we then settled ourselves together for the night. We were talking comfortably round our fire, when the quartermaster's major-domo came up and reported that one of the muleteers, who had been in the rear with three tired animals, was missing. By inquiry among the Mexicans we found that several of them had passed and seen him sitting on the banks of the river, while the three mules were grazing quietly near him; and to the warning of one of his countrymen that he ought to keep his rifle, which he had carelessly thrown across the back of one of the pack mules, ready to his hand, the thoughtless fellow had answered that the fear of the Indians was all nonsense, and that they might take his rifle if they liked, he would follow with his mules. Leroux, when informed of this, said indignantly, that if he had not been too lazy to carry his rifle he would not have been murdered, as he certainly must be, or he would have arrived long ago. "I know these Indians," he added; "where they see a rifle they will not venture. It is of no use now to make any search for him or his mules, we cannot bring them to life again." We all thought it likely that the search would be vain; but four armed Mexicans were sent back on the following morning, to endeavour to gain tidings of the missing man, as there was a bare possibility of his having merely lost his way.

The whole expedition waited anxiously for their return, and for the intelligence they would bring; but it was noon before we had any sign from them. At last we saw a dense smoke rising and rolling away in black clouds from a ravine overgrown with thick reeds, and this we immediately concluded to be a signal; and in less than ten minutes a dozen of us were mounted and hastening towards the eventful spot. I chanced to ride near Leroux, who as we were galloping along put another bullet into his rifle; but said at the same time, "It is all of no use! The Mexican is dead and his mules too, and the Indians are sitting there among some of those jagged peaks, and laughing to see us riding ourselves and our mules to death. If we want to catch them we must try it at night; and even then what could we do but shoot a few of them through the head in their camp."

We had soon reached the ravine through which the Mohave river flowed, and the first thing we saw was one of the missing mules, shot dead with arrows, lying at the foot of a rock, and then the tracks of the others, which had been driven towards the mountains; but they were soon no longer recognisable upon the flinty ground. The reeds had been burnt down over a considerable space, and we carefully sought over the whole blackened field of ashes for the remains of the unfortunate Mexican, of whose death there could be now no doubt. We found a place where a great heap of bleached horse-bones pointed out what was probably the scene of many a festal banquet of the savages of these regions, when they had succeeded in stealing a horse from Mormons travelling on the emigrant road, from the San Bernardino settlements to the Utah Lake; but we discovered no further indications of what might have been the fate of the Mexican, and as night came on we were compelled to go back without having effected anything. The four Mexicans had got back before us; but they had seen nothing of the natives, and had only set fire to the reeds to search the better for the remains of their comrade (of whose end they were quite convinced), as well as to drive out any of the treacherous savages who might be lurking among them. Discontented with the failure of our attempt, when on the following morning Lieutenant Whipple set off with the half of the expedition to wait for the rest a day's journey further on, nine of us, amongst whom were Lieutenant Ives, Dr. Kennerley, Lieutenant Stanley and myself, set off on foot, to make one effort to pursue the savages to their den; and at least to avenge on the murderers, by a few effective shots, the treacherous slaughter of our companion. We went first to the carcase of the mule, and then searching for the traces of the other two, pursued them towards the mountains.

It was a difficult task to follow the track over this

rocky ground, where we could only be guided in our search by pebbles that had been displaced; but uphill and downhill we went, through the dreary desert, and never lost the track, though for this we were chiefly indebted to an old Mexican, the same who had formerly taken the two Tonto Indians. In a steep rocky ravine, which probably one of the wearied animals had not been able to climb, the savages had shot it dead with arrows, cut it in pieces, and so dragged it along with them. We found there only a clean gnawed leg-bone and the contents of the entrails; even the blood the Indians appeared to have drank, or if not, to have carried it with them. These signs showed, at all events, that we had taken the right way, and moving with the utmost possible silence and caution, we continued to follow the path we had found.

We at last reached a narrow ravine that led round a sharp-peaked rock, isolated on three sides; and we felt sure that we could be at no great distance from the Indian camp, but we scarcely imagined we were quite so near, when suddenly, as we turned the corner, we came in sight of the smoke of a small fire rising from a hollow before us, which the Indians had evidently left that moment, for they had not even had time to take their bows and arrows with them.

We distributed our party instantly, and rushed towards the nearest heights to get, if possible, a shot at them, but nothing met our eyes on all sides but hopeless, naked rocks. The forsaken Indian camp was a true picture of a detestable murder-hole. A small fire, that had been fed with dry twigs, glimmered among the ashes, and upon these lay the entrails of the animals, full of blood. The heads and the limbs of the mules, which had been gnawed by the savages, lay scattered about and completed the disgusting character of the scene; and among the bloody remains we saw weapons and utensils, the latter mostly of very skilfully plaited wicker-work, thrown about in confusion. A little apart from these things lay the cap and the trousers of the murdered Mexican. Poor fellow, he must have suffered a most painful death, for the trousers were covered with blood and pierced in many places with arrows;—the victim had evidently fled before his murderers, and been gradually shot down;—and it was very possible that his blood was mingled with that of the mules in the disgusting receptacles we had seen.

We sought long in vain for the body of the murdered man, that we might at least give him decent burial; and we had, indeed, brought spades with us for the purpose; but we never saw anything more of the poor fellow, who had left a wife and five young children in New Mexico, to wait in vain for the return of their husband and father. As I climbed the rocks, at the foot of which the Indian camp had been placed, it became clear to me how they had been able so suddenly to make their escape. Near the summit, from which a wide prospect could be obtained over the surrounding country, a natural cavern was formed, where some of the savages had evidently lain, and, as they consumed their sanguinary meal, they had been able to cast a glance down into the ravine. Their immoderate indulgence in this meal of flesh had probably hindered them from saving their possessions, and by this means the property of the troop, of from twelve to sixteen men, had fallen into our hands. The weapons, and some of the prettily plaited baskets we kept, but all else, with the remains of the mules, we threw into the fire, scraping together the glimmering ashes, and adding all the combustibles we could find, and so confiscated and burnt the entire possessions of the ferocious troglodytes.

The melancholy fate of the poor Mexican went to all our hearts, and we could not get out of our thoughts what the terror and the sufferings of the poor fellow must have been, when he found himself in the hands of his merciless murderers. Gladly would we have stayed to punish the savage wretches for their treachery, but six days' extra provisions would have been necessary to enable us to scour the mountains round, and as our whole remaining stock would scarcely suffice for a week longer, it was necessary for us to be extremely careful in order to reach without distress the settlements at the southern point of the Sierra Nevada, whose glittering peaks only just showed themselves in the west.

This is precisely the counterpart of what Livingstone met with in Africa. In the interior the natives were hospitable and kind; when he got to the Portuguese settlements on the western coast they were robbers and plunderers. So it was here; nothing could be more playful and harmless than the Indian in the Rio Colorado, but see what he had become on the pathway of the white man! There is no mistake as to where the mischief originates. As the expedition was now on the "Spanish trail," as it is called, the two faithful Mohaves were dismissed with suitable presents. Soon they fell in with the emigrant route and its unfailing accompaniments of broken waggons, bones of animals, and even skulls of human beings, remains of some poor creatures who had made the long weary voyage from home, animated by high hopes and bold projects, and who had perished miserably by the wayside.

On the 12th of March they met some mounted Mormons driving a herd of laden mules before them. From them they learnt the melancholy news that Captain Gunnison, who commanded the expedition north of theirs, had been murdered with several of his officers by the Pah-Utah Indians.

It may be imagined what a sensation this melancholy intelligence created amongst us, and unfortunately it was but too true. When on the territory of the Utah Indians, Captain Gunnison had left the main body of his expedition, and proceeded with some of his officers to examine a route in another direction; and as he had taken with him also four soldiers and his cook, the little party consisted altogether of twelve men. For better protection from the cold and violent wind, they had one night pitched their tents behind a cane brake, and the night passed without any disturbance. In the morning they were all enjoying their breakfast, and a Mr. Kern, a German, and the draughtsman of the Expedition, having finished his meal first, had risen, and was stretching himself with great appearance of comfort, when suddenly a shot was heard, and at the same moment he clapped his hand to his side, and fell lifeless to the ground.

The shot had been the signal for a general attack from a band of Indians, who had been lying concealed in the cane brake, and now rushed out filling the air with wild yells, and brandishing their weapons in the most threatening manner. At the first shot, Captain Gunnison had sprung up, and thinking there might be some mistake, made the Indian sign of peace, by holding up both his hands unarmed. It was but for a

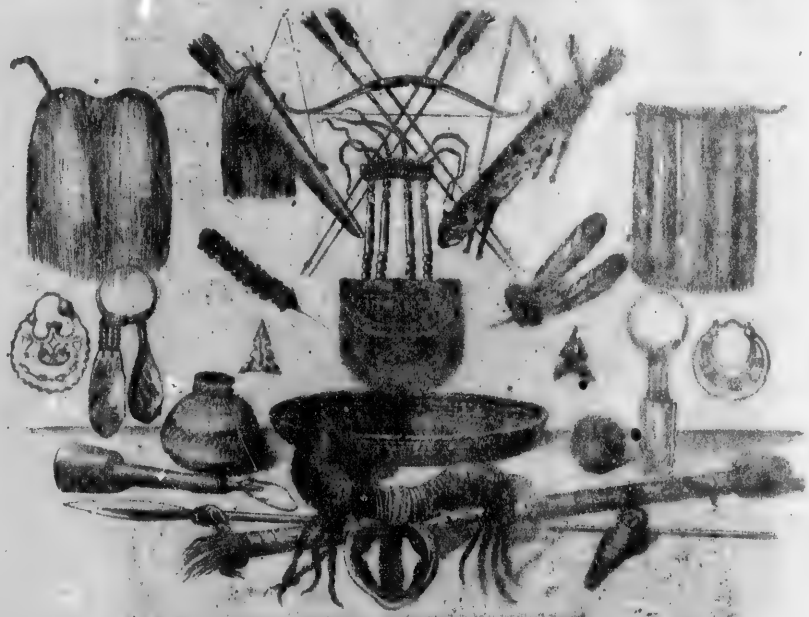
*Indian Scene.*

SELMAR HESS, NEW YORK

second, but it was enough; for in this position he was a regular mark for the Indian arrows: a shear of them were instantly buried in his body, and he fell mortally wounded. Several more of the whites were stretched at the same time wounded and dying around, and more and more murderous savages were rushing from the thicket.

This account was given by the cook, who at the moment of the attack was occupied with his kitchen a little apart, and leaping upon a horse that happened to be near, he galloped off and escaped impending death, as did also three of the soldiers and a sergeant. One of them owed his life to an extraordinary chance. He had snatched his musket and cocked it, as he heard the war yell, and was just entering the tent, when an Indian stood before him with his bow in his left hand, and in the right the arrow on the string, drawn to his ear. The soldier keeping his finger on the trigger fired instantly without taking aim, and the Indian fell dead with the ball through his skull. The soldier then cast one [illegible] at the [illegible], perceived his [illegible] fold superiority of the [illegible], and seeing [illegible] a horse [illegible] and brought to the chief [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] der of Captain Gunnison and the [illegible] of his followers.

Lieut. [illegible] the [illegible] of the white expedition [illegible] set of such [illegible] as might be expected, the whole Indian population in a

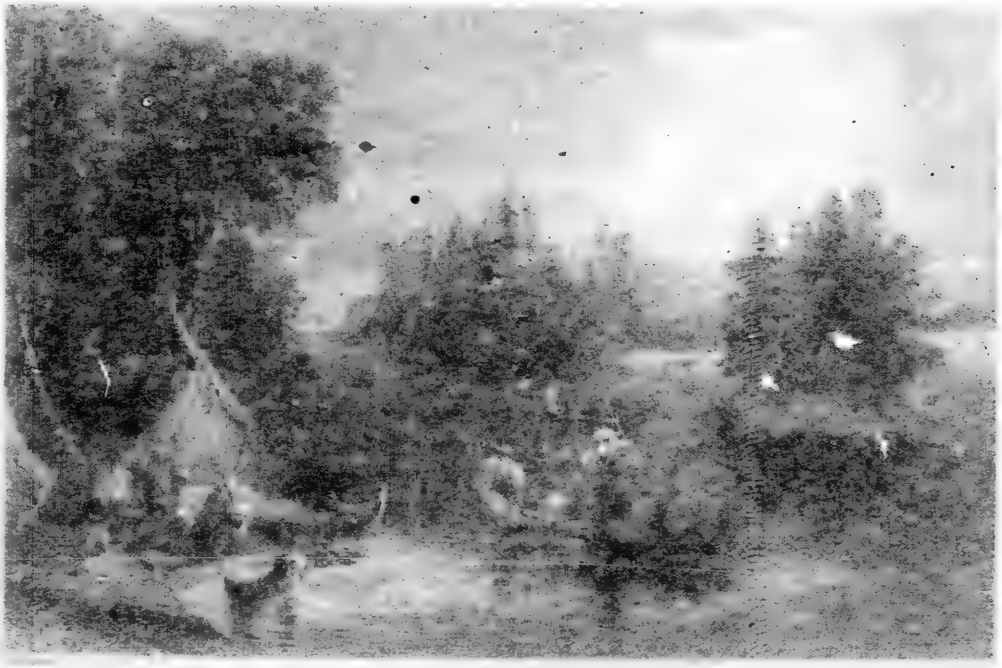


ARMS, ORNAMENTS, AND UTENSILS OF THE INDIANS.

frightful manner, not only scalped, but even the moustachio cut with the lip from their faces. All who had not fallen in the first moment had valiantly defended themselves with desperate valour, and even the Indians had acknowledged this in their manner, for they had cut the brave hearts from their breasts, and the strong arms from their bodies, and carried them off with them. Lieutenant Beckwith had no means of burying the bodies, but he protected them from the wolves by heaps of stones and twigs, and took a sorrowful leave of the spot, where he had lost a brave commander and so many faithful comrades.

On their arrival at Mormon settlement on the Salt Lake, they made known the melancholy occurrence, and Governor Young sent off a division of his people [illegible] burial to the remains of the [illegible] to obtain possession of [illegible] which had been stolen by the Indians, and [illegible] the most important [illegible] journey. So that Lieutenant Beckwith [illegible] to draw up a complete report concerning it [illegible] the account he obtained from the Mormon [illegible], and on our arrival at Pueblo de los Angeles, we found it to be correct. (See p. 677.)

On the 20th of March, the expedition arrived at Pueblo de los Angeles, the [illegible] on the Pacific for Monterey and San Francisco, and here we too must part company, but it shall not be without some notice of the Mexican muleteers, who on the journey had appeared obedient, hard-working men, but the



second, but it was enough; for in this position he was a regular mark for the Indian arrows: a sheaf of them were instantly buried in his body, and he fell mortally wounded. Several more of the whites were stretched at the same time wounded and dying around, and more and more murderous savages were rushing from the thicket.

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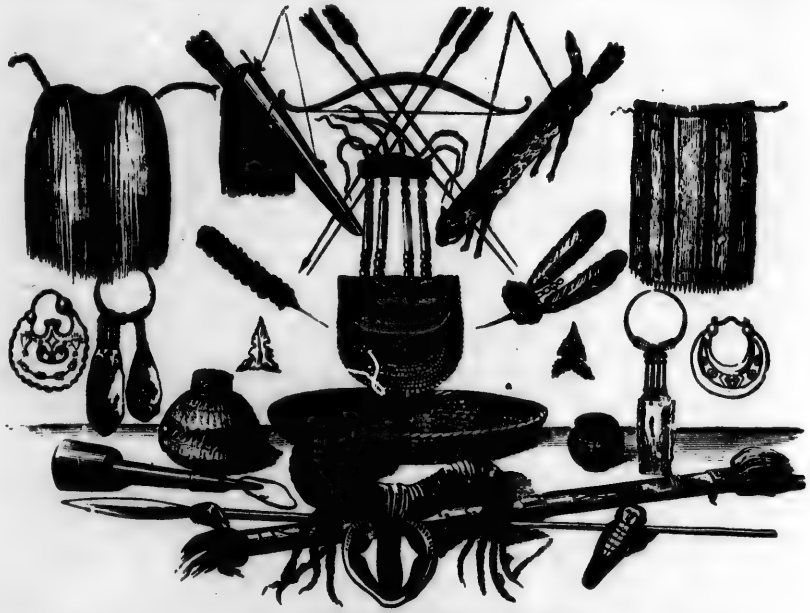
Lieutenant Beckwith, of the United States Artillery, the commander of the escort, on whom the command of the whole expedition had now devolved, immediately set off with a division for the fatal spot, and found, as might be expected, the seven bodies mutilated in a



ARMS, ORNAMENTS, AND UTENSILS OF THE INDIANS.

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On their arrival at Mormon settlement on the Salt Lake, they made known the melancholy occurrence, and Governor Young sent off a division of his people to afford proper burial to the remains of the fallen; he also managed to obtain possession of Captain Gunnison's papers, which had been stolen by the Indians, and which contained the most important memoranda concerning his journey. So that Lieutenant Beckwith was enabled to draw up a complete report concerning it. Such was the account we obtained from the Mormon travellers, and on our arrival at Pueblo de los Angeles, we found it to be correct. (*See* p. 677.)

On the 20th of March, the expedition arrived at Pueblo de los Angeles, the steam port on the Pacific for Monterey and San Francisco, and here we too must part company, but it shall not be without some notice of the Mexican muleteers, who on the journey had appeared obedient, hard-working men, but the

moment they were dismissed and became their own masters, they allowed their wild passions free course, and a more riotous set it is difficult to imagine. Bill Spaniard, the half-breed, who had been accused of murder, was one of the best behaved of the party. He came up to his former superiors, looking very serious and steady, thanked them for the good treatment he had met with, shook various hands that were extended to him, and then turned and went on his way through rain and storm.

There was another curious fellow—an old man, who had been engaged as waggoner, and who, when I afterwards saw him again on the journey from Pueblo de los Angeles to San Francisco, was wonderfully metamorphosed. He was a Methodist, and said to be a preacher, and he had, according to his own account, taken the opportunity of accompanying the expedition to California, in order to visit some of his children, who were settled there. During the journey, he never went by any other name in the expedition, than "the Old Man" (though every day he made a formal declaration that his name was Charrot), and a more modest, unpretending, and humble individual than he appeared then, could hardly be imagined. The more brutal part of his associates often took advantage of these humble ways of his, to put upon him tasks that did not fairly fall to his lot; but nothing could put him out of temper, except, perhaps, the not paying sufficient attention when he began to hold forth concerning the religious views of his sect, and of this offence his rough companions were often enough guilty. He would wish "Good morning" with the most elaborate politeness to every person he met, and his salutation was of course responded to by the decent part of the company with equal civility, but from the rougher sort he frequently got a rude answer.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," I heard him say once to one of the rudest of them. "Damn your good morning," was the reply; "what do you mean by good morning in such weather as this?" "Oh!" said the Old Man, "I only just took the liberty to wish you good morning, and ask how you found yourself. Don't be angry with me!"

Afterwards, on the steamer "Frémont," I met again this wonderfully patient old gentleman, and I hardly knew him. He was no longer "the Old Man," but decidedly Mr. Charrot, handsomely dressed in a suit of black, and with no trace at all of the extraordinary humility of deportment that had formerly characterised him.

"Times are changed with me," he said; "I am not now 'the Old Man,' the waggoner, ordered about by everybody; but I show myself, what I am, a gentleman. I think I played my part pretty well on the journey; but I am now ready to converse with you on any subject you may please to select—geology, botany, theology, astronomy, history, or mineralogy! You will not find an ignorant man in me."

It was impossible to resist a smile at the order in which Mr. Charrot narrated his scientific acquirements, and it certainly awakened some doubt of the depth of his learning: but it was now my turn to be humble. "I am sorry," said I, "that my knowledge is not sufficiently extensive to enable me to discuss with you any of the numerous scientific subjects you are so much at home in."

"Oh, you are young yet," replied Mr Charrot, patronisingly; "but you should not neglect opportunities of instructive conversation—always take advantage of them when you can," and thereupon Mr. Charrot turned from me with much majesty, and walked to the other end of the boat. Whatever might have been his motive, he certainly had been, as he said, playing a part, and had played it very cleverly.

And so it appears the French naturalist travelled in the disguise of a waggoner with the American expedition from the Mississippi to the Pacific! It is a most remarkable instance of zeal for knowledge united to the love of adventure, if there was not also, at the bottom of it, some latent intention of reaching the gold diggings of California in safety, and with as little expense as possible.

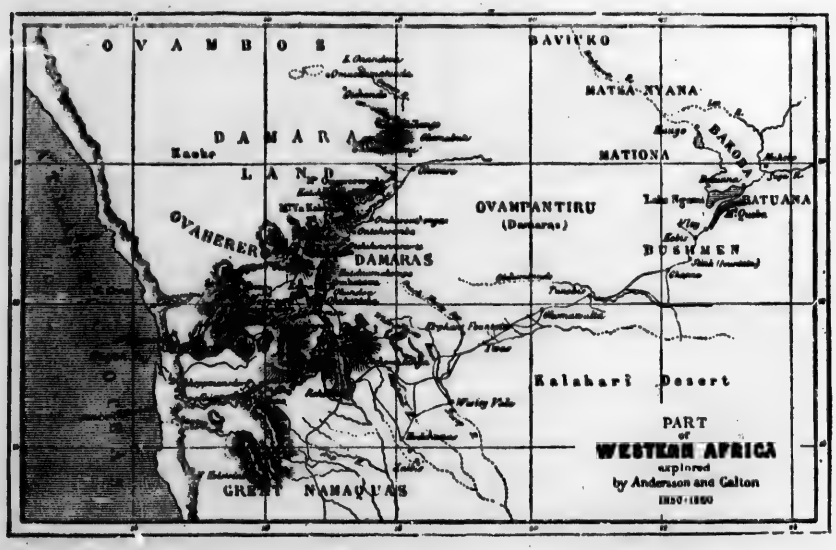
GIRAFFE AND LIONS.

# TRAVELS AND SPORTING ADVENTURES IN TROPICAL SOUTH AFRICA.

## I.

Walvisch Bay—Missionary Station—A Lion Hunt—Adventure with a Rhinoceros—A Horse and Mule killed by Lions—Unsuccessful Chase—Death of the First Giraffe—Extemporised Omelet of Ostrich Eggs.

The discovery of Lakes Victoria, Nyanza, Tanganyika, Nyassa and Shirwa in Eastern Tropical Africa, do not exceed the importance of the discovery in 1849, by Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, of a fine fresh water lake—Lake Ngami in Central West Tropical Africa, with the corn-growing land of Damara to the west, the long valley of the Zambesi to the east, and the ultimate determination of the great fact that the whole of Central Tropical Africa, instead of being, as supposed, a land of deserts or mountains, is in reality a watery upland—more or less marshy or lacustrine according to seasons, and whose overflow pours by gaps in the great upland through different great outlets, among which, those of




the Nile, the Zambesi, the Zaire, and the Binue, may be said to hold first rank. These great facts determine that a vast extent of territory, deemed for so great a length of time to be an uninhabited wilderness, is in reality in great part inhabited, and more than that, available to the great purposes of industry and improvement.

Lake Ngami and the Upper Zambesi, with its magnificent falls, said to rival in grandeur those of Niagara, occupy a pre-eminently important position to the missionary and the colonist, as well as to the geographer

and the naturalist, inasmuch as they supply him with those watering and grass places, without which, travel or settlement in such countries would alike be out of the question. The only drawback is the fatal tsetse fly, from whose bite all domestic animals—save the goat—perish; but as this little winged pest is called by the old Portuguese colonists significantly enough—the elephant fly—it is to be hoped that it will disappear, as those great colossal creations retire also before the advance of the hunter, the herdsman, and the agriculturist.

In consequence of the presence of this fly, the spare cultivation and population of the country, and other circumstances, as the luxuriance of vegetation, large and small ruminating and pachydermatous animals—antelopes, giraffes, buffaloes, wild-boars, elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami—abound in every direction; while, by the all-wise provisions of nature, the excess of numbers is kept down by a corresponding proportion of feline animals, whose existence depends upon the destruction of more innocent creatures. We shudder, and with propriety, at the tales of slaughter recorded by some of our great African hunters and sportsmen, and the wholesale destruction of game, for the mere sake of destruction, is so repugnant, that no African Nimrod will plead guilty to such a practice in the present day. But in Africa, man must live mainly by the proceeds of the chase; and in Ceylon, we are told, by Sir J. G. Tennant, of a gallant officer who purchased his promotion by the proceeds of his shooting exploits; and even granting occasionally some wastefulness of animal life on the part of an excited hunter, such must be as the veriest trifle, the most insignificant item possible compared with the great operations of nature. How many gnus, gemsboks, elands, and koodoos, fall victims nightly to their prowling antagonists, lions and leopards. And how many beautiful and delicate nakong and leche, that tenant the rush-bound shores of Lake Ngami, are dragged into its deep waters by crocodiles, or hunted down by their unsparing and natural enemies—the larger carnivora?

Discountenancing then, as all persons of correct feeling and taste would do, all useless destruction of animal life, we should deem the same feeling to be carried to a false and morbid development, if we refused to grant to the bold and dexterous hunter, to the enterprising and adventurous naturalist, full sympathies and interest with the narrative of his exploits.

Take, for example, Messrs. Galton and Andersson, the one an Englishman, the other a Swede by birth, both alike naturalists, travellers, and sportsmen by the force of an irrepressible instinct. Mr. Andersson first visited this country with a considerable collection of living birds and quadrupeds, together with numerous preserved specimens of natural history, the produce of many a long hunting excursion amidst the mountains, lakes, and forests of his native country. In England he was fortunate enough to be introduced to Mr. Galton, at that time preparing for his well-known journey to Damara land, and Mr. Galton engaged him to join him on that expedition, which he afterwards extended as far as Lake Ngami alone, and altogether dependent on his own very scanty resources.[1]

We shall not enter upon this occasion into a detail of the *impedimenta*, from oxen-teams and waggons down to rat-traps and beads, that travellers deem essential to proceed with from the Cape into the interior. Messrs. Galton and Andersson did not, however, start from the Cape inland, but they proceeded thence by sea to Walfisch Bay, whence they could at once penetrate into the Western Continent. Here they first made acquaintance with the narra, a prickly gourd of a most cooling, refreshing, and inviting appearance, that grows wild, as also with the bush tick, which complacently buried itself in their feet.

There was a missionary station, designated Scheppmansdorf, at no great distance from the coast, and some idea of the character of the country may be formed from the fact that Mr. Galton, who preceded Mr. Andersson into the interior, met, on his arrival, with an immediate opportunity of forming an acquaintanceship with the monarch of the wilds.

I gave, says Mr. Galton, the mules a day's rest, and then started with my first load to Scheppmansdorf. Mr. Bam had sent me word that a lion had come over from the Swakop river, and was prowling about and very daring, and that a hunt should be got up at once As we travelled sometimes in the soft sand of the river bed, sometimes on the gravelly plain, through which it runs, we kept a sharp look out for the track that had been seen there: we found it after we had travelled ten miles. The natives amused themselves by cleverly imitating it; they half clenched their fist and pressed their knuckles into the sand. It was curious to see to what a distance the lion kept to the waggon-road, walking down the middle of it as though it had been made for him. I listened deferentially to Timboo and John St. Helena, who were quite learned on the subject of tracking. Except some ostriches scudding about, some crows, lizards, and a few small birds, there was no other sign of animal life, but we saw spoors now and then of the little steinbok, a very pretty gazelle some sixteen inches high.

We followed the waggon-path till an hour after nightfall, when the damp feel of the air, distant lights and barking of dogs, announced that we had arrived at Scheppmansdorf. Mr. Bam welcomed me most kindly, introduced me to his wife, gave me an out-house for my boxes and myself, and we formed a very pleasant party that evening, more especially as I heard that my horses were quite well and fat. We talked over the lion, and it seemed that he had been prowling about the station continually; that he was a well-known beast, who usually hunted the lower part of the Swakop, and had killed an immense number of cattle; many a time have I heard them reckon over—fifty oxen, three horses, one donkey, and innumerable calves and dogs. He had often been chased, but was too wary to be shot, and so forth. We talked over the lion at Mr Bam's till a late hour: he assured me that the animal would prowl about that night, as he had done so every day for a week, and that, if I wanted to try my rifle, I could track him in the morning. He and Stewartson had taken horses the day before to hunt him, and they found him and gave chase; at last he came to bay, when they rode to the top of a sand-hill immediately above him, where the beast, not waiting to be fired at, charged them. Mr. Bam galloped off, but Stewartson's horse being thoroughly blown, would not stir a step, until the lion's head appeared over the sand-hill just above the astonished animal, who probably had no idea of what was

[1] *The Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa.* Francis Galton, Esq.

*Lake Ngami; or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Western Africa.* By Charles John Andersson.

taking place, for Stewartson seems to have been "craning" over the ridge of the bank. I was glad to learn, not only on account of Stewartson's safety, but also as a proof of the discretion and speed of my horse, that the next second of time left the lion behind at a safer distance.

Mr. Bam's household, which I may as well describe, as it gives a good idea of a missionary establishment, was as follows:—himself, Mrs. Bam, a numerous family, and an interpreter, who helped at the schools, could drive a waggon, and was the factotum, made the party that took their meals together, the interpreter being very deferential, and only speaking when spoken to. Besides these were a few hangers on, more or less trustworthy, and always ready for a job. The house is a tolerably sized cottage or bothy, all on one floor, built of course by the missionary himself, as well as he was able to build it; the workmanship was naturally very rough, but as it takes far less labour to use trees for the uprights and rafters than planks, it is also very strong. Chairs, a table, and a bureau, were imported from Cape Town; the beds, book-shelves, and so forth, made here. The wife does the whole house-work—cleaning the rooms, managing the children, cooking the dinner, and, what I never liked, waiting at table. These ladies have the hardest and rudest of occupations, but, I must candidly say, they seem to like this life extremely, and I am sure that missionaries must find great favour in the eyes of the fairer sex, judging from

PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES.

the charming partners that they have the good fortune to obtain. As to the natives, they make their huts as they like, and where they like; they plant sticks in a circle of six feet across, they bend the tops together and tie them with strips of bark; lastly, they wattle the sides and plaster them up.

Scheppmansdorf is prettily situated on a kind of island, in the middle of the Kuisip river bed, near a clump of fine trees, somewhat resembling elms. At one side stands the Missionary's and Stewartson's houses, in the middle is the white washed chapel, and round the other sides lie the huts, twenty or thirty in number. All round is sand; to the south there is a perfect sea of sand-dunes, from 100 to 150 feet high, to the north the Naanip plain. A small streamlet rises from the ground, and runs through the place, watering about three acres of garden and field, and losing itself half a mile off in a reedy pond full of wild fowl.

The natives crowd the church and sing the hymns, which, being about three-quarters articulate and one-quarter clicks, produce a very funny effect. The missionary is to all intents and purposes lord paramount of the place, though he is modest, and refers matters as much as possible to the captain of the tribe. Savage countries are parcelled out by a tacit understanding between different missionary societies, priority of occupation affording the ground of claim, it not being customary for one sect to establish its stations in a land where another sect is already settled.

Mr. Bam and the other gentlemen I was thrown amongst belonged to a German mission, and were all of them Germans or Dutch. Further to the interior, and communicating with the Cape, not by the sea, but overland, are some English Wesleyan stations. Subsequently, I passed through these, but at the time of my visit they were unoccupied.

To return to the lion. When I turned into bed I listened long for a roar, or some token of his presence, but in vain; and at last I dropped asleep. In the morning we found his tracks all about us, he had paid particular attention to a hut that was lying rather apart from the others, and had been prowling all round it. Stewartson volunteered to accompany me, he disapproved of horseback, and mounted his trusty ox. Mr. Stewartson's profession in early life was that of a tailor, though subsequently a dissenting minister, and afterwards a cattle trader. I confess that I felt, as I rode by his side, I had rather have been introduced to the genus "lion" by a person of almost any other calling, and carried by any other kind of animal than my bucolic friend's. I took two of my men with me, and off we set with a few natives. The lion had walked backwards and forwards so much in the night, that it was long before we found the last tracks he had made. We followed them very quickly, as his broad foot-print was unmistakeable on the sand; there was a growing interest as we found how he had stopped and looked down, and considered whether a bush by one side would suit him or not, but had decided in the negative and gone slowly on. We peered about and marched very silently; the bushes got thicker, and the pace slower, when we stopped short at a well-trodden part whence the lion had evidently just risen, for the sand was still warm from his touch. Had he gone away, or was he close by? was the question. We were all mixed up together. Of a sudden the lion stood up, twelve paces in front, looked over his shoulders at us, made an easy noiseless bound, and was gone. His action was so steady, so smooth, so entirely devoid of hurry, that I could perfectly understand how a person might be seized through miscalculating the speed of his advance. As it was, he disappeared before one of our guns was well up to our shoulders. I am sure, if he had come at us, he could have done what mischief he liked. My horse would have shied on to the horns of Stewartson's ox, and in the narrow pass we should all have tumbled about and rolled one on another. The cover into which he went, and on the border of which he had been lying, was far too thick to be practicable for our further pursuit, though we did make several good attempts at dislodging him. I returned very crest-fallen at our want of success, but I had now seen the animal and better understood the elements of hunting them.

As we rode back across the plain we saw vast numbers of old gemsbok tracks, although there are but few of these fine antelopes in the neighbourhood; but impressions made on this crisp gravelly soil take years to efface; they seem to be almost stereotyped; and a very few animals and waggons have produced an extraordinary number of spoors.

I mentioned that Sheppmansdorf was built in a rude circle. To the middle of this the oxen of the place come of their own accord every night as the evening sets in, and lie there till the early morning; they find shelter from the wind, and are certainly sensible of protection. Besides this the ox is a sociable domestic animal, and loves fires and the neighbourhood of men. The oxen, therefore, lay close up to the doorway of the outhouse in which I slept, and the night was pitch dark. Now, after we had all gone to bed and were fast asleep, there was a rush and an outcry, and people hallooing and dogs barking, for the lion had got into the midst of the oxen. I confess I was glad there was a door to my outhouse, for fear the lion should walk in; however, all became quiet, and I soon went to sleep.

A grand hunt was determined on in the morning; every available native was pressed into the service. Mr. Bam rode one horse, I the other, and Stewartson his ox. Johannis, Captain Frederick, and some other Hottentots, came mounted on their oxen, and we went off after breakfast with as many our dogs as would follow us. The proceedings were much the same as before. After eight miles his spoor went into a bush; we threw stones in and shouted, and up he got about one hundred yards off. I purposely did not fire, as my horse was in a bad position for me to take as good an aim as I wished, and nobody else fired either; but we galloped after him in full view, the object being to bring him to bay, or to get a nearer shot as he ran. This last I hardly expected whilst he was moving, for my horses were not accustomed to be shot from, and it took so much time to pull them up, that the lion had gained a long start again before I could do so. The bushes were in his favour, and we nearly lost him; but by most skilful tracking the Hottentots came up and often helped us out when we were at fault. Some hours elapsed when, as Mr. Bam and myself were cantering on, we turned the corner of a sand-hill and saw the lion about sixty yards ahead, trotting on, looking over his shoulder. I got my long rifle up, and, sincerely praying that my horse would not kick me off when I fired, I pulled the trigger; the horse was too blown to start, and I placed my two-ounce bullet well into the lion's quarter. He growled and snarled, and bit the wound, but evidently had not heart to chase me, but turned to bay under a bush. There was a sand-hill opposite. We waited till the stragglers came up, and then went behind the sand-hill and dismounted; and Stewartson and ourselves crawled up to the top of it, right above the lion. He was in a tearing passion, and fifty paces from us, yet I could not see him as clearly as I could wish—wild beasts have such a readiness of availing themselves of the smallest bush or tuft of grass as a screen, which he did on this occasion; his head was between his paws, and his tail whirling up the sand. One single shot at the head struck him stone dead. He was a huge gaunt beast, miserably thin, and had a dog of Stewartson's in his inside, which he had snapped up on the werft the night before. The dog was in only five pieces, not at all chewed or even digested; it had been bolted in a hurry, and had probably disagreed with him. The lion was soon skinned. My bullet had passed right alongside the backbone, breaking its way through nearly half its length. Neither the oxen nor the horses showed that dread of his smell which they generally do. I even rolled up his hide like a valise, and carried it behind my saddle, without my steed showing any objection. I cannot to this day imagine why we dismounted and climbed up the sand-hill; but I put myself under the orders of my more experienced friends. It would have been much easier and much safer to have given the animal his finishing wound from horseback.

Scheppmansdorf was first occupied as a missionary station in the year 1846, by the Rev. Mr. Scheppman, from whom it takes its name. It is situated on the Kuisip, which is a mere periodical stream. The success of the missionaries with the native Namaquas is described as being anything but encouraging. These people, who are partially civilised Hottentots, possess every vice of savages, but none of their noble qualities. Their ignorance is excessive, and when waggons were first introduced into this country, they caused many conjectures and much astonishment among the natives, who conceived them to be some gigantic animal possessed of vitality. A conveyance of this kind, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, once broke down, and was left sticking in the sand. One day a Bushman came to the owner, and said he had seen his 'pack-ox' standing in the desert for a long time, with a broken leg; and, as he did not observe it had any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger unless taken away!

Leaving the waggons and the bulk of their effects at Scheppmansdorf, the party started for the interior with horses, mules, and pack-oxen. Their way lay over the Naarip, a sterile plain embellished, however, by a most beautiful air plant of a bright scarlet colour tinged with lemon. So lovely a flower, in such dreary and desolate wastes, has struck all African travellers with admiration. Even the mighty Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, whose whole soul one would imagine to be engrossed with lions and elephants, seems to have been struck with delight at the sight of this charming flower: "In the heat of the chase," said he, "I paused, spell-bound, to contemplate, with admiration, its fascinating beauty!"

On reaching the banks of the Swakop, Mr. Bam related an incident that had occurred there in connection with a rhinoceros.

"As we entered the Swakop river one day," said he, "we observed the tracks of a rhinoceros; and, soon after unyoking our oxen, the men requested to be allowed to go in search of the beast. This I readily granted, only reserving a native to assist me in kindling the fire and preparing our meal. While we were thus engaged, we heard shouting and firing; and, on looking in the direction whence the noise proceeded, discovered, to our horror, a rhinoceros, rushing furiously at us at the top of his speed. Our only chance of escape was the waggon, into which we hurriedly flung ourselves. And it was high time that we should seek refuge; for the next instant the enraged brute struck his powerful horn into the 'buik-plank' (the bottom boards), with such force as to push the waggon several paces forward, although it was standing in very heavy sand. Most providentially, he attacked the vehicle from behind; for, if he had struck it on the side, he could hardly have failed to upset it, ponderous as it was. From the waggon, he made a dash at the fire, overturning the pot we had placed alongside it, and scattering the burning brands in every direction. Then, without doing any further damage, he proceeded on his wild career. Unfortunately, the men had taken with them all the guns; otherwise, I might easily have shot him dead on the spot. The Damara, however, threw his assegai at him; but the soft iron bent like a reed against his thick and almost impenetrable hide."

Nor were our travellers destined to travel scathless along this reed-bound scanty stream, in whose valley they suffered as much from thirst as if there had been no water at all, and one of the mules dropped from sheer exhaustion quite breathless. Having arrived at a spot called Daviep, as there were no indications of lions, and the mules and horses sadly wanted rest and food, they deemed it advisable to leave them to themselves during the night, merely taking the precaution to knee-halter them. They paid dearly, however, for their too easy confidence.

Early on the following morning, one of the waggon-drivers was dispatched to the river to look after our animals, whilst Mr. Galton and myself followed at our ease; but what was our horror, on entering the bed of the stream, to find that several lions had recently passed and re-passed it in every direction. This, together with the absence of the mules and horses, at once foreboded evil. We were not long left to conjectures; for almost immediately our servant joined us, and said that a mule and a horse had been killed by the lions, and partly devoured. He added, that on his approaching the scene of the catastrophe, he saw five of those beasts feasting on the carcases; but on perceiving him they had retreated with terrible growlings! Instead of his presence having scared the lions from their prey, however, as he asserted, we had reason to believe that so soon as he was aware of them, he immediately hid himself amongst the rocks, and that it was not until emboldened by seeing us he had left his hiding-place. Had it been otherwise, he would have had ample time to give us notice of what had occurred, prior to our leaving the encampment.

Singularly enough, the dead mule was the identical one we had been in search of on the preceding night, and it would appear that it had just rejoined its companions, or was on the point of doing so, when it was attacked and killed. Being a remarkably fine and handsome animal, its loss was much regretted: the horse, moreover, was the best of the two we had brought from the Cape.

On examining the ground, we were glad to find that the other horse and remaining mule, had made good their escape down the bed of the river, though evidently pursued by the lions for some distance. How many of these beasts there really had been, we were unable to ascertain; but they could not have been less than seven or eight.

Having thus far ascertained the fate of the poor animals, we despatched our brave waggon-driver for Stewartson, and the remainder of the men: as also for proper guns and ammunition, as we had determined, if possible, to have our revenge.

On leaving Scheppmansdorf we had, unfortunately only brought with us three or four small goats as provision for the journey. This scanty supply was now nearly exhausted, and it being uncertain when we should meet with any native village where we could barter for more, we deemed it advisable, in order to provide against contingencies, to lay in a store of mule-flesh and horse flesh; and though our people seemed horror-stricken at the idea, there was not a second alternative. Whilst waiting the return of the men, we, accordingly, set about cutting off from the slain animals such pieces as had not been defiled by the lions. This being accomplished, we covered the meat with a heap of stones, and the men having arrived, we proceeded in search of the depredators.

But though we beat both sides of the river for a considerable distance, we were unable to discover the beasts. At one time, and when I was quite alone on

the inner side of the thick reed-bed that lined the bank, I observed some beautiful 'klip springers,' or mountain gazelles, and fired both barrels, though, unfortunately, without effect. The report of my gun caused a momentary consternation to Mr. Galton and the men, who imagined that I had fallen in with the lions, while, from the nature of the ground, they would have been unable to render me any assistance.

Being at last obliged to give up the search, two or three of the men on whom we could best depend were sent on the tracks of the scared mules and the remaining horse. After many hours' hard walking they were discovered; but the poor beasts had received such a fright, that it was only with great trouble and exertion that they were secured.

Thinking that the lions would in all probability return during the night, to make an end of what was left of the horse and mule, Galton and I determined to watch for them, and selected for our ambush the summit of a steep rock immediately near one of the carcases.

Shortly after sunset, we proceeded to put our plan into execution; and, having arrived within a short distance of the slain animals, one of the people suddenly exclaimed—"Oh! look at the six bucks!" Imagine our astonishment when, turning our eyes in the direction in which he pointed, we saw, instead of antelopes, six magnificent lions; and this, moreover, on the very rock on which we had purposed ambushing ourselves, and where—as we foolishly imagined—we should have been in perfect security!

On perceiving that they were discovered, the beasts retreated behind the rock; but one or another of them would, nevertheless, steal from its hiding-place occasionally, and take a peep at us.

Contrary to the counsel of Mr. Galton, and others of our party, I now ascended the acclivity where we had last seen the beasts; but, although they were nowhere visible, I had every reason to believe the whole troop was not far distant from the spot where I stood.

To have ambushed ourselves in the rock originally selected was (from the evidence we had just had of its insecurity) not now to be thought of; and we therefore looked out for a safer place. The only one that offered, however, was a large acacia; but it was more than two hundred yards from either of the carcases, and its stem was so thick and straight, that it was impossible to ascend it. Moreover, total darkness had now succeeded the short twilight; and, however reluctantly, we left the lions in full possession of the field and the remnant of their prey.

As they proceeded in their journey they fell in with giraffes, zebras, gnus, gembsbok, guinea fowls, toucans, and gray-crested parrots. Mr. Galton was lucky, or rather spirited, enough, to follow up, and shoot one of the former. Our seventh day's march, he relates, was an affair of six hours, and up the Tsobis river-bed. For the second time, we had no animal food left; but immediately that we started we saw the fresh spoor of a giraffe. I doubted whether or no to go after it, as my horse was very thin and weak, and I could not tell where the giraffe might have gone to, probably far beyond reach; so we travelled slowly on. However, as I rode some little distance in front of the cart, I found that the track went straight up the river bed, which being now hemmed in with impracticable cliffs, the giraffe's path and our own must necessarily be the same. This made a great alteration in the case, and I cantered slowly on the spoor. My rifle was a little one (only 36 bore), but loaded with steel-pointed bullets. I was afraid of losing all chance of a shot if I wasted time by returning to the cart and getting a larger gun, and therefore I went on, as much for the pot as the sport. After four hours' travel, during which I had kept a couple of miles in front of the rest of the party, so as to be well away from the sound of the whip and of the men's talking, the tracks turned sharp to the right, up a broad ascent, which there led out of the river, and in the middle of this, among some bushes, and under a camelthorn tree stood my first giraffe. I took immediate advantage of a bush, and galloped under its cover as hard as I could pelt, and was within one hundred yards before the animal was fairly off. I galloped on, but she was almost as fast as I, and the bushes, which she trampled cleverly through, annoyed my horse extremely; I therefore reined up, and gave her a bullet in her quarter, which handicapped her heavily, and took some three miles an hour out of her speed. Again I galloped, loading as I went, but excessively embarrassed by the bushes, and fired again, whilst galloping, at thirty yards' distance, and I believe missed the animal. The riding at that time was really difficult, and my horse shied very much. Again I loaded, but my horse was becoming blown, and I rode parallel to the beast, intending to overtake and confront her. There was a watercourse in the way, quite jumpable, but my poor beast made a mess of it, and chested the opposite side; yet I somehow got him over, and then rode with all the skill I could. At last I steadily gained on the giraffe, then beat her, and passed her. The giraffe obstinately made for her point. I was forty yards in advance, and pulled up full in her path. She came on; my horse was far too blown to fidget, and was standing with his four legs well out. I waited as long as I dare—too long, I think, for her head was almost above me when I fired, and she really seemed coming at me with vice. I put my bullet full in her face; she tossed her head back, and the blood streamed from her nostrils as she turned and staggered, slowly retracing her path. I dare not fire again, lest I should fail in killing her, and only excite her to another run, which my horse was not fit to engage in. I therefore rode slowly after the wounded beast, and I drove her back to near where she came from, and there she stopped under a high tree. My horse was now frightened, and would not let me take my aim for the finishing blow at the brain, as it is but a small mark to shoot at; so I got off, and the unhappy creature looked down at me with her large lustrous eyes, and I felt that I was committing a kind of murder, but for all that, I was hungry, and she must die; so I waited till she turned her head, and then dropped her with a shot.

There was now a fine holiday for us. When the party came up, we set to work flaying and cutting large steaks from the meat, and securing the marrow-bones, until as much was heaped on the cart as the mules could possibly struggle on with. Our Ghou Damup guides ran on to Tsobis, where many of their people lay, and who brought us six ostrich eggs, and sweet gum, in return for the meat we had left behind us.

The cook made excellent omelets from the ostrich eggs by a very simple process. A hole was made at one end of the egg, through which is introduced some

salt and pepper. The egg is then well shaken, so as thoroughly to mix the white, the yolk, and the other ingredients. It is then placed in hot ashes, where it is baked to perfection. An egg thus prepared, although supposed to contain as much as twenty-four of the common fowl egg, is not considered too much for a single hungry individual.

## II.

A Lion Hunt—Death of the Leopard—A Dried-up Lake—Remarkable Fountain—The Ovambo and Ovamboland, a Corn Country.

At Richterfeldt, a missionary station founded by Mr. Rich, in 1848, our travellers entered into the country of the Damaras. They are a fine tall race of people, some of the men being over six feet in height, with good and regular features. The women are also well made, with very small hands and feet. They vary in complexion from red to dark. They do not wear much clothing and are exceedingly filthy in their habits, and the exhalation hovering about them is very repulsive. As there was spring water at Richterfeldt, a great number of wild animals nightly congregated there, and, as usual under such circumstances, the game was followed by troops of lions, who by their horrible roaring, intermingled with the rushing to and fro of the hunted zebras and other animals, created the greatest consternation among the followers.

Our party were joined here by one Hans Larsen, a Dane by birth, who was distinguished in a very remarkable degree for courage, energy, perseverance, and endurance. Thus reinforced, they proceeded to Barmen, another station of the German Rhenish Missionary Society, whence, after several adventures, they returned to Richterfeldt, which became the scene of a very daring lion hunt, thus related by the chief actor in it, Mr. Andersson.

One day, when eating my humble dinner, I was interrupted by the arrival of several natives, who, in breathless haste, related that an *ongeama*, or lion, had just killed one of their goats close to the mission station (Richterfeldt), and begged of me to lend them a hand in destroying the beast. They had so often cried "Wolf," that I did not give much heed to their statements; but, as they persisted in their story, I at last determined to ascertain its truth. Having strapped to my waist a shooting-belt, containing the several requisites of a hunter—such as bullets, caps, knife, &c., I shouldered my trusty double-barrelled gun (after loading it with steel-pointed balls), and followed the men.

In a short time, we reached the spot where the lion was believed to have taken refuge. This was in a dense tamarisk brake, of some considerable extent, situated partially on, and below, the sloping banks of the Swakop, near to its junction with the Omutenna, one of its tributaries.

On the rising ground, above the brake in question, were drawn up, in battle array, a number of Damaras and Namaquas, some armed with assegais, and a few with guns. Others of the party were in the brake itself, endeavouring to oust the lion.

But as it seemed to me that the "beaters" were timid, and, moreover, somewhat slow in their movements, I called them back; and, accompanied by only one or two persons, as also a few worthless dogs, entered the brake myself. It was rather a dangerous proceeding; for, in places, the cover was so thick and tangled as to oblige me to creep on my hands and knees; and the lion, in consequence, might easily have pounced upon me without a moment's warning. At that time, however, I had not obtained any experimental knowledge of the old saying—"A burnt child dreads the fire," and therefore felt little or no apprehension.

Thus I had proceeded for some time; when suddenly, and within a few paces of where I stood, I heard a low, angry growl, which caused the dogs, with hair erect in the manner of hogs' bristles, and with their tails between their legs, to slink behind my heels. Immediately afterwards, a tremendous shout of "Ongeama! Ongeama!" was raised by the natives on the bank above, followed by a discharge of fire-arms. Presently, however, all was still again, for the lion, as I subsequently learnt, after showing himself on the outskirts of the brake, had retreated into it.

Once more I attempted to dislodge the beast; but, finding the enemy awaiting him in the more open country, he was very loth to leave his stronghold. Again, however, I succeeded in driving him to the edge of the brake, where, as in the first instance, he was received with a volley; but a broom-stick would have been equally efficacious as a gun in the hands of these people; for, out of a great number of shot that were fired, not one seemed to have taken effect.

Worn out at length by my exertions, and disgusted beyond measure at the way in which the natives bungled the affair, I left the tamarisk brake, and rejoining them on the bank above, offered to change place with them: but my proposal, as I expected, was forthwith declined.

As the day, however, was now fast drawing to a close, I determined to make one other effort to destroy the lion, and, should that prove unsuccessful, to give up the chase. Accordingly, accompanied by only a single native, I again entered the brake in question, which I examined for some time without seeing anything; but on arriving at that part of the cover we had first searched, and when in a spot comparatively free from bushes, up suddenly sprung the beast within a few paces of me. It was a black-maned lion, and one of the largest I ever remember to have encountered in Africa. But his movements were so rapid, so silent and smooth withal, that it was not until he had partially entered the thick cover (at which time he might have been about thirty paces distant) that I could fire. On receiving the ball, he wheeled short about, and with a terrific roar, bounded towards me. When within a few paces, he couched as if about to spring, having his head embedded, so to say, between his fore-paws.

Drawing a large hunting-knife, and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and, thus, prepared, awaited his onset. It was an awful moment of suspense; and my situation was critical in the extreme. Still, my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me—indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail.

I would now have become the assailant; but as—owing to the intervening bushes, and clouds of dust raised by the lion's lashing his tail against the ground—I was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, I refrained from firing. Whilst intently watching his every motion, he

suddenly bounded towards me; but—whether it was owing to his not perceiving me, partially concealed as I was in the long grass—or to my instinctively throwing my body on one side—or to his miscalculating the distance—in making his last spring, he went clear over me, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Instantly, without rising, I wheeled round on my knee, and discharged my second barrel; and, as his broadside was then towards me, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. On receiving my second fire, he made another and more determined rush at me; but, owing to his disabled state, I happily avoided him. It was, however, only by a hair's breadth, for he passed me within arm's length. He afterwards scrambled into the thick cover beyond, where, as night was then approaching, I did not deem it prudent to pursue him.

At an early hour on the next morning, however, we followed his "spoor," and soon came to the spot where he had passed the night. The sand here was one patch of blood; and the bushes immediately about were broken, and beaten down by his weight, as he had staggered to and fro in his effort to get on his legs again. Strange to say, however, we here lost all clue to the beast. A large troop of lions that had been feasting on a giraffe in the early morning, had obliterated his tracks; and it was not until some days afterwards, and when the carcase was in a state of decomposition, that his death was ascertained. He breathed his last very near to where we were at fault: but, in prosecuting the search, we had unfortunately taken exactly the opposite direction.

On our homeward path from the pursuit of the lion, we fell in with a herd of zebras; and, while discharging my gun at them, I accidently pulled both triggers at once. The piece being very light, and loaded with double charges, the barrel flew out of the stock—the cocks burying themselves deep in the flesh on either side of my nose just under the eyes, and leaving scars visible to this day. Mr. Rath, on seeing me in this plight, was good enough to say, by way of consolation, that it was undoubtedly a just punishment of Heaven, in consequence of my having carried a gun on a Sunday!

During their stay at Schmelen's Hope the travellers not unfrequently received visits from leopards, but erroneously called "tigers" by the Dutch—a denomination under which the panther is also included. It is indeed doubtful if tigers, at least of the species common to the East Indies, exist on the African continent. The Damaras however, assert that the real tiger is found in the country; and they once pointed out to Mr. Rath the tracks of an animal which he found to be very different to any he had ever before seen in Africa, and which the natives assured him were those of the animal in question.

One night, Mr. Andersson relates, I was suddenly awoke by a furious barking of our dogs, accompanied by cries of distress. Suspecting that some beast of prey had seized upon one of them, I leaped, undressed, out of my bed—and, gun in hand, hurried to the spot whence the cries proceeded. The night was pitchy dark, however, and I could distinguish nothing; yet, in the hope of frightening the intruder away, I shouted at the top of my voice. In a few moments, a torch was lighted, and we then discerned the tracks of a leopard, and also large patches of blood. On counting the dogs, I found that "Summer," the best and fleetest of our kennel, was missing. As it was in vain that I called and searched for him, I concluded that the tiger had carried him away; and, as nothing further could be done that night, I again retired to rest; but the fate of the poor animal continued to haunt me, and drove sleep away. I had seated myself on the front chest of the waggon, when suddenly the melancholy cries were repeated; and, on reaching the spot, I discovered "Summer" stretched at full length, in the middle of a bush. Though the poor creature had several deep wounds about his throat and chest, he at once recognised me, and, wagging his tail, looked wistfully in my face. The sight sickened me, as I carried him into the house—where, in time, however, he recovered.

The very next day, "Summer" was revenged in a very unexpected manner. Some of the servants had gone into the bed of the river to chase away a jackal, when they suddenly encountered a leopard in the act of springing at our goats, which were grazing, unconscious of danger, on the river's bank. On finding himself discovered, he immediately took refuge in a tree, where he was at once attacked by the men. It was, however, not until he had received upwards of sixteen wounds—some of which were inflicted by poisoned arrows—that life became extinct. I arrived at the scene of conflict only to see him die.

During the whole affair, the men had stationed themselves at the foot of the tree—to the branches of which the leopard was pertinaciously clinging—and, having expended all their ammunition, one of them proposed—and the suggestion was taken into serious consideration—that they should pull him down by the tail!

The poorer of the Damaras, when hard pressed for food, eat the flesh of the leopard, the hyæna, and many other beasts of prey.

The caracal *(Felis Caracal)*, or the wild cat, as it is generally called in these parts, was not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Schmelen's Hope. The fur of this animal is warm and handsome, and is much esteemed by the natives, who convert the skins into carosses, &c.

Our party fared well at Schmelen's Hope. Besides the larger game which abounded, the table was plentifully supplied with geese, ducks, guinea-fowls, francolins, and grouse. There were also large bustards, but so shy, as to be killed with great difficulty. The termites, or white ants, build nests twenty feet high and one hundred feet in circumference. Wild bees frequently make their nests in these gigantic dwellings. Mushrooms grow in abundance from their sides in the rainy season.

On the morning of the 3rd of March, Messrs. Galton and Anderson left Schmelen's Hope for Lake Omanbondè in the Damara country. On this occasion, being in advance of the waggons, Mr. Andersson says he came suddenly upon an animal, which, though considerably smaller, much resembled a lion in appearance. Under ordinary circumstances, I should certainly have taken it for a young lion; but I had been formerly given to understand that in this part of Africa there exists a quadruped which, in regard to shape and colour, is like the lion, but, in most other respects, is totally distinct from it. The beast in question is said to be nocturnal in its habits, to be timid and harmless, and to prey for the most part on the small species of antelopes. In the native language it is called Onguirira, and would, as far as I could see, have answered the description of

a puma. As it was going straight away from me, I did not think it prudent to fire.

Great was our travellers' disappointment on reaching the long-sought-for lake! About noon, on the 5th of April, Mr. Andersson relates, we were rapidly approaching Omanbondè; but oh, how were we disappointed! My heart beat violently with excitement. The sleepy motion of the oxen, as they toiled through the heavy sand, being far too slow for my eagerness and excited imagination, I proceeded considerably in advance of the waggons, with about half-a-dozen Damaras, when all at once the country became open, and I found myself on some rising ground, gently sloping towards the bed of what I thought to be a dry water-course.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed one of the natives—"there is Omanbondè!"

"Omanbondè!" I echoed, almost in despair; "but where, in the name of heaven, is the water!"

I could say no more, for my heart failed me, and I sat down till the waggons came up; when, pointing to the dry river-bed, I told Galton that he saw the lake before him.

"Nonsense!" he replied; "it is only the end or tail of it which you see there.

After having descended into the bed, we continued to travel, at a rapid pace, about a mile in a westerly direction, when, at a bend, we discovered a large patch of green reeds. At this sight, a momentary ray of hope brightened up every countenance; but the next instant it vanished, for we found that the natives were actually searching for water amongst the rushes!

The truth at last dawned on us. We were indeed at Omanbondè—the lake of hippopotami! We all felt utter prostration of heart. For a long while we were unable to give utterance to our feelings. We first looked at the reeds before us, then at each other in mute dismay and astonishment. A dried-up vley, very little more than a mile in extent, and a patch of reeds, was the only reward for months of toil and anxiety.

Omanbondè was the southern limit of the palm-tree, and a new species designated as the Fan Palm was met with. Mr. Galton presented Kew Gardens with some specimens of the fruit, but every effort to raise plants from it proved abortive. Not far from what is undoubtedly a sheet of water in the rainy season, our travellers came to a remarkable fountain, which did not fail to excite their wonder and admiration. Mr. Andersson thus describes it:—

After a day and a half travel, we suddenly found ourselves on the brink of Otjikoto, the most extraordinary chasm it was ever my fortune to see. It is scooped, so to say, out of the solid limestone rock; and, though on a thousand times larger scale, not unlike the *Elv-gryta*, one so commonly meets in Scandinavia. The form of Otjikoto is cylindrical; its diameter upwards of four hundred feet, and its depth, as we ascertained by the lead-line, two hundred and fifteen—that is at the sides, for we had no means of plumbing the middle, but had reason to believe the depth to be pretty uniform throughout. To about thirty feet of the brink it is filled with water.[1]

Otjikoto, "one of the most wonderful of Nature's freaks," is situated at the northern extremity of those broken hills which take their rise in the neighbourhood of Okamabuti, and in the midst of a dense coppice. So effectually is it hidden from view, that a person might pass within fifty paces of it without being aware of its existence. Owing to its steep and rugged sides, cattle have not access to the water, and even a man can only approach this enormous well by means of a steep and slippery footpath. No perceptible difference could be observed in the height of the water; and the Ovambo informed us that, as long as they and their fathers remembered, it had always been the same. It is difficult to imagine how or whence Otjikoto receives its supplies. A spacious cavern, only visible and accessible from the water, may possibly be the grand reservoir.

After gratifying our curiosity, Galton and myself, standing in need of a bath, plunged head-foremost into the profound abyss. The natives were utterly astounded. Before reaching Otjikoto, they had told us, that if a man or beast was so unfortunate as to fall into the pool, he would inevitably perish. We attributed this to superstitious notions; but the mystery was now explained. The art of swimming was totally unknown in these regions. The water was very cold, and, from its great depth, the temperature is likely to be the same throughout the year.

We swam into the cavern to which allusion has just been made. The transparency of the water, which was of the deepest sea-green was remarkable; and the effect produced in the watery mirror by the reflection of the crystallized walls and roof of the cavern, appeared very striking and beautiful. In this mysterious spot, two owls, and a great number of bats, had taken up their abode. On approaching some of the latter, which I saw clinging to the rocks, I found, to my surprise, that they were dead, and had probably been so for many years; at least, they had all the appearance of mummies.

Otjikoto contained an abundance of fish, somewhat resembling perch; but those we caught were not much larger than one's finger. One day we had several scores of these little creatures for dinner, and very palatable they proved.

In the morning and evening, Otjikoto was visited by an incredible number of doves, some of which were most delicately and beautifully marked. On such occasions the wood resounded with their cooing; but when disturbed, as they frequently were, by the invasion of a hawk, the noise caused by their precipitate flight was like that of a sudden rush of wind.

Many bushmen resided near Otjikoto; and, as everywhere else in these regions, they lived on excellent terms with the Ovambo, to whom they brought copper-ore for sale, which they obtained from the neighbouring hills. Indeed, as our acquaintance with the Ovambo increased, we were more and more favourably impressed with their character. They treated all men equally well, and even the so much-despised Hottentots ate out of the same dish, and smoked out of the same pipe, as themselves.

The Ovambo, or Ovampo, as Galton has it, here alluded to, are among the most interesting natives of

1 Shortly before reaching "Baboon Fountain," I should remark, that, at a place called Orujo, we saw a cavity of a similar kind, though on an infinitely smaller scale. It consisted of a circular-shaped basin in the limestone rock, ninety feet in diameter by thirty in depth. As it was dry at the time, we ascertained that the bottom was flat, or nearly so. In various other places we also met with similar basins, but on a still smaller scale than Orujo.

Western Tropical Africa. They are of a very dark complexion, tall, and robust, but remarkably ugly and scantily attired. But the remarkable point connected with them is, that they inhabit a corn-growing country, and that they are a people of essentially sedentary, peaceable, and agricultural habits; and their country, Ondonga, is like a wadi or oasis in the wilderness.

The second of June, says Anderson, will ever be remembered by us. On the afternoon of that day, we first set eye on the beautiful and fertile plains of Ondonga—the country of the Ovambo. Vain would be any attempt to describe the sensations of delight and pleasure experienced by us on that memorable occasion, or to give an idea of the enchanting panoramic scene that all at once opened on our view. Suffice it to say, that instead of the eternal jungles, where every moment we were in danger of being dragged out of our saddles by the merciless thorns, the landscape now presented an apparently boundless field of yellow corn, dotted with numerous peaceful homesteads, and bathed in the soft light of a declining tropical sun. Here and there, moreover, arose gigantic, wide-spreading, and dark-foliaged timber and fruit trees, whilst innumerable fan-like palms, either singly or in groups, completed the picture. To us it was a perfect elysium, and well rewarded us for every former toil and disappointment. My friend, who had travelled far and wide, confessed he had never seen anything that could be compared to it. Often since have I conjured up to my imagination this scene, and have thought it might not inaptly be compared to stepping out of a hot, white, and shadowless road, into a park, fresh with verdure, and cool with the umbrage cast down by groups of reverend trees.

The first dwelling that lay in our path was that of old Naitjo, one of the chief men of our trading caravan, who, after having feasted us on such fare as the country produced (amongst which was a dish of hot dough, steeped in melted butter), conducted us over his extensive establishment, comprising his harem, his children, his granaries, and so forth. Timbo was in ecstasies with the country and its hospitable inhabitants, and declared that it was as like as two peas to his own native land.

HUNTER AND RHINOCEROS.

Another hour's travel brought us to the residence of our guide, Chikor'onkombè, where we remained two nights and a day to rest our weary animals. Poor creatures! they had had no water for two entire days, and the consequence was that, during the first night, they broke out of the inclosures, and strayed far away in search of it.

On the 4th, we again set forward. The aspect of the country was still characterised by the greatest abundance, and the trees became even more numerous.

Nearly all produced edible fruit, though some were not yet ripe. The trees, moreover, were on a grander scale than heretofore. One kind in particular—that mentioned as bearing a fruit somewhat resembling an apple—attained to a most astonishing size. Indeed, the branches of one that we measured spread over a space of ground one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter, or four hundred and thirty-two in circumference.

The palms growing hereabout—the stems of which before they began to branch out, often rose to fifty and sixty feet—were, to all appearance, of the same kind as that we had seen about two hundred miles to the southward; but the fruit proved very good. When slightly soaked in water—which, by the by, is the best way of eating it—it tasted precisely like gingerbread.

There appeared to be no roads of any description.

Fortunately, however, the harvest had just been completed, or nearly so; and, without damage to the owners, we were therefore enabled to cross the fields as the crow flies.

Two different kinds of grain we found indigenous to this country—viz., the common Caffre-corn, said to resemble the Egyptian "doura;" and another sort, very small-grained, not unlike canary-seed, and akin, I believe, to the "badjera" of India. This is the more nutritious of the two; and, when well-ground, produces excellent flour.

The stalk of both these kinds of grain is stout—the thickness of a sugar-cane—some eight or nine feet high, and juicy and sweet to the taste, which has no doubt given rise to a belief in the existence of the sugar-cane in many of the interior parts of Africa. When the grain is ripe, the ear is cut off, and the remainder is left to the cattle, which devour it greedily.

Besides grain, the Ovambo cultivate calabashes, water-melons, pumpkins, beans, peas, &c. They also plant tobacco. When ripe, the leaves and stalks are collected, and mashed together in a hollow piece of wood, by means of a heavy pole. The tobacco is, however, of a very inferior quality; so much so, that our Damaras—who had a mania for the weed—refused to smoke it.

There are no towns or villages in Ovambo-land; but the people, like the patriarchs of old, live in separate families. Each homestead is situated in the middle of a corn-field, and surrounded by high and stout palisades. The natives were obliged to take this precaution in order to guard against the sudden attacks of a neighbouring hostile tribe, which kept constantly harassing them. Once or twice the Ovambo attempted to retaliate, but without success. The tribe just mentioned is the only one with whom this naturally-peaceable people are ever at variance. If not previously provoked, they interfere with no one.

We were anxious to form some sort of estimate of the density of the population; but this was no easy matter. However, by counting the houses in a certain extent of country, and taking the average number of individuals to each, we came to the conclusion that there was about a hundred persons to every square mile.

With the exception of a few cows and goats, no cattle were seen about the dwellings of the natives, yet we knew them to be possessed of vast herds. A general scarcity of water and pasturage in Ondonga compelled them to send the oxen away to distant parts. They also breed hogs, which, from their mischievous propensities, are always sent to a distance during the time of harvest. These animals, they assured us, attain to an enormous size. By all accounts, indeed, they must be perfect monsters. And there can be little doubt of the fact; for captains of vessels, who are accustomed to trade with the natives of the west coast, also speak of a gigantic race of swine.

## III.

### The King of the Ovambo—Stalking Gnus in Company with Lions—Unsuccessful Attempt to reach Lake Ngami—Enormous Quantities of Game—A Night Adventure.

Our traveller's interview with the Nangoro King of the Ovambo was amusing enough. With the exception of a cow and an ox, he appeared to appreciate few of the presents which Mr. Galton bestowed on him. And as for my friend's brilliant and energetic orations, they had no more effect in the ear of royalty, than if addressed to a stock or a stone. It was in vain that he represented to his majesty the advantages of a more immediate communication with Europeans. Nangoro spoke little or nothing. He could not be eloquent because excessive fat had made him short-winded. Like Falstaff, his 'voice was broken.' Any attempt on his part to utter a sentence of decent length, would have put an end to him; so he merely 'grunted,' whenever he desired to express either approbation or dissatisfaction.

Our travellers wished to proceed from Ovambo to the unexplored river Cunevè, said to be four days' travel to the north, but Nangoro refused to grant assistance, because they had declined to kill elephants for him, and they were obliged, reluctantly, to retrace their steps. On their way back game was abundant, and they managed to kill sufficient for their supply without being obliged to have recourse to their few remaining live stock. They also met, for the first time, that magnificent antelope, the eland. Beasts of prey were likewise numerous. Indeed, they always followed the larger game. During the nights they were constantly annoyed by the dismal howlings of the hyænas, and they had some exciting foot-chases after these animals.

Whilst out hunting one morning, says Mr. Anderson, I espied a small troop of gnus quietly grazing at a bend of the river. Cautiously approaching them under shelter of the intervening ground, they suddenly tossed their heads, switched their tails, scraped the earth impatiently with their hoofs, and sniffed the air. I was puzzled how to account for this unusual agitation, as, from my position, I was certain they could not have discovered me. But I had not much time for conjecture; for the next instant I was startled by the growl of some animal close to me. On looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I discovered, to my utter astonishment, two lions and a lioness on the rising ground just above me; and, as it seemed, they also were on the look-out for the gnus. I instinctively levelled my piece at the head of the nearest of the beasts; but a moment's reflection convinced me that the odds were too great, and I, therefore, thought it best to reserve my fire, so as to be in readiness to receive them, should they charge. After having regarded me for a few seconds, however, they growlingly disappeared behind a sandhill. (See p. 697.)

By this time, the gnus had become aware of the lions, and were making off at the top of their speed. Being anxious to obtain a shot at them I followed on their tracks, but soon found to my dismay, that my three royal friends, with jaws distended and uttering furious growls, were following a course parallel to mine. Though I must confess I did not at all like their looks, as only excessive hunger could have induced them, in broad day, to seek for victims, I nevertheless continued to follow the tracks of the antelopes until they led me into the bush, where I presently lost them, as well as myself.

On first seeing the gnus, I left my henchman, "Bill," a Damara lad, who carried my spare gun, at some distance behind, with directions to follow on my track according to circumstances. Now that the gnus were lost to me, I shouted loudly to the youth, and also discharged my gun more than once, but was unable to

elicit a reply. Thinking, however, that he might have returned to our encampment (which was at no great distance), I also repaired there. But "Bill" had not been heard of. The harassing suspicion at once crossed my mind that the lions had eaten him. Without a moment's delay I hurried back to the spot where I had last seen the beasts, but all my endeavours to find the little fellow were unavailing. What with my anxiety on his account, and my exertions under a broiling sun (for if the weather were frosty at night, it calcined one by day), I was unable to proceed farther, and sat myself down on the ground to wait for the arrival of the waggons, which were now moving forward. Just at this moment, the Damara, to my inexpressible delight, emerged from the bush. His story was soon told. He had, like myself, lost his way, and it was long before he was able to recover the right track.

On their return to Barmen, there being several months before the vessel which brought the missionary stores to Walfisch Bay was expected, an excursion was resolved upon to the eastward, partly with the view of penetrating to the Lake Ngami, and partly to become better acquainted with Great Namaqua-land. The first point to which they directed themselves was Eixhama, a very pretty place, once a missionary station, but at that time the residence of Jonker Africaner, a celebrated robber-chief. Beyond this, their way lay through the country of the Hill-Damaras, game abounding and the larder being well supplied. At Elephant Fountain, also an abandoned missionary station, they had to give up their waggons and prosecute their journey with pack-and-ride oxen. The country beyond was represented as sandy and bushy. After no little inconvenience and misery on account of the great heat, the terrible drought, and scarcity of pasturage about the few and widely-separated watering-places, they reached Tunobis some nine or ten days' journey from Lake Ngami, and learning there that the country between that and the lake was impassable at that season (October 3) from want of water, they were forced to retrace their steps. From the absence of water within a distance of two or three days' journey of Tunobis, the number of animals that nightly congregate there to quench their thirst is described as being truly astonishing.

To give the reader, says Mr. Anderson, some idea of the immense quantity of game hereabouts, I may mention, that in the course of the few days that we remained at Tunobis, our party shot, amongst other animals, upwards of thirty rhinoceroses. One night, indeed, when quite alone, I killed in the space of five hours (independently of other game) no less than eight of those beasts, amongst which were three distinct species; and it is my belief that if I had persevered I might have destroyed double the number;[1] but I never took delight in useless slaughter. In our case—and I think I may say in all cases where I have been concerned in killing a great number of wild beasts—not a pound of flesh was wasted; for what we did not require for our own use, was devoured by the natives.

As another evidence of the enormous quantity of game in this region, I may state that the fountain in question, which was a copious one—nay, apparently inexhaustible—was almost nightly drank dry.

On several occasions, I had narrow escapes from being gored by the horns of these ugly monsters. Thus, one animal, on receiving a mortal wound, charged me with such fury as to carry completely away the fore part of my "skärm," and I only saved my life by throwing myself with great force against the opposite wall, which fortunately gave way.

At another time, I was walking leisurely up to a huge female white rhinoceros, that Mr. Galton had killed during the preceding night, when all at once its calf, about the size of an ox, rushed upon me from behind the carcase. Its movements were so rapid, that I had neither time to get out of its way nor to level my gun, but passing the barrel, like a stick, against its chest, I fired, and, as luck would have it, the ball caused the calf to swerve on one side, and take itself off. A short time afterwards, and at no great distance from our encampment, it was found dead.

At Elephant Fountain Mr. Anderson had another narrow escape from a lion. He had posted himself, he relates, in a dense mimosa brake, commanding the approach to the Zwart Nosop river at a point much frequented by wild animals, and flanked by an immense pit-fall. The darkness was deepened by surrounding thick foliage and high river-banks. Indeed, so black was the night that I could not discern even the muzzle of my gun. The gloominess of my solitude was increased by the occasional "Qua-qua!" of the night-heron, which made the succeeding hush more dreary; during which even the falling of leaves, and rustling of insects among dry grass, was hailed as a relief to the oppressive dumbness. To a man in a savage wilderness, and without a companion, silence, especially when combined with utter privation of light, is inexpressibly solemn. It strikes the mind not merely as a negation, but as a threatening presence. It seems ominous. I shall never forget the loneliness and sense of desolation I felt on this occasion. It was past midnight, and still no game appeared.

Suddenly, I fancied I heard the purr and breathing of an animal close behind me; but, as no other indications of any living thing ensued, I attributed the sounds to a heated imagination. All at once, however, the dismal stillness was disturbed by the quick steps of a troop of pallahs, descending the stony slope leading direct to my ambush. Stooping as low as possible, in order to catch their outline, I waited their arrival with my gun on full cock. Nearer and nearer they came, till at last I fancied the leader was on the verge of the pit-fall; but, just at that moment, there was a low, stifled growl, a rush, and then a faint cry as of some dying animal. All was again silent. Though the impenetrable darkness prevented me from seeing anything, I could no longer doubt that I was in the immediate vicinity of a lion. I freely acknowledge that I felt awed, well knowing that were he to attack me, I should be completely at his mercy. My situation was critical in the extreme. Straining eyes and ears to discover the beast's whereabout, I held my breath in fearful suspense, whilst every nerve was strung to the highest pitch. Presently I heard, to my astonishment, the report of a gun within fifty paces of my hiding-place; then a second and a third shot. This made matters worse; for I now became apprehensive that the men, not aware of my presence, might direct their fire towards me. I therefore sprang to my feet, and vociferated—"Who's there?" "Sir, the lion—the lion!" replied Eyebrecht,

[1] When we thus shot at night, we generally encamped ourselves in a "skärm," that is, a small circular enclosure, six or eight feet in diameter, the walls (usually consisting of loose stones), being about two feet in height

Drawn Lith. & Coloured

CAPE TOWN

for it was no other. The next instant he stood trembling before me. He had, it appeared, been sent by Amral, to call me back, but had encountered the beast in his path, and fired in order to frighten him away.

Though I did not exactly comply with the wishes of the chief, I deemed it advisable, after what had passed, to remove to a more open space, where I was less likely to be taken by surprise. Early next morning a number of Hottentots came to examine the ground, when, as I had expected, we found the foot-prints of a lion at the very back of my "skärm," and scarcely distant the length of the gun-barrel from my own person, where he had evidently been crouching previously to leaping on the pallah (whose cry I had heard in the night), but which, though wounded, had effected its escape. How far the beast intended me mischief is hard to say, but in any case my position had not been an enviable one.

## IV.

### Mr. Andersson Visits Cape Town—Returns to Walfisch Bay—Piet's Performance with Lions—A Lion Goes to Church—Mutilated Hyæna—A Draught of Blood.

Arrived at Walfisch Bay, Mr. Galton took ship for St. Helena, on his way home, whilst Mr. Andersson remained behind with Hans—himself a host—and two other men, who agreed to stay with him, and share in the dangers of a renewed attempt to reach Lake Ngami. It was now the rainy season, and the barren haarip was richly carpeted with grass and flowers. The presence of herds of the beautiful oryx, the lively quagga, and the grotesque gnu, which looked like—

> "Beasts of mixed and monstrous birth,
> Creatures of some fabled earth,"

served further to enhance the interest of the scene. These were also glorious times for the lions, who were exceedingly numerous.

Finding, on making a survey of his little property, that, notwithstanding Mr. Galton had furnished him with a variety of things, he was deficient in the most important—such as articles for barter, presents for chiefs, instruments for taking observations, and provisions, Mr. Andersson resolved to visit Cape Town before carrying out his intentions. This journey he succeeded in accomplishing by land, but not without many perils and adventures, being tossed by an ox, attacked with ophthalmia, cheated by Jonker, his tent burnt by fire, laid low with malignant fever, and, finally, when he arrived at the Cape, treated as a vagrant and an outlaw. Worse than all, he was abandoned, at the Cape, by Hans and the boy Aller; but Andersson was not the man to shrink before difficulties—a stouter heart, perhaps, seldom existed. He obtained the services of Timbo, who had returned from St. Helena, after having served with the first expedition, as also that of an English lad—George Bonfield—who accompanied him to the Great Lake, and when he became ill, and was crippled by wounds inflicted by wild animals, the presence and tender care of this youth greatly relieved and soothed his sufferings.

Mr. Andersson returned to Walfisch Bay with a Mr. Reid, in the schooner *Flying Fish*, and on his arrival there was grieved to find that the Namaquas and Damaras were at war, and the country, consequently, very unsafe. Jonker had also declared against the missionaries, who were finally compelled to desist from their ill-requited labours. These bad tidings had, however, no effect upon our traveller, who proceeded by Tinous to Richterfeldt, shooting a full grown male lion by the way, having split his skull in two at the first shot.

Lions had been unusually numerous and daring during the year. Mr. Barth's waggon-driver, Piet, a mighty Nimrod, and his two brothers, had killed upwards of twenty in the course of a few months. And many and wonderful were their escapes from those animals.

One night, the old man was awakened by a peculiar noise outside his door, which [illegible] shut in two parts. The lower [illegible] the upper was left open on account of the [illegible] state of the atmosphere. Quietly [illegible] Piet stole softly to the door, expecting [illegible] hyæna, as he knew that one of these brutes had the habit of harrowing the goat-kraal. [illegible] security, he had kneeled against the side of the house. His amazement, however, was great, when, instead of a hyæna, a lion stood before him. Without losing his presence of mind, he poked the muzzle of his piece against the animal's head, and blew out its brains.

Again: Riding along one morning in a very weak state, having just recovered from a severe fever, a lion suddenly rushed at him. The ox became frightened, and threw the old man. One of his feet was caught in the stirrup; but, fortunately, the "veld" shoe slipped off.

"I know," said the veteran hunter, "I was thrown, and that I got on my legs again, but in what manner is quite a mystery to me to this day. I called as loud as my feeble voice permitted, to my people to bring a gun, the lion always getting nearer and nearer [illegible] he stood within arm's length. I once or twice [illegible] to pull out my pistol or my sword-knife, which [illegible] know, I usually carry about with me, but in my anxiety I missed them. My jacket was lying just in front of me on the ground, but the brute had one of his paws on it. I felt desperate, however, and, pulling it forcibly away, struck the lion on the head when he grinned and growled terribly, and I expected every moment he would tear me to pieces. At this juncture my Damara, who fortunately had heard my cries, [illegible] tress, came running up with my gun. Taking the [illegible] from the man, I fired at the lion, who had retreated a few paces, where he sat quietly looking at me. I don't know whether I hit him, for what with the sudden fright, and my weak constitution, I was very unsteady. Be that as it may, it had, at all events, the effect of scaring him away, for, at the report of the gun, he instantly betook himself to [illegible]."

On another occasion, when the missionary waggon was on its road to Walfisch Bay, a lion sprang unexpectedly into the midst of the sleeping party, which was bivouacking, at the time, on the banks of the Kuiseb. One of Piet's sons, who was present, picked up his gun from the ground; but in order to prevent the dog from injuring it, he had wrapped his waistcoat round the lock, and, as the burrel was unable to disengage the [illegible] However, that too, was just [illegible] of him, he held out the piece and fired at [illegible] fortunately with deadly effect.

Once a lion [illegible] into the church at Richterfeldt. The door being open, the Damarre, assegai in hand, [illegible] to the [illegible], and, seizing him by the tail and [illegible], dragged him bodily out of the sacred

for it was no other. The next instant he stood trembling before me. He had, it appeared, been sent by Amral, to call me back, but had encountered the beast in his path, and fired in order to frighten him away.

Though I did not exactly comply with the wishes of the chief, I deemed it advisable, after what had passed, to remove to a more open space, where I was less likely to be taken by surprise. Early next morning a number of Hottentots came to examine the ground, when, as I had expected, we found the foot-prints of a lion at the very back of my "skärm," and scarcely distant the length of the gun-barrel from my own person, where he had evidently been crouching previously to leaping on the pallah (whose cry I had heard in the night), but which, though wounded, had effected its escape. How far the beast intended me mischief is hard to say, but in any case my position had not been an enviable one.

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Arrived at Walfisch Bay, Mr. Galton took ship for St. Helena, on his way home, whilst Mr. Anderson remained behind with Hans—himself a host—and two other men, who agreed to stay with him, and share in the dangers of a renewed attempt to reach Lake Ngami. It was now the rainy season, and the barren haarip was richly carpeted with grass and flowers. The presence of herds of the beautiful oryx, the lively quagga, and the grotesque gnu, which looked like—

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served further to enhance the interest of the scene. These were also glorious times for the lions, who were exceedingly numerous.

Finding, on making a survey of his little property, that, notwithstanding Mr. Galton had furnished him with a variety of things, he was deficient in the most important—such as articles for barter, presents for chiefs, instruments for taking observations, and provisions, Mr. Anderson resolved to visit Cape Town before carrying out his intentions. This journey he succeeded in accomplishing by land, but not without many perils and adventures, being tossed by an ox, attacked with ophthalmia, cheated by Jonker, his tent burnt by fire, laid low with malignant fever, and, finally, when he arrived at the Cape, treated as a vagrant and an outlaw. Worse than all, he was abandoned, at the Cape, by Hans and the boy Alter; but Anderson was not the man to shrink before difficulties—a stouter heart, perhaps, seldom existed. He obtained the services of Timbo, who had returned from St. Helena, after having served with the first expedition, as also that of an English lad—George Bonfield—who accompanied him to the Great Lake, and when he became ill, and was crippled by wounds inflicted by wild animals, the presence and tender care of this youth greatly relieved and soothed his sufferings.

Mr. Anderson returned to Walfisch Bay with a Mr. Reid, in the schooner *Flying Fish*, and on his arrival there was grieved to find that the Namaquas and Damaras were at war, and the country, consequently, very unsafe. Jonker had also declared against the missionaries, who were finally compelled to desist from their ill-requited labours. These bad tidings had, however, no effect upon our traveller, who proceeded by Tinoos to Richterfeldt, shooting a full-grown male lion by the way, having split his skull in two at the first shot.

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One night, the old man was awakened by a peculiar noise outside his door, which was constructed so as to shut in two parts. The lower division was closed, but the upper was left open on account of the oppressive state of the atmosphere. Quietly taking up his gun, Piet stole softly to the door, expecting to meet with a hyæna, as he knew that one of these beasts was in the habit of harrassing the goat-kids, which, for better security, he had kraaled against the wall of the house. His amazement, however, was great, when, instead of a hyæna, a lion stood before him. Without losing his presence of mind, he poked the muzzle of his piece against the animal's head, and blew out its brains.

Again: Riding along one morning in a very weak state, having just recovered from a severe fever, a lion suddenly rushed at him. The ox became frightened, and threw the old man. One of his feet was caught in the stirrup; but, fortunately, the "veld" shoe slipped off.

"I know," said the veteran hunter, "I was thrown, and that I got on my legs again, but in what manner is quite a mystery to me to this day. I called, as loud as my feeble voice permitted, to my people to bring a gun, the lion always getting nearer and nearer, until he stood within arm's length. I once or twice tried to pull out my pistol or my sword-knife, which, as you know, I usually carry about with me, but in my anxiety I missed them. My jacket was lying just in front of me on the ground, but the brute had one of his paws on it. I felt desperate, however, and, pulling it forcibly away, struck the lion on the head, when he grinned and growled terribly, and I expected every moment he would tear me to pieces. At this juncture, my Damara, who fortunately had heard my cries of distress, came running up with my gun. Taking the piece from the man, I fired at the lion, who had retreated a few paces, where he sat quietly looking at me. I don't know whether I hit him, for what with the sudden fright, and my weak constitution, I felt very unsteady. Be that as it may, it had, at all events, the effect of scaring him away, for, at the report of the gun, he instantly betook himself to cover."

On another occasion, when the missionary waggon was on its road to Walfisch Bay, a lion sprang unexpectedly into the midst of the sleeping party, which was bivouacking, at the time, on the banks of the Kubakop river. One of Piet's sons, who was present, picked up his gun from the ground; but, in order to prevent the dew from injuring it, he had wrapped his waistcoat round the lock, and, in the hurry, he was unable to disengage the garment. Finding, however, that the lion was just about to lay hold of him, he held out the piece and fired at random, but fortunately with deadly effect.

Once a lion found his way into the church at Richterfeldt. The alarm being given, the Damaras, assegai in hand, rushed to the spot, and, seizing him by the tail and ears, dragged him bodily out of the sacred

edifice. The poor brute was actually dying from starvation, and offered but a very feeble resistance. I saw his skin.

From Barmen Mr. Andersson proceeded again to Eikhams, but the relationship with Jonker was, as may be easily imagined, anything but friendly. The journey thence to Tunobis—Mr. Galton's farthest—was by no means so pleasant as on the previous occasion, and although Mr. Andersson shot a giraffe—the only instance in which one was killed outright with a single bullet—still game was so scarce that all the party suffered grievously from hunger. From Tunobis to Ghanzé, a celebrated watering-place, the way lay through an intensely dense thorn jungle, which not only tore their flesh and clothes, but subtracted several articles of value from the pack-saddles. The elephant and the rhinoceros have wandered to this watering-place for ages in undisputed sway. Here and there an "iron" tree, the mythological progenitor of the Damaras, stood majestically forth, shooting its wide-spreading branches high into space.

Almost the first animal, says Mr. Andersson, I saw at this place was a gigantic "tiger-wolf," or spotted hyæna, which to my surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight, remained stationary, grinning in the most ghastly manner. Having approached within twenty paces, I perceived, to my horror, that his fore paws and the skin and flesh of his front legs had been gnawed away, and that he could scarcely move from the spot. To shorten the sufferings of the poor beast I seized my opportunity and knocked him on the head with a stone; and, catching him by the tail, drove my hunting knife deep into his side. But I had to repeat the operation more than once before I could put an end to his existence. I am at a loss how to account for his mangled condition. It certainly could not have been from age, for his teeth were good. Could it be possible that from want of food he had become too weak for further exertions, and that, as a last resource, he had attacked his own body? Or was he an example of that extraordinary species of cruelty said to be practised by the lion on the hyæna, when the latter has the insolence to interfere with the monarch's prey.[1]

Fortune once again favoured us; for, in the course of the few days we remained at Ghanzé, several rhinoceroses were shot, affording an abundance of provision. These animals were very numerous, but rather shy. One night I counted twenty defiling past me, though beyond reach. The cause of so unusual a number being seen together was as follows:—In the early part of the night, one or two were approaching the water, but, having winded me, they kept walking restlessly round the place, grunting and snorting most viciously. This had the effect of putting those who arrived later on their guard, and they soon joined company.

Having enjoyed a good deal of shooting at this oasis in the desert, and feasted themselves and bushmen on rhinoceros flesh to their hearts' content, they left Ghanzé on the 23rd of June. The first portion of the country through which their road led was very thorny; but the bush gradually opened, and they journeyed with more ease.

In the early part of the day, after our departure, I caused, says Mr. Andersson, my horse to be saddled, and rode off to look for water. About noon I reached a hollow, of a similar nature as Ghanzé, but on a smaller scale. I thought I perceived indications of the existence of water; and, having 'hobbled' the steed, went in search of it. The elephants, however, had so trampled the place that, though I could not doubt of water being there, I soon found that it was only to be had by a vast deal of labour.

Whilst reflecting on what was best to do, whether to remain and clear out the pit, or to push on in hopes of finding another watering-place, I observed several small birds flying in and out at a small crevice in the limestone-rock. Running to the spot, I discovered a narrow, circular aperture, about two feet broad, and perhaps twice as much in depth, with something at the bottom reflecting light. Taking for granted that it was water which thus shone, and being tormented with thirst, I leapt into the hole, and greedily swallowed a large quantity. I was too eager to be able to distinguish its taste; but, having somewhat slaked my burning thirst, my palate resumed its functions, and I thought I had never experienced so abominable a flavour. Imagine my horror, when, taking a small portion in the hollow of my hand and holding it up to the light, I found I had been drinking *blood*, mixed with the refuse of some wild animal! I shall never forget the loathing I felt on making this discovery; and, though my stomach was presently relieved of its nauseous contents, I long retained a qualmish sensation. The mystery was, however, cleared up. On a more close examination of the aperture in question, it was found that a herd of zebras had, like myself, been looking for water, and, in so doing, one of them had fallen in, and been found and killed by the Bushmen. Hence the blood and offal of the unfortunate animal.

## V.

THE POOL OF KOBIS—FIRST ELEPHANT SHOT—LIONS AND GIRAFFE—THE POOL AT MIDNIGHT—HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES—A BLACK RHINOCEROS—A TROOP OF ELEPHANTS.

THE next station was Kobis, where there was a magnificent sheet of water swarming with geese and ducks, and as usual visited at night by abundance of larger game, more especially elephants and rhinoceros. Here, however, Mr. Andersson was seized with a singular malady: a pain in the knee that caused intolerable anguish, and which incapacitated him from moving for some days. This forced detention naturally brought about a want of flesh. Our traveller possessed a few sheep, but he was afraid to kill them, not knowing what the future had in store for him. It was on this occasion that he shot his first elephant. He had dispersed his men over the surrounding country; but though they met with game in abundance, from mismanagement and bad shooting, they were unable to bag a single animal.

One evening I desperately resolved to go to the water myself in the hope of succeeding better. Accordingly I ordered my servants to prepare a "skärm," and to carry me there, taking the chance of being run over or gored by elephants or rhinoceroses; for, in my disabled state, it was impossible, should any animal charge, to get out of its way. Seeing my helpless condition, the men remonstrated, but I was resolved to go, and fortune favoured me.

[1] It is asserted by more than one experienced hunter, that when the hyæna proves troublesome, the lion has been known to bite off all its feet, and, thus mutilated, leave the poor animal to its fate!

A POND IN AFRICA AT NIGHT.

I had patiently waited till nigh morning without seeing anything but hyænas and jackals. I believe these creatures knew I would not hurt them, for they approached within a very few paces, staring and laughing at me in the most impudent manner. I threw gravel-pebbles at them, but this only served to increase their mockery. I could stand it no longer, but hurled my camp-chair at their heads, when they quickly betook themselves to flight.

Scarcely had they made their exit, than I heard the heavy tramp of elephants. At this sound, my heart beat violently; but it was only momentarily. The next instant, I recovered my self-possession. Pushing my gun gently over the "skärm," I quietly waited (without daring to think of my poor leg) the approach of the giants. Nearer and nearer they came; their steps were more distinct and measured; confused forms were seen advancing amongst the trees. Gradually they assumed shape; and, lo! suddenly a huge elephant stood out in bold relief against the sky line; then another, and another, till the ground became alive with their numbers. There must have been at least fifty. They hesitated for a moment, but then came swiftly on by a broad path, at right angles to, and within a dozen feet of my place of concealment. I scarcely dared to breathe. The leader stood conspicuously forth from the rest, and, as a matter of course, I selected him for a mark. Having allowed the huge creature to pass a few paces beyond me, so as to have an opportunity of a second shot, I gave a low whistle which instantly arrested the attention of the brutes, who, partially raising their huge ears, and describing with their trunks eccentric circles through the air, seemed anxiously to inquire the cause of the strange noise. This was my opportunity; and, in an instant, the forest resounded with the report of the gun. Curling up his trunk, the stricken animal uttered a faint cry, and, turning sharply round, staggered back whence he came. It was clear the wound he had received was mortal; but to make more sure, I gave him the contents of my second barrel, though, apparently, without effect. Having reached the skirts of the wood, he tottered, and plunging violently forward, came heavily to the ground.

I had eagerly watched the scene, and now, strange to relate, that the danger and excitement was over, I was seized with a violent tremor. After a time, however, when my nerves had become somewhat composed, I pushed down part of the enclosure, and, though crippled, crawled on all fours up to the carcase. Having ascertained that life was extinct, I scrambled on to the back of the defunct elephant, where, like a schoolboy, I seated myself in triumph.

Elephants, rhinoceroses, gnus, and zebras were, after this, shot almost nightly. Giraffes were not very numerous in this neighbourhood, but occasionally they made their appearance at the pool when he managed to get a shot.

Late one evening, Mr. Anderson relates, in another part of the country, I had badly wounded a lion, and at an early hour on the succeeding morning was following the bloody tracks of the beast, in the hope of putting an end to his career. Presently, we came upon the "spoor," of a whole troop of lions, as also that of a solitary giraffe. So many tracks confused us; and whilst endeavouring to pick out from the rest those of the wounded lion, I observed my native attendants suddenly rush forward, and the next instant the jungle re-echoed with shouts of triumph. Thinking they had discovered the lions we were in pursuit of, I also hurried forward; but imagine my surprise, when emerging into an opening in the jungle, I saw, not a dead lion, as I expected, but five living lions (two males and three females), two of whom were in the act of pulling down a splendid giraffe, the other three watching, close at hand, and with devouring looks, the deadly strife. (*See* p. 673.)

The scene was of so imposing a nature that, for the moment, I forgot I carried a gun. The natives, however, in anticipation of a "glorious gorge," dashed madly forward, and, with the most piercing shrieks and yells, compelled the lions to beat a hasty retreat.

When I reached the giraffe, now stretched at full length on the sand, it made a few ineffectual attempts to raise its neck; its body heaved and quivered for a moment, and the next instant the poor animal was dead. It had received several deep gashes about the flanks and chest, caused by the claws and teeth of its fierce assailants. The strong and tough muscles of the neck were also bitten through.

All thought of pursuing the wounded lion was now out of the question. The natives remained gorging on the carcase of the cameleopard until it was devoured. A day or two afterwards, however, I had the good fortune to fall in with my royal antagonist, and finished him without much difficulty.

Our traveller enjoyed shooting at this remote and remarkably central station of Kobis to perfection. The scene presented by the pool at night is represented in the illustration. (*See* p. 689.) There is one fact, Mr. Anderson says—a fact that has hitherto escaped the attention of the African sportsmen—connected with this illustration that makes it particularly interesting. If the spring or pool, as the case may be, be of small extent, all the animals present will invariably retire from the water as soon as they are aware of the presence of the elephants, of whom they appear to have an instinctive dread, and will remain at a respectful distance until the giants have quenched their thirst. Thus, long before I have seen, or even heard the elephants, I have been warned of their approach by the symptoms of uneasiness displayed by such animals as happened to be drinking at the time. The giraffe, for instance, begins to sway his long neck to and fro; the zebra utters subdued, plaintive cries; the gnu glides away with a noiseless step; and even the ponderous and quarrelsome black rhinoceros, when he has time for reflection, will pull up short in his walk to listen; then, turning round, he listens again, and, if he feels satisfied that his suspicions are correct, he invariably makes off, usually giving vent to his fear or ire by one of his vicious and peculiar snorts. Once, it is true, I saw a rhinoceros drinking together with a herd of seven male elephants; but then he was of the white species, and, besides, I do not believe that either party knew of each other's proximity.

Our traveller had at the same time and place many hair-breadth escapes from elephants and rhinoceroses. One fine moonlight night, when snugly ensconced in my "skärm," and contemplating the strange but picturesque scene before me, my reverie was interrupted by the inharmonious grunting of a black rhinoceros. He was evidently in bad humour, for, as he emerged from amongst the trees into more open ground, I observed him madly charging anything and

everything that he encountered, such as bushes, stones, &c. Even the whitened skulls and skeletons of his own species, lying scattered about on the ground, were attacked with inconceivable fury. I was much amused at his eccentric pastime; but, owing to the openness of the ground, and the quantity of the limestone thereabouts, which made objects more distinct, he was not easy of approach. However, after divesting myself of my shoes, and all the more conspicuous parts of my dress, I managed to crawl—pushing my gun before me—to within a short distance of the snorting beast. As he was advancing in a direct line towards me, I did not like to fire, because one has little chance of killing the rhinoceros when in that position. Having approached to within a few feet of me, his attention was attracted, and suddenly uttering one of those strange "blowing" noises, so peculiar to the beast when alarmed or enraged, he prepared to treat me in a similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about. Not a moment was to be lost; and, in self-defence, I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the [illegible] on receiving the contents of my gun. S[illegible]g nearly perpendicularly into the air, and to the [illegible] of many feet, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble—then plunging violently forward (in doing which he all but trampled on me), he ran round and round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood and was hidden from view. Not finding blood on his tracks, I had no reason to suppose he was much hurt. My notion is the bullet struck his horn, partially stunning him with its jarring violence. Had my gun missed fire when he charged, it is more than probable I should have been impaled.

Again: having on a certain night stalked to within a few paces of a huge white rhinoceros (a female as it proved), I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear—for, guided by the flash of the gun, she rushed upon me with such fury that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life, for not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near to me, that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on my face! I was in an agony of suspense, though, happily, only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about, and made off at her utmost speed. I then saw, for the first time, that her calf was in company, and at once recognized the pair as an old acquaintance, and as specially vicious animals.

On another occasion, when the night was very dark, I crept to within a short distance of seven bull-elephants, and was endeavouring to pick out the largest, when I was startled by a peculiar rumbling noise close behind me. Springing to my feet, I perceived, to my surprise and alarm, a semi-circle of female elephants, with their calves, bearing down upon me. My position was critical, being between two fires, so to say, and I had no other choice than either to plunge into the pool, which could only be crossed by swimming, in the face of the male elephants, or to break through the ranks of the females. I adopted the latter alternative, but first fired at the nearest of the seven bulls; and then, and without a moment's delay, I rushed on the more open rank of the female phalanx, uttering at the time loud shouts. My cries caused a momentary panic amongst the animals, of which I took advantage, and slipped out between them, discharging my second barrel into the shoulder of the nearest as I passed her. No sooner, however, had I effected my escape, than the whole herd made a simultaneous rush at me, and trumpeted so shrilly as to cause every man at the camp, as I learnt afterwards, to start out of his sleep. Fortunately the darkness prevented the beasts from following me, and the jungle being close by, I was soon in safety. In my precipitate flight, however, I severely lacerated my feet; for, when stalking the elephants, I had taken off my shoes that I might the better steal upon them.

When after awhile I ventured out of my place of concealment, I found everything quiet—only one solitary elephant remained. Having approached within a short distance, I could distinctly see him laving water on to his sides with his trunk. I immediately suspected he belonged to the troop of seven bulls, and was the one that I had fired at. Seating myself right across his path, I quietly watched his proceedings. After a time I saw him, as I thought, moving off in an opposite direction; but I was mistaken; for in another instant his towering form loomed above me. It was too late to get out of his way; so, quickly raising myself on one knee, I took a steady aim at his fore leg. On receiving the ball he uttered the most plaintive cries, and rushing past me, soon disappeared in the neighbouring forest. The next afternoon he was discovered dead within rifle-shot of the water. It had been a very successful night, for a fine female elephant had also fallen to my other shot.[1]

## VI.

CALF OF THE TRAVELLER'S LEG GOES ASTRAY—ESCAPES DEATH BY A MIRACLE—SHOOTS A WHITE RHINOCEROS—IS DESPERATELY WOUNDED BY A BLACK RHINOCEROS—SAVES HIS HALF-CASTE BOY.

OUR traveller determined to lose no more time, but to push on at once to the lake. His leg had in some degree recovered its strength, but, unobserved by him it had received a somewhat ugly twist. Little George, he relates, first drew his attention to the fact:

"Sir," said he, "your leg has grown crooked."

"Crooked!" echoed I, somewhat angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Only," he wickedly replied, "the calf is nearly where the shin ought to be."

The boy's remark was not without foundation; but in time the leg assumed its proper shape.

Notwithstanding my anxious desire to reach the Ngami—the goal of my wishes—I determined, before finally leaving Kobis, to devote one more day, or rather night, to the destruction of the denizens of the forest. But the adventure nearly terminated fatally; and the night of the 15th of July, will ever be remembered by me as one of the most eventful epochs of my life; for, in the course of it, I was three several times in the very jaws of death, and only escaped destruction by a miracle.

[1] I lost many noble beasts from the small calibre of my guns, which did not carry more than fourteen and seventeen balls respectively to the pound. This was more especially the case as regarded the elephants; and it was not until after a time, and when they had become scarce and shy, that I found out the way of bringing them down with any certainty at one or two shots. I found the best part to aim at (when shooting by night) was the shoulder, either behind or in the centre, near to the lower edge of the ear. Another good point, provided the gun be of large calibre, is to fire at the leg, which once broken, the animal, in almost every instance, is completely at the mercy of the hunter.

From the constant persecution to which the larger game had of late been subjected at Kobis, it had become not only scarce, but wary; and hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses still continued to resort to Abeghan, I forthwith proceeded there on the night in question. Somewhat incautiously I took up my position—alone, as usual—on a narrow neck of land dividing two small pools; the space on either side of my "skärm" being only sufficient for a large animal to stand between me and the water. I was provided with a blanket, and two or three spare guns.

It was one of those magnificent tropical moonlight nights, when an indescribably soft and enchanting light is shed over the slumbering landscape; the moon was so bright and clear that I could discern even a small animal at a considerable distance.

I had just completed my arrangements, when a noise that I can liken only to the passage of a train of artillery, broke the stillness of the air; it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water, and I imagined it was caused by some waggons that might have crossed the Kalahari. Raising myself partially from my recumbent posture, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded; but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males. It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped towards the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures.

Crouching down as low as possible in the "skärm," I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavourable for a shot; and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was, that while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the "skärm," my body caught his eye, and, before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that, if I remained partially erect, he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence; in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life; for, at the same instant, the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) that formed the fore part of my "skärm," like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death. But imagine my relief, when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need. (*See* p. 701.)

Immediately after the elephant had left me I was on my legs, and, snatching up a spare rifle lying at hand, I pointed at him, as he was retreating, and pulled the trigger; but, to my intense mortification, the piece missed fire. It was matter of thankfulness to me, however, that a similar mishap had not occurred when the animal charged; for had my gun not then exploded, nothing, as I conceive, could have saved me from destruction.

Whilst pondering over my late escape, Mr. Andersson goes on to relate, I observed, at a little distance, a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and mis-shapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I still felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearances I had every reason to believe he would not live long.

Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitlo (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavourable for a good shot. As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her: she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

As no more elephants or other large game appeared, I thought, after a time, it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcase, for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

In heading back to my "skärm," I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavourable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball-pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air; the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at

once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head, and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and, as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and, for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging among the neighbouring bushes. I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *mêlée*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with my life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my "skärm."

During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent trembling. I have since killed many rhinoceroses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks elapsed before I could again attack those animals with any coolness.

About sunrise, Kamapyu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening, about half a mile away, came to the "skärm" to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In few words, I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity, but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke

I afterwards directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed—"Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also!"

Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and, when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death-agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.[1]

When reflecting on the wonderful and providential escapes I recently experienced, I could not help thinking that I had been spared for some good purpose, and my heart was lifted in humble gratitude to the Almighty who had thus extended over me His protecting hand.

The second day after the scenes described, my bruises began to show themselves; and on the third day they were fully developed, giving my body a black and yellow hue. So far as I was aware, none of my bones were broken; but burning and agonising pains in the region of the chest were clearly symptomatic of severe internal injury. Indeed, at first, serious apprehensions were entertained for my life. After great suffering, however, I recovered; and, as my shooting mania had by this time somewhat cooled down, my whole thoughts were bent on seeing the Ngami. Though my frame was quite unequal to bear fatigue, my spirit would not brook longer delay.

With the assistance of my men, I therefore mounted my steed, on the 23rd of July, and was off for the Lake, leaving my hunting spoils and other effects under the care of the bushman-chief at Kobis.

## VII

First View of Lake Ngami—Animals, Birds, and Fishes—Nakong and Leché—Ascent of the Teoge—Adventure with a Leché—Horrible Death of a Traveller—Harpooning the Hippopotamus—A Lion for a Bed-partner.

The way from this wondrous shooting-pool of Kobis to Lake Ngami, lay through densely thick thorn-coppice, crossed in every direction by numerous paths of rhinoceroses and elephants. The second day they arrived at a fine vley or pool of water, where he was met by some Bechuanas of the Batuana tribe, who reside on the shores of the lake. They were remarkably fine-looking fellows, stout and well built, with Caffre features and longish hair. Their appearance, indeed, was not unlike

[1] The black rhinoceros is, under all circumstances, as already mentioned, a morose and sulky beast. The one in question was unusually savage, as she had probably a young sucking calf. We did not see the latter, it is true, but assumed such to be the case from the beast's teats being full of milk. It is most likely that her offspring was of too tender an age to accompany her, and that, as not unfrequently happens, she concealed it among the bushes when about to quench her thirst at the pool.

that of the Damaras. The approach to the lake was also characterised by the first appearance of the gigantic baobob tree.

At length on reaching the top of a ridge, the natives, who were in advance of our party, suddenly came to a halt, and, pointing straight before them—"Ngami! Ngami!" In an instant I was with the men. There, indeed, at no very great distance, lay spread before me an immense sheet of water, only bounded by the horizon, the object of my ambition for years, and for which I had abandoned home and friends, and risked my life.

The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently, that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support until the excitement had subsided. The reader will, no doubt, think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but, "those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamt of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport." I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance, which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this long and perilous journey. My trials had been many; but, my dearest aspirations being attained, the difficulties were all forgotten. And here I could not avoid passing my previous life in review. I had penetrated into deserts almost unknown to civilised man—had suffered the extremity of hunger and thirst, cold, and heat—and had undergone desperate toil, sometimes nearly in solitude, and often without shelter during dreary nights in vast wildernesses, haunted by beasts of prey. My companions were mostly savages. I was exposed to numerous perils by land and by water, and endured torments from wounds inflicted by wild animals. But I was mercifully preserved by the Creator through the manifold dangers that hovered round my path. To Him are due all homage, thanksgiving, and adoration.

After feasting my eyes for a while on the interesting scene before me, we descended from the higher ground towards the Lake, which we reached in about an hour and-a-half. But though we breathed a fresher atmosphere, no perfumed or balmy scents, as might have been anticipated on the borders of a tropical lake, were wafted on the breeze.

Whether my expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, or that the grandeur of this inland sea, and the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, had been somewhat exaggerated by travellers, I must confess that, on a closer inspection, I felt rather disappointed. In saying this, I must admit having visited it at a season of the year little favourable to the display of its grandeur. Pt, if I am not mistaken, its discoverers, Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, saw it under no more auspicious circumstances. The eastern extremity, however, the only portion ever seen by the gentlemen in question, certainly possesses superior attractions to the western, or where I first struck upon the Ngami.

The Lake was now very low; and at the point first seen by us, exceedingly shallow. The water, which had a very bitter and disagreeable taste, was only approachable in a few places, partly on account of the mud, and partly because of the thick coating of reeds and rushes that lined the shore, and which were a favourite resort of a great variety of water-fowl. Many species, new to us, were amongst them; but we had no time to spare for approaching the birds.

We twice bivouacked on the south border of Ngami before coming in sight of Lecholètébé's residence, situated on the north bank of the River Zouga, and at a short distance from where its waters separate themselves from the Lake.

I had accomplished the journey from Kobis in five days. With unencumbered oxen, it might, with some exertion, be made in half this time.

A great variety of animals are found in and around Lake Ngami, such as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, giraffes, koodoos, and pallahs, but two remarkably beautiful creatures of the deer and antelope tribe, called the nakong and leché, seem to be peculiar to its shores.

The leché bears some resemblance to the pallah, but is altogether a larger animal. In size, indeed, it almost equals the water-buck (*Aigocerus ellipsiprymnus*), and the horns are very similar to those of the male of that beast. The general colour of the skin is a pale brown; chest, belly, and orbits, white; and front of legs dark brown. The fur (which in the young animal is long, soft, and often curly) of the adult is short and adpressed. The upper part of the nape and withers are provided with a small whorl of hair. The tip of the tail (slender at the base) is adorned with a tuft of black hair.

The leché is a species of water-buck; for though not actually living in water, he is never found any distance from it. When pursued, the leché unhesitatingly plunges into the water, however deep. Great numbers are annually destroyed by the Bayeye, who convert their hides into a kind of rug for sleeping on, carosses, and other articles of wearing apparel.

To the best of my belief, the nakong has never been described by naturalists.[1] Unfortunately, the materials I possessed, and which would in some degree have enabled me to supply this deficiency, were left behind in Africa. Through the kindness of Colonel Steele, an opportunity has been afforded me of inspecting one or two heads of the nakong, as also a caross (brought from the Lake Ngami by Mr. Oswell), made out of pieces of the skins of this animal. But they are all so imperfect, that to attempt anything like a scientific description would be ineffectual; the more so, perhaps, as I only once had an opportunity of viewing a pair of nakongs, and that was at a distance. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the general colour of the animal is a subdued brown, darkest on the back, and on the front of head and legs. Beneath, it is of a lighter hue—almost ash-coloured. On each side of the rump, as also on the inside of the legs, if I remember rightly, there is a whitish line or patch. The hair of the skin, which is much used by the natives for carosses, is long and coarse. The horns are black, very like those of the koodoo; and, in the adult animal, would appear to attain to an equal, if not larger, size. Before they are much developed, there is scarcely any indication of spiral turns, and they are then not unlike the horns of goats.

[1] Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, to whom I submitted an imperfect skin, and a sketch of the head, of the nakong, is unable to determine its exact nature, but seemed inclined to consider it identical with the *Tragelaphus eurycerus* — the broad-horned antelope—of which specimens of horns and heads have been brought from the Bights of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa.

The nakong is a water-buck. By means of its peculiarly long hoofs (which are black), not unfrequently attaining a length of six to seven inches, it is able to traverse with facility the reedy bogs and quagmires with which the Lake country abounds—localities only fit for the feathery tribe. When at the Ngami, I offered very tempting rewards to the natives if they would bring me this animal either dead or alive; but they protested, that though they frequently kill the nakong by pit-falls and spears, it was not then possible to gratify my wishes, as, at that season, the beast dwelt almost entirely in muddy and watery localities, where any attempt to follow it would be certain destruction to a man.

If quadrupeds are numerous and varied, birds are no less so—nineteen species of ducks and geese are said to have been detected. The waders vie with the palmipeds in size, numbers, and gaudiness of plumage. The lake and its rivers also swarm with crocodiles and otters. Snakes and fish, some of a very large size, also abound. The Bechuanas do not fish; they leave this as a drudgery for a conquered race—the Bayeye, who dwell in the same vicinity.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HARPOONED.

Our traveller, whilst at Lake Ngami, crossed the lake from Batuana town to the River Teoge, which he navigated for some distance. He had here a curious adventure with a leché, hundreds of which, he says, might be seen grazing and sporting amongst the shallows and the numerous little islets of the Teoge.

I had gone in advance of my party in the hope of obtaining a shot; but, though I met with vast numbers of animals, the openness of the ground prevented me from getting within range. Being quite tired by my severe and fruitless exertions, I was resting on my rifle, contemplating the novel and striking scene,—the Lake with its broad blue waters—its finely wooded shores—the varied and vast herds of animals—the Teoge with its numerous little channels and sedgy shores—when I saw, a little a-head of me, two magnificent stag lechés approaching each other, evidently with no friendly intentions. I was right in my conjecture; for in a few seconds afterwards they were engaged in combat. Taking advantage of this lucky incident, I approached, unperceived, within a dozen paces, when I quickly dropped on one knee and took a

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deliberate aim at the shoulder of the nearest; but, just as I pulled the trigger, he received a violent thrust from his antagonist, which made him swerve to one side, and the consequence was, that the ball, instead of piercing his heart, merely smashed one of his hind legs. The animals, nevertheless, were so intently engaged, that, notwithstanding the report of the gun, and the wounded state of one of them (he probably attributed this to his adversary), they did not observe me. Throwing aside the rifle, I drew my hunting knife, and, thus armed, rushed upon the combatants. Just, however, as I was about to bury the fatal weapon in the flank of one of the animals, they both suddenly became aware of me, and fled precipitately. The wounded beast at once made for the river, which was hard by, and though it was running very swiftly at this point—perhaps not less than four or five miles an hour—he plunged into the water.

Not being then aware of the aquatic habits of this species of antelope, I was very much astonished, and for a while thought the beast would surely be carried away by the violence of the current and drowned. But I was soon undeceived; for he struck bravely out for the opposite shore, his course being marked with streaks of crimson. On gaining the bank, he gave one glance behind him, shook his bloody and drizzling coat, and made off. I was determined, however, not to be beaten; and, as I had nothing on but a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt, I threw myself, as I was, into the stream, and soon succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, when I at once started in pursuit.

In this way, swimming and wading alternately, several rivulets, swamps, and dykes were crossed and re-crossed; but, for a long time, the result was doubtful. At last, however, the poor animal slackened his pace, staggered and lay down, but again proceeded, though apparently with pain and difficulty. Seeing this, I redoubled my exertions, and having succeeded in turning him towards the Lake, I drove him right into the water, which was here shallow, and where he several times stuck fast in the mud. I now felt sure of my quarry; and having approached sufficiently near, I seized him by the wounded leg, and severed the tendon at the knee joint. The struggle between us now became severe. On trying to lay hold of his horns, which were most formidable weapons, with the intention of cutting his throat, he struck out with so much violence, as to upset me, and I was nearly smothered with mud and water. But the poor creature's course was run. His loss of blood and crippled state soon enabled me to put an end to his miseries. He was a noble old stag—the finest antelope of the species that I ever shot, and they were many; he well rewarded me for all my exertions.

As our traveller ascended the Teoge, the landscape kept improving. Magnificent palms, date trees, and other fruit-bearing as well as fir-timber trees abounded. The arboreal scenery, indeed, in some places, exceeded in beauty anything to be seen elsewhere in Africa. The woods resounded with the wild notes of birds, and animal life was almost on a par with the exuberant vegetation. Rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, sassabys, hartebeests, pallahs, red-bucks, lechés, and herds of the finest of the antelope tribe were daily met with. Pity it is to think that when this glorious inland stream begins to subside after the annual overflow, noxious effluvia are emitted, carrying death along with them. Such is the climate of Africa. The traveller also first meets that sad pest of Africa, the tsetse fly, on the ascent of the Teoge.

Crocodiles abound, not only in the lake, but in all its rivers, both the Teoge and the Terign. One does not often hear, says Mr. Andersson, of crocodiles in these parts seizing on human beings when immersed in water, which would seem to prove that these animals are "man-eaters" from the compulsion of hunger, rather than from habit. Indeed, I have been assured by several persons that there is little danger of being attacked, provided one makes a great noise previously to entering the water. Accidents, however, do occur. Only a few years ago an English gentleman, Mr. R——, was carried off by one of these horrid creatures. He and his companion, Mr. M——, who told me the sad story, had encamped on the banks of the Zouga; and, as a number of water-fowl were seen disporting themselves on the stream, Mr. R—— proceeded there in the hope of obtaining a shot. He soon succeeded in killing several, and amongst the rest a muscovy duck; but he was unable to secure it for want of a boat.

Whilst looking about for a canoe, he observed a fine antelope approaching: and running quickly towards the waggon, which was hard by, he called out to his men to bring him a rifle. On his return to the river, he found that the antelope had escaped. He then proceeded towards the spot whence he had shot at the duck, which was still floating on the surface. His companion having by this time joined him, he expressed his determination to possess the bird at any cost, and that he would swim after it. He confessed, however, that he felt some doubt about the safety of such a proceeding, adding that he had once been witness to the death of a man who was seized and destroyed by a shark alongside his own boat. Notwithstanding this (his own) opinion of the risk he was about to incur, and the warning of his friend, he undressed and plunged into the stream. Having swam a little distance, he was observed to throw himself on his back, as if startled at some object beneath him; but in another moment, he was pursuing his course. When, however, he was about to lay his hands on the bird, his body was violently convulsed; and throwing his arms on high, he uttered a most piercing shriek, after which he was seen to be gradually drawn under the surface, never to re-appear!

The hippopotamus, we have also seen, abounds equally, and the native Bayeye are accustomed to harpoon this great animal in the Teoge and other rivers to the northward of Ngami in a somewhat similar manner to that practised with the whale.

Hippopotami are not found in all parts of the river, but only in certain localities. On approaching their favourite haunts, the natives keep a very sharp look-out for the animals, whose presence is often known by their snorts and grunts, whilst splashing and blowing in the water, or (should there be no interruption to the view) by the ripple on the surface, long before they are actually seen.

As soon as the position of the hippopotami is ascertained, one or more of the most skilful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons; whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and everyone is on the *qui-vive*. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream

still hides the animals from view. The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crests of sunken rocks, than living creatures. Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement. At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently, one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height to give the greater force to the blow, and, the next instant, the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line, or the shaft of the harpoon may break; but the cruel barb once imbedded in the flesh, the weapon (owing to the thickness and toughness of the beast's hide) cannot be withdrawn.

As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon-line, and take a "round turn" with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be "brought up" at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, "played" (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and "buoy" are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wheresoever he chooses.

The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the poor brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. (*See* page 696.) Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps at some little distance—he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

When thus beset, the infuriated beast not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in, or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the crew, and, with a single grasp of his horrid jaws, either terribly mutilate the poor fellow, or, it may be, cut his body fairly in two.

The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon hold, the animal cannot escape, because the "buoy" always marks his whereabout. At length, from loss of blood or exhaustion, Behemoth succumbs to his pursuers.

It is a remarkable fact that almost the same method of securing the hippopotamus, as that just described, was adopted by the ancient Egyptians.

"The hippopotamus," says Diodorus, "is chased by many persons, each armed with iron javelins. As soon as it makes its appearance at the surface of the water, they surround it with boats, and closing in on all sides they wound it with blades, furnished with iron barbs, and having hempen ropes fastened to them, in order that, when wounded, it may be let out, until its strength fails it from loss of blood."

Before Mr. Andersson returned to the Lake and was fairly on his way home, four months had elapsed, but though this portion of his travels was not devoid of interest, he confines himself to relating merely one striking incident that befel him, and a few general remarks.

Journeying in a very lonely part of the country, and only accompanied by a single native, I arrived one day at a fountain, situated in a defile between some craggy rocks. The water issued from different parts amongst these cliffs, forming little pools here and there; and though the place was difficult of access, elephants, and other large game, were in the habit of flocking to the water nightly. As the stony nature of the ground afforded excellent "ambuscades," and being much in want of provisions, I determined to watch the pools in question for a night or two.

The first night was a failure; but in the second, I succeeded in killing a white rhinoceros. After this, though I watched long and well, nothing appeared, and at last sleep overtook me. How long I slumbered I know not; but on a sudden I thought, or dreamt, that I was in danger. From much night-watching, my hearing and sight had gradually acquired such an acuteness, that even in sleep I was able to retain a certain consciousness of what was passing around me; and it is probable that I was indebted to this remarkable faculty for the preservation of my life on the present occasion. At first I could not divest myself of fear, and for awhile my senses were too confused to enable me to form any accurate notion of the imagined danger. Gradually, however, consciousness returned, and I could distinctly hear the breathing of an animal close to my face, accompanied by a purr like that of a cat. I knew that only one animal existed in these parts, capable of producing the sound, and at once I came to the conclusion that a lion was actually stooping over me.

If a man had ever cause for dread, I think I certainly had on this occasion. I became seriously alarmed. My first impulse was to get hold of my gun, which was lying ready cocked immediately before me, and the next to raise myself partially from my reclining position. In doing so I made as little noise as possible; but slight though it might be, it was sufficient to attract the notice of the beast, who uttered a gruff kind of growl, too well known to be misunderstood. Following with my eyes the direction of the sound, I endeavoured to discover the lion, but could only make out a large dark mass looming through the night-mist. Scarcely knowing what I was about, I instinctively levelled my gun at the beast. My finger was on the trigger; for a moment I hesitated; but, by a sudden impulse, pulled it, and the next instant the surrounding rocks rang with the report, followed by roarings from the beast, as if in the agonies of death. Well knowing what a wounded lion is capable of, and how utterly helpless I was, I regretted my rashness. The wounded beast, who at times seemed to be within a few paces of the "skirm," and at others at some little distance, was rolling on the ground, and tearing it up, in convulsive agonies. How long this struggle between life and death lasted is hard to say, but to me it appeared an age. Gradually, however, and to my great relief, his roars and moans subsided, and after awhile ceased altogether.

Dawn at length appeared, but it was not until after some time, and then with much caution, that I ven-

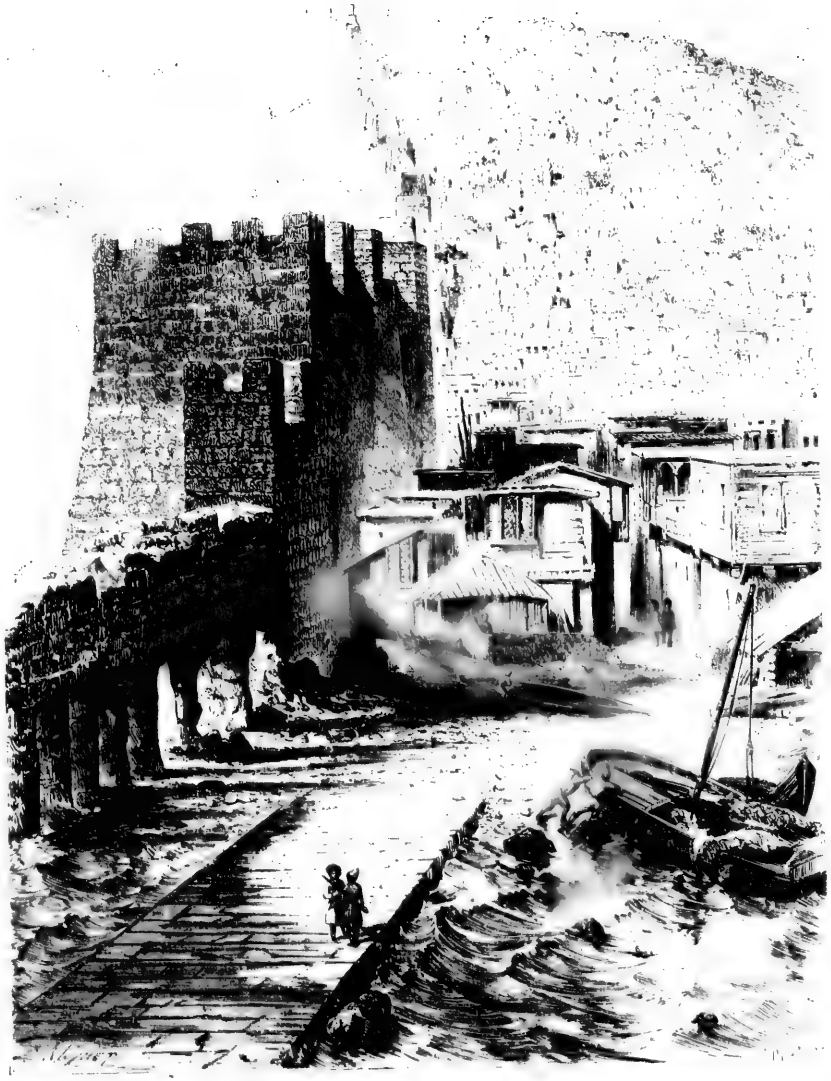
HUNTER AND ELEPHANT

tured to ascertain the fate of the lion, who, to my great satisfaction, I found dead within fifty yards of my place of concealment. The beast was of an average size, but unfortunately, the hyænas and jackals had played sad havoc with his skin.

Some time previously, my men, Eyebrecht and Klaas Caal, had also shot a lion in this identical spot; but owing to his fearful growls, whilst dying, they thought it best to decamp at once without ascertaining his fate.

During the four months that I was absent from my men, I travelled either alone or accompanied by a single native, sometimes on foot, and at others on horse-back or ox-back, over upwards of a thousand miles of country, parts of it emulating the Sahara in scarcity of water and general inhospitality. Tongue is too feeble to express what I suffered at times. To say nothing of narrow escapes from lions and other dangerous beasts, I was constantly enduring the cravings of hunger and the agonies of thirst. Occasionally I was as much as two days without tasting food, and it not unfrequently happened that in the course of the twenty-four hours I could only once or twice moisten my parched lips. Sometimes I was so overcome by these causes, coupled with bodily fatigue, that I fainted. Once both my steed and myself dropped down in the midst of a sand-plain, where we remained a long time in a state bordering on unconsciousness and exposed to all the injurious effects of a tropical sun. I would at times pursue my course with a pained and listless step, scarcely knowing what I was about, and staggering like a drunken man. "This," says Captain Messum, when speaking of the hardships he had undergone in a short tour into the interior of the west coast, "was the pleasure of travelling in Africa. It requires the endurance of a camel and the courage of a lion."

AN OUTPOST OF COSSACKS



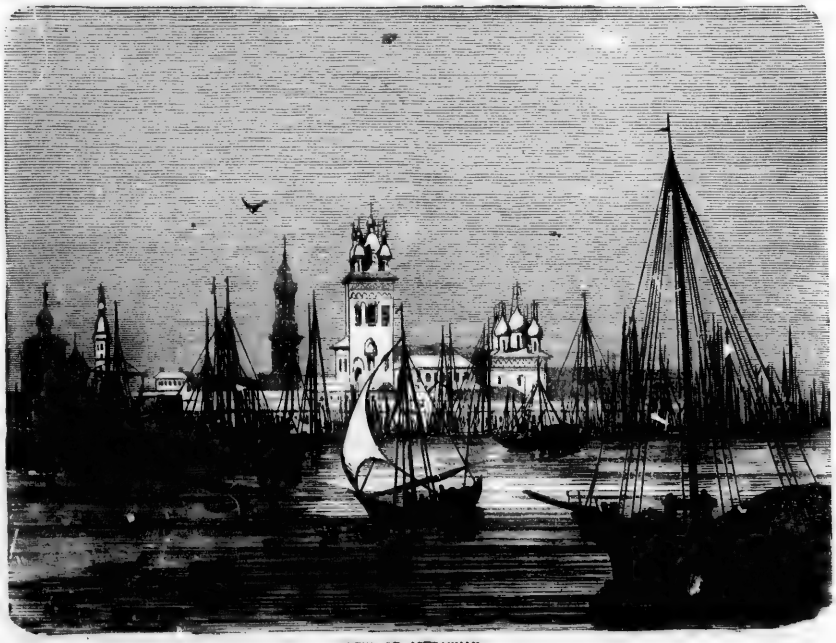
VIEW OF DURBUND.

# THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA AND THE CAUCASUS.

## I.

Russian Tendency to Colonisation—Mothers of Colonies—Little Russians or Malorossians—Cossacks of the Ukraine—Zaporogian Cossacks—Cossacks of the Don and Volga—Foreign Colonists.

History and existing facts compel us to admit that there is no instance, save that exhibited by Great Britain, of a people displaying so constant and resolute a tendency to colonisation as the Russians. The difference between the two countries is remarkable, and yet it is precisely what might be expected from their comparative geographical position. The United Kingdom, islanded, has sent forth its excessive population, or, to speak more correctly, its spirited, intelligent, and enterprising people have emigrated of their own good will, to found new worlds in the United States, in Canada, in



VIEW OF ASTRAKHAN.

Columbia, in Australia, at the Cape, and in innumerable minor settlements. Russia has, on the contrary, limited herself to a gradual spreading from a common centre to that which now embraces, as far as mere space is concerned, nearly one-half of Europe and Asia.

Proceeding from a comparatively small district at the foot of the Valdai Mountains, they have gradually, during a thousand years, spread over a seventh part of the globe When the German peoples, in the period between the second and fifth centuries, overspread the whole of Europe, their expeditions were in search of conquests; entire nations emigrated, not with a view to colonise peacefully, but to invade and conquer nations already peopled, and despoil them of their ancient landed possessions.

Colonisation among the Spaniards and Portuguese also assumed the character of conquest: they went forth as adventurers in quest of treasure, and settled colonisation was a subordinate object The Russian, and especially the Great Russian people, began to colonise from the earliest times, in every direction, without any inducement or encouragement on the part of the government Single bands of adventurers proceeded into the boundless plains of Russia, in search of advantageous spots on which to settle and establish a colony. Hence it is, that in the earliest times of its history, we

find isolated settlements spread over nearly the entire country, those boundless plains stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Caspian, from the Ural Mountains to Hungary. As soon as the colony increased, it sent forth offshoots, and the memory of the first bond between those mother and daughter colonies has ever been kept up; and it is thus that we hear of "Mother Novgorod," "Mother Suzdal," and "Mother Moscow." These colonies generally followed the course of the rivers: we find them as early as the twelfth century on the banks of all the rivers of modern Russia, the Volga, Don and Dnieper in the South, and the Dwina, Lukhona, and Dvina in the North.

These colonists settled peaceably among other races, Fins and Scythians, but not in separate families, like the Germans, mingling and amalgamating with foreign peoples, but in closely associated bodies, maintaining their nationality inviolate, whilst they kept up an intimate connection with the rest of the powerful people of the Russians. This spirit of nationality in the Russians was so strong and invincible, that it gradually supplanted that of the original inhabitants, and completely Russianised them. The Tartars themselves, when they join the Russian church, as many noble families among them have done, become perfectly Russianised.

The Great Russians are not an unmixed race, but essentially of Slavonic origin, and have become mingled in the north with Tchudish (Finnish), and in the south with Tartar, Caucasian, and even Mongol races. During the Middle Ages, when the dominion of the Tartars diverted its course from the south, colonisation in Russia proceeded from Novgorod, as centre, principally towards the north and north-east, the ancient Biarmaland (Perm). During the last two centuries, however, it has been directed southward, and has advanced so extensively, that the Steppes, which formerly stretched as far as Tula and Penza, are already more than half cultivated, although possessing in some parts but a scanty population.

Previous to the time of Peter the Great, the government was not so constituted as to admit of any great interference with the march of colonisation. Peter, however, organised colonies in districts where none previously existed, as on the shores of the Black Sea and the line of the Caucasus. He also made grants of land, and even of extensive districts, in his newly-acquired but unoccupied southern and south-eastern countries, to the grandees of his court, with a view to obtain the cultivation of this country by their dependants. The same course was pursued to a still greater extent by the succeeding government, and under Catherine II., in so extravagant a manner as to give rise to great embarrassments. These grants were in consequence very much restricted under the Emperor Alexander, and have almost entirely ceased.

The population of New Russia, as it is called, extending from Central Russia to the Black Sea and the Caucasus, consists for the main part of Little Russians or Malorossians, formerly known by the appelation of Cossacks of the Ukraine, with numerous villages of Great Russians or Muscovites, colonies of Germans, Greeks, Jews, and Bulgarians, and lastly the Kalmucks or Tartars, who occupy the greater part of the Crimea and the western shores of the Sea of Azof.

The history of the Cossacks, who constituted in some manner, a modern democratic chivalry, presents one of the most interesting phenomena in the whole Slavonic race. All that is known of them is, that they were at first robber-bands, who went forth from the great Steppes, through which flowed the Dnieper, in quest of plunder against the Poles, Muscovites, and Tartars. The number of these predatory bands swelled until they formed a people, and their territory became the border country, the Ukraine. They adopted an extremely free constitution, although they outwardly acknowledged the king of Poland as their sovereign lord. Their active warlike spirit, and well-regulated constitution, made them become an outpost of Christendom against the Tartars and Turks. They gradually fell off from Poland, and were drawn, by religious sympathy towards Moscow. Peter I. effected their complete union with Russia—a union, however, which was only consolidated when Catherine II. subjected the whole of Little Russia to her sceptre.

The Turks having been completely humbled by Catherine, the military constitution of the Cossacks became not only no longer a necessity, but a matter of embarrassment. Catherine abolished their military and political constitution in 1775, and a part of the renowned Zaporogian Setcha or Republic, which had first risen into power in the islands of the Dnieper, was transferred to the Caucasian frontier, whilst another part, after seeking a settlement among the Turks, returned to Russia, where they were allowed, in 1828, to settle on the Sea of Azof, where, like the Tchernomorski Cossacks, they man a fleet of boats.

The remnant of these Zaporogian Cossacks is said to number about 170,000 heads, who furnish 30,000 troops regularly organised, forming twelve cavalry and nine infantry regiments, together with three light batteries of horse artillery, one-third of which serve as a cordon against the mountaineers of Western Caucasus. By an ukase of 1842, all the Little Russian Cossacks on the Kuban and the Black Sea were similarly organised with the Cossacks of the Don, who are not Little Russians, but belong to the Muscovite or Great Russian race from Novgorod — emigrants who first settled on the Don.

From these two oldest Cossack settlements have sprung all the other existing Cossack colonies. In the earliest times the Cossacks of the Volga sprang from the Cossacks of the Don. Their descendants conquered Siberia in 1581, and, as a mixed race, now extend from the Ural to the Sea of Okhotsk. They are well off, and pursue agriculture, cattle-breeding, hunting, bee keeping, and fishing on an extensive scale. Their military service, however, which consists in protecting the frontier, which now embraces the Amur, from its embouchure to the mouth of the Tumen in 131° E., is very severe; many thousand men are obliged to be constantly at the outposts. The government has, however, lately organised a part of the Bashkirs and Kirghiz, as also four regiments of Tunguses and one regiment of Buriats, and will, no doubt, extend the system till they have also their Mantchu Tartar cavalry.

While Little Russian Cossacks are settled on the western side of the River Kuban, those on the eastern side, towards the Caspian on the River Terek, are Great Russians, offshoots of the Cossacks of the Don, and called Grebenski, Mozdoski, &c.: they number about 120,000 souls, and furnish seventeen cavalry regiments, together with a brigade of horse artillery of three batteries—in all sixteen thousand effective troops.

The government has not given to these people any

new constitution, but has simply retained the ancient popular one as it existed among the Cossacks of the Ukraine and the Don. The total number of Cossacks is estimated by Haxthausen (Russian Empire, vol. II., p. 13) at 875,000 souls, of whom 129,000 are in military service, which, in case of necessity, every Cossack, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is bound to render. But this is probably under the number. "What other state," says Haxthausen, "possesses a light cavalry force of 136,000, well-armed, warlike, and well disciplined troops?"

The Cossacks are a race of free men; neither serfage nor any other dependence upon the land exists among them. The entire territory belongs to the Cossack commonwealth, and every individual has an equal right to the use of the land, together with the pastures, hunting grounds, fisheries, &c The Cossacks pay no taxes to the government, but in lieu of this they are bound to perform military service. They are divided into three classes—first, minors (Maloletniye) up to their sixteenth year; second, those on actual service (Stushiliye) for a period of twenty-five years, therefore until their forty-second year; third, those released from service (Otstavniye) who remain for five years, or until their forty-seventh year, in the reserve, after that period they are regarded as wholly released from service, and invalided.

Every Cossack is obliged to equip, clothe, and arm himself at his own expense, and to keep his horse. Whilst in service beyond the frontier of his own country, he receives rations of food and forage, a small amount of pay, and fifteen roubles for a baggage-horse. The artillery ammunition and train are at the charge of government.

The Muscovites and the Malorossians are said to be very hostile to each other, though professing the same creed and subject to the same government. In spite of all the efforts of the government, and notwithstanding all the Muscovite colonies disseminated through this country, no blending of the two races has yet been effected. The old ideas of independence of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, are very far from being entirely extinguished, and the Malorossians, who have not forgotten the liberty and the privileges they enjoyed down to the end of the last century, always bear in mind that serfdom was established amongst them only by an imperial ukase of Catherine II. It is probable, however, that the steps taken by the present emperor to abolish this state of things, may assist in reconciling these people of different origin.

With regard to foreign colonies established, the new Russian Government adapted its regulations, at first, in strict accordance with their wants. Each of them possessed a constitution in harmony with its manners, its usages, and its state of civilisation; but, latterly, the principles of political unity have been gaining the upper hand, and all the government measures are tending to assimilate the foreign populations to the free peasants of the crown.

## II.

THE STEPPES—FIELDS OF HAIHAT—THE TCHORNO-ZIEMÉ, OR BLACK EARTH—SOIL AND ASPECT—CLASSES OF STEPPES—SNOW-STORMS—RAVINES—GERMAN COLONIES—THE LAND OF NOMADES—FUTURE IMPORTANCE OF THE STEPPES TO COMMERCE.

THE character of the people and the progress of civilisation in Little Russia are alike influenced by the character of the country. The whole of Southern Russia, from the banks of the Dniester to the Sea of Azof and the Caspian, and almost up to the very foot of the Caucasus, consists exclusively of vast plains called Steppes, elevated only from forty to fifty yards above the sea. The word "step" is Russian. Oriental geographers called them, "the fields of Haihat."

The extent and boundaries of the district which bears the name of the European Steppes are, Haxthausen says, very uncertain. Popular usage gives the name to districts that are not wooded, and to others that have been long reclaimed and cultivated. Herr von Brinken has, however, the credit of having fixed geographically and geologically the limits of the genuine Steppes.

The peculiarity of the Steppes does not lie so much in the nature of the soil, as we have granite steppes, chalk and tertiary limestone steppes, and mud and salt steppes, but in the vegetation: whilst in the north of Russia the whole soil becomes covered spontaneously with bushes and trees, the soil of the Steppe breaks out everywhere into grass and weeds, and wood never springs up of itself: the absence of this constitutes the character of the Steppes. (Haxthausen, vol. ii., p. 51.) In the words of H. D. Seymour, M. P. (*Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azof, &c.*, p. 14), where the Steppes begin the forests end.

Much has been written on the causes of this inadequacy of the soil of the Steppes to sustain arboreal vegetation, and on the causes of the treeless aspect of these great plains, as also on the possibility of covering them with trees by planting. Some consider that they were in ancient times covered with wood, which has been destroyed by the nomade peoples who in all ages have inhabited them. The authority of Strabo is used, who mentions the country between Perekop and the Dnieper under the name of Hylæa (woody) because of its dense forests, although there is not now a shrub to be seen there; and Haxthausen says he observed in the government of Sarátof, which belongs to the region of the Steppes, that the Rivers Irguiss, Jároslaw, and Aktóuba were still bordered by splendid forests of oaks, beech, poplars, and willows, although pines were never to be met with. Murchison, however, with reason, we venture to think, utterly disbelieves in the former existence of forests that have been destroyed, and argues that the total absence of trees in Southern Russia results from general conditions of climate, and from the want of dew, which is the cause commonly assigned for it by the inhabitants of the country itself.

But if there be no trees or shrubs, the southern provinces of Russia enjoy a herbaceous vegetation of extreme richness, which occupies the soil with a vigour of growth which is rarely met with in Europe, and grasses, which in other places scarcely attain the height of a foot, are met with in the Steppes reaching upwards of six feet. The reason of this prolific vegetation is that the Steppes are mostly within the region of the celebrated tchorno-ziemé, or black earth, which is a deposit of amazing fertility, peculiar to the southern part of Russia. "The tchorno-zém," says Murchison, "has its northernmost limit defined by a waving line, which passing from near Kief and Tchérnigof, a little to the south of Lichvia, appears in 54° of north latitude in that tract, then advances in its course eastward to 57°, and occupies the left bank of the Volga west of Tchebokssar, between Nijny Novgorod and Kazan. In approaching the Ural chain we saw no black earth to the north of

Kazan, but it was plentiful on the Kama and around Ufa. Again, on the Asiatic, or Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, we travelled through one large mass of it near Kamensk, south of the Issetz river, in latitude 56° north, and through another between Miask and Troitsk. In the great Siberian plains we heard that it spreads over considerable spaces in the eastern central, and southern parts of that region. Although we met with it occasionally in the low gorges of the Ural chain, and in the Bashkir country on both flanks of the southern Ural (in plateaux more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea), and also in the Steppes of the Kirghiz; we did not see it in the plains near Orenburg, nor to the south of that city. There is none to the south of Tzáritzin on the Volga, in the Steppes of the Kalmuks between that place and the mouth of the Don; and it is only in very limited patches along the Sea of Azof, or, in other words, on the southern face of that elevation between the Dnieper and the Don which constitutes what is commonly called the granitic Steppe. It occurs, however, in great thickness on the plateaux on the northern side of that axis, where it surmounts the carboniferous limestone with many seams of coal, so that it might at first sight be supposed to be produced by the decomposition of the subjacent carbonaceous strata. It lies, however, upon rocks of all ages, and occupies the centre of a trough, large as an European empire, having the detritus of the crystalline and older rocks for its northern, and the low granite Steppes and Caspian deposits for its southern limits." It occupies an area of about 180 millions of acres in European Russia, and varies from a few feet to fifteen and twenty feet in thickness. "In travelling over these black tracts in a dry summer we were often," says Murchison, "during a whole day, more or less surrounded by a cloud of black dust, arising from the dried up tchorno-zem, which is of so subtle a nature as to rise up through the sod in rich grass countries under the stamp of the horses' feet, and forms so dense a cloud that the traveller is often begrimed like a working collier."

This black earth is not the humus arising from decayed forests or vegetables during the present period of the world's history, as no trace of trees, roots, or vegetable fibre is found in any part of the empire. In the northern parts of Russia, where the forests have been lately cleared, no vestige of it exists, while it abounds south of a certain line, or exactly in those extensive and steppe-like undulations which have been devoid of trees throughout all known time. Its extreme fertility is attributed to the unusually large quantity of nitrogen which it contains; and its origin is referred to the period when the Russian continent was still submerged, and the tchorno-ziemé (which Russian economists justly consider as one of the most precious treasures of the empire) was the mud at the bottom of a great internal sea. This union of the black earth with a temperate climate in the Steppes between the Dniester and the Don already enables the inhabitants of those countries to send, as from Mariopol, the finest wheat to the European markets, and justifies economists in looking forward to this region as one destined to a brilliant future. On the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof and eastward of the Don the Steppes become less fertile, until, wearing a more and more barren aspect, they gradually get blended with the sandy deserts of Tartary. On the eastern shore of the Sea of Azof, in the countries of the Don and Tchernomorsky Cossacks, there is, however, some splendid land, and large quantities of corn and linseed are sent thence, northwards to Taganrok for exportation, and southwards to supply the army of the Caucasus. The Steppes are also in parts covered with a rich herbage, on which feed large herds of horses, cattle, sheep, and camels. The upper layer of the soil of the Steppes presents, indeed, a great variety in its composition, from lands impregnated with saline substances, and moving sands, to the mixtures most favourable to vegetation. As this upper layer rests upon a subsoil which does not easily permit infiltration, it is upon its thickness that depends its fertility; for, where it is not deep enough to retain humidity, the land becomes easily saturated by rain, and dried by evaporation. This circumstance is a great check to cultivation, because long droughts are common in these countries. All the Steppes are not in this disadvantageous position, although such is their predominant character in several governments to the south and east of the empire. This want of rain and absence of natural means for retaining moisture, such as hills or trees, is one of the greatest calamities of the country; but the vegetation of that part of the Steppes which is only used for pasturage has a particular character which modifies the influence of the droughts. Nature here shows a wonderful variety of resources.

The vegetation of the spring lasts about three months, and if this period passes without abundant rains, the grass does not reach its natural height. It dries in a moment, when the stalk has all its richness, and thus forming a natural kind of hay, it offers to the cattle during nine months a very substantial food, and these pastures are in consequence particularly favourable to sheep. When, on the contrary, the rains of spring are very abundant, the vegetation becomes rank, and the grass sometimes reaches four times its natural height. In such seasons the "stipa capillata" spr up, the prickly fruit of which proves injurious to sheep by penetrating their flesh, and often causing their death. The pasture at the same time is less wholesome and nourishing: in short, by a singular contrast in this country, which is generally condemned for its droughts, the proprietors of the Steppes often prefer a dry season to one too rainy. The vegetation of the pasturing Steppes also presents another peculiarity, that the grass is not spread in an even manner over it, but in isolated spots, like so many wadis or oases. The even turf is only found in very low valleys.

The Steppes are divided by one writer into "eternal Steppes" and "accidental Steppes:" the first are those where the layer of soil is so thin that they never can be cultivated, and trees will never be able to grow; while the others are highly favourable to agriculture, and some remains of ancient forests are found in the low valleys. In the Steppes near Taganrok, as long as they are uncultivated, there is a kind of natural rotation of crops. To the herbage, which sometimes is as high as a man's waist, succeeds the next year a coarse weed called "burian," which rises to the height of three or four feet, and is cut to use as fuel. Though it burns very quickly, it serves for Russian stoves, which, heated for a quarter of an hour, will keep an apartment warm during the whole day. To the burian succeeds a thin kind of grass, and then about the third year the pasture is again excellent. A considerable portion of the Steppes is cultivated, and, without any artificial means, produces some of the finest wheat

known. A rest of one or two years suffices to restore to the ground its original fertility, and the enormous tracts of uncultivated land make it never necessary to overtax its powers. In other parts the cultivation of the Steppes differs from that of all other countries. Certain kinds of grain are sown for several years in succession, and then the ground is left fallow, and becomes covered with grass. The first year weeds spring up in abundance, and then in the second and third years the pasturage becomes excellent. When the soil seems sufficiently recovered, it is again ploughed. This agricultural cycle occupies from ten to fifteen years, according to the fertility of the soil.

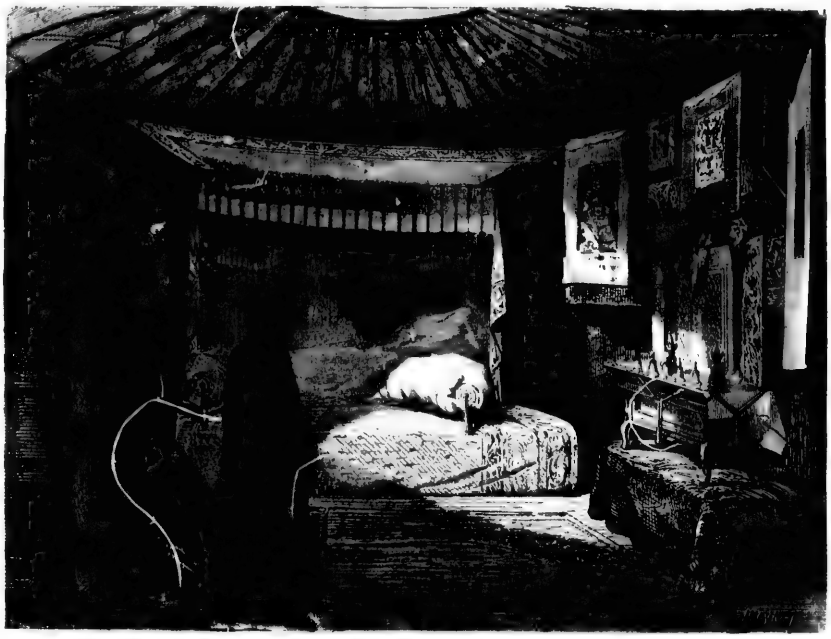
M. Haxthausen divides the Steppes into five classes:

1. The tertiary calcareous formation predominates in Bessarabia, Kaddia, and a small part of the government of Kherson.

2. The chalk forms the base of the soil in the north, and embraces the Steppes of the governments of Kharkof, Woroneje, Tambof, a part of the country of the Cossacks of the Don, and the government of Saratof.

3. The granitic base, which is a spur from the Carpathians, extends along the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof to the Caucasus.

4. The Steppes of alluvial deposit extend to the south-east along the Kuban and Terek, which run east and west at the foot of the northern slopes of the Caucasus.



TENT OF A KALMUK PRINCESS

5. The Steppes of saline base extend to the east as far as the River Jaik, which runs into the Caspian Sea on the north, and on which is situated Orenbourg.

The Steppes of the three first formations have a situation much higher above the level of the sea than the alluvial and saline steppes, which Pallas thinks evidently formed the bottom of the waters when the Caspian was united to the Black Sea. They are everywhere covered by a rich layer of humus, more or less thick. The alluvial Steppes are of extraordinary fertility wherever the soil is not covered with marshes.

The granitic Steppes are mostly covered with a thick short grass, while the chalky and calcareous Steppes produce herbage which reaches six or seven feet in height, and a profusion of beautiful varieties of wild flowers. The banks of the rivers are covered with reeds, which reach in the alluvial Steppes an enormous height. The cynarocephalus, a kind of reed, in German "kletten," which is used as fuel, is found from thirty to forty feet in height. That portion of the country of the Steppes which is likely to be of great future importance is the one situated above the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, between the Carpathian Mountains and the Don.

For a short period in April and May, the Steppes present a beautiful appearance. The brilliant green of the rising crops of corn, and the fresh grass, inter-

mingled with flowers of the most lively colours, are pleasing to the eye, and give a charm to the monotony of the scenery. A hot scorching sun, however, soon withers the grass, which assumes a brownish hue, and clouds of dust increase the dreariness and parched appearance of the Steppes. During the winter the ground is covered with snow, which at times lies several feet deep. Unimpeded by mountains, forests, or rising ground, the winds from the north east, passing over many hundred miles of frozen ground, blow with resistless violence, and often uninterruptedly for several weeks. When the frost is severe, and the snow in a dry powdery state, the wind drifts it about and obscures the air. The snow-storms are called by the inhabitants "metel" or "bura," and have often proved fatal to the half-frozen, blinded, and bewildered traveller, who, having lost his way, is wandering over the dreary icy Steppes in search of a place of refuge. Detached houses and whole villages are sometimes buried by the drifting snow, through which the inmates are obliged to cut their way. At times the traveller looks in vain for the solitary post-house at which he is always anxious to arrive, and learns that he has reached his temporary resting-place by a slight rise in the snow, and by his sledge being overturned into a hole, through which he creeps down into the snug cottage, which is sometimes thus buried for several weeks. When the wind blows with violence, and the snow is drifted about in eddies, the storm has a singularly bewildering and stunning effect. The inhabitants themselves lose their way, and the herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, that happen to be surprised by it, become seized with a panic, and, rushing headlong before the gale, defy every obstacle that presents itself to their wild career. They are then inevitably lost, and, overcome by fatigue, they either perish in the snow, or meet their death by falling down the precipitous sides of some ravine. These ravines are called "Balkas," and occur frequently in the Steppes that lie between the Dniester and the Don. To the north of the Crimea they are most frequent, and in some parts follow each other in quick succession, and always in the direction from north to south.

The roads in Southern Russia are mere tracks, and those on which post communications are established have earth thrown up at their sides, and at intervals, conical mounds of earth or stone to indicate the way. The bridges across the ravines are generally in such a dilapidated condition, that but few of them can be trusted.

The melting of the snow in the months of March and April changes the ravines into torrents, the waters of which, rushing with incredible violence, form an insurmountable obstacle to travellers. The ground, saturated with the melted snow, becomes so soft that light-laden waggons sink in it to the axle-trees, and during this season it is not uncommon to meet the wrecks of many of them that could not be dragged through the mud, and have been abandoned. Post carts,[1] that convey but one or two persons besides the driver, of the lightest and smallest description, dragged by five horses, proceed only at a foot's pace.

One of the few characteristic features of the Steppes is the number of tumuli or artificial mounds that are scattered over their surface, and in some localities, especially towards the Azof, they are found lying together in great numbers.[2] These tumuli, or "kurgans" as they are called by the natives, are often found to contain valuable relics of early ages. There are other artificial mounds, similar to tumuli, in certain directions, at intervals of from one to three versts, extending over long lines of country, which are supposed to have served as watch-posts and beacons to the roving hordes who used to inhabit these plains. On each mound a watch-tower was probably erected, and a beacon prepared, which, when lighted at proper seasons, would serve either to guide them home from a predatory excursion, or give them timely notice of the approach of an enemy. During the summer months the well-known phenomenon called the "mirage" is often seen, and its effects are as beautiful and deceitful as those described in Africa. That part of the Steppes, called the Tchernomorè, between the Kuban and the Don, with the exception of the districts in the immediate vicinity of the sea, is almost exclusively devoted to the rearing of horses, horned cattle, and sheep. From the Don westwards to the River Moloshna, the land is mostly used for tillage. From the Moloshna, again westwards to the Dnieper, the Steppes, principally inhabited by the Tartar Nogai tribes, are but little cultivated, and might afford pasturage to a far larger quantity of cattle and horses than now graze upon them.

The German colonies of the Moloshna, and others of less importance in the vicinity of Mariopol, may be well compared to oases in the desert. Their neat cottages, with well-built barns and out-houses, surrounded by trees and gardens, and by highly cultivated fields, bear the signs of wealth and comfort, and of the care bestowed upon them by an industrious and intelligent population. The German colonies form a striking contrast to the dreary country in which they are situated, and to the miserable Russian villages, and the still more wretched Tatar a-uls, around them. Their situation is always well chosen on some sloping ground, on the border of one of the few rivulets that water the country. The population of the Steppes is of a mixed character, and is composed of Little Russians, Tatars, Greeks, Cossacks, German colonists, Kalmuks, and Armenians. Although living in the immediate vicinity of each other, they neither intermarry nor associate much with one another. They differ in religion and character and features and manners, and retain the distinctive stamp of their origin.

Game abounds on the Steppes. The large and small bustard are seen in flocks in the districts to the north of the Crimea. The "streppet," of a larger size and lighter in hue than the grouse, the only English bird to which it can be compared, partridges, quails, hares, snipe, and woodcocks, are to be met with in great numbers, and are remarkable for their fine flavour.

[1] The post-carts are found at every post station throughout European Russia, from Archangel to the banks of the Aras, on the borders of Persia, and are called "pavosk," or "telega," or "pereclodnoi;" they are very low, have a seat for the driver in front, and will, with difficulty, hold two persons inside; they have no springs and no seat, and the traveller sits on his luggage. In this way, couriers and officers perform journeys of 1000 and 2000 miles without stopping, except to change at each station. I have myself performed a journey of 1300 miles from Tiflis to Odessa in this manner, and have frequently known Russians to have travelled 12,000 to 13,000 miles within the year.

[2] "It would be tedious to notice on every occasion the extraordinary number of tumuli which appear during the whole route (*i.e.* from Kasankaia to Tcherkask): I wish the reader only to keep in mind the curious fact of their being everywhere in view." —Clarke's *Travels*, part i. p. 254.

Wolves are scarce, and are never seen in packs as in Central and Northern Russia.

Innumerable inhabitants of a smaller race people these immense plains. Among these is the suroke, or marmot of the Alps, which is seen in all parts of the Steppes, sitting erect near its burrow, and on the slightest alarm whistling very loud, and observing all around. It makes such extensive subterraneous chambers, that the ground is perforated in all directions, and the land destroyed, wherever the animal is found. The peasants universally give them the name of 'Wastie.'

"The biroke is a gray animal, something like a wolf, very ferocious, and daring enough to attack a man. The Cossack peasants, armed with their lances, sally forth and chase it over their plains.

"The most numerous of all the animals of the Steppes are the suslics,[1] which absolutely swarm in all the Steppes. They make a whistling noise like the suroke, but are much smaller, not being larger than a small weasel. They construct their habitations under ground with incredible swiftness, excavating first of all a small cylindrical hole or well perpendicularly to the depth of three feet; thence, like a correct miner, shooting out levels, although rather in an ascending direction, to prevent being incommoded by water. At the extremity of his little gallery the suslic forms a very spacious chamber, to which, as to a granary, he brings every morning and evening all he can collect of favourite herbage, of corn, if it can be found, and roots, and other food. Nothing is more amusing than to observe the habits of this little animal. If any one approaches, it is seen sitting at the entrance of its little dwelling, erect upon its hind-feet, like the suroke, carefully watching all that is going on around it. Nothing annoys it so much as water; and if some be poured into its hole, it comes out and is easily caught."[2]

Such is a brief account of the Steppes which occupy a considerable portion of the Russian empire, and as they likewise form nearly two-thirds of the whole Crimea, and approach within a short distance of Sevastopol in the direction of Inkerman, this description in the main features will also apply to that peninsula.

The Steppes have been the land of nomadic tribes from the earliest historical times. They were once the path along which the peoples of Asia travelled to Europe, at first probably settling on the land, like the Germans and Slaavs; afterwards in historical times, plundering and destroying, like the Huns and Mongols. Von Hammer, in his "History of the Ottoman Empire," says, "These immense Steppes, which Taimur or Timour, in marching against Tacht-a-miah or Toktamish, traversed in 186 days, are covered in winter with snow as high as the grass in summer, and are inhabited by the Nogais and Kalmuks."

The Steppes of the Pontus were the last station on this long passage, and in point of physical character and geographical position towards the civilised world the most interesting part of all the Steppes. Even in mythological times the coasts of the Pontic Steppes were known to the Greeks, and there existed a very ancient and little known religious connection with the interior and its inhabitants, the Scythians and Hyperboreans. At what time the Greek colonies originated on the Pontic coasts, and in smaller numbers even far in the interior of the country, is unknown. At a later period the Romans also had their eye at least upon the coasts, and in opposition to them was constituted the power of the Bosphoric empire, and the Chersonesian Republic. The Byzantine emperors were for a long time masters of a part of the coasts; from them the latter passed over to the Genoese, whose power some proud ruins still testify. The Mongols only passed over the Steppe; but the Tartars founded an empire on the southern coast, and thence exercised a loose kind of sway over their nomadic brethren of the Steppe. The scene of the struggles between the Turks and Poles lay around the western borders of the Steppe.

The whole connection, however, of the European peoples and states, with their districts, was merely created by the commerce kept up with the interior from points on the coast established by civilised nations. But civilisation never penetrated into the interior, which remained always the green pasture-land of the nomadic tribes. The task of opening up this interior, and inducing these uninhabited districts into the pale of civilisation, was reserved for the Russians.

In earlier times attempts had been made to penetrate into the country from the south, from the sea. But the Russians came from the north; they first sought to open the country from the direction of the sea in a peaceable manner, but, being disturbed and attacked by the nomades of the Steppe, they were obliged in self-defence to conquer the country.

That this conquest has not been of merely temporary importance, as in the times of Darius, and afterwards of the Mongols, when the footsteps of the conquerors immediately disappeared without leaving a trace—and that it led to a permanent cultivation and peopling of the Steppe—the Russians are in the first place indebted to the Cossacks, whose peculiar social condition was a proof that there is actually an intermediate state between nomadic and settled life.

Nearly at the same time, exiles, fugitives, and adventurers from both the Russian races, the Little and Great Russians—Muscovites and Malorossians—wedged themselves into the Steppe. The former came from the north-west, and settled along the Dnieper, founding there, as we have before seen, the celebrated republic of the Zaporogian Cossacks. The Great Russians came from the north-east, and formed in the same manner the settlement of the Don Cossacks. These warrior-colonists, these agriculturists and herdsmen with military institutions, these tillers of the soil with nomadic habits, as Köhl picturesquely expresses it, were alone fitted to introduce the first germs of civilisation into the Steppe. Cossack, it will be understood, is not an expression for a race of people so much as of a state of being of a people. Cossacks are, in reality, Great and Little Russians, but they are Cossacks on the Steppes of Europe and Asia, and were there no Steppes there would be no Cossacks—except as an arbitrary institution upheld after the thing itself had ceased to be.

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[1] *Mus citillus* of Buffon.

[2] See Clarke's *Travels*, part i. ch. 12. Recently rewards have been offered for the destruction of the suslics on account of the great injury they do to the crops and fields. They make the steppe very dangerous for riding.

Russia had consolidated her power in the north of the Steppe since the sixteenth century, and both Cossack races became gradually subject to her, but the Steppe between them was still, for nearly two centuries, the land of the free nomads, and at the same time the battle-field of the Turks and Russians, of the Cossacks and Tartars, who founded an empire in the Crimea, and from thence were constantly breaking through the Steppe, and attracting Poland and Russia.

Russia first succeeded, under Peter I., in victoriously reaching the coasts of the Black Sea, after conquering Kazan and Astrakhan. When Peter had established himself in the Sea of Azof, the Steppes of the Pontus and the Tartars of the Crimea were cut off from the Eastern Steppes, from which the latter were formerly able to recruit themselves. Within a century from that time the whole Steppe, and with it the whole northern coast of the Black Sea, fell under the power of Russia.

The future importance of the Pontic districts consists, according to Haxthausen (*Russian Empire*, vol. II. p. 54), in the following circumstances. A time will come when the greatest part of civilised Europe, being overpeopled, will be unable to maintain its industrious inhabitants without the importation of grain; two granaries will remain from which to draw supplies, North America and the country of the Black Soil in the centre and south of Russia. These immense magazines of grain will be formed for Europe, when the means of communication over the Steppe become organised in such a way that the supplies may reach the ports of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof at every period of the year, and without too great an expense either of time or money. When trade becomes established here on a great scale (more than a beginning already exists), other branches of trade and mercantile connections will be opened. Commercial roads might be formed from hence to the central parts of Asia; and were the Don and the Volga united by a canal or railway, internal communications would be still further enhanced

Russia has already made great efforts to establish a flourishing trade on the southern coasts, and to cultivate and people the Steppes, which lie to the north of them. In the first of these objects she has succeeded in a surprising degree, and this in the short period of sixty years; in the second she has been less successful. While, if we consider the progress of trade, commerce, and wealth, or social life in general, we shall find those towns and ports in which the Russian population is not predominant, to have an unquestionable superiority—the foreign trade being entirely in the hands of foreigners—even in Odessa and Taganrog, so on the Steppes we still find the Kalmuks the Khirghiz and other Tartar and Turkoman tribes, the natural masters of the soil.

## III.

THE KALMUKS NECESSARILY NOMADES—FEATURES AND DRESS—HABITS AND MANNERS—MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION—KIBITKAS OR TENTS—INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION—KALMUK ENCAMPMENT—AWKWARD MEETING WITH TURKMANS—SATZA, OR TOMBS OF THE KALMUKS—KIBITKA, OR TENT OF A KALMUK PRINCESS—VISIT TO A PRINCESS—KALMUK HORSEMANSHIP.

No sooner has the traveller left Sarepta, on the Volga, than on both sides of that majestic stream, with its multitude of islands, clothed with alders and aspens, he will see the boundless Steppes which stretch away as far as the eye can reach, the black masses of Kalmuk and Kirghis encampments, dotting the surface here and there; and as he proceeds on his way, he will encounter numerous herds of camels going to drink the clear water of the Volga, and he will find himself wandering among the Kalmuk kibitkas scattered over the Steppes.

The Kalmuks, all of them nomades, are exclusively engaged in rearing cattle, and know nothing whatever of agriculture. They breed camels, oxen, sheep, and above all, horses, of which they have an excellent description, small, but strong and agile, and of great endurance. I have ridden, says a South Russian traveller, Hommaire de Hell, a Kalmuk horse often eighteen and even twenty-five leagues without once dismounting. The Russian cavalry is mounted chiefly on horses from the Caspian steppes: the average price of a good horse is from 80 to 100 rubles. Formerly the Kalmuks used to send their horses to the great fairs of Poland, paying a duty of 1.75 rubles on every horse sold; but the duty was raised to 5.25 rubles in 1828, for every horse arriving in the fair, and this unlucky measure immediately destroyed all trade with Poland. The business of horse-breeding has diminished immensely ever since in the Caspian steppes. The government afterwards returned to the old rate of duty; but the mischief was done, and the Kalmuks did not again appear in their old markets.

It is impossible to know, even approximately, the amount of cattle belonging to the tribes, for the Kalmuks are too superstitious ever to acknowledge the number of their stock. From various data collected at Astrakhan, from the superintendents of the hordes, we may estimate that the Kalmuks possess on the whole from 250,000 to 300,000 horses, about 60,000 camels, 180,000 kine, and nearly a million sheep.

Prince Tumene is the only one of the Kalmuks who has engaged in agriculture, and his attempts have been exceedingly favoured by the character of the soil in his domains on the left bank of the Volga. His produce consists of grain, grapes, and all kinds of fruit. He has even tried to manufacture Champagne wine, but with little success; and when we visited him, he entreated me to send him a good work on the subject, that he might begin his operations again on an improved plan

Prince Tondoudof is also striving to follow in Prince Tumene's footsteps. He has lately marked out a large space in the steppes for the fixed residence of a part of his Kalmuks, but I greatly doubt that his wishes can ever be realised. He has for many years possessed a very handsome dwelling, but he has not yet been able to give up his tent, so strong is the attachment of all this race to a nomade life. But the most potent obstacle to the establishment of a permanent colony consists in the nature of the soil itself. We have traversed that portion of the steppes which have been allotted to the Kalmuks in almost all directions, and found everywhere only an argillaceous, sandy, or salt soil, generally unsuited to agriculture. Where there is pasture, the grass is so short and thin, that the ground exactly resembles the appearance of the steppes of the Black Sea, when the grass begins to grow again after the conflagrations of winter. Hence the Kalmuks are ever on the move to find fresh pasture for their cattle, and seldom remain in one spot for more than a month or six weeks. But the most

serious obstacle to agriculture is the want of fresh water. The few brooks that run through the steppes are dry during the greater part of the year, and the summers are generally without rain. The cold, too, is as intolerable as the heat: for four months the thermometer is almost always steady at twenty-eight degrees of Reaumur in the shade, and very often it rises to thirty-two; then when winter sets in it falls to twenty-eight degrees below zero. Thus, there is a difference of nearly sixty degrees between the winter and the summer temperature. If in addition to these changes of temperature we consider the total flatness of the country, exposed without any shelter to the violence of the north and east winds, it will easily be conceived how unfavourable it must be to agriculture. A nomade life seems, therefore, a necessity for the Kalmuks, and until the development of civilisation among them shall make them feel the need of fixed dwellings, they must be left free to wander over their steppes. Moreover, in applying themselves exclusively to pastoral pursuits, they render much greater service to Russia than if they employed themselves in cultivating a stubborn and thankless soil. No doubt there are numerous oases scattered over these immense plains, just as in other deserts, and agriculture might have some success in the northern parts; but these favourable spots are all situated amid wildernesses where the cultivators would find no markets for their produce. In spite of all these drawbacks, the Russian government still persists in its endeavours to colonise the Kalmuks, and strives with all its might to introduce among them its system of uniformity. But its efforts have hitherto been quite fruitless; the hordes are now, perhaps, more than ever attached to their vagrant way of life, in which they find at least a compensation for the privileges and the independence of which they have been deprived.

The Kalmuks, like most other nations, are divided into three orders, nobles, clergy, and commons; the members of the aristocracy assume the name of *white bones*, whilst the common people are called *black bones*. The priests belong indifferently to either class, but those that issue from the ranks of the people do not easily succeed in effacing the stain of their origin. The prejudices of noble birth are, however, much less deeply rooted at this day than formerly, a natural consequence of the destruction of the power of the khans and the princes, and the complete subjection of the hordes to the laws and customs of the empire. Bergmann's account has therefore become quite inapplicable to the present state of things, and can only give false notions of the constitution of the Kalmuks.

Among the Asiatic races there is none whose features are so distinctly characterised as those of the Mongols. Paint one individual and you paint the whole nation. In 1815, the celebrated artist, Isabey, after seeing a great number of Kalmuks, observed so striking a resemblance between them, that having to take the likeness of Prince Tumene, and perceiving that the prince was very restless at the last sittings, he begged him to send one of his servants in his stead. In that way the painter finished the portrait, which turned out to be a most striking likeness, as I myself can testify. All the Kalmuks have eyes set obliquely, with eyelids little opened, scanty black eyebrows, noses deeply depressed near the forehead, prominent cheekbones, spare beards, thin moustaches, and a brownish yellow skin. The lips of the men are thick and fleshy, but the women, particularly those of high rank, have heart-shaped mouths of no common beauty. All have enormous ears, projecting strongly from the head, and their hair is invariably black. The Kalmuks are generally small, but with figures well rounded, and an easy carriage. Very few deformed persons are seen among them, for with more good sense than ourselves, they leave the development of their children's frames entirely to nature, and never put any kind of garment on them until the age of nine or ten. No sooner are they able to walk, than they mount on horseback, and apply themselves with all their hearts to wrestling and riding, the chief amusements of the tribes.

The portrait we have drawn of the Kalmuks is certainly not very engaging; but their own notions of beauty are very different from ours. A Kalmuk princess has been named to us, who, though frightfully ugly in European eyes, nevertheless passed for such a marvel of loveliness among her own people, that after having had a host of suitors, she was at last carried off by force by one of her admirers.

Like all inhabitants of vast plains, the Kalmuks have exceedingly keen sight. An hour after sun-set they can still distinguish a camel at a distance of three miles or more. Very often when I perceived nothing but a point barely visible on the horizon, they clearly made out a horseman armed with his lance and gun. They have also an extraordinary faculty for wending their way through their pathless wildernesses. Without the least apparent mark to guide them, they traverse hundreds of miles with their flocks, without ever wandering from the right course.

The costume of the common Kalmuks is not marked by any very decided peculiarity, the cap alone excepted. It is invariably of yellow cloth trimmed with black lambskin, and is worn by both sexes. I am even tempted to think that there are some superstitious notions connected with it, seeing the difficulty I experienced in procuring one as a specimen. The trousers are wide and open below. Persons in good circumstances wear two long tunics, one of which is tied round the waist, but the usual dress consists only of trousers and a jacket of skin with tight sleeves. The men shave a part of their heads, and the rest of the hair is gathered into a single mass, which hangs on their shoulders. The women wear two tresses, and this is really the only visible criterion of their sex. The princes have almost all adopted the Circassian costume, or the uniform of the Cossacks of Astrakhan, to which body some of them belong. The ordinary foot gear is red boots with very high heels, and generally much too short. The Kalmuks, like the Chinese, greatly admire small feet, and as they are constantly on horseback, their short boots, which would be torturing to us, cause them no inconvenience. But they are very bad pedestrians; the form of their boots obliges them to walk on their toes, and they are exceedingly distressed when they have not a horse to mount.

They never set out on a journey unarmed. They usually carry a poniard and a long Asiatic gun, generally a matchlock. The camel is the beast they commonly ride, guiding it by a string passed through its nostrils, which gives them complete command over the animal. They have long quite abandoned the use of bows and arrows; the gun, the lance, and the dagger being now their only weapons. Cuirasses, too, have become useless to them. I saw a few admirable speci-

mens at Prince Tumene's, which appeared to be of Persian manufacture, and were valued at from fifty to a hundred horses. In spite of the precepts of Buddhism, which forbid them to kill any animal, the Kalmuks are skilful sportsmen with hawk and gun. They almost always shoot in the manner of the old arquebusiers, resting the gun on a long fork which plays upon an axis fixed at the extremity of the barrel.

The Kalmuks, like all pastoral people live very frugally. Dairy produce forms their chief aliment, and their favourite beverage is tea. They eat meat also, particularly horseflesh, which they prefer to any other, but very well done, and not raw, as some writers have asserted. As for cereal food, which the natives of Europe prize so highly, the Kalmuks scarcely know its use; it is only at rare intervals that some of them buy bread or oatcake from the neighbouring Russians. Their tea is prepared in a very peculiar manner. It comes to them from China, in the shape of very hard bricks composed of the leaves and coarsest parts of the plant. After boiling it a considerable time in water, they add milk, butter and salt. The infusion then acquires consistency, and becomes of a dirty red-yellow colour. We tasted the beverage at Prince Tumene's, but must confess it was perfectly detestable, and instantly reminded us of Madame Gibou's incredible preparation. They say, however, that it is easy to accustom oneself to this tea, and that at last it is thought delicious. At all events it has one good quality. By strongly exciting perspiration, it serves as an excellent preventative against the effects of sudden chills. The Kalmuks drink their tea out of round shallow little wooden vessels, to which they often attach a very high value. I have seen several which were priced at two or three horses. They are generally made of roots brought from Asia. It is superfluous to say that the Kalmuks, knowing nothing of the use of tea-kettles, prepare their infusion in large iron pots. Next to tea there is no beverage they are so fond of as spirituous liquors. They manufacture a sort of brandy from mare's or cow's milk; but as it is very weak, and has little action on the brain, they seek after Russian liquors with intense eagerness, so that to prevent the pernicious consequences of this passion, the government has been obliged to prohibit the establishment of any dram-shops among the hordes. The women are as eager after the fatal liquor as the men, but they have seldom an opportunity to indulge their taste, for their lords and masters watch them narrowly in this respect. The Kalmuk kitchen is disgustingly filthy. A housekeeper would think herself disgraced if she washed her utensils with water. When she has to clean a vessel, no matter of what sort, she merely empties out its contents, and polishes the inside with the back of her hand. Often have I had pans of milk brought to me that had been cleansed in this ingenious manner. However, as we have already remarked, the interior of the tents by no means exhibits the filth with which this people has been often charged.

Among the Kalmuks, like most Oriental nations, the stronger sex considers all household cares derogatory to its dignity, and leaves them entirely to the women, whose business it is to cook, take care of the children, keep the tents in order, make up the garments and furs of the family, and attend to the cattle. The men barely condescend to groom their horses; they hunt, drink tea or brandy, stretch themselves out on felts, and smoke or sleep. Add to these daily occupations some games, such as chess, and that played with knuckle-bones, and you have a complete picture of the existence of a Kalmuk *pater familias*. The women are quite habituated to their toilsome life, and make cheerful and contented housewives; but they grow old fast, and after a few years of wedlock become frightfully ugly. Their appearance then differs not at all from that of the men; their masculine forms, the shape of their features, their swarthy complexion, and the identity of costume often deceive the most practised eye.

We twice visited the Kalmuks, and the favourable opinion we conceived of them from the first was never shaken. They are the most pacific people imaginable; in analysing their physiognomy, it is impossible to believe that a malicious thought can enter their heads. We invariably encountered the frankest and most affable hospitality among them, and our arrival in a camp was always hailed by the joyful shouts of the whole tribe hurrying to meet us. According to Bergmann's book he seems not to have fared so well at their hands, and he revenges himself by painting them in a very odious light.

A very marked characteristic of these tribes is their sociability. They seldom eat alone, and often entertain each other; it is even their custom, before tasting their food, to offer a part of it to strangers, or, if none are present, to children, the act is in their eyes both a work of charity, and a sort of propitiary offering in acknowledgment of the bounty of the Deity.

Their dwellings are felt tents, called *kibitkas* by the Russians. They are four or five yards in diameter, cylindrical to the height of a man's shoulder, with a conical top, open at the apex to let the smoke escape. The frame is light, and can be taken asunder for the convenience of carriage. The skeleton of the roof consists of a wooden ring, forming the aperture for the smoke, and of a great number of small spars supporting the ring, and resting on the upper circumference of the cylindrical frame. The whole tent is light enough to be carried by two camels. A kibitka serves for a whole family, men, women, and children sleep in it promiscuously without any separation. In the centre there is always a trivet, on which stands the pot used for cooking tea and meat. The floor is partly covered with felts, carpets, and mats; the couches are opposite the door, and the walls of the tent are hung with arms, leathern vessels, household utensils, quarters of meat, &c.

Among the most important occupations of these people are the distillation of spirits, and the manufacture of felts, to which a certain season of the year is appropriated. For the latter operation the men themselves awake out of their lethargy, and condescend to put their hands to the work. They make two kinds of felt, gray and white. The price of the best is ten or twelve roubles for the piece of eight yards by two. The Kalmuks are also very expert in making leathern vessels for liquids, of all shapes and sizes, with extremely small throats. The women tan the skins after a manner which the curious in these matters will find described by the celebrated traveller, Pallas. The priests moreover, manufacture some very peculiar teaceddies; they are of wood, their shape a truncated cone, with numerous ornamental hoops of copper. In other respects industry has made no progress among

the Kalmuks, whose wants are so limited, that none of them has ever felt the need of applying himself to any distinct trade. Every man can supply his own wants, and we never found an artisan of any kind among the hordes. At Astrakhan, there are some Kalmuk journeymen engaged in the fisheries, and many of them are in high repute as boatmen. On the whole, it is not for want of intelligence they are without arts, but because they have no need of them.

We frequently questioned the Kalmuks respecting their wintering under a tent, and they always assured us that their kibitkas perfectly protected them from the cold. By day they keep up a fire with reeds and dried dung; and at night, when there remains only clear coal, they stop up all the openings to confine the heat. Their felts, besides, as I know from experience, are so well made, as to shelter them completely from the most furious tempests.

We have little to say of the education of the Kalmuks. Their princes and priests alone boast of some learning, but it consists only in a knowledge of their religious works. The mass of the people grovel in utter ignorance. Nevertheless, a very notable intellectual movement took place among the tribes in the beginning of the seventeenth century, at which period Zaia Pandity, one of their high priests, invented a new alphabet, and enriched the old Mongul language with many Turkish elements. Thereupon the Kalmuk nation had a literature of its own, and soon, under the influence of its numerous traditions, and its historical, sacred, and political books, it exhibited all the germs of a hopeful, nascent, civilisation; nor was it rare in those days to find men of decided talent among the aristocracy. But Ubacha's emigration blighted all these fair hopes. The books were all carried off by the fugitives; the old traditions, so potent among Asiatic nations, gradually became extinct, the natural bond that knitted the various hordes together was broken, and the Kalmuks that remained in Europe soon relapsed into their old barbarian condition.

The habits of private life among the Kalmuks are of course in accordance with their state of civilisation and religious belief, and are strongly marked by all their gross superstitions. Yet certain of their customs are serious and affecting, and cannot fail to make an impression on the traveller. Others are curious for their patriarchal simplicity. When a woman is in labour, one or more priests are sent for, and whilst the husband runs round the tent with a big stick to drive away the evil spirits, the ghelungs stand at the door reciting prayers, and invoking the favour of the deity on the child about to be born. When the babe is come into the world, one of the relations goes out of the tent, and gives it the name of the first object he sees. This is the practice among all classes. I have known a prince *Little Dog*, and other individuals bearing the most whimsical names. The women remain veiled for many days after their delivery, and a certain time must elapse before they can be present at the religious ceremonies.

The customs observed in marriages are more interesting, particularly when the young couple belong to the aristocracy. The preliminaries consist in stipulating the amount in horses, camels, and money, which the bridegroom is to pay to the bride's father; this being settled, the young man sets out on horseback, accompanied by the chief nobles of his Uluss, to carry off his bride. A sham resistance is always made by the people of her camp, in spite of which she fails not to be borne away on a richly caparisoned horse, with loud shouts and *feux de joie*. When the party arrive at the spot where the kibitka of the new couple is to stand, and where the trivet supporting their great pot is already placed, the bride and bridegroom dismount, kneel down on carpets, and receive the benediction of their priests; then they rise, and, turning towards the sun, address their invocations aloud to the four elements. At this moment the horse on which the bride has been brought home is stripped of saddle and bridle, and turned loose for any one to catch and keep who can. The intention of this practice, which is observed only among the rich, is to signify to the bride that she is thenceforth to live only with her husband, and not think of returning to her parents. The setting up of the kibitka concludes the whole ceremony. The bride remains veiled until the tent is ready, and her husband taking off her veil, hands her into her new home. There is one curious incident in the marriages of the wealthy which deserves mention. The bride chooses a bridesmaid who accompanies her in her abduction; and when they come to the place for the kibitka, the bride throws her handkerchief among the men; whoever catches it must marry the bridesmaid. For a year after marriage the wife must confine herself to the tent, and during all that time can only receive visits on its threshold. Afterwards she is free to do just as she likes.

All marriages are not contracted in this peaceable manner among the Kalmuks. When the relations cannot agree on the terms, which is no unusual case, the question is very often settled by force. If the young man is really enamoured he calls together his comrades, and by force or cunning carries off the girl, who, after she has once entered his tent, cannot under any pretext be reclaimed by her parents.

Llamism seems in the beginning to have forbidden polygamy and divorce, but these prohibitions have long become obsolete, and both practices are now legalised among all the Kalmuks. In case of infidelity on the wife's part, the repudiation takes place publicly, if the husband requires it. The most broken down horse that can be found is brought out, its tail is cut off, the guilty woman is mounted on its bare back, and hooted out of the Uluss. But these scenes occur very rarely; for the offended husband usually contents himself with sending his wife away privately, after giving her a few head of cattle for her support. The Kalmuks of the Caspian indulge very seldom in polygamy; indeed I never heard of more than one individual who had two wives. The condition of women among them is very different from what prevails in Turkey and great part of Asia; the restrictions of the harem are unknown, and both wives and maids enjoy the greatest independence, and may freely expose their faces to view on all occasions.

The first encampment of Kalmuks visited consisted of a score of tents. All the men came out to meet us: they took the camels from the britchka, and would not allow our people to lend a hand; then having pitched our tent a little way off from their own, at the foot of a tumulus, they began to dance with their women, in token of rejoicing. One of the latter went down on her knees and begged some tobacco, and when she had got it she became an object of envy to her companions, before whom she hastened to display and smoke it.

When night had fallen, the camp was lighted up with numerous fires, which gave a still more curious aspect to the kibitkas, and the dancing figures of the Kalmuks and Cossacks, whose exuberant gaiety was in part owing to an extraordinary distribution of food and brandy. The women advanced in their turn, and several of them forming a circle, danced in the same manner as the ladies of honour of the Princess Tumene. But they all seemed extremely ugly, though some of them were very young.

Two days afterwards we arrived at the edge of a pond, where we arranged to pass the night The sight of the water, and the thousands of birds on its surface, afforded us real delight; there needed but such a little thing, under such circumstances as ours, to constitute an event, and occupy the imagination! All that evening was spent in shooting and hawking, bathing, and walking round and round the pool. We could not satiate ourselves with the pleasure of beholding that brackish mud, and the forest of reeds that encompassed it. No landscape on the Alps or the Tyrol was probably ever hailed with so much enthusiasm.

Beyond this pond, the appearance of the Steppes gradually changed; water grew less rare, the vegetation less scorched. We saw from time to time herds of more than five hundred camels, grazing in freedom on the short thick grass. Some of them were of gigantic height. I shall never forget the amazement they manifested at beholding us. The moment they perceived us they hurried towards, then stopped short, gazing at us with outstretched necks until we were out of sight.

The eighth day after our departure from Huiduk, our fresh water was so sensibly diminished that we were obliged to use brackish water in cooking. This change in our kitchen routine fortunately lasted but a few days; but it was enough to give me a hearty aversion for meats so cooked: they had so disagreeable a taste, that nothing but necessity and long habit can account for their ordinary use. The Kalmuks and Cossacks, however, use no other water during a great part of the year.

That same day we had a very singular encounter, which went near to be tragical. Shortly before encamping, we saw a very long file of small carts approaching us; our Kalmuks recognised them as belonging to Turkmans, a sort of people held in very bad repute, by reason of their quarrelsome and brutal temper. Every untoward event that happens in the Steppes is laid to their account, and there is perpetual warfare between them and the Cossacks, to whom they give more trouble than all the other tribes put together. As we advanced, an increased confusion was manifest in the convoy, and suddenly all the oxen, as if possessed by the fiend, exhibited the most violent terror, and began to run away in wild disorder, dashing against each other, upsetting and breaking the carts loaded with salt, wholly regardless of the voices and blows of their drivers. Some moments elapsed before we could account for this strange disaster, and comprehend the meaning of the furious abuse with which the Turkmans assailed our escort. The camel-drivers were the real culprits in this affair, for they knew by experience how much horses and oxen are frightened by the sight of a camel, and they ought to have moved out of the direct line of march, and not exposed us to the rage of the fierce carters.

The moment immediately after the catastrophe was really critical. All the Turkmans, incensed at the sight of the broken carts and their salt strewed over the ground, seemed, by their threatened gestures and vociferations, to be debating whether or not they should attack us. A single imprudent gesture might have been fatal to us, for they were more than fifty, and armed with cutlasses; but the steady behaviour of the escort gradually quieted them. Instead of noticing their hostile demonstrations, all our men set to work to repair the mischief, and the Turkmans soon followed their example; in less than an hour all was made right again, and the scene of confusion ended much more peaceably than we had at first ventured to hope. All parties now thought only of the comical part of the adventure, and hearty laughter supplanted the tokens of strife. To seal the reconciliation, a distribution of brandy was made, which completely won the hearts of the fellows, who a little before had been on the point of murdering us.

The more we became accustomed to the stillness and grandeur of the desert, the better we understood the Kalmuk's passionate love for the Steppes and his kibitka. If happiness consist in freedom, no man is more happy than he. Habituated as he is to gaze over a boundless expanse, to endure no restriction, and to pitch his tent wherever his humour dictates, it is natural that he should feel ill at ease, cribbed, cabined, and confined, when removed from his native wastes, and that he should rather die by his own hand than live in exile. During our stay at Astrakhan, every one was talking of a recent event which afforded us an instance of the strong attachment of those primitive beings to the natal soil.

A Kalmuk chief killed his Cossack rival in a fit of jealousy, and instead of attempting to escape punishment by flight, he augmented his guilt by resisting a detachment which was sent to arrest him. Several of his servants aided him, but numbers prevailed; all were made prisoners and conveyed to a fort, where they were to remain until their sentence should have been pronounced. A month afterwards, an order arrived for their transportation to Siberia, but by that time three-fourths of the captives had ceased to exist. Some had died of grief, others had eluded the vigilance of their gaolers, and killed themselves. The chief, however, had been too closely watched to allow of his making any attempt on his own life, but his obstinate silence, and the deep dejection of his haggard features, proved plainly that his despair was not less than that which had driven his companions to suicide.

When he was placed in the car to begin his journey, some Kalmuks were allowed to approach and bid him farewell. "What can we do for thee?" they whispered; the chief only replied, "You know." Thereupon one of the Kalmuks drew a pistol from his pocket, and before the bystanders had time to interpose, he blew out the chief's brains. The faces of the two other prisoners beamed with joy. "Thanks for him," they cried; "as for us, we shall never see Siberia."

I have not yet spoken of the Kalmuk's *satsas*, and the desire we felt to become acquainted with them. From the moment we had entered the waste, we had never ceased to sweep the horizon in hopes to discover one of these mysterious tombs, from which the Kalmuks always keep aloof, in order not to profane them by their presence. These satsas are small temples erected on purpose to contain the remains of the high priests. When one of them dies his body is burned, and his

ashes are deposited with great pomp in the mausoleum prepared to receive them, along with a quantity of sacred images, which are so many good genii placed there to keep watch eternally over the dust of the holy personage.

Before we left Astrakhan, we had taken care to collect all possible information respecting these satzas, in order to visit one of them during our journey through the Steppes, and rifle it, if possible, of its contents. But as the religious jealousy of our Kalmuks had hitherto prevented us from making any researches of the kind, we determined at last to trust to chance for the gratification of our wishes.

It was at one day's journey from Selenoi Sastava that we had, for the first time, the satisfaction of perceiving one of these monuments. Great was our delight, notwithstanding the difficulty of approaching it, and eluding the keen watch of our camel-drivers; nay, the obstacles in our way did but give the more zest to our pleasure. There were precautions to be taken, a secret to be kept, and novelty to be enjoyed; all this gave enhanced interest to the satza, and delightfully broke the monotony that had oppressed us for so many days. All our measures were therefore taken with extreme prudence and deliberation. We halted for breakfast at a reasonable distance from the satza, so that our camel-drivers might not conceive any suspicion; and during the repast Anthony and the officer, who had received their instructions from us, took care to say that we intended to catch a few white herons before we resumed our march. The Kalmuks, being aware of the value we attached to those birds, heard the news as a matter of course, and rejoiced at the opportunity of indulging in a longer doze.

The satza stood in the midst of the sands, five or six versts from our halting-place. To reach it we had to make a long detour in order to deceive the Kalmuks, in case they conceived any suspicion of our design. All this was difficult enough, and extremely fatiguing; still I insisted on making one in the expedition, and was among the first to mount.

After two hours' marching and countermarching over the sands, in a tropical temperature that quite dispirited our beasts, we arrived in front of the satza, the appearance of which was anything but attractive, and seemed far from deserving the pains we had taken to see it. It was a small square building, of a gray colour, with only two holes by way of windows. Fancy our consternation when we found there was no door. We all marched round and round the impenetrable sanctuary in a state of ludicrous disappointment. Some means or other was to be devised for getting in, for the thought of returning without satisfying our curiosity never once entered our heads. The removal of some stones from one of the windows afforded us a passage, very inconvenient indeed, but sufficient.

Like conquerors we entered the satza through a breach; but we had not thought of the standard, which was indispensable for the strict accomplishment of the usual ceremonies. Instead thereof, we had recourse to a silk handkerchief, and planting it on the summit of the mausoleum, took possession of it in the name of all future and present travellers.

This ceremony completed, we made a minute inspection of the interior of the tomb, but found in it nothing extraordinary: it appeared to be of great antiquity. Some idols of baked clay were ranged along the wall. Several small notches, at regular intervals, contained images half decayed by damp. The floor of beaten earth, and part of the walls were covered with felt: such were the sole decorations we beheld.

Like generous victors we contented ourselves by taking two small statues, and a few images. According to the notions of the Kalmuks, no sacrilege can compare with that of which we were now guilty. Yet no celestial fire reduced us to ashes, and the Grand Llama allowed us to return in peace to our escort. But a great vexation befel us, for one of the idols was broken by the way, and we had to supplicate the Bukhans of the Steppe to extend their protection to the other during the rest of the journey.

One of our illustrations (*See* p. 711) represents the interior of a kibitka or tent of a Kalmuk princess. It is not every one who can penetrate into the sanctuary of an Iluthyan or Mongolian princess, and Madame Hommaire de Hell was indebted to her introductions at Astrakhan, and her friendship with Prince Tumene, at that epoch one of the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuk chiefs, as also with Madame Zakarevitch, to an opportunity then presented to her, and which she describes in lively graphic language.

At an early hour Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who, during the fine season, resides in the kibitka in preference to the palace. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last then I was about to see Kalmuk manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kibitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particoloured circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluted the persons who accompanied us, she motioned them to be seated on a large divan opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuk extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments, that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance, we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager

was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honour rose and performed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a balalaiha (an Oriental guitar) some melancholy sounds, by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companion more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing monotony, expressed anything but pleasure or gaiety. The young *figurants* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down, as if to invoke some invisible being. The performance lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinise the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing, and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown, but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face

PETER THE GREAT'S HUT, NEAR DERBEND.

and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuk. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek bones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmukia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good nature, and like all the women of her race, she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee, and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery and fine pearls that covered all the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens. Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuk lady. Among the princess's ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound

GEORGIAN BAYADERES.

round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honour, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done, the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honour had a right to touch her, and this formality was indispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that everyone enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuk etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honour, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She, in her turn, touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuk cap on his head, in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his complicated steps.

After the ball came the concert. The women played one after another on the balalaika, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of kumis and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

When we came out from the kibitka, the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *tabun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuk, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the tabun, and endeavoured, in every possible way, to shake off his novel burden.

But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuk, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness, that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humour of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness, and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupified, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper.

I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him.

The Kalmuks, as the reader will perceive, are excellent horsemen, and are accustomed from their childhood to subdue the wildest horses. The exercise we had witnessed is one of their greatest amusements: it is even practised by the women, and we have frequently seen them vieing with each other in feats of equestrian daring.

## IV.

City of Astrakhan—"Star of the Desert"—Description of the City—Historical Notice—Mixed Population—Armenians, Tatars—Singular Result of a Mixture of Races—Commercial Position of Astrakhan—Its Loss of the Overland Trade from India—Erroneous Commercial Policy of Russia.

A traveller upon first coming in sight of Astrakhan cannot fail to be much struck with the fine panorama of the city, its churches, cupolas, and ruined forts gradually coming forth to the view. Situated on an island of the Volga, its environs are not covered like those of most great cities, with villages and cultivated fields: it stands alone, surrounded by water and sand, proud of its sovereignty over the noble river, and of the name of Star in the Desert or Star-Khan, with which the poetic imagination of the Orientals has graced it. (*See* p. 707.)

We had some difficulty in finding a lodging after we had landed, and though assisted by a police officer, we spent more than two hours in wandering from place to place, everywhere meeting with refusals. We were about cutting short our perplexities by taking refuge in a Persian caravanserai, when chance came to our aid. A Polish lady whom we fell in with, offered us the accommodation of her house, and with such good grace that we could not hesitate to accept her civility.

Except some crown buildings occupied by the *employés*, there is nothing in Astrakhan to remind the traveller of its being under foreign sway. The town has completely preserved the Asiatic physiognomy it owes to its climate, its past history, and its diversified population It is built partly on a hill, partly on the plain, and several of its oldest portions stand on low spoils intersected with marshes, and are exposed to very unwholesome exhalations during the summer after the river floods. A canal with quays runs through the whole length of the city.

After having made part of the empire of the Kaptshak, founded by Batu Khan, and after a long series of intestine commotions, Astrakhan became an independent state in the beginning of the fifteenth century. One hundred and fifty years later there broke out between the Russians and the Tatars that obstinate strife which was to end by delivering the country of the Tsars from the yoke of its oppressors. In 1554, Ivan the Terrible, partly by treachery, and partly by force of arms, possessed himself of the khanat of the Caspian, and was the first to assume the title of King of Kasan and Astrakhan. This valuable conquest was incorporated with the empire, and led to the submission or emigration of all the adjacent tribes. Astrakhan has ever since belonged to Russia; but it soon lost the prosperity that had rendered it so celebrated of yore under the Tartars or Tatars of the Golden Horde. Fifteen years after the Russian conquest, the Turks directed an expedition against Astrakhan, in concert with the Tartars of the Crimea; but the effort was abortive, and the bulk of the Ottoman army perished in the deserts of the Manitch. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Astrakhan again underwent a brief but bloody revolution: the rebel Stenko Razin made himself master of the town, gave it up to horrible massacres, and for awhile caused serious alarm to Russia. At present the ancient capital of the Tatar kingdom is merely the chief town of a government, which though presenting a surface of more than 4,000 geographical square miles, yet possesses only 285,000 inhabitants, of whom 200,000 are nomades. It contains a great number of squares, churches, and mosques. Its old embattled towers and its walls, which still include a considerable space of ground, remind the traveller of its ancient warlike renown. Its population, a medley of all the races of Asia, amounts in number to 45,703, the bulk of whom are Russians, Kalmuks, and Tartars. The Armenians are shopkeepers here, just as they are in all countries in the world; notwithstanding their religion, which should make them coalesce with the westerns, they retain in their manners and customs everything belonging to the east. The Armenian carries everywhere with him that spirit of traffic which is common to him with the Jew; always at work on some stroke of business—always ready to seize a flying opportunity; discounting, computing, figuring, with indefatigable patience. Meet him where you will, in the fertile valleys of Armenia, in the snowy north, or beneath a southern sky, everywhere he exhibits that intense selfishness which stands him in lieu of the patriotic feelings so potent in most other branches of the human family. This nation, dispersed over the whole world like the Jews, presents one of those distinctive types of feature characteristic of an unmixed race, which are to be found in full preservation only among eastern nations. The brown mantle in which the Armenian women wrap themselves at Constantinople, is here replaced by long black veils that cover them from head to foot. This garment, which displays the shape very well, and falls in graceful folds to the feet, when well put on, reminds one of the elegant lines of certain Grecian statues; and what makes the resemblance the more striking, is that the Armenian women are particularly remarkable for their stately carriage and the severe dignity of their features.

The Tatars, upwards of 5,000 in number, are engaged in trade, and chiefly in that of cattle. The numerous mosques and the cupolas of their baths contribute to give Astrakhan quite an oriental appearance.

The Indians, who were formerly rather numerous in this city, have long since abandoned the trade for which they frequented it, and none of them remain but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindhus and the Kalmuks has sprung a half-breed now numbering several hundred individuals, improperly designated Tatars. The mixed blood of these two essentially Asiatic races has produced a type closely resembling that of European nations. It exhibits neither the oblique eyes of the Kalmuks, nor the bronzed skin of the Indians; and nothing in the character or habits of the descendants of these two races indicates a relationship with either stock. In striking contrast with the apathy and indolence of the population among which they live, these half-breeds exhibit in all they do, the activity and perseverance of the men of the north. They serve as porters, waggoners, or sailors, as occasion may require, and shrink from no kind of employment however laborious. Their white felt hats, with broad brims and pointed conical crowns, their tall figures, and bold, cheerful countenances, give them a considerable degree of resemblance to the Spanish muleteers.

This result of the crossing of two races both so sharply defined is extremely remarkable, and cannot but interest ethnologists. The Mongol is perhaps above all others the type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and most obstinately resists the influence of foreign admixture continued through a long series of generations. We have found it in all its originality among the Cossacks, the Tatars, and every other people dwelling in the vicinity of the Kalmuks. Is it not, then, a most curious fact to see it vanish immediately under the influence of the Hindhu blood, and produce instead of itself a thoroughly Caucasian type? Might we not, then, conclude that the Caucasian is not a primitive type, as hitherto supposed, but that it is simply the result of a mixture, the two elements of which we must seek for in Central Asia, in those mysterious regions of the great Tibetian chain which have so much occupied the inventive genius of ancient and modern writers?

The Persians, like the Indians, are gradually deserting Astrakhan. The prohibitive system of Russia has destroyed all their commercial resources, and now

only some hundreds of them, for the most part detained by penury, are to be found in their adopted country, employed in petty retail dealings. We went over the vast Persian khans of Astrakhan, but saw none of those gorgeous stuffs for which they were formerly so celebrated. The ware-rooms are empty, and it is but with great difficulty the traveller can now and then obtain cashmeres, silky termalamas, or any other of those productions of Asia which so much excite our curiosity, and which were formerly a source of prosperity to the town.

Astrakhan has for some years had a lazaret on the mouths of the Volga at seventy-five versts from its walls. The history of this establishment is curious enough. Before it was built on the site it now occupies, building had been carried on to a considerable extent at two other spots which were successively abandoned as unsuitable. It was not until much time and money had been spent, that an engineer took notice of a little island exceedingly well adapted to the purpose, and on which the lazaret was finally erected. Some years afterwards there was found in the town archives a manuscript note left by Peter the Great at his departure from Astrakhan, and in which he mentioned that very island as well suited for the site of a lazaret. A glance had enabled the Tsar to perceive the importance of a locality which many engineering commissions discovered only after repeated search.

Paving is a luxury quite unknown in Astrakhan, and the streets are as sandy as the soil of the environs. Though they are almost deserted during the day, on account of the intense heat, few spectacles are more lively and picturesque than that which they present in the evening, when the whole town awakes from the somnolency into which it had been cast by a temperature of 100°. Every one then hastens to enjoy the refreshing air of the twilight; people sit at the doors amusing themselves with the sight of whatever passes; business is resumed, and the shops are in a bustle; a numerous population of all races and tongues spreads rapidly along the bridges and the quays bordered with trees; the canal is covered with caiks laden with fruit and arbutus berries; elegant droshkies, caleches, and horsemen rush about in all directions, and the whole town wears a gala aspect that astonishes and captivates the traveller. He finds there collected into a focus all the picturesque items that have struck him singly elsewhere. Alongside of a Tatar dwelling stretches a great building blackened by time, and by its architecture and carvings carrying you back to the middle ages. A European shop displays its fashionable haberdashery opposite a caravanserai; the magnificent cathedral overshadows a pretty mosque with its fountain; a Moorish balcony contains a group of young European ladies who set you thinking of Paris, whilst a graceful white shadow glides mysteriously under the gallery of an old palace. All contrasts are here met together; and so it happens that in passing from one quarter to another you think you have but made a short promenade, and you have picked up a stock of observations and reminiscences belonging to all times and places. The Russians ought to be proud of a town which did not spring up yesterday, like all the others in their country, and where one is not plagued with the cold, monotonous regularity that meets you without end in every part of the empire.

The churches in Astrakhan are not built in the invariable Greek style of all the other religious buildings of Russia; they have carvings, spires, and balustrades, something to attract the gaze, and details to fix it. The cathedral, built towards the end of the seventeenth century, is a large square edifice, surmounted by five cupolas, gilded and starred with azure, and presenting a style midway between those of Asia and Europe. The interior is hung with pictures of no value in point of art, but attractive to the eye from the richness of their frames, most of which are of massive silver curiously chased. The most interesting monument in Astrakhan is a small church concealed in Peter the Great's fort. It is attributed to Ivan IV. Its architecture is purely Moorish, and it is fretted all over with details exceedingly interesting to an artist. Unfortunately it has long been abandoned, and is now used as a warehouse.

The climate of Astrakhan is dry, and very hot. For three months the thermometer seldom falls in the day below 95°. This great heat enervates both mind and body, and sufficiently accounts for the extreme sloth of the inhabitants. But in consequence of its dryness the atmosphere possesses a transparent purity that would enchant a painter, giving, as it does, to every object a warmth and lucidity worthy of Italy.

A very serious source of annoyance to the Astrakhaners, and still more to the foreigner, is the swarm of gnats and other insects that fill the air at certain seasons. Their pertinacious attacks baffle all precautions; it is in vain you surround yourself with gauze at night, and resign yourself to total darkness during the day, you are not the less persecuted by them, and you exhaust yourself with ineffectual efforts against an invisible enemy.

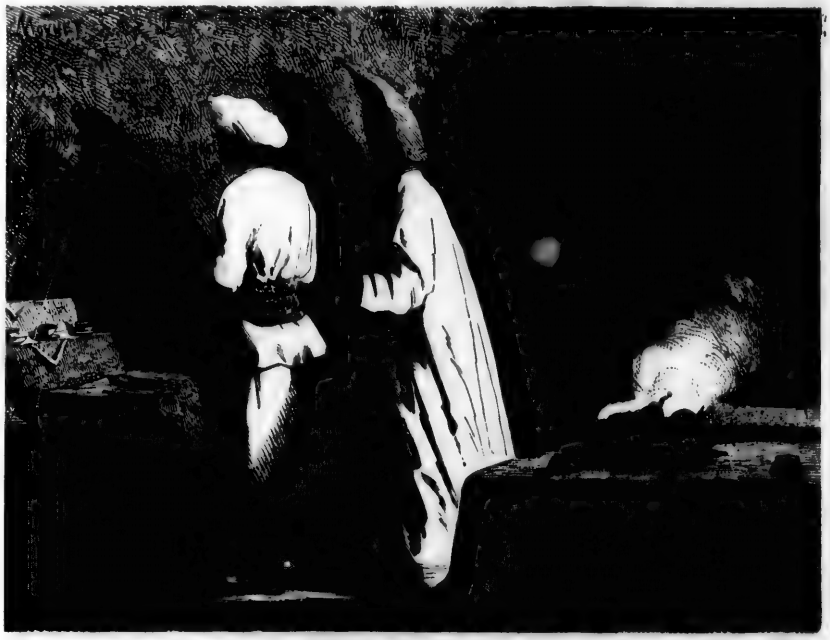
They are sinking an artesian well in the upper part of the town. They had reached, when we were there, a depth of 166 yards; but instead of water there escaped a jet of carburretted hydrogen, which had been burning for three weeks with great brilliancy.

Astrakhan now contains 146 streets, 46 squares, 8 market-places, a public garden, 11 wooden and 9 earthen bridges, 37 churches (34 of stone, 3 wooden), 2 of which are cathedrals; 15 mosques, 2 of them of stone; 3,883 houses, 288 of which are of stone, the rest of wood. All narratives of travels tell of the gardens of Astrakhan, and the magnificent fruit produced in them. Unfortunately, these are pure fictions, for there are but 75 gardens or vineyards around the town, and it is only by means of irrigation with Persian wheels that they are rendered productive. All the fruit of the place, moreover, is very poor, if not decidedly bad. The grapes alone are tolerable, and of very various kinds, suitable for the table, but none of them fit for making wine. As for the celebrated water-melons they are held in very low esteem in the country, and the people of the town talk only of those of Kherson and the Crimea. It is very possible, however, that the fruit of Astrakhan may have deserved its high reputation previously to the Muscovite domination. Here, as everywhere else, the Russian population, in taking the place of the Tatars, can only have destroyed the agricultural resources of the country. The Russian townspeople being exclusively traders and shopkeepers, and never engaging in rural pursuits, the gardens almost all belong to Tatars and Armenians.

As for the government of Astrakhan, its territory is one of the most sterile in the empire. Agriculture is there wholly unproductive; in general nothing is sowed but a little maize and barley, provisions of all

kinds being procured from Saratof, by way of the Volga. It is this that gives some little briskness to the navigation of that river; for besides the corn consumed by Astrakhan and the towns dependent on its jurisdiction, Saratof and the adjoining regions send supplies also to Gourief, on the mouth of the Ural, to the army cantoned on the Terek, and even to the Transcaucasian countries.

There is no city, perhaps, of Eastern Europe, if we except Constantinople, which has played a more important part than Astrakhan in the commercial relations between Europe and Asia. Situated at the lower extremity of the largest navigable river of Europe, it communicates, on the one side, by the Caspian, with Central Asia and the northern provinces of Persia; and, on the other side, with the central provinces of the Muscovite empire and the whole coast of the Black Sea. It is impossible to enter into the whole bearings of the importance of such a position, and the false commercial policy of Russia, in regard to the opening thus presented. The curious reader will find this subject ably discussed, at great length, in M. Hommaire de Hell's book (chap. xxi. p. 187). One fact worth noticing in the present day is that the best cotton of Persia is grown on the slopes of the Al Burus or Elbrus, as it is sometimes misspelt; and the cotton regions of that mountain slope are said to supply easily an annual average of 1,500,000 kilo-



FIRE-WORSHIPPERS AT ATASH-GAH.

grammes, at 65 to 70 centimes the kilogramme on the spot, *i.e.*, 6*d.* to 7*d.* per 2¼lbs.

We shall, however, quote a few sentences from a more recent traveller—Mr. Laurence Oliphant (*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, &c.*, p. 130, et seq.)—upon this topic, so important to commercial men, to the progress of civilisation, and to the vastly extending power of Russia.

The only solution of the problem which involves this anomalous state of things, ought to be in the fact of some much better way having been discovered by the government, for the transit of Eastern goods, than that adopted by the Genoese; and considering that for five hundred miles the trans-Caucasian Russian provinces are conterminous with Persia and Turkey, this would not seem an improbable conjecture to anyone not acquainted with the commercial policy of the country Not that it is very easy to say what that policy is; but one effect of it, in this instance, is certain, that scarcely any use whatever is made of the route which does there exist. To explain this, it is necessary to discover the real principle upon which the government acts; for it is absurd to suppose that it can be so infatuated as to believe that the protective system, which it now pursues, can ever advance the commercial interest of the country.

Projecting into the heart of Asia, while it monopolises more than half the continent of Europe—pos

A. Sever W. French

ON THE SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA

sessing means of communication with the East by way of the Caspian, denied to any other European power—intersected by rivers expressly adapted to connect the ports upon the four seas, between which she is situated, Russia might become the highway of nations. The wealth of Europe and Asia would thus pour into the coffers of the country, through the various channels which it alone could so advantageously offer for the commerce of the world; and the only reason why this result has not long since taken place, is the virtual prohibition by the government of the existence of such a state of things, by its denying to all foreign goods the right of transit through the Russian dominions. As a necessary consequence, the produce of the east passes through Smyrna and Trebisond, instead of through Tiflis to Redut Kalé on the Black Sea; or, if there were a canal between the Volga and the Don by water all the way from Astrabad and the intermediate ports to Taganrog, *viâ* Astrakkan and Tzaritzin, or to St. Petersburgh direct. Thus have those brilliant commercial designs cherished by Peter the Great, and founded upon an anticipated expansion of his eastern frontier, been destroyed by a policy unworthy the successors of so enlightened a monarch, and those ports on the Caspian, in attempts to acquire which he sacrificed his political reputation, are sinking under influences utterly blasting to their prosperity. From a consideration of these circumstances, and in spite of the anxiety of government to induce an opposite belief, we are constrained to suppose that it is only solicitous for the prosperity of the nation, as long as this prosperity can co-exist with the permanent state of gross ignorance and barbarism in which the people are kept; for it is evident that an extensive intercourse with European nations would open the eyes of this enslaved population, and introduce those principles of freedom which would soon prove utterly subversive to the imperial power, as it at present exists. In order, therefore, that the traveller may duly appreciate the system of political economy practised by the government, it is necessary he should remember that its interests and those of the people are diametrically opposed to one another. He will then cease to wonder that men-of-war, instead of merchant steamers, regularly navigate the Caspian. The most wretched crafts are freighted with the rich fabrics of Persia, while iron steamers are appropriated to the transport of precious soldiers. These steamers are also employed in blockading the eastern shores of Circassia; and are ready, in case of war with Persia, to convey troops to that kingdom. At present, they ply twice a-month between Astrakhan, Baku, Lenkeran, Engeli, and Astrabad. I was informed, moreover, that two iron steamers had been recently launched upon the Sea of Aral, with a view, it was said, of carrying out some commercial projects. These may some day prove to be of rather a questionable nature. There is a line of Cossacks extending across the Kirghiz deserts to the Sea of Aral, established, no doubt, for the purpose of protecting these so-called mercantile arrangements.

I do not see, however, how it could compromise the selfish policy of the government to improve the navigation of the Volga; for, although it is at present used almost entirely for purposes of trade, it might, in case of a war in these parts, be found a most useful auxiliary in the transport of troops. The experience of those who have been navigating this river for any length of time, goes far to show that the volume of [illegible] and our captain referred [illegible] all affirm of navigation as a practical [illegible] ness of this conclusion. The [illegible] means of which the Volga finds its way [illegible] percolating, as it were, through [illegible] Astrakhan is situated, are yearly [illegible] the Caspian itself is said to [illegible] however, most distinctly [illegible] though they are further off [illegible] said to be, they have probably [illegible] opposition than a vague [illegible]

A most [illegible] been made by M[illegible] they have establish[illegible] Caspian is about [illegible] Black Sea; but in the [illegible] than the Volga, th[illegible] rivers at the point [illegible] is undoubtedly far [illegible] has been at some pains [illegible] plateau formed, at some [illegible] shore of the Caspian and the Sea of Aral being united, were connected with the [illegible] channel flowing round the north[illegible] Caucasus. Whether this view be correct or not, and, in accordance with more modern notions, we should at any rate throw back the date to a pre-A[illegible] there can be little doubt that, at some period, the Caspian extended over the basin of the Volga, upon which we were now looking. The whole configuration of the country supports such a hypothesis. Near this point the Steppe follows the course of the Sarpa to the southward, rising precipitously from the [illegible] through which the Volga meanders. These deserts are impregnated with salt, and shells, exactly [illegible] found in the Caspian, are plentifully scattered over the surface; while the steppe, upon which we travelled to the Don, was composed of a fine rich black loam, devoid of any marine deposits. It seemed singular that, while crossing one of the most fertile districts in Russia, we should actually be looking down upon the most sterile; but there can be no more satisfactory way of accounting for so sudden a change in the face of the country, than by supposing that a great portion of it was formerly submerged. We congratulated ourselves that it was not our lot to travel a more elevated line of country; and as we turned our backs upon the vast sandy deserts which extend to the Chinese frontier, and hurried away from the swamps of Astrakhan, the dull same Steppe [illegible] quite pleasant, and a journey through the country of the Don Cossacks seemed invested with new and unexpected charms.

## V.

KISSIAR ON THE TEREK—COMPOSITION OF A CASSAK [illegible] CAUCASIAN—A CAUCASIAN [illegible] AND THE COSSACKS—KASAPIUK—A [illegible] AGAINST THE TCHETCHENSES—[illegible] CAMPMENTS OF TATARS—[illegible]

FROM Astrakhan to Kissiar, the Terek [illegible] p. 704,) is a low [illegible] sandy [illegible] forming a portion of the N.W. coast of the Caspian, and watered by many streams, [illegible] Koma or Kouma, which coasts of a [illegible] of small pretensions, but none of any importance in its long valley. From Kissiar, which is a more important

sessing means of communication with the East by way of the Caspian, denied to any other European power—intersected by rivers expressly adapted to connect the ports upon the four seas, between which she is situated, Russia might become the highway of nations. The wealth of Europe and Asia would thus pour into the coffers of the country, through the various channels which it alone could so advantageously offer for the commerce of the world; and the only reason why this result has not long since taken place, is the virtual prohibition by the government of the existence of such a state of things, by its denying to all foreign goods the right of transit through the Russian dominions. As a necessary consequence, the produce of the east passes through Smyrna and Trebisond, instead of through Tiflis to Redut Kalé on the Black Sea; or, if there were a canal between the Volga and the Don by water all the way from Astrabad and the intermediate ports to Taganrog, *via* Astrakkan and Tzaritzin, or to St. Petersburgh direct. Thus have those brilliant commercial designs cherished by Peter the Great, and founded upon an anticipated expansion of his eastern frontier, been destroyed by a policy unworthy the successors of so enlightened a monarch; and those ports on the Caspian, in attempts to acquire which he sacrificed his political reputation, are sinking under influences utterly blasting to their prosperity. From a consideration of these circumstances, and in spite of the anxiety of government to induce an opposite belief, we are constrained to suppose that it is only solicitous for the prosperity of the nation, as long as this prosperity can co-exist with the permanent state of gross ignorance and barbarism in which the people are kept; for it is evident that an extensive intercourse with European nations would open the eyes of this enslaved population, and introduce those principles of freedom which would soon prove utterly subversive to the imperial power, as it at present exists. In order, therefore, that the traveller may duly appreciate the system of political economy practised by the government, it is necessary he should remember that its interests and those of the people are diametrically opposed to one another. He will then cease to wonder that men-of war, instead of merchant steamers, regularly navigate the Caspian. The most wretched crafts are freighted with the rich fabrics of Persia, while iron steamers are appropriated to the transport of precious soldiers These steamers are also employed in blockading the eastern shores of Circassia; and are ready, in case of war with Persia, to convey troops to that kingdom. At present, they ply twice a-month between Astrakhan, Baku, Lenkeran, Engeli, and Astrabad. I was informed, moreover, that two iron steamers had been recently launched upon the Sea of Aral, with a view, it was said, of carrying out some commercial projects. These may some day prove to be of rather a questionable nature. There is a line of Cossacks extending across the Kirghis deserts to the Sea of Aral, established, no doubt, for the purpose of protecting these so-called mercantile arrangements.

I do not see, however, how it could compromise the selfish policy of the government to improve the navigation of the Volga; for, although it is at present used almost entirely for purposes of trade, it might, in case of a war in these parts, be found a most useful auxiliary in the transport of troops. The experience of those who have been navigating this river for any length of time, goes far to show that the volume of water is rapidly diminishing; and our captain referred to the increasing difficulties of navigation as a practical demonstration of the correctness of this conclusion. The numerous channels, by means of which the Volga finds its way into the Caspian, percolating, as it were, through the Delta upon which Astrakhan is situated, are yearly becoming shallower, and the Caspian itself is said to be decreasing. Humboldt, however, most distinctly denies this to be the case; and though they are further off from the sea now than they used to be, they have probably no better ground for the supposition than a vague tradition to that effect.

A most interesting series of observations has recently been made by Messrs. Englehardt and Parrot, by which they have established the fact that the level of the Caspian is about eighteen fathoms below that of the Black Sea; but as the Don flows with greater rapidity than the Volga, the difference of level of the two rivers at the point where they most nearly approximate is undoubtedly far greater than this. Professor Pallas has been at some pains to prove that this elevated plateau formed, at some previous period, the northern shore of the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, being then united, were connected with the Black Sea by a channel flowing round the northern point of the Caucasus. Whether this view be correct or not—and, in accordance with more modern notions, we should at any rate throw back the date to a pre-Adamite-era—there can be little doubt that, at some period, the Caspian extended over the basin of the Volga, upon which we were now looking. The whole configuration of the country supports such a hypothesis. Near this point the Steppe follows the course of the Sarpa to the southward, rising precipitously from the deserts through which the Volga meanders. These deserts are impregnated with salt, and shells, exactly resembling those found in the Caspian, are plentifully scattered over the surface; while the steppe, upon which we travelled to the Don, was composed of a fine rich black loam, devoid of any marine deposits. It seemed singular that, while crossing one of the most fertile districts in Russia, we should actually be looking down upon the most sterile; but there can be no more satisfactory way of accounting for so sudden a change in the surface of the country, than by supposing that a great portion of it was formerly submerged We congratulated ourselves that it was not our lot to traverse the more elevated line of country; and as we turned our backs upon the vast sandy deserts which extended to the Chinese frontier, and hurried away from the salt swamps of Astrakhan, the dull tame Steppe looked quite pleasant, and a journey through the country of the Don Cossacks seemed invested with new and unexpected charms.

## V.

KISSLAR ON THE TEREK—COMBAT OF A COSSACK AND A CAUCASIAN—A CAUCASIAN CAPUA—THE TCHETCHENESES AND THE COSSACKS—KASAFIURTA—A NIGHT EXPEDITION AGAINST THE TCHETCHENESES—ENTER THE LESGHIAN TERRITORY—ENCAMPMENTS OF TATARS—RAVINE OF KARANY.

FROM Astrakhan to Kisslar on the Terek, (*See* Map, p. 704,) is a low level, in part sandy in part marshy plain, forming a portion of the N.W. corner of the Caspian, and watered by many rivulets, and one river, the Kuma or Kouma, which boasts of a town, Kumskaya, of small pretensions, but none of any importance in the long valley. From Kisslar, which is a more important

frontier town at the foot of the Caucasus, to the great pass of Derbend, we shall travel in company with the traveller, historian, poet, and romancer, M. Alexander Dumas. Not a very safe guide for a geographer, but his lively pen will serve to enlighten a page or two in our series; and, besides, the Caucasus is the very country for a poet and romancer.

From the remote epoch of the expedition of the Argonauts to the modern feats of a Schamyl, that glorious mountain range, with its far-spreading spurs and valleys—the natural frontier of Europe and Asia—has been the abode of valour and beauty, the home of mystery and originality. Every step is a surprise, and every new scene is a vision. As to feats of daring, love, and adventure, there is enough to surfeit on. M. Dumas arrived at Kisslar, the frontier town of Russia on the Terek, on the 7th of November, 1858. The great poet, romancer, traveller, and historian, had laid aside all these characters to become a soldier. In a semi-barbarous state the sword takes precedence of the pen—arms of letters. M. Dumas had found the necessity before this of adapting himself to the social condition of the country in which he was travelling, and he had assumed the costume of a Muscovite militiaman, over which he had placed the star of Charles III. of Spain, and, thus accoutred, he passed off very well at the inns and post-houses for a French general.

At Kisslar, renowned for its good wine and brandy, dress, however, was of less importance than good arms. A motley population of Armenians, Tatars, Kalmuks, Nogays, and Jews, all clad in their national costume, fill the streets of the marvellously picturesque but very unsafe town, and which M. Dumas compares with Paris in the time of Henri III. The Tatars were, in fact, bandits within, the Tchetchenses plundered everyone without, and the Cossacks kept up a perpetual warfare with both. At the Terek, the traveller parts, indeed, from all security and safety, save that which is obtained by superiority of numbers or arms. M. Dumas and his companions do not appear to have been badly provided; they had among them, besides their kandjars, or daggers, three doubled-barrelled fowling-pieces, two rifles, one of which carried exploding balls, and a revolver. They had, besides, an escort of six Cossacks, notwithstanding which it was deemed necessary, to inspire awe, that, in making the start, each should have a double-barreled gun on his knee. M. Dumas's companions were, it is to be observed, Moynet, an artist, and Kalino, a young Russian, obtained as an interpreter from the university of Moscow. At Sukoipo-h the sun broke through the fog, and displayed, for the first time, the mighty Caucasus, "the theatre of the first drama of the first dramatic poet of antiquity," to their astonished gaze. For a time the Tchetchenses were lost to memory; even the successive villages, with their posts of Cossacks, and each its own terrible and sanguinary legend, were disregarded. There was before them that which they declare to have surpassed alike the Alps and the Pyrenees—one of the most colossal works of the Creator.

All the men they now met with on the road were armed. They also bore the outward appearance of men who are accustomed to place reliance on their personal courage. At one of the post-houses Kalino had raised his whip at a yemchik. "Take care!" said the latter, putting his hand on his kandjar; "you are not in Russia now." Arrived at Schukovaia, a branch excursion was made, accompanied by an escort of eleven Cossacks, to Tchervelonaia, a charming village of Cossacks, alike celebrated, according to our author, for "the constancy of the men, the complacency of parents, and the beauty of the women." First in renown among the latter was one Eudoxia Dogadiska, whose portrait Moynet was to take. On the way, as on several occasions before and afterwards, the sight of a covey of patridges tempted our traveller out of his path. He had shot one—and it is a curious fact that he always describes himself as taking two barrels to accomplish that feat—when the discharge of a gun was heard close by, and a ball cut off the twigs of a bush in still closer proximity. "Nous étrennions enfin!" exclaims our romancist, who appears to have long sighed for an adventure. Four Cossacks went off in advance to cover the party, the horse of a fifth lay down; the ball had broken its thigh. M. Dumas, after exchanging ball for small shot, remounted his steed; seven men were visible on the side of the Terek. The Cossacks hurried in pursuit with a cheer. But whilst these six or seven fled, another rose up from amidst the bushes, from whence he had fired, and brandishing his gun over his head, he shouted, "*Abreck! abreck!*"

"*Abreck!*" repeated the Cossacks.

"What does he mean by *abreck!*" inquired M. Dumas of his interpreter.

The answer was ominous: "He is a fanatic, and he defies any one to single combat."

"Well," said Dumas, "tell the men there are twenty roubles for him who accepts the challenge."

The Cossack whose horse had been crippled claimed the privilege. Dumas provided him with his own. Another requested to be allowed to follow, in case of accident.

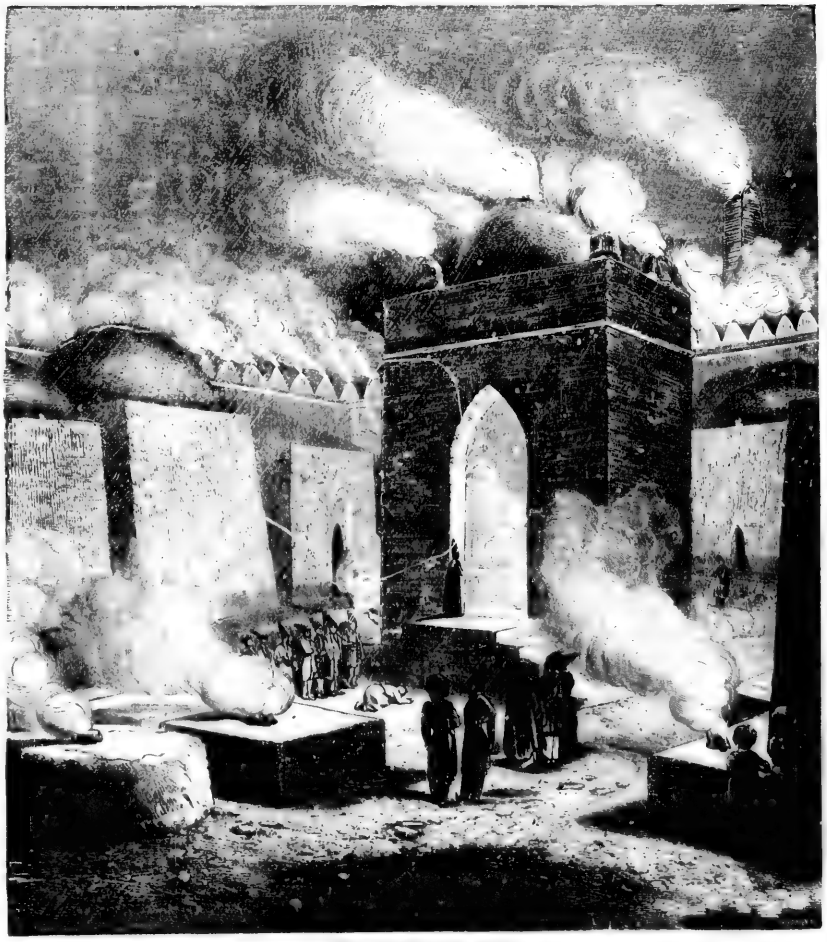
In the mean time his companion had hurried off in the direction of the mountaineer. As he advanced he fired. The Abreck made his horse caper; it received the ball in the shoulder. Almost at the same moment the mountaineer fired in his turn; the ball carried off the papak from his adversary's head. Both threw their carbines over their shoulders. The Cossack drew his schaskr, or sword, the mountaineer his kandjar. The mountainer manœuvred his horse, albeit wounded, with infinite address, and, although the blood was flowing down its chest, the animal did not appear to be weakened thereby, his master encouraging him with his knees, hands, and voice. At the same time he loaded his adversary with insults. The two combatants met.

I thought for a moment that our Cossack had transfixed his adversary with his schaska. I saw the blade glitter behind his back. But he had only pierced his white tcherkess. From that moment we saw nothing; but a group of two men struggling body to body. But at the expiration of a minute one of the men slipped from his horse; that is to say, the trunk of a man only, for his head had remained in the hands of his adversary.

The adversary was the mountaineer. He proclaimed his triumph with a wild and terrific shout, shook the gory head, and then swung it to the bows of his saddle. The horse, deprived of its rider, fled, and, after having made a turn, came back to us. The decapitated body remained motionless. Then to the shout of triumph of the mountaineer there succeeded another shout of defiance.

I turned towards the Cossack who had asked to follow his comrade. He was quietly smoking his pipe, but he nodded his head. "I am going," he then added. Then in his turn he uttered a shout, signifying that he accepted the challenge. The mountaineer, who was going through some fantastic evolutions, stopped them to see what new champion was coming to him. "Come," said I to the Cossack, "I increase the premium by ten roubles."

This time he only answered me by winking his eyes.



FIRE TEMPLE NEAR BAKU.

He seemed to be laying in a stock of smoke, inhaling but not expiring it. He then suddenly dashed off full speed at the Abreck, and when he had got within forty paces of him he shouldered his carbine and pulled the trigger. A slight smoke that enveloped his face made us all think that the carbine had flashed in the pan. The Abreck thought the same, for he rushed at him at once, pistol in hand, and fired at ten paces. The Cossack avoided the ball by a sudden movement of his horse, and then rapidly bringing his carbine to his shoulder, to the infinite surprise of us all who had not seen him prime again, he fired.

A violent movement on the part of the mountaineer showed that he was struck. He let go the bridle of his horse, and, to prevent himself falling, he placed both his arms round the animal's neck. The poor creature, feeling itself thus at liberty, and yet encumbered, vexed also with its own wound, made off through the bushes in the direction of the Terek.

The Cossack hurried in pursuit, and we were about to join in the chase, when we saw the body of the mountaineer gradually relaxing its hold, and fall to the ground. The horse stopped as his rider fell. The Cossack, uncertain if it was not a feint, and if the mountaineer was not pretending to be dead, described a wide circle before he approached him. He was evidently seeking to make out his adversary's features, but, whether by design or by accident, his enemy lay with his face to the ground. The Cossack kept getting nearer; the mountaineer did not stir. The Cossack had his pistol, which he had not used, in his hand. Arrived within ten paces, he fired on the prostrate Tchetchen. But still the mountaineer moved not. It was a ball thrown away. The Cossack had fired at a corpse. Jumping from his horse, he advanced, drew forth his kandjar, bent over the dead man, and rose a moment afterwards with his head in his hand.

Pretty well to begin with! Needless to explain that the Cossack's carbine had not flashed in the pan. He had let off the smoke from his mouth to deceive the enemy—a trick that would not have taken with a Red Indian.

Tchervelonaia, whither our travellers were wending their way when this adventure befel them, is the oldest stanitza or station of the line of the Grebenskoi Cossacks, who descend from a Russian colony. The Tchervelonaises present hence a speciality which partakes at once of the Russian and mountaineer type. Their beauty has rendered the stanitza which they inhabit a kind of Caucasian Capua; they have the Muscovite face, but "the elegant forms of the Highlands, as they say in Scotland." When the Cossacks, their fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, start upon an expedition, they vault up on one stirrup, which the rider leaves disengaged, and holding on by the rider's waist or neck, with a bottle of wine in the other hand, they accompany them thus three or four miles. When an expedition is returning they go out to meet it, and come back in the same fantastic fashion to the stanitza. This frivolity of manners presents a strange contrast to the severity of the Russians and the rigidity of the Orientals. Several of these Tchervelonaises have inspired Russian officers with a passion that has ended in marriage; others have furnished themes for anecdotes that are not devoid of a certain originality. As an example:

A woman of Tchervelonaia gave such serious cause of jealousy to her husband, who was deeply attached to her, that the latter, not having the courage to witness the happiness of so many rivals that he could not even count them, deserted in despair, and fled to the mountains, where he took service against the Russians. Having been made prisoner in an engagement, he was recognised, tried, condemned, and shot.

We were introduced to his widow, who herself related to us this lamentable history, accompanied by some details, which took away in no small degree from whatever there was that was dramatic in the story.

"What is most shocking," she said to us, "was that he was not ashamed to mention me on the trial. But, with that exception, he died like a molodets (daredevil). I went to see his execution; the poor dear man loved me so much that he wished me to be there, and I did not like to grieve his last moments by my refusal. He died well, there is nothing to say about that. He requested that his eyes should not be bandaged, and he solicited and obtained the favour to give the word to fire; when he himself gave the word, and fell, I don't know how it was that it affected me so much, but I actually fell also, only I got up again; but it appears that I must have remained some time helpless, for when I came to myself he was almost entirely buried; so much so, that only his feet were seen peeping out of the ground. He had on a pair of red morocco boots, quite new, and I was so agitated that I forgot to take them off, and they were lost."

These boots, thus forgotten, were more than a regret to the poor widow, they were a remorse.

At the very time that our travellers arrived at this original stanitza, an execution was just about to take place. A Cossack of Tchervelonaia, with a wife and two children, had been two years previously made prisoner by the Tchetchenses. He was indebted for his life and liberty to a beautiful girl of the tribe, and he repaid the interest taken in his fate by a devoted affection. One day, however, news came of an exchange of prisoners; the Cossack had to return to his stanitza. But, made miserable by the memory of his beloved mountaineer, he deserted, and not only turned Mussulman, but promised to deliver over Tchervelonaia to the Tchetchenses. To accomplish this he first visited the stanitza by night. He approached in so doing his own home, and, looking in, he saw his wife on her knees praying to God for his safe return. The sight so overcame him, that he entered the house and took his wife to his bosom. After embracing her and his children, he hastened away to the sotzky, or commandant of the station, and warned him that that very night the place was to be attacked by the Tchetchenses. The stanitza was saved, but the inconstant Cossack was condemned to death. This was the man they were about to execute when our travellers arrived. A few minutes after they entered the stanitza they heard the rattle of musketry, and the renegade was no more; his wife was a widow, and his children were orphans. With the Tchetchenses his memory will be held in detestation as that of a double-dyed traitor; but how seldom can men determine the motives that may have actuated their fellow creatures in what appears to them to be the grossest criminality!

The melancholy proceedings that greeted their arrival did not prevent our lively travellers from asking the way to the house of Eudoxia Dogadiska.

"Oh!" was the answer, "dead long ago; but her sister fills her place, and that very advantageously too!"

They were accordingly shown the way to the house of Gruscha, who filled Eudoxia's place so satisfactorily, and were welcomed by her respectable parent, Ivan Dogadiska, upon conditions that reminded them of the hospitality received by Antenor at the Greek philosopher's Antiphon.

These Tchervelonaises, so renowned for their beauty and licentiousness, are equally distinguished by their courage. One day, all the men being absent on an expedition, the Tchetchenses took advantage of the circumstance to make an attempt on the place. The Amazons immediately held a council of war, and

resolved to defend the stanitza to the last extremity. The siege lasted five days, and thirty mountaineers were laid low, three women were wounded, and two were killed.

The road from the River Terek to the pass of Darial lies between the Terek and the Kuban; there are stations or forts every twelve miles, and all along the wayside upright stones, with rudely-carved turbans or simple crosses, mark where Mussulmans or Christians have fallen. So it was also from Kisslar to Derbend, on which route these trophies were so numerous that the wayside appeared like one continuous cemetery. They were well received at Kasafiurta, the first station on the way, as indeed everywhere else, by the authorities, who knew M. Dumas, as he appears to have been known everywhere, by his works. Nay, a youth at Kasafiurta actually knew his uncle, the general.

"It is, I believe," said the young gentleman, "M. Dumas that I am speaking to?"

"Precisely so, sir."

"I am the son of General Grabbé."

"The victor of Akulgo! Allow me to present my compliments."

"Your father did in the Tyrol what my father accomplished in the Caucasus, so we may dispense with all ceremony."

And thus was friendly intimacy everywhere established. Perpetual hostilities are being carried on at this advanced post; scarcely a day seems to pass but the mountaineers capture some child or adult, and drag them away at their horses' tails for sake of the ransom. On the other hand, a war of extermination (marked by the right ear) is carried on by the Cossacks against the bandits. While sitting at table with the commandant, a Tatar woman brought in two right ears, for which she received a gratuity of twenty rubles: no questions were asked as to how she became possessed of them. Yet once a premium was paid in Russia for wolves' tails. In 1857 it was found that the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand rubles had been thus paid away. This caused an investigation to be made, and it was found that there were regular manufactories of wolves' tails. Can there be manufactories of right ears of Tchetchenses? Some idea of the manner in which these ears are obtained, will, however, be arrived at by an account which M. Dumas gives of a nocturnal expedition made from this very place—Kasafiurta—in pursuit of the robbers. The early part of the night had been spent in revelry, amidst music, fair Circassian dancers and champagne, of which more is drank in Russia alone, Dumas tells us, than two provinces like Champagne could produce; and at midnight they started to join a party on the proposed adventurous expedition. Each of the travellers was accompanied by a Cossack. Thus they issued forth from the fortress in the dead of night, their way lying along the right bank of the river Yarak Su. The sound of the pebbles borne along by that rapid mountain stream effectually drowned whatever noise was made by their horses' feet. It was a splendid night, clear and starry, and the mountains rose up like a black mass in front of the expeditionists. Passing Knezarnaia, a Russian station at the foot of the mountains, they forded the Yarak Su, and, following a pathway through a shrubby district, they reached a wider and deeper river, the Axai. Fording this, the Cossack Bagenoik, the leader of the party, changed the direction, and led the way down the right bank, leaving two and two at distances of about one hundred paces from one another, and finally taking up a station himself in company with M. Dumas.

He laid himself down, and made signs to me, the latter relates to do the same. I accordingly took up a recumbent position behind a bush. The cries of the jackals roving on the mountains sounded like the lamentations of children. These cries, and the murmuring of the waters of the Axai, alone broke the silence of night. We were too far from Kasafiurta to hear the striking of the clocks, and from Knezarnaia to distinguish the challenge of the sentinels. All the sounds that we could hear at the point where we then were, must be made by enemies, be they men or animals.

I do not know what passed through the minds of my companions, but that which struck me most was the brief space of time that is necessary in life to bring about the strangest contrasts. Barely two hours ago we were in the heart of a town, in a warm, well lighted, cheerful room. Leila was dancing and coquetting with her arms and eyes. Ignacieff was playing the fiddle. Bageniok and Mikaeluk were doing *vis-à-vis*. We were beating time with our hands and feet: we had not a thought that was not lively and gay.

Two hours had elapsed. We were, on a cold dark night, on the banks of an unknown river, upon a hostile soil, rifles in hand, daggers by the side, not, as had before happened to me twenty times, waiting for the passage of some wild animal, but in ambuscade, waiting to kill or to be killed by men made like ourselves, in the likeness of their Creator, and we had entered without a thought upon this enterprise, as if it were nothing to lose one's blood, or to shed that of others!

It is true that the men whom we were waiting for were bandits, men who pillaged and murdered, and who left behind them desolation and tears. But these men were born fifteen hundred leagues from us, with manners that were different from our manners. What they did their fathers had done before them, and their ancestors before their fathers. Could I, under these circumstances, ask Heaven to protect me, if overtaken by a danger which I had come so uselessly and so imprudently to confront?

What was incontestable was, that I lay behind a bush on the Axai, that I was waiting there for the Tchetchenses, and that, in case of attack, my life depended upon the correctness of my aim or the strength of my arm. Two hours slipt by thus. Whether it was that the night grew clearer, or that my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see much better than at first, and could plainly distinguish objects on the other bank of the river.

I was looking in that direction when I thought I heard a noise to my right. I looked at my companion; but either he did not hear it, or it had no import to him, for he seemed to pay no attention to it. But the noise became more audible. I thought I heard the sound of several footsteps. I crept close up to Bageniok, and, placing one hand on his arm, I stretched out the other in the direction from whence the sounds came.

"Niceevo," he muttered.

I knew enough of Russian to understand "It is nothing." But I did not the less keep my eye fixed in the direction whence the sound came. I then saw

a large stag, with splendid antlers, coming down to the water to drink, followed by a doe and two fawns. It was nothing, as Bageniok had said. It was not the game that we were waiting for. Still I could not help taking aim. Oh! had I only been able to pull the trigger, it most certainly would have been mine. Suddenly the animal raised its head, stretched forth its neck towards the opposite bank, inspired the air, sent forth the sound of danger, and hurried back to cover. I was too familiar with the habits of wild animals not to understand that all this pantomime meant that something was approaching on the other side of the river.

I turned towards Bageniok. "Sminno," he said this time. I did not know the word, but I understood by his gestures that I was not to move, but to make myself as scarce as possible behind my bush. So I obeyed him. As to the Cossack, he glided away like a snake down the bank of the river, and, consequently away from myself and the rest of the party. I followed him with my eyes as long as I could. When I lost sight of him, I began to examine into what was going on on the other side of the Axai. There, at the same moment that I made out the sounds of a horse galloping, I also distinguished in the obscurity a larger group than could have belonged to a single horseman. This group kept nearing me, without my being the more able to make it out.

What I understood, however, by the beating of my heart, more than by the testimony of my eyes, was that an enemy was before us. I took a look in the direction of Ignacieff; no one was stirring. One would have thought that the bank of the river was deserted. I then looked towards Bageniok; he had disappeared long ago. I then carried my eyes back again to the other side of the river and waited.

The horseman had reached the banks of the Axai. His profile was towards me, so that I could see that he dragged a person behind him, attached to the tail of his horse. It was a male or female prisoner. At the very moment that he urged his horse into the river, and that the person behind had to follow, a piteous cry was heard It was that of a woman. The whole group was then immersed in the stream, not above two hundred paces below where I lay.

What was I to do?

As I addressed this query to myself, the bank of the river was suddenly lit up, and the explosion of a rifle followed. The horse beat the water convulsively with its feet, and the whole group disappeared in the tempest thus stirred up in the middle of the river. At the same time a second cry of distress, like the first, and uttered in the same voice, was heard.

I could stand it no longer, but, getting up, I hurried away in the direction of the drama that was now being enacted. In the midst of the confusion that still agitated the waters, another flash illuminated the darkness—another shot had been fired. This was followed a moment afterwards by a third, and then I heard the sound of a person jumping into the river; I saw something like a shadow making its way towards the middle of the river; I heard shouts and curses, mingled with cries of distress; and then, all of a sudden, noise and movement alike ceased.

I looked around me; my companions had joined me, and stood around, motionless as myself. We then saw something making towards us, which it was impossible to recognise in the obscurity, but which gradually became more and more distinct. When the group had arrived within ten paces of us we distinguished and we understood.

The moving party was Bageniok; his kandjar was between his teeth; with his right arm he supported a female who had fainted, but who had not let go a child she held in her arms; and with his left he held by the lock of hair that remained at the top of the cranium the head of a Tchetchen, dropping blood and water.

He threw the head on the green sward, and then, the woman and child more cautiously, he said, in a voice in which not the slightest emotion betrayed itself:

"Now, friends, who has got a drop of vodka?"

Do not imagine that it was for himself that he asked for the brandy. It was for the woman and child.

Two hours afterwards we were in Kasafiurta, bringing back the woman and the child, perfectly restored to life, in triumph. But I still ask myself sometimes if one has a right to place oneself in ambuscade to kill a man as one would do a stag or a wild boar?

The next day the party left Kasafiurta with an escort, in company with Colonel Cogniard, a host of young officers, and fifty men, to pay a visit to the Tartar prince Ali-Sultan. Thence they proceeded to Tchiriurth, where, initiated in the profuseness of Russian hospitality and the value of a European if not a cosmopolitan fame, M. Dumas proceeded, without introduction, at once to the mansion of Prince Dundukoff Korsakoff, colonel of the regiment of Nijnei Novgorod Dragoons, and one of the most distinguished corps in all the Russias. Beyond this point the frontier of the Lesghian territory is attained. Stopping on the way to explore a moving mountain of sand, near which was the Tartar encampment of Unter Kalah, they experienced here, for the first time, the ferocity of the nomades' dogs, familiar to all Eastern travellers who have encamped beyond the precincts of towns and villages. The attack appears to have discomposed M. Dumas and his friend Moynet considerably, for, had they continued to retreat, he asserts that they had been infallibly devoured! At a station beyond was a grove with twenty-five crosses. These commemorated the same number of Russian soldiers who went to sleep there, and whom the Tchetchenses never allowed to wake up again. In the same evil neighbourhood they had to put up at a Cossack post-house, a mere hut, whitewashed outside, and full inside of vermin of all descriptions. The arrival of a European with blood-vessels more easily attained than such as are protected by a Tatar or even a Muscovite hide, is a Shrove Tuesday, a general festival, with such pertinaceous insects. Neither was there anything to eat, save the cock that acted as timekeeper to the post. This cock was not like one whose history is told in connection with the Cossack post of Schukovaia, and who would not sound his matins because he had no hens. The cock sacrificed on this occasion, although compared with the "fameux coq vierge dont parle Brillat Savarin," was a regular chanticleer, thereby casting doubts upon M. Dumas's previous assertion, hazarded to the effect that "les coqs et les ténors n'ont aucun rapport entre eux." The cock was replaced by another and four hens at Temir Khan—the "Iron Khan" (pity M. Dumas was no Orientalist, for some of these names are alike significant and suggestive), a marshy station, near which the tarentasse got stuck in the mud, and which had been besieged and sacked

by Schamyl and his gallant lieutenant Hajji Murad. Our travellers contemplated, with mingled surprise and admiration, several large encampments and a uls or villages of Tatars in this part of the country. One of the most picturesque of these was a mountain fortress inhabited by the Champkal Tarkovsky, another was the village of Helly, perched on a hill between two mountains, and with two charming wooded valleys This latter pretty village was, however, disturbed by Lesghian depredators. The Cossacks had gone out in pursuit of some of these mountaineer bandits at the very time when the travellers arrived there, and they hastened after them, on the road to Karabadakent. The tarentasse had to be driven right across country. They soon fell in with two parties, the first of which was loaded with heads and ears, the other accompanied the wounded. They then pursued their way to the ravine of Zilag-Kaka, where the combat had taken place. It presented a horrid sight, but M. Dumas enriched his historical collection of arms with a real Lesghian kandjar—one that had seen service.

Our party were received and entertained at Bouinaky by Prince Bagration, a descendant of the ancient kings of Georgia. This gallant and most hospitable prince insisted upon their retracing their steps to a certain distance to visit the ravine of Karany. It was a terrible and yet a sublime scene, a ravine with cliffs some seven thousand feet perpendicular. The valley below (and it made them giddy to look at it) was watered by two Koa Sus. Beyond was the village of Guimry, with its orchards, whose fruit the Russians have once, and only once, tasted. It is the birthplace of Schamyl. Little columns of smoke indicated the sites of other mountain fastnesses, among which were Akulgo, where Jemel Eddin, the son of Schamyl, was made prisoner, and in the far distance was the country of the Tuschins, a Christian race, at war with the Caucasians. The same evening M. Dumas was unanimously elected an honorary member of Prince Bagration's regiment of "Indigenous Mountaineers," not Lesghians or Tchetchenses, but "des pauvres diables qui ont fait une peau" (read "Who have slain an antagonist"). The prince, whose Georgian hospitality surpassed even that of the Russians, had a uniform made at the same time for his guest by the regimental tailor, a circumstance which M. Dumas appears to forget, when, arrived at Tiflis, he describes himself as denuded of all garments in which to present himself in fashionable society, and as clipped by a barber so closely, that Moynet declared that he would do to exhibit at Constantinople as a new species of seal fished up from the Caspian—a comparison the truth of which is admitted by our great romancer, but for which he comforts himself by asserting that all men have a latent likeness to some member or other of the animal kingdom.

They were now truly in a region of picturesqueness: snow-clad mountains on the one hand, rich valleys, clad in their garments of summer green, around; the steppe beyond, and the blue Caspian in the distance, like a prolongation of the desert. Prince Bagration acted as guide, and under such excellent protection, they were not long in reaching the great pelasgic wall, which, with the exception of a massive gateway, and the inevitable oriental accompaniments of a fountain and a cemetery, bars the passage from the mountains to the sea at Derbend—the pass *par excellence*—for there are many other celebrated Derbends in the East, but none more so than this, which is one of the boundaries of Europe and Asia. Beyond the wall was the town, with mosques and bazaars side by side with European barracks and edifices. Tartars, Circassians, Georgians, Persians, and Armenians jostling Muscovite and Cossack rulers. The same reception which everywhere awaited M. Dumas was reserved for him at this remote corner of the world. The inhabitants of Derbend, or, at all events, a portion of them, had read the illustrious poet and romancer's works in the Russian language, and they waited upon him in a deputation to assure him that his presence in Derbend would never be forgotten, as they hoped he also would not forget that old site of the Scythians. This was truly a pleasing, as it was a genuine and rare, triumph of letters. (*See* p. 705.)

## VI.

## DERBEND AND BAKU.

THE CASPIAN GATES—PYLÆ ALBANIÆ—LEGENDARY ORIGIN—SCYTHIAN ALBANIANS AND ALANI—DAGHISTAN, "THE MOUNTAIN LAND"—PETER THE GREAT'S RESTING-PLACE—THE GREAT WALL OF CAUCASUS—CAVE OF THE DIVES—STALACTITIC GROTTO.

THE walls within which the so-called town of Derbend is inclosed are of great antiquity, and very strong; they are built of hewn stones, and are continuous to the Caspian sea. In no other place do the mountain ridges come so close to the sea, and hence it is that the extremity of the steep and nearly inaccessible ridge—a branch or spur from Mount Caucasus which so narrows the passage between mountain and sea at this point—has been from time immemorial used as the best point for erecting fortifications to command the only available road on the coast line between Europe and Asia. There are two large gates in these walls, through which the road passes, and hence the town is said by some to derive its name, which signifies "the shut-up gates." This may be the case in the strict acceptation of the word, but throughout Persia and the countries immediately adjacent, the word Derbend, or Dar-bund, is used simply to express a mountain-pass with or without gates. The pass here then gives its name to the town, not the town to the pass; and so it has been from olden times, for although the Pylæ Albaniæ have been confounded by some with the Pylæ Sarmaticæ and Portæ Caucasiæ, still there is little doubt that as ancient Albania corresponded to modern Daghistan, the Pylæ Albaniæ correspond to Derbend, and the Pylæ Sarmaticæ and Portæ Caucasiæ to the pass of Dariel. The same place was also known as Albania, and again as Caspiæ Pylæ and Caspiæ Portæ or the Caspian Gates.

The first distinct information concerning the Albanians was obtained by the Romans and Greeks, through Pompey's expedition into the Caucasian countries in pursuit of Mithridates (B.C. 65), and the knowledge obtained from them to the time of Augustus is embodied in Strabo's full description of the country and the people. The Romans, prepared to find in that whole region traces of the Argonautic expedition, traced the Albanians to Jason and his comrades, and Tacitus relates (*Ann.* vi., 34), that the Iberi and Albani claimed descent from the Thessalians who accompanied Jason, of whom and of the oracle of Phrixus they preserved many legends, and that they abstained from offering rams in sacrifice. Another

agents derived them from the companions of Hercules, who followed him out of Italy when he drove away the oxen of Geryon; and hence the Albanians greeted the soldiers of Pompey as their brethren (Justin, xlii., 3). Later writers have, with greater common sense, been satisfied with looking upon them as a Scythian people, akin to the Massagetæ, and identical with the Alani of the Steppes; but there are some who still dispute whether they were or not original inhabitants of the Caucasus. Ammianus Marcellinus, for example, who tells us more about the Alani than any other ancient writer, makes Julian encourage his soldiers by the example of Pompey, "who, breaking his way through the Albani and the Massagetæ, whom we now call Alani, saw the waters of the Caspian." Josephus also describes them as Scythians dwelling about the River Tanais (Don), and Lake Maeotis (Sea of Azof), and he relates how, in the time of Vespasian, being permitted by the king of Hyrcania to traverse "the pass which Alexander had closed with iron gates," they ravaged Media and Armenia. The pass here alluded to is manifestly the Caspian Gates. The European Alans, Alani, and Roxalani (*i.e.* Russian Alans), were a wide-spread branch of the human family who played an important part in history, having, when vanquished by the Huns, joined their conquerors, as they did afterwards the Goths and Vandals, and formed kingdoms in the west, in Gaul and in Spain, till they were swallowed up in the great kingdom of the Visigoths.

The Albanians, and the wider spread Scythian tribe of the Alani, resembled one another in many respects, but differed in some. For example, the Alani, who invaded Cappadocia, are spoken of by Arrian, who was at that time governor of the province, as fighting without armour themselves, or their horses; and he further describes them as practising, with the Sarmatians, the same mode of fighting for which the Polish lancers, descendants of the Sarmatians, have been renowned. Plutarch and Strabo, on the other hand, describe the Albanians as armed with javelins and bows and arrows, and leathern helmets and shields, and many of their cavalry clothed in complete armour. When Pompey marched into their country, they met him with an army of 60,000 infantry and 22,000 cavalry (Plut. *Pomp.*, 35; Strab., p. 530). These people are further described as being a fine race of men, tall and handsome, and more civilised than their neighbours the Iberians. The same diversity, in some respects, existed among them as still exists in the regions of the Caucasus; they spoke twenty-six different dialects, and were divided into twelve hordes, each governed by its own chief. Again, on the other hand, some of the descriptive features of the Alani, as given by Ammianus, no doubt apply to the Albanians. Danger and war was their delight; death in battle, bliss; the loss of life through decay or chance stamped disgrace on a man's memory. The greater portion of his descriptions apply, however, solely to the purely nomadic Scythians.

Such were also the people of Daghistan, the "Mountain Land," as Albania is called in our own times. Daghistan, with its lofty mountains, profound valleys, glittering lakes, rushing torrents, eternal snows and glaciers, and its brave population, who so long preserved their independence, has always been considered as the Switzerland of that part of the world. At the accession of Peter the Great, Russia was only in possession of the port of Astrakhan on the Caspian, but had not dreamed of conquest beyond her existing limits. But Peter extended the limits of the empire to Derbend, and by the peace of Tiflis, in 1797, Russia completed the conquest of Daghistan and Shirwan. But the Muscovites had still a gallant mountaineer race to struggle with in the interior, and they had possession of the world renowned "gates," long before they were masters of the Alpine tracks and mountain defiles.

Having premised so much, the reader will be better prepared to sympathise with the feelings of travellers, when first contemplating these antique portals that separate as it were an old from a new world. "Derbend," says one, "presented itself to us under the form of an immense crenelated wall, rising up from the sea to the summit of the mountain. We arrived at a very handsome Persian gateway flanked by two enormous towers; to the right is a fountain shaded by gigantic plains; veiled women are chatting beneath; horsemen are riding in and out. The landscape was tranquil, and the whole scene had a grandeur which reminded me of a biblical composition."

A hut, inhabited by Peter the Great in the year 1722, situated on the very border of the sea, is piously preserved by the Russians, who, in 1848, surrounded it and decorated it with columns, chains, and cannons. On the doorway is an inscription to the following effect, "This is the first place of repose of Peter the Great." (*See* p. 720.)

In its interior, the town of Derbend is purely oriental; even the costume of the Persians predominates. The movement of the population in the main street gives indication of an animated centre of commerce; to the left, another street leads down to the quays where are the Russian store-houses. Viewed from above, Derbend is a great parallelogram, which stretches up from the sea to a fortress which crowns the first mountain height. The wall, after having gone round the town, rises up still higher, and is prolonged in a serpentine manner to the eastward, passing from ravine to ravine along the crest of the hills. "*Je crois*," says the credulous traveller, "*sur toute la longeur de la chaîne Caucasienne.*"

The extent of this wall is contested; he adds, "but we can affirm that we meet traces of it at a distance of twenty-seven miles from Derbend." Tradition says that it extended without interruption from the Caspian to the Euxine or Black Sea, and that it only requires six hours to convey intelligence from one extremity to the other, which would seem to imply that the electric telegraph is not so modern a discovery as is generally imagined.

In 1832, a Russian officer, poet and romancer, Bestucheff Marlinsky by name, and since exiled into Siberia, is said to have explored the great wall of the Caucasus; and he wrote on his return a description of his journey for the use of his colonel, of which the following are extracts:—

"I have just returned from exploring that great wall which separated the old world from the world which was still uncivilised at that epoch—that is to say, from Europe. It was erected by the Persians or the Medes to protect them from the invasions of the barbarians. The barbarians, that was us, my dear Colonel. I beg your pardon, I am wrong: your ancestors, Georgian princes, were part of the civilised world.

"What a change of ideas! What a succession of events! If you love to breathe, touch and cast back the dust of old books, which you will permit me to

entertain doubts about, I should advise you to learn the Tartar language, forgetting all the time that it is familiar to you as your mother's tongue, and to read *Derbent Nameh*, or to refresh your Latin by perusing *Baer de Muro Caucasio*, or study Gmelius (Samuel Theophile), he who, after having been prisoner to the Khan of the Kirghiz, came to die in the Caucasus. I should recommend you to regret that Klaprok did not take the subject up, and that the Chevalier Gamble penned something about it which I fear is little better than nonsense. Finally, compare with one another a dozen other authors, whose names I have forgotten, or which I never knew, but who knowing the wall of Caucasus have described it; and then, relying upon the most authentic proof, you will avow:

"1st. That the epoch of the construction of this wall is unknown to you.

"2ndly. That it was erected either by Isfendiar or Iskandar—both words mean Alexander the Great—or by Khosroes, or by Nurshirwan.

"And your testimony, added to those which have gone before, will render the thing clear as the sun at the moment of a total eclipse.

"But what there will be proved, if after all it is not still doubtful, is that this wall commenced at the Caspian and terminated at the Euxine.

"The matter stands so, my dear colonel, and I very much fear that it will remain so, notwithstanding you and I, and despite of all the archæologists, all the learned men, and all the ignoramuses yet to come.

"The pure truth, the real truth, the incontestable truth, is that it exists; but that its founders, its constructors, its defenders, once celebrated, are now laid low in tombs without epitaphs, troubling themselves very little with what is said, or even what is dreamed about them. I will not then trouble their ashes, nor your repose, by conducting you through a dry antiquity in the pursuit of an empty bottle. No; I only ask you to walk with me some fine morning in the month of June, so as to see the venerable remains of this Caucasian wall.

"The 'iron gates of Derbend,' in our days gates of canvass, open for us by break of day, and we leave the city behind us. My comrades, in this picturesque excursion, are, besides yourself, my dear colonel, the Commandant of Derbend, Major Cristnikoff; we had also with us a captain of the regiment of Kurinsky, and that composed the whole number of inquiring Russians.

"Do you know how many times, since the reign of Peter the Great, the Russians have visited that eighth marvel of the world, which is called the wall of Caucasus?

"Three times; and even then I ought not to have said since Peter the Great's time, but Peter the Great included.

"The first time it was Peter the Great, in 1722.

"The second time it was Colonel Werkowsky, who was so tragically slain by Ammulat Bey, in 1819.

"The third time it was ourselves who visited it, in 1832.

"Perhaps you will think that the journey was difficult, distant and dangerous. Not at all so, my dear colonel: set your mind at ease on our score; all that is necessary is to take a dozen of armed Tartars, to mount a horse from left to right, or even from right to left as the Kalmuks do, and to start as we did.

"The morning was fine, although it extended its fogs over us like a veil. But one could feel that this veil would be rent asunder, and would soon let us see the brilliant face of the sun. The capricious road at one moment ascended the sides of a hill, at another descended into the hollows, deep wrinkles that furrow the care-worn brow of the Caucasus. The gloomy physiognomies of the Tartars, with their enormous papaks, their arms glittering with gold and silver, their fine mountain steeds, the rocks over our heads, the sea under our feet, everything was so novel, so wild and so picturesque, that we were obliged to stop every moment to admire or to be astonished.

"The commandant wished, reasonably enough, to visit in the first place the curiosities of the neighbourhood. We accordingly began our investigation with the cavern of the Dives, or giants, situated at a distance of five versts from Derbend, at the bottom of a precipice, called Kogne-Kafe, that is to say, the precipice of spirits.

"Not far from the village Dash-Kessene the waters from the mountains have gathered together, and have hewn a way for themselves just as they liked. A charming rivulet thus formed leads to a cavern, which the imagination of the mountaineers has established as the abode of the Dives—that is to say, of the giants of the Bible, sons of men and of angels. A precipice and the bed of the rivulet itself are the only guides to the grotto of the Dives, or, as it is also called, the vizir's tomb—a vizir having, it appears, been slain there in one of the Persian invasions. We were walking on mossy stones overshadowed by trees. All at once we found ourselves at the entrance of the cavern. Just before entering the rivulet expanded, and an enormous mass of rock, fallen from the top of the cave, seemed to dispute admission like a sentinel.

"The entrance, which may be from fifteen to eighteen feet wide by eight in height, is blackened with smoke. Further in the cave expands. On one side is a place for stabling horses. The floor is strewn with bones, the spot being a place of refuge to brigands and wild beasts, races that almost always leave a certain number of bones at the spots which they frequent. One of our Tartars stated that he had killed an hyæna there the year previously: with these exceptions the cave altogether disappointed our expectations; feeble mortals cannot breathe there, so stifling is the atmosphere. The entrance alone adorned with trees, around whose stems grape-vines climb vigorously upwards, is calculated to attract attention already exhausted by a multiplicity of natural beauties before arriving there.

"We accordingly continued our excursion. Not far from the cavern of the Dives, and near the village Jaglani, is the grotto of Grudjekler-Pir. But to reach this we had to get off our horses and descend, supporting ourselves by the shrubs, to the bottom of a deep valley, where a little vault five or six feet high was shown to us, from the roof of which there hung some stalactites, and from the extremity of each of which drops of water fell slowly. The women of the neighbouring villages esteem this water highly. When a nurse loses her milk she comes to this cave, sacrifices a sheep, and drinks the water in great confidence. Her faith is so great that if she is not positively cured she is sure to find some relief. We also drank of this water, which was at least pure (a mistake, for it must have been loaded with lime, which entering into combination with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, was necessary to form stalactites); and then, having re

ascended, we took a westerly direction, to see the reverse of what we had just examined, that was a tiny rivulet which issued forth from the rock instead of dropping from the ceiling.

"'Ah! as for that,' said our conductor, raising himself in his stirrups and lifting his papak, 'it has refreshed one of the most powerful monarchs and greatest men that ever lived, two qualities seldom combined: the Russian padishah, Peter the Great, drank of that rivulet when he took Derbend.' We jumped down from our horses and respectfully drank from the same source.

"We had approached the wall of Caucasus which clings to the very rock from whence this spring gushes forth. It is curious to compare the work of nature with that of art, the work of time and that of man.

"The struggle of destruction against matter was visible, and had the appearance of being guided by intelligence: a beech nut had fallen into a crevice in this stone, where it had found a little vegetable earth, and then the seed had germinated, and it had become a great tree, whose roots had ended by splitting the stone and breaking down the wall. The wind penetrating into the fissures had done the rest. The ivy alone, as compassionate as the troubadours who collected and put together the fragments of Tasso, held the pieces together, and bound the stones already fallen to the ruined wall, that was ready to fall in its turn.

VIEW OF BAKU.

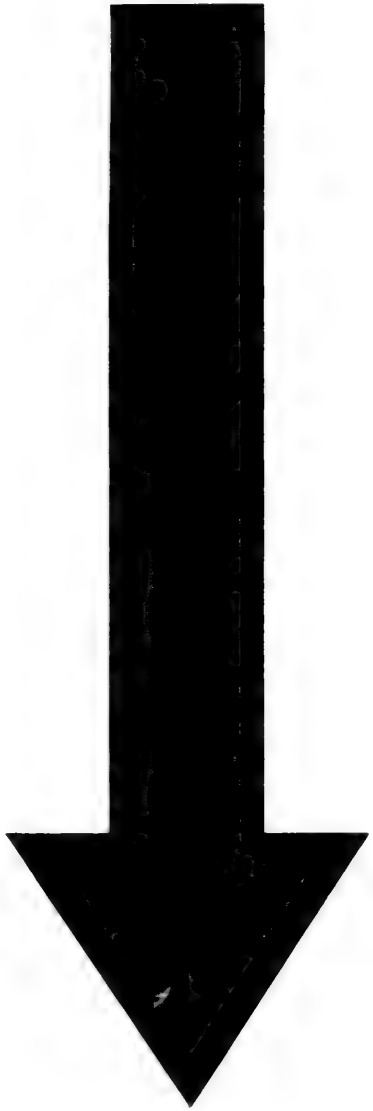
"This wall followed a direction due west from Narine Kalah, without being interrupted by either rocks or precipices; it was flanked by little towers placed at irregular distances the one from the other, and unequal in size. They served probably as principal posts, where arms and provisions were placed.

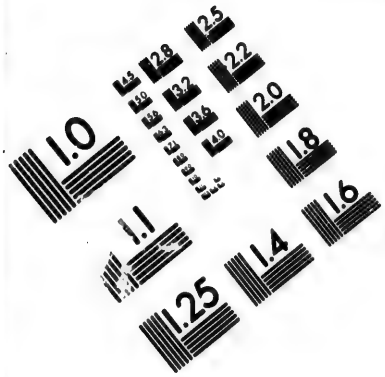
"Although at a distance from Derbend, this wall preserved the same characters as at that stronghold, its height varied according to the disposition of the soil, and in rapid declines it descended like a staircase. The interior—that is to say, the marrow of this wall, if one can use such an expression—is composed of little stones put together with mortar and cement. The towers were loftier than the wall, but not much so. But that is a common character of Asiatic fortresses, in opposition to the Gothic strongholds of the west, where the towers rise high above the ramparts. They are hollow, and cut longitudinally by loop-holes; but what is curious, and at the same time attests the high antiquity of the wall, is, that the same thing that Denon remarks of the pyramids of the Pharaohs occurs here—a total absence of arches.

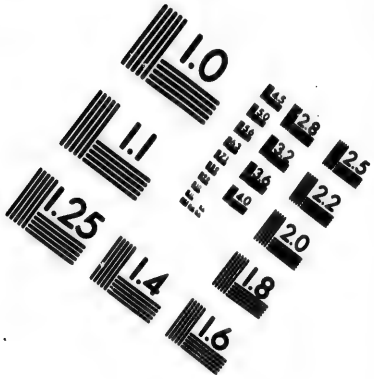
"I descended into all the subterranean passages of these towers, which led to sources and to reservoirs; nowhere did I meet with an arch. My conviction is that the builders of this gigantic work were unacquainted with such.

"Derbend has no port; all that it can boast of is a narrow channel or inlet, some fifteen feet deep. Everywhere else the sea breaks upon rocks. There is

VALLEY OF NUKIHA.







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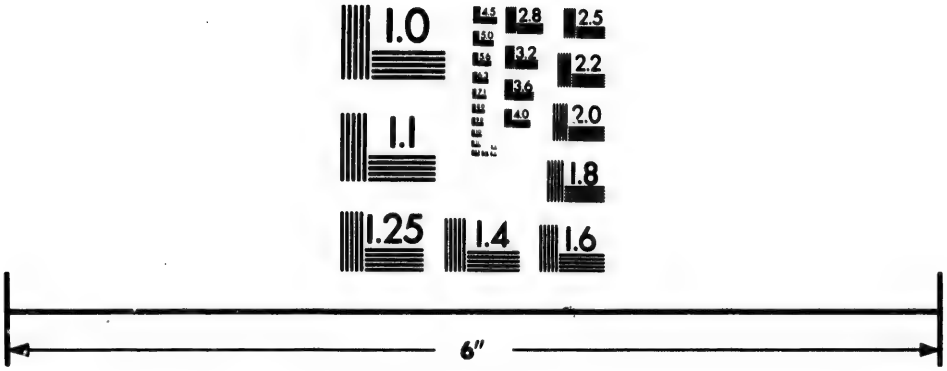

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also a little jetty that advances some fifty feet into the sea. The wall which defends the town on the sea side extends along the jetty, and then leaves it to advance alone into the tideless waters. From the shore the town is seen to great perfection, rising like an amphitheatre or a cascade of houses, which come down from the first heights to the very water, only that in their descent they assume a more European character. The summit of the town is a Tartar stronghold, the bottom of the town is a Russian barrack.

Seen thus from the shore, the town presents the aspect of a parallelogram, which resembles a carpet laid out, bending in towards the centre; on the southern side, the wall presents a kind of swelling, as if the town having made an effort, its girths had given way. Wherever the wall has remained intact, the same Cyclopean structure of the Persian Chosroes, who fortified it in his wars against Justinian, A.D. 562, is to be seen, but where it has crumbled to pieces, it has been built up with modern masonry.

The southern gate is surrounded by the famous lion, which the son of Koi Kobad adopted for his emblem. Beneath is an inscription in old Persian characters.

The town is further divided, like the Latin churches built in the form of a cross, by two main arteries, one longitudinal, the other transverse. The longitudinal street leads up from the sea to the Tartar and Persian town. Only, it is obliged to stop at the bazaar, the difficulties of ascent are too great to be overcome beyond that. The transverse artery goes from the south gate to the north gate, or from the gate of the lion to that of the fountain. It is the road from Asia to Europe.

Both sides of the ascending street are occupied by shops, the generality are blacksmiths and ironmongers, and at the bottom of each shop is a recess in which, with all the gravity characteristic of its race, a hawk is perched. Thanks to this bird, whenever a holiday comes round, the blacksmith can go out like a nobleman to catch larks and other small birds.

Viewed from the Narine Kalah, the citadel or fortress on the heights above, the aspect of this singular town, is equally remarkable. Nothing is seen but the roofs of the houses descending in terraces towards the sea and cleft by streets In the whole extent of the town there are only two open spaces, one is the public garden, the other is the site of the mosque, with its plane trees and tombs of the faithful. Above the fortress or citadel is a plateau overlooking on one side a deep ravine, but on the other forming merely part of the slope of the mountains beyond. The walls of the citadel suffered much on this side in 1831, when they were bombarded by the mountaineers, who, under Kazi-Mullah, succeeded in gaining possession of one of the towers of the great Caucasian wall, which commanded the citadel, and which has in consequence been since destroyed.

## VII.

Steppes of Cape Ap-cheron—Baku, the City of Fire-Worshippers—Black and White Baku—Oriental Character of its Monuments—Sanctuary of Atash-gah—Great Fire Temple—A Sea in Flames—Islands of Fire—Parsi Pilgrims and Devotees.

On issuing forth from Derbend into Asia, after passing the usual accumulation of funeral monuments with Tartar, Persian, and Armenian inscriptions, such as are to be met with in the outskirts of all oriental towns, and which are here grouped on the Asiatic side (for the Derbend has always been considered as the gate of Europe and Asia), just as the more fanatic Mussulmans of Constantinople have their remains carried over the Bosphorus, the road lies along the sea-shore, with the Caspian on the one side, and the mountains of Daghistan, here mainly tenanted by unsubdued Lesghians, on the other. Beyond the third post-station, a little river called the Samur has to be forded: in winter time it becomes a formidable torrent. The first day's journey ends at Kubah, built upon a height above the Kudiyul-chay, which again separates the town proper from a suburb tenanted solely by a Jewish colony, which boasts of being a relic of the captivity. Kubah is celebrated for its manufactories of carpets, embroidery, and blades of Khangiars or daggers. The population is said to amount to some five thousand souls. It has also a very bad reputation for unwholesomeness, being peculiarly subject to ague of a type fatal to Europeans. Some of the loftiest of the snow summits of the Caucasus are visible from this place.

Leaving Kubah, after a few ascents and descents with the usual Kara-chays and Ak-chays, or Black and White Rivers, in their hollows, the long cape called Ap-chiron comes in sight, and presents a vast and almost boundless extent of plain or steppe, on which the nomadic Tartars pitch their tents. Instead of villages the traveller now meets with another oriental feature—great ruinous khans or caravanserais. Those which rise out of the plain on this route are attributed to Shah Abbas. Gradually, however, the steppe is passed, the country becomes once more hilly, villages are met with, and the land is cultivated. Crossing one of these little ranges, Baku—the renowned city of Fire-worshippers—bursts upon the view. (*See* p. 736.)

At first there seems to be two Bakus—a White Baku and a Black Baku. White Baku is a suburb almost entirely built since the period of the occupation of the Russians. Black Baku is the old Baku, the Persian city, the city of khans, surrounded by walls less picturesque than those of Derbend, but still not less replete with character. Baku has especially preserved its oriental physiognomy, notwithstanding Russian domination, which besides is quite recent. The monuments of an older civilisation are everywhere visible. In the midst of the city, inclosed in its walls, darker even than the houses, the palace of the khans towers up in perfect keeping. The main gateway of this edifice is a *chef-d'œuvre;* the bazaar is an old caravanserai in ruin, whose capitals are of exquisite finish. The minarets of the old mosque are covered with rich arabesques replete with grace. The base of the so-called Girl's Tower is bathed by the waters of the Caspian. Near it is a monument to the memory of the Russian general, Titianoff, governor of Georgia, who was treacherously assassinated by one of the khans. Baku, which is indebted for most of its monuments to Shah Abbas II., has been from all times a holy place for the Guebars or Parsis. An independent khanat at first, it fell into the hands of the Persians, who yielded it up to Russia in 1723, had it restored to them in 1735, and were finally deprived of it on occasion of the last act of treachery perpetrated upon the person of General Titianoff. The entrance to Baku is that of one of the strongest citadels of the middle ages.

Those successive ramparts have to be passed, and that by such narrow gateways that the horses have to be taken out of the vehicles, and get through one by one.

"The natural fires," says one of the most *spiritual* of Frenchmen who has extended his travels to this remote portion of the globe, "are known to the whole world, but naturally a little less so to the French, the people who travel less than any other nation, than to any other people."

The famous sanctuary of Atash-gah is at a distance of about twenty-six versts from Baku. The fire which burns perpetually at this holy shrine is supplied from mineral naptha. Nowhere does this substance abound in such large quantities as around Baku. Everywhere wells are dug, from whence pure naptha is obtained, or the same in greater consistency and more carbonised as in petroleum, or in an indurated and solid form as bitumen. The same substance is met with on most of the islands in the southern Caspian as far as the coast of the Turkomans, and is given off in a gaseous form (carburetted hydrogen) from the bottom of the sea. Hence it is that the Parsees, so denominated from Fars, in Farsistan in Persia, the Magus, or Magi and Guebres (Jawurs or Giaours) of the Turks, have ever looked upon this spot as most holy.

The temple of Atash-gah stands in the midst of a plain two or three square miles in extent, and whence flames issue irregularly at a hundred different places, just as is seen near Kirkuk, the Babylonian Ecbatana. In the centre of all these fires, and lighted up by them, is a great square building, surrounded by pinnacles, each of which flames away like a great gas-burner, and in the rear of which is a cupola, at each of whose corners are as many burners, but less copiously supplied than are those which rise from the principal gate to the eastward. (*See* p. 729.)

Only three disciples of Zoroaster remained as guardians of the temple. The interior is a square yard in the centre of which is an altar surmounted by a cupola. The perpetual fire burns in the centre of this altar.

There are about twenty cells opening upon the interior from the side-walls. These are the stations of the initiated. In one of these cells was a niche, with two Indian idols. One of the Parsees put on his costume as a priest; another, who was almost in a state of nudity, put on a kind of blouse. They then commenced to officiate, chanting hymns in a very sweet tone but with little musical variety. At intervals the officiating minister prostrated himself on the ground while the assistant beat two cymbals. The service over, the minister presented the visitors with fruit and sweetmeats. (*See* p. 726.)

Outside of the wall are several wells, one of these once contained brackish water, on the surface of which naptha and petroleum floated. One day the water disappeared, and a bit of lighted tow having been thrown in to see what had become of the water, the gases took flame and have burnt ever since. These wells are protected by low walls of stones.

It is a still more striking thing to see the gaseous products of these mineral wells burning on the surface of the sea. A traveller supplies us with the following lively description of the scene presented. They had been to the mosque situated on Cape Chikoff, where is the reputed tomb of Fatima, who is said to have fled thus far from the persecutions of Yezid. Thence they sailed in the direction of Cape Baikoff, where the waters of the great inland sea seemed to be in a state of ebullition, and exhaled the odour of naptha. One of the sailors addressing the leader of the party, Captain Freygang, said, "We are here, captain;" "Well!" said the latter, to leave to his visitors the pleasure of a surprise, "do what there is to be done."

The sailor took two handfuls of tow, lighted each in one hand at a lantern held by a comrade, and threw the one on one side of the boat, the other on the other. At the same moment the surface of the sea lit up, and the flames spread for nigh fifty yards distance.

Our bark had the appearance of Charon's boat traversing the river in Pluto's empire; the sea had become a real Phlegethon. We were positively floating in the midst of flames.

Luckily these flames of a beautiful golden colour were subtle as those of spirits of wine, and we were barely sensible of aught save a slight increase of temperature. Deprived thus of all anxiety, we could contemplate this marvellous spectacle with all the more interest.

The sea burnt in islands of greater or less extent; some of these were no larger than a good-sized round table, others were as extensive as the circular fountains in the Tuileries; the boat was rowed in the intervals between, and at times it even traversed these isles of flame. It was the most curious and the most magical spectacle that can be seen, and which is only to be met with in this corner of the globe. We could have passed the night watching it, had it not been that a breath of wind came to announce a change of weather. The little islands went out first, then the middle sized ones, and lastly the large ones: one alone persisted. But gradually the wind came on to blow stronger; it gained the ascendancy, and the last island went out.

Haxthausen, in his excellent work entitled *Transcaucasia*, remarks of Baku, that it is one of the most remarkable places in the Caucasian countries, and perhaps in the whole world. My travelling companion, he adds, Herr von Schwarz, who had visited this spot, and the fire-worshippers residing there, gave me the following interesting account of it.

The word Baku is said to be derived from the Persian, in which Baad Kubah is, literally, "Place of the shifting winds." Atash-gah signifies Fire-land.

The entire road from Schumaka (that is coming from the south) to Baku crosses the barren spurs of the Caucasus, which branch off southward into the extensive plains of the Mugan Steppes, terminating on the east in Cape Ap-chiron. In every direction all seem only naked and rocky chains of mountains and hills; whilst in the lowlands, which are rich in herbage, flocks of sheep and troops of grazing camels are met with. Near the station of Morosi are the ruins of a considerable town of ancient appearance, though it was still standing during the campaigns of Nadir Shah, in 1734. The Tartars build very slightly, and will never leave any architectural monuments to tell of their history.

On entering the circle of Baku, the country becomes more open and cultivated, extensive fields of wheat lying around the Tartar villages, although in the immediate vicinity of Baku the country is again more desolate. The shores of the Caspian Sea are mostly barren and hilly; the colour of its waters is a dull light-green, and it has no breakers. Baku stands in the centre of a small bay, and consists of a confused assemblage of gray-coloured houses, with flat roofs, covered with

VIEW OF TIFLIS.

asphaltum; its aspect is anything but cheerful: it is inhabited principally by Tartars, with a small proportion of Armenians. The houses are crowded within the fortified walls; they have no windows looking on to the streets; and the entire back of the dwellings, facing the court-yard and gardens, consists of a close wooden lattice, which shuts out any view, and in which are portions capable of being removed or pushed aside for the openings to serve as doors or windows; in some parts open corridors are thus formed. The apartments of the women and domestics have windows without glass, no stoves, but occasionally an open hearth. Above the gray mass of houses rise a few minarets and fortified towers. To the left, on entering the fortress, stands the dwelling of the last independent khan of Baku, Hussein Khuli Khan,[1] a square building, now the residence of the commandant, and quite Europeanised. Out at sea, a verst and a-half distant from the town, are said to lie the ruins of an ancient fortress; this is remarkable, if true, as the level of the Caspian Sea is continually sinking a foot in twelve years. No vessels are seen upon it, but the ugly Astrakhan fishing-boats and the black Persian merchantmen. The scene all round is desolate and dull, enlivened by no green trees, red roofs, or clear water, no variety of colouring. The streets in the town of Baku are very narrow, many being impassable for carriages; but such conveyances have only been introduced since the Russian dominion, as the Tartar always travels on horseback, and despises a person who cannot ride.

Atash-gah lies seventeen versts north of Baku. As we approached it, evening was drawing on, and the sky was cloudless. On a sudden, standing out in relief against the deep-blue southern sky, a strange-looking building rose before us, forming an equilateral triangle, each side being about 190 paces long. On the outside, this triangle consisted of a low flat-roofed building of one story and without windows. In the court-yard, withinside the walls, were merely a row of cells, with no windows, but a door opening into the yard. In the middle of the court was a kind of temple. Upon a pedestal, with three steps, stood four square pillars, about two feet in diameter, four feet apart, and eight feet high: these are surmounted by a cupola. In the south-east corner of the court stands another round pillar; these are all hollow, and convey the gas from the earth. On the north-east side is a room for strangers, raised one story above the chief building, with windows and a gallery running round it. The whole edifice is of modern date, having been erected probably early in the present century. A wealthy Hindhu, named Otarnschan, contributed the principal sum towards its cost, beside the Government. There were formerly only wretched huts for the anchorites, and the flaming gas streamed forth from the earth through a few holes. The flame now issues from an opening in the centre of the temple, and out of the five hollow pillars, a foot in diameter, and to a height of four feet—a bright flame, waving heavily and slowly from side to side against the dark sky—a truly marvellous and spectral sight! Outside the building the flames issue from numerous holes in the earth; and indeed, in every part of the country, to a distance of two or three versts around, on digging to the depth of a foot, the gas streams forth and readily ignites; the inhabitants of the country use this fire for culinary purposes.

This building, a kind of conventual abode, is the residence of the Guebres—in Persian, Atash-pirust, or Fire-worshippers, the remains of the devotees of that primitive religion which, in remote ages, was so widely spread. In the West of Hindhustan and Eastern Persia, this religion still prevails over whole districts; but in other parts of Asia it is only found occasionally. In Astrakhan there also exists at the present day a small number of these Fire-worshippers. The object they hold most sacred, as the symbol of divinity, is the holy fire, which, at Atash-gah, issues from the earth, and ignites spontaneously without any artificial aid. Hither the most pious repair as pilgrims, many of them remaining here in complete seclusion till the close of life, absorbed in religious contemplation in presence of the sacred element.

The anchorites now residing here are from the west of India, the Punjaub; and all of them have, even at an advanced age, made the long and dangerous pilgrimage on foot through Affghanistan, Bokhara, and China, round the northern extremity of the Caspian sea. The brethren were, at the time of our visit, ten in number; but a few years later they were reduced to five. On entering the court-yard we saw several of these men—tall, thin figures, with features bronzed by an Indian sun. Several long and roughly-hewn tombstones were lying about, some with a Sanscrit inscription cut upon them. In the centre of the open hall of the temple (if it may be called so) a long flame issued from a small hole in the earth, its yellow and blue colours giving it a strange and ghastly aspect: it is unaccompanied by the slightest noise; the flame plays in the air, rises, and then sinks, like the shades of the underworld, into the stillness of the grave.

Over the door of each cell was a long Sanscrit inscription. In the interior we found the greatest cleanliness and order; the floor and walls are covered over with the blue clay of the place, which gives the whole a uniform light-blue tone. Outside each door, on the left, is a round hearth, constructed of clay, with a hole in the middle, out of which issues a flame; a few rude cooking-utensils stood about it. Beside each door, on the right, stands the couch of the Anchorite, consisting of a hard straw mattress and a pillow. At the head of it a small flame rises from the earth; in front of the centre of the wall stands a little altar, a foot and-a-half high, formed of three steps, covered with shells and pebbles, small pictures, and images cast in bronze. At the side of the altar another small flame issues from the ground, which is regarded as peculiarly sacred, no layman being permitted to approach it.

The anchorites received us in silence, and with a humble demeanour. The sacristan and one or two others could converse in Persian. In one cell we saw a man on the point of death: he was kneeling, with his brow touching the earth; for several days he had been in this attitude; the others had covered him with a coarse cloth, on removing which he looked like a corpse. Occasionally he fell from exhaustion, but with painful effort raised himself again to his kneeling posture.

In another cell we found a tall old man stark naked; his whole body was covered with earth, and between his eyebrows was a patch of yellow colour (with which

[1] His son is general in the Russian service, and is considered a learned man; he has written a Russian book on the Tartar languages, and has been collecting materials for a history of the Caucasian countries.

the Tartars and Persians dye their nails, beard, and hair, as symbolic of flame. The old man had resided here twenty-five years; he spoke only Hindhu, but the sacristan interpreted to us what he said. We addressed several questions to him, which he answered solemnly and slowly.

"Of the four elements," he said, "I revere first the earth; and I have covered my body with earth, in order to be in constant contact with this element. I desire, after my death, to be buried in a sitting posture. If any of us worship in preference one of the other elements, his body is burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds, unless he worships fire, when his ashes would be collected and distributed among his relatives. Many of us believe in five elements, the fifth being that free medium of transmission by which we are rendered capable of deriving enjoyment from benefits; light reaches us in a perceptible way through the eye; air through the nose, mouth, and ear; the fruits of the earth the mouth. This medium of enjoyment is itself a gift of the Creator's, which imparts the power of enjoying the element—and this medium they worship as a distinct element—not the senses themselves, but the channel of admission of the elements to the senses."

A larger apartment, in other respects arranged like the rest, was divided by a thin partition-wall, breast high, with an opening in the centre, and from the top

COSTUMES OF BAKU.

of which streamed forth a high flame; beside it lay a small piece of crockery, to extinguish the flame when necessary. A hermit, reclining against the wall, was pointed out to us as a Brahmin; he had a bronzed complexion, a high forehead, finely chiselled features, thick snow-white hair, and a white pointed beard; he was dressed in a long light-yellow coat, with slashed sleeves, and a pointed red cap. This man appeared to be at the head of the fraternity; their public prayers are held in his cell. One of them calls to prayer by blowing on a large conch, with a shrill, prolonged sound; immediately they all assemble in the Brahmin's cell, place themselves before the altar, and repeat a prayer, in a kind of recitative, accompanied by the tinkling of little bells. The Brahmin then sprinkles them with holy water, and lays on the tongue of each a few grains of rice out of a flat dish.

The cemetery of the brethren lies about the building, and in the centre of it is a well. When this pit, after being for awhile covered up, is opened again, and a whisp of lighted straw thrown into it, the gas collected ignites with the noise of thunder, and a red colour of flame rises, four feet in diameter, and thirty feet high: the sparks from the burning straw are scattered far into the air in the form of a splendid sheaf of fire.

As we quitted this extraordinary place, the same night, the red glare of these fires was reflected brilliantly on the dark sky.

## VIII.

From Baku to Tiflis—The Lesghians—Peter the Great's Campaigns against them—Operations of Catherine II. against the Caucasians—Beginning of the Circassian War—Peculiar Conformation of the Caucasus—A Brush with a Circassian Party—Circassian Woman and Slave-dealing—Visit to a Circassian Prince and Princess.

Cape Ap-Chiron, with the fire temples of Baku at its neck, is more really the eastern end of Caucasus than Derbend. The iron gates of Europe and of Asia are situated at the extremity of a spur of Daghistan, or the Mountain Land, par excellence, where the rocks come down closest to the sea, and where a defensive line of demarcation has been from all times established, but the main chain of Caucasus having a south-easterly course from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the Caspian, really ends in Cape Ap-Chiron, far south of Derbend.

Here the traveller turns the great mountain boundary between two continents, and his road to Tiflis lies now to the west and north of west, along the southern foot of the mountains by Shumakhi Elizabethpol and Khan-Kadi, or by the more difficult road of Nukha and Muhanliak. The inaccessible mountain fastnesses to the right being still tenanted by unsubdued tribes, more especially Lesghians, who occasionally make predatory descents into the plains below.

The Lesghis, next to the Tcherkesses or Circassians, and the Tchetchenses of Daghistan, have ever been the most formidable and inveterate enemies of Russia, and this long upholding of their independence by these mountain tribes against so gigantic a power, which has crept up to the very foot of its Alps, from the north and from the south alike, has taken possession of and fortified its chief passes, and has made its staunchest chief, Schamyl, among the last prisoners, is certainly one of the most remarkable phenomena of our own times, and one which well deserves a word or two of consideration. The question is of the more importance to us, as so long as the warlike tribes of the Caucasus maintained their national independence, and separated the trans-Caucasian provinces from the rest of the empire, so long did they protect Asiatic Turkey and Persia, and prevent the Cossacks settling themselves in the long valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and along the Elburus towards India.

We know that one of Peter the Great's most cherished schemes, the dream of his whole life, was to re-establish the trade of the east on its old footing, and to secure to himself a port on the Black Sea, in order to make it the link between the two continents. The genius of that sovereign must surely have been most enterprising to conceive such a project, at a time when its realisation required that the southern frontiers of the empire should first be pushed forward from 150 to 200 leagues, as they have since been. Peter began his new political career by the taking of Azof and the foundation of the port of Taganrok in 1695. The fatal campaign of the Pruth retarded the accomplishment of his designs; but when circumstances allowed him to return to them, he began again to pursue them in the direction of Persia and the Caspian. The restitution of Azof, and the destruction of Taganrok, stipulated in the treaty of the Pruth, thus became the primary cause of the Russian expeditions against the trans-Caucasian provinces.

At this period Persia was suffering from all the disorders of anarchy. The Turks had possessed themselves of all its western provinces up to the foot of the Caucasus; whilst the mountaineers, availing themselves of the distracted state of the country, made bloody inroads upon Georgia and the adjacent regions. The Lesghis, now one of the most formidable tribes of the Caucasus, ravaged the plains of Shirvan, in 1712, reduced the towns and villages to ashes, and massacred, according to Russian writers, 300 merchants, subjects of the empire, in the town of Shumakhi. These acts of violence afforded Peter the Great an opportunity which he did not let slip. Under the pretence of punishing the Lesghis, and protecting the Shah of Persia against them, he prepared to make an armed intervention in the trans-Caucasian provinces. A formidable expedition was fitted out. A flotilla, constructed at Kasan, arrived at the mouths of the Volga, and on the 15th of May, 1722, the emperor began his march at the head of 22,000 infantry, 9,000 dragoons, and 15,000 Cossacks and Kalmuks. Two transports coasted the Caspian, whilst the army marched by the Daghistan route, the great highway successively followed by the nations of the north and the south in their invasions. Thus it was that the Russians entered the Caucasus, and the valleys of those inaccessible mountains resounded, for the first time, to the war music of the Muscovite. The occupation of Ghilan and Derbend, and the siege of Baku were the chief events of this campaign. Turkey dismayed at the influence Russia was about to acquire in the East, was ready to take up arms; but Austria, taking the initiative in Europe, declared for the policy of the Czar, and vigorously resisted the hostile tendencies of the Porte. Russia was thus enabled to secure, not only Daghistan and Ghilan, but also the surrender of those provinces in which her armies had never set foot. In the midst of these events, Peter died when on the eve of consolidating his conquests, and before he had completed his negotiations with Persia and Turkey. His grand commercial ideas were abandoned after his death; the policy of the empire was directed solely towards territorial acquisition, and the Czars only obeyed the strong impulse, that, as if by some degree of fate, urges their subjects towards the south. Thenceforth the trans-Caucasian provinces were considered only a point gained for intervention in the affairs of Persia and Turkey, and for ulterior conquests in the direction of Central Asia. The rise of the celebrated Nadir Shah, who possessed himself of all the ancient dominions of Persia, for a while changed the face of things. Russia, crippled in her finances, withdrew her troops, gave up her pretensions to the countries beyond the Caucasus, acknowledged the independence of the two Kabardas by the treaty of Belgrade, and even engaged no longer to keep a fleet on the Sea of Azof.

A religious mission sent to the Ossetans, who occupy the celebrated defiles of Dariel, was the only event in the reign of Elizabeth, that regarded the regions we are considering. Hardly any conversions were effected, but the Ossetans, to a certain extent, acknowledged the supremacy of Russia: this satisfied the real purpose of the mission, for the first stone was thereby laid on the line which was to become the great channel of communication between Russia and her Asiatic provinces.

Schemes of conquest in the direction of Persia were resumed with vigour under Catherine II., and were carried out with more regularity. The first thing aimed at was to protect the south of the empire against

the inroads of the Caucasians, and to this end the armed line of the Kuban and the Terek was organised and finished in 1771. It then numbered sixteen principal forts, and a great number of lesser ones and redoubts. Numerous military colonies of Cossacks were next settled on the banks of the two rivers for the protection of the frontiers. While these preparations were in hand, war broke out with Turkey. Victorious both by sea and land, Catherine signed, in 1774, the memorable treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji, which secured to her the free navigation of the Black Sea, the passage of the Dardanelles, the entry of the Dnieper, and, moreover, conceded to her in the Caucasus the sovereignty over both Kabardas.

Peace being thus concluded, Catherine's first act was to send a pacific mission to explore the country of the Ossetans. The old negotiations were skilfully renewed, and a free passage through the defiles was obtained with the consent of that people. In 1781, an imperial squadron once more appeared in the Caspian, and endeavoured, but ineffectually, to make some military settlements on the Persian coasts. This expedition limited itself to consolidating the moral influence of Russia, and exciting, among the various tribes and nations of those regions, dissensions which afterwards afforded her a pretext for direct intervention. The Christian princes of Georgia, and the adjacent principalities, were the first to undergo the consequences of the Russian policy. Seduced by gold and presents, and doubtless also, wearied by the continual troubles that desolated their country, they gradually fell off from Persia and Turkey, and accepted the protection of Catherine. The passes of the Caucasus were now free to Russia; she lost no time in making them practicable for her army, and so she was at last in a condition to carry in part the vast plans of the founder of her power.

At a later period, in 1787, Russia and Turkey were again in arms, and the shore of the Caspian became for the first time a centre of military operations. Anapa, which the Turks had built for the protection of their trade with the mountaineers, after an unsuccessful assault, was taken by storm in 1791. Sudjuk Kaleh shared the same fate, but the Circassians blew up its fortifications before they retired. Struck by these conspicuous successes, the several states of Europe departed from the favourable policy with which they had previously treated the views of Russia, and the empress thought herself fortunate to conclude the treaty of Jassy in 1792, by which she advanced her frontiers to the Dniester, and obtained the sovereignties of Georgia and the neighbouring countries. But Turkey had Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh restored to her, upon her engaging to suppress the incursions of the tribes dwelling on the left of the Kuban.

Aga Muhammad Khan marched against Georgia in 1795, to punish it for having accepted the protectorate of Russia. Tiflis was sacked, and given up to fire and sword. On hearing of this bloody invasion, Catherine II. immediately declared war against Persia, and her armies were already in occupation of Baku, and a large portion of the Caspian shores, when she was succeeded by her son Paul I., who ordered all the recent conquests to be abandoned. Nevertheless, this strange beginning did not hinder the eccentric monarch from doing four years afterwards for Georgia what Catherine had done for the Crimea. Under pretext of putting an end to intestine discord, Georgia was united to Russia by an imperial ukase. Shortly after the accession of Alexander, Mingrelia shared the fate of Georgia; the conquests beyond the Caucasus were then regularised, and Tiflis became the centre of an exclusive Muscovite administration, civil and military.

The immediate contact of Russia with Persia soon led to a rupture between these two powers. In 1806, hostilities began with Turkey also, and the campaign was marked like that of 1791 by the taking of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh, and the establishment of the Russians on the shores of Circassia. The unfortunate contest which then ensued between Napoleon and Alexander, and the direct intervention of England, put an end to the war, and brought about the signature of two treaties. That of Bukharest stipulated the reddition of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh; but Russia acquired Bessarabia and the left bank of the Danube; and Koutousof's 80,000 men marched against Napoleon. The treaty of Gulistan, in 1814, gave to the empire, among other countries, Daghistan, Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, the province of Baku, Marabagh, and Shirvan. This latter treaty was no sooner ratified than endless discussions arose respecting the determination of the frontiers. War was renewed, and ended only in 1828 by the treaty of Turkmantchai, which conceded to Russia the fine countries of Erivan and Naktchivan, advanced her frontiers to the banks of the Araxus, and rendered her mistress of all the passes of Persia.

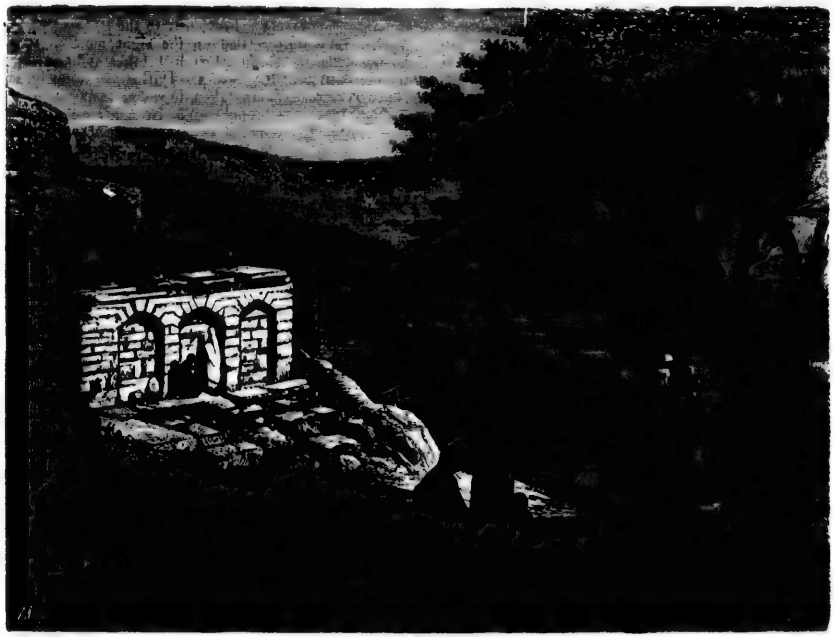
It was during these latter wars that the people of the Caucasus began to be seriously uneasy about the designs of Russia. The special protection accorded to the Christian populations, the successive downfall of the principal chiefs of the country, and the introduction of the Russian administration, with its abuses and arbitrary proceedings, excited violent commotions in the Caucasian provinces, and the mountaineers naturally took part in every coalition formed against the common enemy. The armed line of the Kuban and the Terek was often attacked, and many a Cossack post was massacred. The Leghis, the Tchetchenses, and the Circassians distinguished themselves especially by their pertinacity and daring.

We now approach the period when Russia, at last relieved from all her quarrels with Persia and Turkey, definitely acquired Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh by the treaty of Adrianople, and directed all her efforts against the mountaineers of the Caucasus. But as now the war assumed a totally different character, it will be necessary to a full understanding of it that we should first glance at the topography of the country.

The chain of the Caucasus exhibits a peculiar conformation, altogether different from that of any of the European chains. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathians, are accessible only by the valleys, and in these the inhabitants of the country find their subsistence, and agriculture developes its wealth. The contrary is the case in the Caucasus. From the fortress of Anapa on the Black Sea, all along to the Caspian, the northern slope presents only immense inclined plains, rising in terraces to a height of 3000 or 4000 yards above the sea level. These plains, rent on all directions by deep and narrow valleys and vertical clefts, often form real steppes, and possess on their loftiest heights rich pastures, where the inhabitants, secure from all attack, find fresh grass for their cattle in the sultriest days of summer. The valleys on the other hand are frightful abysses, the steep sides of

which are clothed with brambles, while the bottoms are filled with rapid torrents foaming over beds of rocks and stones. Such is the singular spectacle generally presented by the northern slope of the Caucasus. This brief description may give an idea of the difficulties to be encountered by an invading army. Obliged to occupy the heights, it is incessantly checked in its march by impassable ravines, which do not allow of the employment of cavalry, and for the most part prevent the passage of artillery. The ordinary tactics of the mountaineers are to fall back before the enemy, until the nature of the ground or the want of supplies obliges the latter to begin a retrograde movement. Then it is that they attack the invaders, and, entrenched in their forests behind impregnable rocks, they inflict the most terrible carnage on them with little danger to themselves.

On the south the character of the Caucasian chain is different. From Anapa to Gagra, along the shores of the Black Sea, we observe a secondary chain composed of schistose mountains, seldom exceeding 1,000 yards in height. But the nature of their soil, and of their rocks, would be enough to render them almost impracticable for European armies, even were they not covered with impenetrable forests. The inhabitants of this region, who are called Tcherkesses or Circassians, were then independent, and constituted one of the most warlike peoples of the Caucasus.



VIEW OF SHUMAKHI.

The great chain begins in reality at Gagra, but the mountains recede from the shore, and nothing is to be seen along the coast as far as Mingrelia, but secondary hills, commanded by immense crags, that completely cut off all approach to the central part of the Caucasus. This region, so feebly defended by its topographical conformation, is Abkhasia, the inhabitants of which have been forced to submit to Russia. To the north and on the northern slope, westward of the military road from Mozdok to Tiflis, dwell a considerable number of tribes, some of them ruled by a sort of feudal system, others constituted into little republics. Those of the west, dependent on Circassia and Abadsa, are in continual war with the empire, whilst the Nogais, who inhabit the plains on the left bank of the Kuma, and the tribes of the Great Kabarda, own the sovereignty of the Czar. In the centre, at the foot of the Elburus, dwell the Suanethes, an unsubdued people, and near them, occupying both sides of the pass of Dariel, are the Inguches and Ossetans, exceptional tribes, essentially different from the aboriginal peoples. Finally, we have eastward of the great Tiflis road, near the Terek, Little Kabarda, and the country of the Kumicks, for the present subjugated; and then those indomitable tribes, the Leghis and the Tchetchenses, of whom Schamyl was the Abd-el-Kader, and who extend over the two slopes of the Caucasus to the vicinity of the Caspian.

In reality, the Kuban and the Terek, that rise from the central chain, and fall, the one into the Black Sea, the other into the Caspian, may be considered as the northern political limits of independent Caucasus. It is along those two rivers that Russia has formed her armed line, defended by Cossacks and detachments from the regular army. The Russians have indeed penetrated those northern frontiers at sundry points, and have planted some forts within the country of the Leghis and Tchetchenses. But these lonely posts, in which a few unhappy garrisons are surrounded on all sides, and generally without a chance of escape, cannot be regarded as a real occupation of the soil on which they stand. They are, in fact, only so many piquets, whose business it is to watch more closely the movements of the mountaineers. In the south, from Anapa to Gagra, along the Black Sea, the imperial possessions are limited to a few detached forts, completely isolated, and deprived of all means of communication by land. A rigorous blockade has been established on this coast; but the Circassians, as intrepid in their frail barks as among their mountains, often pass by night through the Russian line of vessels, and reach Trebisond and Constantinople. Elsewhere, from Mingrelia to the Caspian, the frontiers are less precisely defined, and generally run parallel with the great chain of the Caucasus.

Thus limited, the Caucasus, including the territory occupied by the subject tribes, presents a surface of scarcely 5,000 leagues; and it is in this narrow region that a virgin and chivalric nation, amounting at most to 2,000,000 of souls, so long upheld its independence against the might of the Russian empire, and for years sustained one of the most obstinate struggles known to modern history.

The Russian line of the Kuban, which is exactly similar to that of the Terek, is defended by the Cossacks of the Black Sea, the poor remains of the famous Zaporogues, whom Catherine II. subdued with so much difficulty, and whom she colonised at the foot of the Caucasus, as a bulwark against the incursions of the mountaineers. The line consists of small forts and watch stations; the latter are merely a kind of sentry box raised on four posts, about fifty feet from the ground. Two Cossacks keep watch in them day and night. On the least movement of the enemy in the vast plain of reeds that fringes both banks of the river, a beacon fire is kindled on the top of the watch-box. If the danger becomes more pressing, an enormous torch of straw and tar is set fire to. The signal is repeated from post to post, the whole line springs to arms, and 500 or 600 men are instantly assembled on the point threatened. These posts, composed generally of a dozen men, are very close to each other, particularly in the most dangerous places. Small forts have been erected at intervals with earthworks, and a few pieces of cannon: they contain each from 150 to 200 men.

But notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Cossacks, often aided by the troops of the line, the mountaineers not unfrequently cross the frontier and carry their incursions, which are always marked with massacre and pillage, into the adjacent provinces. These are bloody but justifiable reprisals. In 1835 a body of fifty horsemen entered the country of the Cossacks, and proceeded to a distance of 120 leagues, to plunder the German colony of Madjar and the important village of Vladimirofka, on the Kuma, and what is most remarkable, they got back to their mountains without being interrupted. The same year Kislar on the Caspian was sacked by the Leghis. These daring expeditions prove of themselves how insufficient is the armed line of the Caucasus, and to what dangers that part of southern Russia is exposed.

The line of forts along the Black Sea is quite as weak, and the Circassians there are quite as daring. They carry off the Russian soldiers from beneath the fire of their redoubts, and come up to the very foot of their walls to insult the garrison.

As for the blockade by sea, the imperial squadron is not expert enough to render it really effectual. It is only a few armed boats, manned by Cossacks, that give the Circassians any serious uneasiness. These Cossacks, like those of the Black Sea, are descended from the Zaporogues. Previously to the last war with Turkey they were settled on the right bank of the Danube, where their ancestors had taken refuge after the destruction of the Setcha. During the campaigns of 1828-9, pains were taken to revive their national feelings, they were brought again by fair means or by force under the imperial sway, and were then settled in the forts along the Caucasian shore, the keeping of which was committed to their charge. Courageous, enterprising, and worthy rivals of their foes, they wage a most active war against the skiffs of the mountaineers in their boats, which carry crews of fifty or sixty men.

Of all the peoples of the Caucasus none more fully realise than the Circassians those heroic qualities with which imagination delights to invest the tribes of these mountains. Courage, intelligence, and remarkable beauty, have been liberally bestowed on them by nature; and what is to be admired above all in their character is a calm, noble dignity that never forsakes them, and which they unite with the most chivalric feelings and the most ardent passion for national liberty. "I remember," says M. Hommaire de Hell, "that during my stay at Ekaterinodar, the capital of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, being seated one morning in front of a merchant's house in the company of several Russian officers, I saw a very ill-dressed Circassian come up, who appeared to belong to the lowest class. He stopped before the shop, and while he was cheapening some articles, we examined his sabre. I saw distinctly on it the Latin inscription, *Anno Domini*, 1547, and the blade appeared to me to be of superior temper; the Russians were of a different opinion, for they handed the weapon back to the Circassian with disdainful indifference. The Circassian took it without uttering a word, cut off a handful of his beard with it at a stroke, as easily as though he had done it with a razor, then quietly mounted his horse and rode away, casting on the officers a look of such deep scorn as no words could describe."

The Circassians, ever engaged in war, are in general all well armed. Their equipment consists of a rifle, a sabre, a long dagger, which they wear in front, and a pistol stuck in their belt. Their remarkably elegant costume consists of tight pantaloons, and a short tunic belt round the waist, and having cartridge pockets worked on the breast; their head-dress is a round laced cap, encircled with a black or white border of long-woolled sheepskin. In cold or rainy weather, they wear a hood (bashlik), and wrap themselves in an impenetrable felt cloak (burka). Their horses are small, but of astonishing spirit and bottom. It has

often been ascertained by the imperial garrisons that Circassian marauders have got over twenty-five or even thirty leagues of ground in a night. When pursued by the Russians, the mountaineers are not to be stopped by the most rapid torrents. If the horse is young, and not yet trained to this perilous kind of service, the rider gallops him up to the verge of the ravine, then covering the animal's head with his burka, he plunges, almost always with impunity, down precipices that are sometimes from ten or fifteen yards deep.

The Circassians are wonderfully expert in the use of fire-arms, and of their double-edged daggers. Armed only with the latter weapon, they have been known to leap their horses over the Russian bayonets, stab the soldiers, and rout their squared battalions. When they are surrounded in their forts or villages, without any chance of escape, they often sacrifice their wives and children, set fire to their dwellings, and perish in the flames rather than surrender. Like all orientals, they do not abandon their dead and wounded except at the last extremity, and nothing can surpass the obstinacy with which they fight to carry them off from the enemy. It was to this fact, M. de Hell relates, I owed my escape from one of the greatest dangers I ever encountered.

In the month of April, 1841, I explored the military line of the Kuban. On my departure from Stavropol, the governor strongly insisted on giving me an escort; but I refused it, for fear of encumbering my movements, and resolved to trust to my lucky star. It was the season of flood, too, in the Kuban, a period in which the Circassians very seldom cross it. I accepted, however, as a guide, an old Cossack, who had seen more than five-and-twenty years' fighting, and was all over scars, in short, a genuine descendant of the Zaporogues. This man, my interpreter, and a postilion, whom we were to change at each station, formed my whole suite. We were all armed, though there is not much use in such a precaution in a country where one is always attacked either unawares, so that he cannot defend himself, or by superior forces against which all resistance is but a danger the more. But what of that? There was something imposing and flattering to one's pride in these martial accoutrements. A Tiflis dagger was stuck in my belt, a heavy rifle thumped against my loins, and my holsters contained an excellent pair of St. Etienne pistols. My Cossack was armed with two pistols, a rifle, a Circassian sabre, and a lance. As for my interpreter, an Italian, he was as brave as a Calabrian bandit, and what I prized above all in him was an imperturbable coolness in the most critical positions, and a blind obedience to my orders. For five days we pursued our way pleasantly along the Kuban, without thinking of the danger of our position. The country, broken up by beautiful hills, was covered with rich vegetation. The muddy waters of the Kuban flowed on our left, and beyond the river we saw distinctly the first ranges of the Caucasus. We could even discern the smoke of the Circassian a-uls rising up amidst the forests.

On the evening of the fifth day we arrived at a little fort, where we passed the night. The weather next morning was cold and rainy, and everything gave token of an unpleasant day. The country before us was quite unlike that we were leaving behind. The road wound tortuously over an immense plain between marshes and quagmires, that often rendered it all but impossible to advance. Our morning ride was therefore a dull and silent one. The Cossack had no tales to tell of his warlike feats; he was in bad humour, and never opened his lips except to rap out one of those thundering oaths in which the Russians often indulge. A thin rain beat in our faces; our tired horses slid at every step on the greasy clay soil, and we rode in single file, muffled up in our bourkas and bashliks. Towards noon the weather cleared up, the road became less difficult, and towards evening we were but an hour and-a-half from the last fort on that side of Ekaterinodar. We were then proceeding slowly, without any thought of danger, and I paid no heed to the Cossack, who had halted some distance behind. But our quick-eared guide had heard the sound of hoofs, and in a few seconds he rode up at full speed, shouting with all his might, "The Tcherkesses! the Tcherkesses!" Looking round we saw four mountaineers coming over a hill not far form the road. My plan was instantly formed. The state of our horses rendered any attempt at flight entirely useless; we were still far from the fortress, and, once overtaken, we could not avoid a fight, the chances of which were all against us. The Cossack alone had a sabre, and when once we had discharged our fire-arms, it would be all over with us. But I knew that the Circassians never abandoned their dead and wounded, and it was on this I founded our hope of safety. My orders were quickly given, and we continued to advance at a walk, riding abreast, but sufficiently wide apart to leave each man's movements free. Not a word was uttered by any of us. I had incurred many dangers in the course of my travels, but I had never been in a situation of more breathless anxiety. In less than a minute we distinctly heard the galloping of the mountaineers, and immediately afterwards their balls whizzed past us. My burka was slightly touched, and the shaft of the Cossack's lance was cut in two. The critical moment was come; I gave the word, and we instantly wheeled round, and discharged our pistols at arm's length at our assailants: two of them fell. "Away now, and ride for your lives," I shouted, "the Circassians will not pursue us." Our horses, which had recovered their wind, and were probably inspired by the smell of powder, carried us along at a sweeping pace, and never stopped until we were within sight of the fortress. Exactly what I had foreseen had happened. On the morning after the memorable day the garrison turned out and scoured the country, and I accompanied them to the scene of action. There were copious marks of blood on the sand, and among the sedges on the side of the road we found a shaska, or Circassian sabre, which had been dropped no doubt by the enemy. The commanding officer presented it to me, and I have kept it ever since as a remembrance of my perilous interview with the mountaineers. It bears the mark of a ball.

It would be difficult to give any precise idea respecting the religious principles of the various nations of the Caucasus. The charge of idolatry has been alleged against several of them, but we think without any good grounds. Paganism, Christianity, and Muhammadanism, have by turns found access among them, and the result has been an anomalous medley of ne clearly defined doctrines with the most superstitious practices of their early obsolete creeds. The Lesghis and the eastern tribes alone are really Muhammedans. As for the Ossetans, Circassians, Kabardians, and other western tribes, they seem to profess a pure deism, mingled with some Christian and Mussulman notions.

It is thought that Christianity was introduced among these people by the celebrated Thamar, Queen of Georgia, who reigned in the latter part of the twelfth century; but it is much more probable that this was done by the Greek colonies of the Lower Empire, and afterwards by those of the republic of Genoa in the Crimea. The Tcherkesses to this day entertain a profound reverence for the crosses and old churches of their country, to which they make frequent pilgrimages, and yearly offerings and sacrifices. It seems, too, that the Greek mythology has left numerous traces in Circassia; the story of Saturn for instance, that of the Titans endeavouring to scale heaven, and several others, are found among many of the tribes. A very marked characteristic of the Circassians is a total absence of religious fanaticism. Pretenders to divine inspiration have always been repulsed by them, and most of them have paid with their lives for their attempts at proselytism. This is not the case on the Caspian side of the mountains, where Schamyl's power is in a great measure based on his religious influence over the tribes.

When two nations are at war, it usually happens that the one is calumniated by the other, and the stronger seeks an apology for its own ambition in blackening the character of its antagonist. Thus the Russians, wishing to make the inhabitants of the Caucasus appear as savages, against whom every means of extermination is allowable, relate the most absurd tales of the ferocious torture inflicted by them on their prisoners. But there is no truth in all this. I have often met military men who have been prisoners in the mountains, and they unanimously testified to the good treatment they had received. The Circassians deal harshly only with those who resist, or who have made several attempts to escape; but in those cases their measures are fully justified by the fear lest the fugitives should convey important topographical information to the Russians. As for the story of the chopped horsehair inserted under the skin of the soles of the feet to hinder the escape of captives, it has been strangely exaggerated by some travellers. I never could hear of more than one prisoner of war who had been thus treated, and this was an army surgeon with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. He had not been previously ill-treated in any way by the mountaineers; but, distracted with the desire for freedom, he had made three attempts to escape, and it was not until the third that the Tcherkesses had recourse to the terrible expedient of the horsehair. During our stay at the waters of the Caucasus, I saw a young Russian woman who had recently been rescued by General Grabbe's detachment. Shortly after our arrival she fled, and returned to the mountains. This fact speaks at least in favour of the gallantry of the Circassians. Indeed, there is no one in the country but well knows the deep respect they profess for the sex. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to mention any case in which Russian female prisoners have been maltreated by them.

The Circassians have been accustomed, from time immemorial, to make prisoners of all foreigners who land on their shores without any special warrant or recommendation. This custom has been denounced and censured in every possible way; yet it is not so barbarous as has been supposed. Encompassed by enemies, exposed to incessant attacks, and relying for their defence chiefly on the nature of their country, the jealous care of their independence has naturally compelled the mountaineers to become suspicious, and not to allow any traveller to penetrate their retreats. What proves that this prohibitive measure is by no means the result of a savage temper is, that it is enough to pronounce the name of a chief, no matter who, to be welcomed and treated everywhere with unbounded hospitality. Reassured by this slender evidence of good faith, the mountaineers lay aside their distrust, and think only how they may do honour to the guest of one of their princes.

But another and still graver charge still hangs over the Circassians, namely, their slave-dealing, which has so often provoked the generous indignation of the philanthropists of Europe, and for the abolition of which Russia has been extolled by all journalists. We are certainly far from approving of that hateful trade, in which human beings are bought and sold as merchandise; but we are bound, in justice to the people of Asia, to remark, that there is a wide difference between Oriental slavery and that which exists in Russia, in the French colonies, and in America. In the East, slavery becomes in fact a virtual adoption, which has generally a favourable effect both on the moral and physical weal of the individual. It is a condition by no means implying any sort of degradation, nor has there ever existed between it and the class of freemen that line of demarcation, beset by pride and prejudice, which is found everywhere else. It would be easy to mention the names of many high dignitaries of Turkey who were originally slaves; indeed, it would be difficult to name one young man of the Caucasus, sold to the Turks, who did not rise to more or less distinction. As for the women, large cargoes of whom still arrive in the Bosphorus in spite of the Russian blockade, they are far from bewailing their lot; on the contrary, they think themselves very fortunate in being able to set out for Constantinople, which offers them a prospect of everything that can fascinate the imagination of a girl of the East. All this, of course, presupposes the absence of those family affections to which we attach so much value; but it must not be forgotten that the tribes of the Caucasus cannot be fairly or soundly judged by the standard of our European notions, but that we must make due allowance for their social state, their manners, and traditions. The sale of women in Circassia is obviously but a substitute and an equivalent for the indispensable preliminaries that elsewhere precede every marriage in the East; with this difference alone, that in the Caucasus, on account of its remoteness, it is an agent who undertakes the pecuniary part of the transaction, and acts as the medium between the girl's relations and him whose lawful wife she is in most cases to become. The parents, it is true, part with their children, and give them up to strangers almost always unknown to them; but they do not abandon them for all that. They keep up a frequent correspondence with them, and the Russians never capture a single Circassian boat in which there are not men and women going to or returning from Constantinople merely to see their children. No one who has been in the Caucasus can be ignorant of the fact that all the families, not excepting even those of high rank, esteem it a great honour to have their children placed out in Turkey. It is to all these relations and alliances, as I may say, between the Circassians and the Turks that the latter owe the great moral influence they still exercise over the tribes of the Caucasus. The name of Turk is always the best re-

commendation among the mountaineers, and there is no sort of respectful consideration but is evinced towards those who have returned home after passing some years of servitude in Turkey. After all, the Russians themselves think on this subject precisely as we do, and were it not for potent political considerations, they would not by any means offer impediment to the Caucasian slave-trade. This is proved most manifestly by the proposal, made by a Russian general in 1843, to regulate and ratify this traffic, and carry it on for the benefit of Russia, by granting the Czar's subjects the exclusive privilege of purchasing Circassian slaves. The scheme was abortive, and could not have been otherwise, for it is a monstrous absurdity to compare Russian slavery with that which prevails in Constantinople. Nothing proves more strongly how different are the real sentiments of the Circassians from those imputed to them, than the indignation with which they regard slavery, such as prevails in Russia. I will here relate an anecdote which I doubt not will appear strange to many persons; but I can guarantee its authenticity, since the fact occurred under my own eyes.

A detachment of mountaineers, designed to form a guard of honour for Paskewitch, passed through Rostof on the Don, in 1838. The sultry season was then at its height, and two of the Circassians, going to bathe, laid their clothes in the boat belonging to the custom-house. There was certainly nothing very reprehensible in this; but the *employés* of the customs thought otherwise, threw the men's clothes into the river, and assaulted them with sticks. Immediately there was a tremendous uproar; all the mountaineers flocked to the spot, and threatened to set fire to the town, if the amplest satisfaction were not given to their comrades. The inhabitants were seized with alarm, and the director of the customs went in person to the commander of the Circassians, to beseech him not to put his threats in execution; and he backed his entreaties with the offer of a round sum of money for the officer and his men. "Money!" retorted the indignant chieftain; "money! it is good for base-souled, venal Russians! It is good for you, who sell men, women, and children like vile cattle; but among our people, the honour of a man made in the image of God is not bought and sold. Let your men kneel down before my soldiers, and beg their pardon; that is the only reparation we insist on." The chief's demand was complied with, and the peace of the town was immediately restored. The words we have reported are authentic; they prove that the Tcherkesses do not look on the sale of their children as a traffic, and that in the actual state of their national civilisation, that sale cannot be in anywise considered as incompatible with family affections, and the sentiments of honour and humanity.

The Circassian women have been celebrated by so many writers, and their beauty has been made the theme of so many charming descriptions, that we may be allowed to say a few words about them. Unfortunately, we are constrained to avow, that the reputation of their charms appears to us greatly exaggerated, and that in person they are much less remarkable than the men. It is true we have not been able to visit any of the great centres of the population; we have not been among the independent tribes; but we have been in several a-uls on the banks of the Kuban, and been entertained in a princely family; but nowhere could we see any of those perfect beauties of whom travellers make such frequent mention. The only thing that really struck us in these mountain girls was the elegance of their shape, and the inimitable grace of their bearing. A Circassian woman is never awkward. Dressed in rags or in brocade, she never fails to assume spontaneously the most noble and picturesque attitudes. In this respect she is incontestably superior to the highest efforts of fascination which Parisian art can achieve.

The great celebrity of the women of the Caucasus appears to have been derived from the bazaars of Constantinople, where the Turks, who are great admirers of their charms, still inquire after them with extreme avidity. But as their notions of beauty are quite different from ours, and relate chiefly to plumpness, and the shape of the feet, it is not at all surprising that the opinions of the Turks have misled travellers. But though the Circassian belles do not completely realise the ideal type dreamed of by Europeans, we are far from denying the brilliant qualities with which nature has evidently endowed them. They are engaging, gracious, and affable towards the stranger, and we can well conceive that their charming hospitality has won for them many an ardent admirer.

Apropos of the conjugal and domestic habits of the Circassians; I will describe an excursion I made along the military line of the north, eighteen months after my journey to the Caspian Sea.

During my stay at Ekaterinodar, the capital of the country of the Black Sea Cossacks, I heard a great deal about a Tcherkess prince, allied to Russia, and established on the right bank of the Kuban, a dozen versts from the town. I therefore gladly accepted the proposal made to me by the Attaman Zavadofsky to visit the chief, under the escort of an officer and two soldiers. Baron Kloch, of whom I have already spoken, accompanied me. We mounted our horses, armed to the teeth, according to the invariable custom of the country, and in three hours we alighted in the middle of the a-ul. We were immediately surrounded by a crowd of persons, whose looks had nothing in them of welcome; but when they were informed that we were not Russians, but foreigners, and that we were come merely to request a few hours' hospitality of their master, their sour looks were changed for an expression of the frankest cordiality, and they hastened to conduct us to the prince's dwelling.

It was a miserable thatched mud cabin, in front of which we found the noble Tcherkess, lying on a mat, in his shirt, and bare-footed. He received us in the kindest manner, and after complimenting us on our arrival, he proceeded to make his toilette. He sent for his most elegant garments and his most stylish leg-gear, girded on his weapons, which he took care to make us admire, and then led us into the cabin, which served as his abode during the day The interior was as naked and unfurnished as it could well be. A divan covered with reed matting, a few vessels, and a saddle, were the only objects visible. After we had rested a few moments. the prince begged us to pay a visit to his wife and daughter, who had been apprised of our arrival, and were extremely desirous to see us.

These ladies occupied a hut of their own, consisting, like the prince's, of but one room. They rose as we entered, and saluted us very gracefully; then motioning us to be seated, the mother sat down in the Turkish fashion on her divan, whilst her daughter came and leaned gracefully against the sofa on which we had taken our places. When the ceremony of reception

was over, we remarked with surprise that the prince had not crossed the threshold, but merely put his head in at the door to answer our questions and talk with his wife. Our Cossack officer explained the meaning of this singular conduct, telling us that a Circassian husband cannot, without detriment to his honour, enter his wife's apartment during the day. This rule is rigorously observed in all families that make any pretensions to distinction.

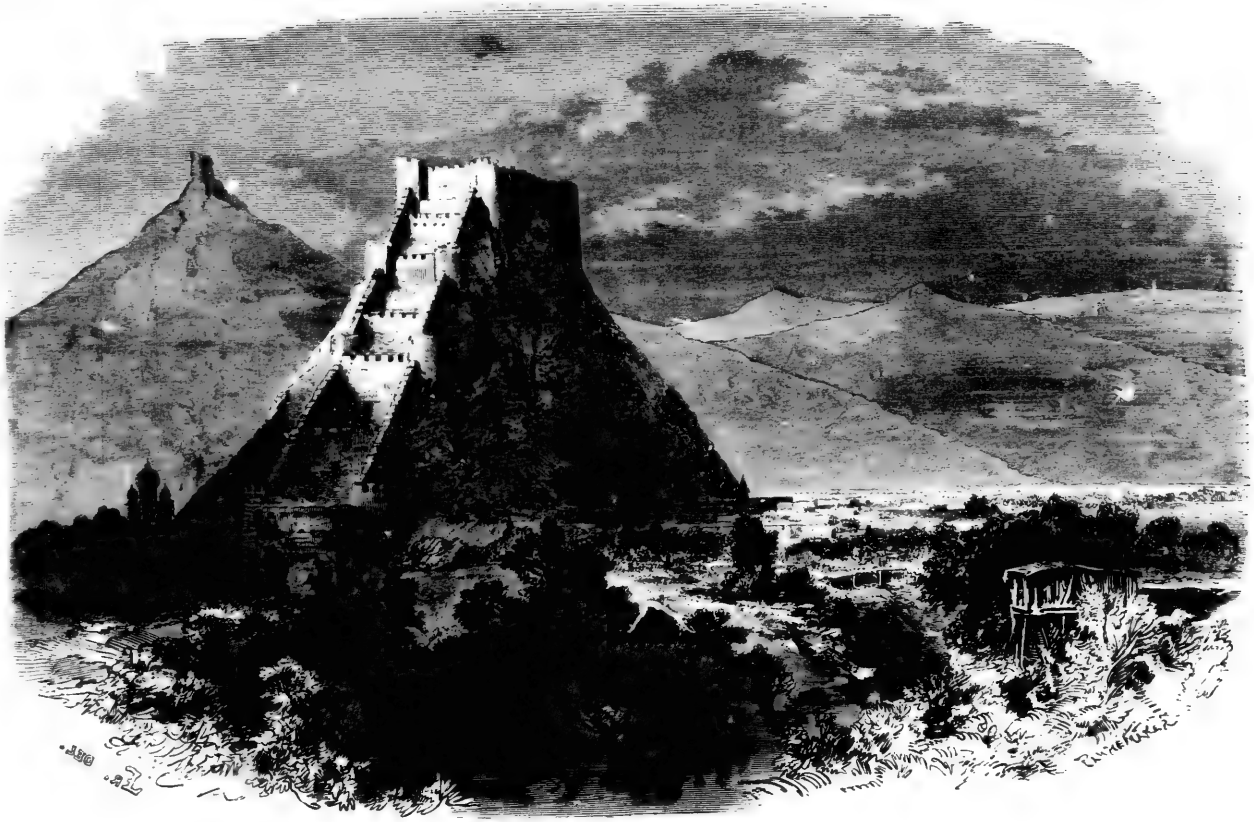
The princess's apartments had a little more air of comfort than her husband's. We found in it two large divans with silk cushions embroidered with gold and silver, carpets of painted felt, several trunks, and a very pretty work-basket. A little Russian mirror, and the chief's armorial trophies, formed the ornaments of the walls. But the floor was not boarded, the walls were rough plastered, and two little holes, furnished with shutters, barely served to let a little air into the interior. The princess, who seemed about five-and-thirty or forty, was not fitted to support the reputation of her countrywomen, and we were by no means dazzled by her charms. Her dress alone attracted our attention. Under a brocaded pelisse with short sleeves, and laced on the seams, she wore a silk chemise, open much lower down than decency could approve. A velvet cap trimmed with silver, smooth plaits of hair, cut heart-shape on the forehead, a white veil fastened on the top of the head, and crossing over the bosom, and lastly, a red shawl thrown carelessly over her lap, completed her toilette. As for her daughter, we thought her charming: she was dressed in a white robe, and a red kazavek confined round the waist; she had delicate features, a dazzlingly fair complexion, and her black hair escaped in a profusion of tresses from beneath her cap. The affability of the two ladies exceeded our expectations. They asked us a multitude of questions about our journey, our country, and our occupations. Our European costume interested them exceedingly: our straw hats above all excited their especial wonder. And yet there was something cold and impassive in their whole demeanour. It was not until a long curtain falling by accident shut out the princess from our sight that they condescended to smile. After conversing for a little while, we asked permission of the princess to take her likeness, and to sketch the interior of her dwelling, to which she made no objection. When we had made our drawings, a collation was set before us, consisting of fruits and small cheese cakes, to which, for my part, I did not do much honour. In the evening we took our leave, and on coming out of the hut, we found all the inhabitants of the a-ul assembled, their faces beaming with the most sincere good will, and every man was eager to shake hands with us before our departure. A numerous body volunteered to accompany us, and the prince himself mounted and rode with us half-way to Ekaterinodar, where we embraced like old acquaintances. The Tcherkess chief turned back to his a-ul, and it was not without a feeling of regret that we spurred our horses in the direction of the capital of the Black Sea Cossacks.

The treaty of Adrianople was in a manner the opening of a new era in the relations of Russia with the mountaineers: for it was by virtue of that treaty that the late Czar, already master of Anapa and Sudjuk Kalah, pretended to the sovereignty of Circassia and of the whole seaboard of the Black Sea. True to the invariable principles of its foreign policy, the government at first employed means of corruption, and strove to seduce the various chiefs of the country by pensions, decorations, and military appointments. But the mountaineers, who had the example of the Persian provinces before their eyes, sternly rejected all the overtures of Russia, and repudiated the clauses of the convention of Adrianople; the political and commercial independence of their country became their rallying cry, and they would not treat on any other condition. All such ideas were totally at variance with Nicholas' schemes of absolute dominion; therefore he had recourse to arms to obtain by force what he had been unable to accomplish by other means.

Abkhasia, situated on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and easily accessible, was first invaded. A Russian force occupied the country in 1839, under the ordinary pretence of supporting one of its princes, and putting an end to anarchy. In the same year General Paskevitch, then governor-general of the Caucasus, for the first time made an armed exploration of the country of the Tcherkesses beyond the Kuban; but he effected absolutely nothing, and his expedition only resulted in a great loss of men and stores. In the following year war broke out in Daghistan with the Lesghis and the Tchetchenses. The celebrated Kadi Mullah, giving himself out for a prophet, gathered together a considerable number of partisans; but unfortunately for him there was no unanimity among the tribes, and the princes were continually counteracting each other. Kadi Mullah never was able to bring more than 3,000 or 4,000 men together; nevertheless, he maintained the struggle with a courage worthy of a better fate, and Russia knows what it cost her to put down the revolt of Daghistan. As for any real progress in that part of the Caucasus, the Russians made none; they did no more than replace things on the old footing. Daghistan soon became again more hostile than ever, and the Tchetchenses and Lesghis continued in separate detachments to plunder and ravage the adjacent provinces up to the time when the ascendancy of the celebrated Schamyl, the worthy successor of Kadi Mulah, gave a fresh impulse to the warlike tribes of the mountain, and rendered them more formidable than ever.

After taking possession of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh, the Russians thought of seizing the whole seaboard of Circassia, and especially the various points suitable for the establishment of military posts. They made themselves masters of Guelendchik and the important position of Gagra, which commands the pass between Circassia and Abkhasia. The Tcherkesses heroically defended their territory, but how could they have withstood the guns of the ships of war that mowed them down whilst the soldiers were landing and constructing their redoubts? The blockade of the coasts was declared in 1838, and all foreign communication with the Caucasus ostensibly intercepted. During the four following years Russia suffered heavy losses; and all her successes were limited to the establishment of some small isolated forts on the sea-coast. She then increased her army, laid down the military road from the Kuban to Guelendchik, across the last western offshoot of the Caucasus, set on foot an exploration of the enemy's whole coast, and prepared to push the war with renewed vigour.

In 1837 the Emperor Nicholas visited the Caucasus. He would see for himself the theatre of a war so disastrous for his arms, and try what impression his im-



CASTLE AND TOWN OF GORL.

perial presence could make on the mountaineers. The chiefs of the country were invited to various conferences, to which they boldly repaired on the faith of the Russian parole; but instead of conciliating them by words of peace and moderation, the emperor only exasperated them by his threatening and haughty language. "Do you know," said he to them, "that I have powder enough to blow up all your mountains?"

During the three following years there was an incessant succession of expeditions. Golovin, on the frontiers of Georgia, Grabbe on the north, and Racifsky on the Circassian seaboard, left nothing untried to accomplish their master's orders. The sacrifices incurred by Russia were enormous; the greater part of the fleet was destroyed by a storm, but all efforts failed against the intrepidity and tactics of the mountaineers.

One by one the different strongholds and fastnesses of the mountaineers fell into the hands of their indefatigable and powerful assailants. Guimry, the stronghold of Kadi-Mullah, and of his lieutenants Gamsah Bey and Schamyl Effendi, fell before Baron Rosen, at the cost of the life of the Murid prophet. Gamsah Bey succeeded to Kadi-Mullah, and Schamyl to Gamsah. The latter is now a prisoner of the Russians—his son, an officer in the Russian service. Scarcely a fastness remains to the Circassians of old. Tcheskesses and Tchetchenses are alike driven to the most inaccessible and remote mountain ridges; only the Leghis still occupy in independence a few valleys of difficult access on the southern slope of the Caucasus. Their turn will soon come, and the great barrier raised by nature between the people of Europe and those of the Orient, will have disappeared for ever.

## IX.

Town of Shumakhi—Misfortunes of its Inhabitants—Story of the fair Sona—Bayadères or Dancing Girls of Shumakhi.

Shumakhi (Chamakli in the map), is some ninety miles from Baku, but the dread of the Leghians makes it desirable to accomplish the journey in a day. This was once a great city, capital of Shirvan, residence of a khan with 100,000 inhabitants, and bringing in millions to its chief. Peter the Great extended his campaigns here, devastated the city, and made a ruin of it. It was afterwards alternately assailed by the Persians, by earthquakes, and by the plague. The last khan summoned the remnant of its antique population to follow him to the fortress of Fitay, a kind of eagle's nest, where he hoped to place them beyond the reach of armies, earthquakes, and pestilence. He counted, however, without his host. In 1819, he received an order from General Termolof, to make his appearance at Tiflis: not judging it convenient to enter into such intimate explanations, he took refuge in Persia, and abandoned khanat, city, fortress, and subjects to the Russians. The latter were ordered to return their city of old, to expel the jackals, and to take possession of such houses as still remained standing. There are still some 10,000 of them inhabiting a lower and an upper town: a pernicious fever reigns in the lower, the upper is never safe from shocks of earthquake. The resources of these poor persecuted people lies in their grape vines, their mulberry trees, and silkworms. There is a bazaar, which occupies the whole length of a street, and rich carpets and silks may be purchased there. (See p. 747.)

When M. Alexandre Dumas was at Shumakhi, he received an invitation from a wealthy Tartar—Mahmud Bey—to a Persian supper and a soirée of bayadères or dancing girls. The bayadères of Shumakhi enjoy a great reputation not only in Shirvan, but throughout the Caucasus. They are a relic of the domination of the Khans: they were, indeed, attached to the court. Unfortunately they found the bayadères, to be like the Parsis at Baku, reduced to three, two females and one little boy. It is taking a liberty to speak of the last in the feminine as a bayadère. There was a fourth, Sona by name, who was very beautiful, and so the Leghians determined to carry her off. To effect this they made an entry into the house by night. She had a cousin, one Nadjif Ismael Oglu, or Nadjif son of Ismael, as we should say, in the house, who rushed to the rescue, his kandjar or dagger in hand. The young man was overpowered by numbers and slain, whilst Sona was bound fast, gagged, and stripped, and her house plundered. The next day the door was broken open, Nadjif was found killed, and his right hand cut off, so they knew it was the Leghians. The people of North Caucasus, Tcherkesses, and Tchetchenses cut off the head, the Leghians, and most of the people of the South Caucasus, cut off the right hand. The latter is more easily transported. Sona, set at liberty, corroborated the fact. The alarm was given, and Tartars mounted in pursuit; nor were they long in overtaking the band, for one of them was grievously wounded, and they had taken refuge in a cavern in Dagh Kizan, scarcely a mile from the town. The mountaineers defended their position with characteristic bravery, and making a sortie, gained a little stronghold called Kis Kalahsi, or "girls' castle," some three versts from the town. They held out here for six hours, some ten or twelve Tartars were wounded or killed, before, their ammunition being expended, they were compelled to capitulate. Sona recovered her jewels, but not from the scandal that accompanied upon the event. The fact of Nadjif being in her house at such a time of night excited great jealousy. She was obliged to leave the city, and her place was taken by the little boy who was dressed up as a girl.

We shall let M. Alexandre Dumas describe the dance which is the subject of our illustration, page 721, in his own words and his own peculiar style.

We arrived at Mahmud Beys. He was the owner of the most charming Persian house that I met with all the way from Derbend to Tiflis, and I saw a few, not to mention in the last-mentioned city, that of M. Archakuni, farmer of the sturgeon and other fisheries of the Caspian, who had at that time expended two millions of roubles on his house, and it was not yet finished.

We were received in a saloon perfectly oriental in character. It is impossible to describe the decorations at once so rich and yet so sober. The company were seated on cushions of satin embroidered with flowers of gold, softened off by a gauze covering which rendered the brilliant colours more supportable; the three dancers and five musicians were seated in front of an immense window beautifully carved.

It will be understood that to so local a dance a particular music was also requisite.

One of the two women had very mediocre pretensions to beauty; the other may have been very pretty, but it must have been a long time ago. Her beauty was the opulent and mature beauty of the fruits of

autumn; she reminded me a good deal of Mademoiselle Georges, at the time when I knew her, that was in 1826 or 1827. The comparison might even be pushed further. She had been esteemed beautiful by an emperor; only that Mademoiselle Georges carries the palm there, for she was esteemed beautiful by two emperors and by several kings. But then Mademoiselle Georges travelled a great deal, while the fair Nyssa, on the contrary, never left Shumakhi. In the one case the mountain went to find the prophet, in the other. it was the prophet who came to find the mountain.

Nyssa was painted, like all women in the East; her eyebrows met in a continuous dark and splendid double arch, beneath which shone her lustrous eyes. A well-made nose, cut in the most delicate proportions, divided her face, and reposed in perfect equilibrium upon a small mouth, with sensual lips, as red as coral, and covering teeth small and white as pearls. A forest of black hair played from beneath her little velvet cap, whilst a string of Tartar coins, after winding round her cap, fell in cascades along her luxurious locks, inundating the shoulders and bosom of the modern Danae with a golden rain. Her jacket was of red velvet embroidered with gold; her new long veil of gauze, and her dress of white satin. Her feet were not visible.

The second bayadère, of less beauty and importance, was also her inferior in point of dress.

The music gave the signal. It was composed of a

PORCH OF LESGHIAN HOUSE.

drum placed on feet of iron, and which resembled a gigantic egg cut in half; of a common drum like our own; of a flute that bore some semblance to the antique tibia; of a little guitar with copper cords, which was played upon with a pen; and, lastly, of a *tchianuzy*, that reposed on an iron pedestal; the handle of which was turned by the left hand. The whole together made a tremendous noise, not over melodious, but very original.

The little boy got up first and opened the ballet with castanets in his hands. He was rapturously received by the Tartars and the Persians, that is to say, by a majority of the assembly. He was followed by the second bayadère, and she by Nyssa. The oriental dance is everywhere the same. I have witnessed it at Algiers, at Constantine, at Tunis, at Tripoli, and at Shumakhi. It is always the same more or less quick movement of the feet, and a more or less marked motion of the body—two qualities which appeared to me to be carried to the utmost perfection in the person of the fair Nyssa.

The ballet was interrupted by supper. The most original dish was a pilaf of rice, chicken, pomegranates, sugar, and fat.

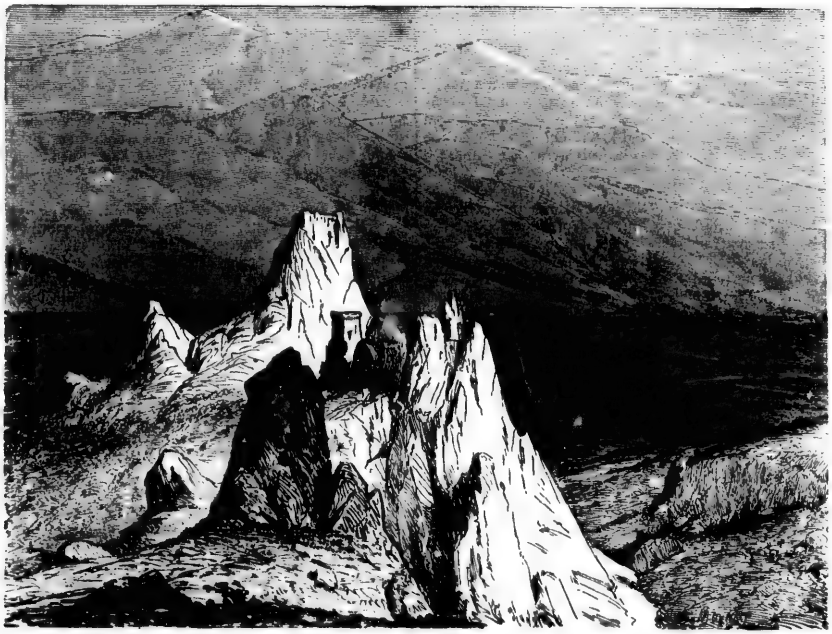
At supper, wines of all descriptions were handed round freely, but the master of the house and a few rigid Mussulmans refreshed themselves with water only, and after supper the ballet was begun again; but I must say it never exceeded the limits of the strictest decency.

X.

VALLEY AND TOWN OF NUKHA—COMBAT OF OLD RAMS—BADRIBE THE BRAVO—HEROISM OF THE LESGHIANS—TURKINS, CHRISTIANS OF THE CAUCASUS—CASTLE OF QUEEN THAMARA—THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS QUEEN OF GEORGIA—SUBJUGATED ARMENIA AND CHRISTIANISED THE CAUCASUS—HEADED AN ARMY AGAINST THE BYZANTINE ALLIES OF HER FIRST HUSBAND—LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS—HER TOMB AND PORTRAIT—INSCRIPTION AT KUTAIS—MOUNT ELIAS.

ROCKY spurs of the Caucasus advance into the plains from the main chain to the south-west, between Shumakhi and Nukha, rendering the road difficult, and added to its dangers, as a country so diversified is favourable to the predatory habits of the Lesghians. The country is, however, wooded, and abounds in pheasants and other game, but some of the passes are most formidable in character. A first spur has to be crossed between Shumakhi and Axus or New Shumakhi, a place as yet of small pretensions, the houses being dispersed in orchards and gardens, but said to be of great promise as a mulberry plantation.

Nukha itself (Nouki in the map), Moynet, the artist who accompanied M. Alexandre Dumas on his travels, describes as the most charming little town that he ever saw. Every house is sheltered by a noble tree, and every street is watered by a rivulet of pure water. There is only one drawback, and that is, that being so far up the



QUEEN THAMARA'S CASTLE.

mountain it is liable to daily visits from the Lesghians; hence every house is a fortress, and no one can even walk in the streets without being armed to the teeth. The horses are kept always ready saddled. The valley in which this beautiful town is situated, and which is the subject of illustration at p. 737, is a magnificent specimen of the Alpine vale, backed by the snow-clad summits of the central chain. Fortified villages or a-uls are to be seen perched here and there on the hill-side, always at a height more or less difficult of access, with narrow tortuous streets, and every house a little fortress. Such is the insecurity of life in this wild but beautiful mountain-land. Nukha is a spot, says Moynet, where one would wish to spend the remainder of their days, and stop for ever. No wonder that the Russians and the Lesghians still dispute the possession of so charming a spot.

At Nukha, M. Dumas made the acquaintance and became even much attached to a most promising youth Prince Ivan Tarkanoff, a young Georgian, who spoke French fluently. The young prince, on his side, did everything he could to amuse the traveller. He conducted him over the town, albeit so infested with Lesghians that it was scarcely safe for him to do so. Among other amusements provided by this precocious young prince for his visitor's amusement, was a fight between two sturdy old rams, followed by a Tartar dance and a wrestling-match.

The invited began to arrive, those who dwelt near, on foot, others in carriages; five or six men came on

horseback; they did not live a hundred yards off, but Orientals only walk when they cannot do otherwise. All the arrivals came, and, after the customary salutations, took their place on the balcony, which began to assume the aspect of a gallery at a theatre. Some of the women were very handsome. They were Georgians and Armenians.

All had assembled by about six o'clock. Forty men belonging to the militia then came in. They constituted the guard, which every evening took charge of Prince Tarkanoff's palace, and watched in the courts and at the gates. After the sentinels had been placed, the remainder grouped themselves round the man with the ram.

The signal was then given, and room was made for the combatants to have fair play. Nicholas, the young prince's servant, or rather his nuker, who never lost sight of him by day, and slept at his door at night, took the prince's black ram by one horn, and brought it within about ten paces of his rusty-coloured adversary. On his side the master of the red ram embraced and caressed his beast, and led it out to confront the black one. The two quadrupeds were then animated by cheers.

They were not, however, in need of these; for no sooner were they free than they threw themselves at one another like two knights for whom the barriers had just been removed. They met in the centre of the space, forehead to forehead; the collision produced a dull yet deep, distant sound, like that which must have resulted from a blow of the ancient machine, which was also called a ram.

The two combatants bent on their hind-legs, but did not yield an inch of ground. Only the black ram soon reared its head to renew the attack, whilst the red one was still shaking his ears. Then the circle below, who consisted of militiamen, attendants, and passers-by, who were permitted to see the spectacle, began to jeer the owner of the red ram: this shaking of the ears appeared to them to be ominous of defeat.

The court, seen from where we were—that is to say, from a dominating point—presented a most picturesque aspect. Among the passers-by who had come in was a camel-driver, with three camels. The beasts of burden, fancying, no doubt, that they had arrived at the caravanserai, had laid down, stretching forth their long necks, whilst the driver, mounted upon one of the loads on their backs, had obtained one of the best places gratis. Others, who were going by on horseback, had come in with their horses, and, after having saluted the prince, had remained in their saddles, and hung forward over their steeds' necks, the better to enjoy the combat. Tartar women, with their long veils of plaid, Armenian women, with their long white drapery, stood upright, silent as statues. About thirty militiamen, with their picturesque costumes, their arms glittering in the sunset, their attitudes so naïvely artistic, formed a circle, to the front of which a few youngsters had made their way, and amidst which was here and there to be seen a woman's head more curious than the others. Altogether there were about a hundred spectators. A second encounter took place, the reverberation whereof was even greater than that of the first. The red ram, bent on his hind-legs, got up, and made a step or two backwards. Decidedly, the black ram was the best animal.

At the third encounter this superiority was established: the red ram not only shook his ears, but his head also. Then the black ram, without giving his opponent time to recover himself, rushed at him with a fury almost impossible to describe, hitting him in the sides and rear, and, every time that he turned round, on the head, till he tumbled him on the ground over and over again. The poor defeated ram seemed to have lost his equilibrium, at the same time that he lost all confidence. In his endeavours to fly from his assailant, he got through the circle, followed by the black ram; the red ram found shelter under a carriage; it not only avowed itself conquered, it sued for quarter.

The dance was followed by a wrestling match, a spectacle to which some relief was afforded by the arrival of one of the prince's followers with the head of a Leghian, which had just been amputated in single combat by a bravo of the name of Badrize. This Badrize was, like most bravos, a fellow full of character. When M. Dumas took his final departure from Nukha, he took with him as presents a gun and a carpet, presented by Prince Tarkanoff; a shaska and a pistol from Muhammad Khan (a Tartar prince, who would have ruled at Nukha if Tarkanoff had not been there); and various presents from young Prince Ivan.

The heroism of the Leghians may be judged of by the following anecdote, which was related to our travellers at Nukha. A sketch of the a-ul or village of Bagitta, where it occurred, was presented to M. Moynet, by an officer who was present at the events, and, as the village was close by, was determined to be quite accurate. It constitutes the illustration at page 761. The Russians were at the time besieging the a-ul in question. The resistance was as obstinate as the attack was terrible. The walls of the a-ul were crumbling before the shot of the Russians. Suddenly, the besieged hoisted a flag of truce. The fire ceased on both sides, and two Leghian warriors were seen to advance towards the imperial ranks with a female, who bore in her arms an object wrapped in linen, the nature of which could not be at first determined. The two men and the woman having been led into the presence of the officer in command, he inquired what was their behest? One of the men said that they were aware that it was all over with them, that their village must fall into the hands of the Russians, but that they preferred to die rather than to surrender. Whilst he was speaking, the woman stepped forward, and unclosed the bundle she was carrying—it was a new-born infant! "Before perishing," continued the mountaineer, "we came to see if we could not find one among you who would take and adopt this little child, whose mother stands before you; we do not like to see it perish with us."

The child was taken, and the promise given to bring it up; but, notwithstanding that pressing instances were made to the others to save their lives, they were of no avail; they took their way back, in sullen resolution, to their mountain fastness. The fight then recommenced with as much severity as before, the village was taken and burnt, but not one of its inhabitants surrendered alive.

Between Nukha and Tiflis the country is mountainous and extremely picturesque. Contemplating the Caucasus from this point, M. Dumas says, people have no idea even in Algeria, even in the Atlas, of the fatigue and danger attending upon an expedition in the Caucasus. "I have seen," he adds, "the Col de

Mouzaia—I have seen the Pass of Saint Bernard: they are royal roads compared with the military pathway of the Leghian line."

The Tushins, a Christian people, dwell in this part of the country as well as the Leghians. They are mortal enemies of the latter, and have adopted their customs in so far as they take a hand for every enemy killed. The ferocity of these mountaineers may be judged of by the following trait.

"On a late expedition, a Tushin chief, who marched with his three sons in the Russian ranks, had his eldest son wounded. He loved the youth dearly, but made a point of honour to give no signs of his affection, albeit his heart was broken. The father's name was Chette. Perchance it is a corruption of Shaitan, which signifies Satan. The son's name was Gregory. The house to which he had been removed was shown to the father. Chette went there. Overcome by his sufferings, the young man was groaning. Chette approached the carpet on which he lay, and, leaning on his gun, he frowningly remarked:—

"'Is it a man or woman that I have engendered?'

"'It is a man, father,' answered Gregory.

"'Well, then, if it is a man,' continued Chette, 'why does that man complain?'

"The wounded man did not reply, but died without a sigh. The father then took the body, stripped it, and placed it on a table. Then, with the point of his kandjar, he made seventy-five scores on the wall. This done, he cut up his son into seventy-five bits. That was precisely the number of relations and friends he had who were in a condition to carry arms.

"'What are you doing?' asked the colonel, who found him busied in this terrible proceeding.

"'I am about to revenge Gregory,' he replied. 'A month hence, I shall have received as many hands of Leghians as I shall have sent bits.'

"And he said true, for not a month had elapsed before he had received seventy-five hands from his friends and relatives, to which he added fifteen, collected by himself. That made ninety in all."

This Chette, a so-called Christian, was an unscrupulous wretch. His notoriety was so great, that the Leghian mothers used to terrify their children into good behaviour by threatening them with Chette. One more obstinate than the remainder, or who did not believe in Chette, continued to cry. It was night time. The mother took the child, and opened the window. "Chette! Chette!" said the mother, "come and cut off the hand of this child that won't leave off crying." And to frighten it she passed the hand out of the window. The child uttered a shriek. It was a shriek of pain, and not of fear; the mother caught the difference in a moment. She drew the arm back quick as lightning, but it was too late, the hand was gone. Chette had been passing by at the very moment, and had heard his name called.

On the left is the district known as Kaketia, celebrated for its excellent wine, on the right the country of the Leghians. The two districts are separated by the Amazan, as Moynet calls it, Alazan of Dumas, a tributary to the Kur or Cyrus—the river of Tiflis. The Leghians rarely cross the river boundary now-a-days; the last memorable occasion was when they made a sudden descent on Tainun-dale (it is curious to find an English word for valley in the Caucasus) and carried away the princesses Tchavtchavadzi and Orbelian, tied to the tales of their horses.

The Russians have a strong military post on the frontier called Tsarki-Kalotzy close by which is the castle of the renowned Queen Thamara.

Queen Thamara, says Dumas, is the most incontestable Georgian popularity. She was a contemporary of Saint Louis, and like him, but with greater luck than him, carried on a war of extermination against the Mussulmans. Just as in Normandy all the old castles belonged to Robert le Diable, so, in Georgia, all the old castles belonged to Queen Thamara. She has thus some one hundred and fifty probably, that are, in the present day—no matter to what king, queen, or prince they once belonged—the home of jackals and of eagles. Only there is one thing to remark of them, they are all in picturesque positions and ravishing situations. I have inquired in every direction, I have asked of every one I met, the history of Queen Thamara.

At nine in the morning we breakfasted, and on finishing our repast we found horses ready saddled. We mounted our horses, and in some twenty minutes we had traversed the four or five versts that separated us from the royal ruins. Suddenly, at the turn of a mountain, we saw the castle detach itself majestically from the scene around us. It stood upon an isolated peak that dominated the valley of the Alazan. For background it had the magnificent chain of the Caucasus. We stood higher than its base, but its top overlooked us. The rents in the rocky side were wide and deep—grandiose and superb: one felt in looking at them not only time but revolutions had passed through those breaches. Moynet took a sketch from the spot whence we first saw it; it was probably the only one that had been overlooked by previous artists. (*See* p. 757.)

It is incontestable, says the artist, in relating his own version of the same journey, that the castle is in a magnificent position. It dominates the whole valley of the Amazan. It is just what may be called, without any metaphor, an eagle's nest. No reminiscence, no legend, tells us of its past history. The ruins alone speak to the imagination, and relate moving histories.

Queen Thamara, however, may we say it without displeasing M. Dumas and his artist, had a real and an important history. Abkhasia and Colchis, subjugated by the Romans and the Greeks, and devastated by the Persians, rose as it were from their ruins, and assumed their nationality under the native Georgian kings in the eleventh century. From that epoch till the thirteenth, the trans-Caucasian provinces were ruled by a series of princes as wise as they were brave, and who brought the whole country to a very high state of civilisation.

The tranquil enjoyment of the arts of peace was suddenly disturbed by the irruptions of the Seljukians in Armenia, that warlike tribe of Turks who anticipated the Osmanlis in Western Asia, overthrew the Khalifat of Bagdad, and founded the first Turkish dynasty at Koniyah, capital of Karamania, in Asia Minor.

Queen Thamara, seconded by able generals, not only repelled the Seljukians from Georgia, but she even subjugated the indomitable tribes of the Caucasus. The Alans or Ossetes, who had embraced Christianity in 931 had expelled their bishops and priests. Thamara subdued them and had their churches rebuilt. She even converted the Circassians (Tcherkesses) in part, and the light of the Gospel penetrated under her ægis

into the most remote valleys and fastnesses of the great mountain chain. Churches still met with here and there, says a solid authority, M. Dubois de Montpereux (*Voyage autour du Caucase*, vol. i., p. 76.), now in ruins, belong to this brilliant epoch in the history of Georgia, and tradition attributes them generally to Queen Thamara.

Thamara was daughter of George III., who had usurped the throne of Demetrius, had slaughtered the Orpelians, but had bravely defended his Armenian territories, more especially the great city of Ani, the ruins of which were unknown to Europeans till within these few years back; and who left his blood-stained throne, Stephen Orpelan and Tchamtchean say in 1184, but Klaproth says in 1171, to Thamara, under whose queenly auspices Georgia took first rank among the powers of Western Asia. She subdued all Armenia to the north of the Araxes, and subjected and converted most of the tribes of the Caucasus. Hence the Georgians called her "King," spite of her sex. Her atabeys or generals were Ivana or John, and Lakhare or Zachariah, sons of an Armenian prince. These chiefs subdued Kars, Tabris, and Trebisond.

Thamara wedded, by the advice of the Georgian hierarchy and nobility, George, son of Andrew Bogolubikoi, a Russian prince of the family of Duke Vsevolod, But the marriage not being a happy one, Thamara obtained a divorce, and dismissed her husband with costly presents. She then took to husband David Soslan, an Ossetian prince, but Klaproth thinks from the terms of an inscription found at Nuzala in Ossetia, that he was a Pagratide who held possessions in that part of Caucasus. But George, indignant, went to Constantinople, to demand succour from the Byzantines, who provided him with an army, with which he effected a successful descent and captured Kutais, and advanced on Tiflis. Thamara placed herself at the head of her army, beat her quondam husband's auxiliaries twice, and then, with great magnanimity, provided the rebellious prince with an escort out of the country.

Thamara had, by her second marriage, a son Laska, George IV. who she associated to her Government several years previous to her death, which took place in 1206, as also a daughter called Russudan.

The Georgians attach the name of this great and heroic queen to whatever is remarkable in the country, castles and churches alike. Even her tomb is claimed by several localities, Ghelathi, Nitskheltia, Hagpad, dispute with one another the honour of her remains, but Montpereux says that the only place he saw any actual tomb was in the great troglodytic rock church of Vardzic, on the banks of the Kur. Bartenev, on the other hand, who has published a chronicle of Queen Thamara, says that the gates of Ghelathi were of iron, and the same that David the re-edificator, who ascended the throne in 1089, had transported from Durubandi (just as the gates of Sumnauth were transferred in modern times), and within lay the remains of the said David, of George, and of Thamara, with her son and daugter, as also other kings of Imerethi (Imeritia). Montpereux, who disputes alike the question of the gates and the tomb, attributes, however, to Ghelathi the discredit of being the burial-place of the Messalina of Imerethi—that Queen Davidgan, who put out her son-in-law's eyes because he would not marry her. A side chapel in the great church of Ghelathi still, however, preserves portraits of David III., founder of the church, of Bagrat IV., and of his wife Helena, of George II. and III., of Queen Thamara and Russudan. The queen is painted in fresco on the wall in a green robe embroidered with gold and precious stones; she wears a white veil over a crown of gold adorned with red stones (rubies?) and pearls. M. Brosset has also read an inscription in letters sculptured in arabesques with flowers, leaves, and birds' heads, at the old ruined palace of Tskhedar-besi, at Kutais, as running thus:—

"Oh, warrior, Saint George, intercede and pray for me,
Thamara, Amen."

De Montpereux says that the name of the illusterious queen is very unsatisfactorily determined by the monogram THE.

At a distance of above six versts from the castle of Queen Thamara is another isolated cone, with which the tradition, so common in the east, of the translation of Elias is associated. At its base is a salt-lake, and half-way up is a large grotto, and within it is a chapel and much frequented place of pilgrimage. Tradition records that it was in this grotto that Elias was fed by a crow, and that he ascended to Heaven from the summit of the mountain, leaving his mantle to his disciple Elijah. We have here the sacred tradition of Elijah and Elisha, of Mount Horeb, of the River Jordan, and of Carmel perverted and transposed from the Holy Land to the Caucasus.

From the valley with castle and mountains, rich in traditions of the Queen of Georgia, to Tiflis the chief city of the Russian trans-Caucasian provinces is but a brief journey. This city is admirably situated at the foot of the great valley of the Kur or Cyrus, where that river descends from the giant Kazbek, and the great central defile of Dariel at its flanks, and it has a great western road by Kutais to the Black Sea, a great eastern by Elizabethpol to the Caspian, and no less available routes to the south by Kars to Asia Minor and by Erivan to Persia. (*See* p. 741.)

## XI.

TIFLIS—PETER NEW, THE SHOEMAKER—DR. WAGNER—GERMAN COLONISTS—THE NEW PROPHETESS—VILLAGE CORPORATIONS—AQUEDUCT NEAR TIFLIS—CAMELS IN PERSIA—AGRICULTURE IN GEORGIA—COMMUNAL AND FAMILY LIFE.

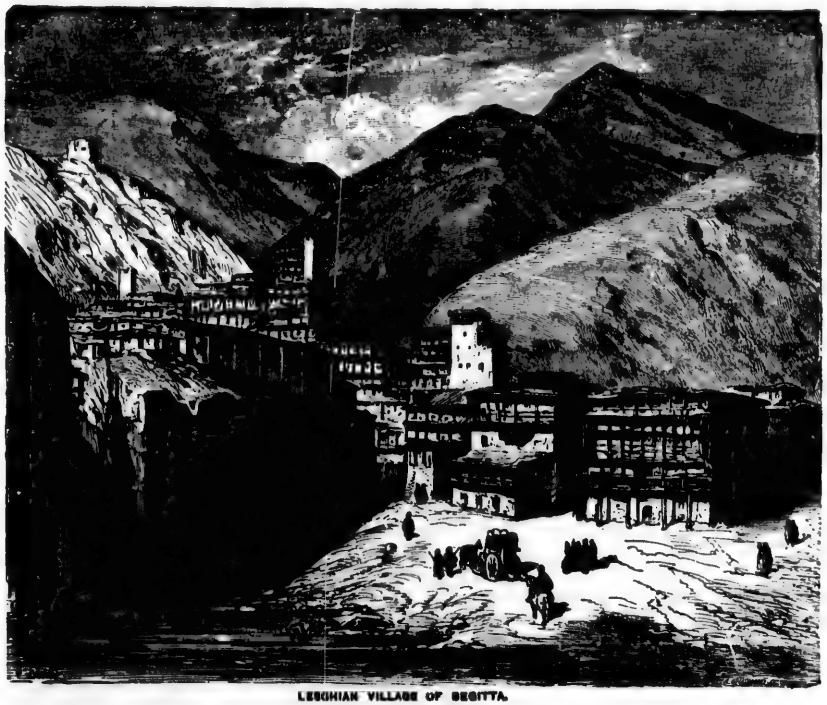
WE reached Tiflis, says Haxthausen, who travelled from the opposite direction to Dumas and Moynet, that is to say from Radut Kalah on the Black Sea, by Kutais, to the capital at eleven o'clock. This town has a peculiar aspect: on the side from which we entered, the quarter inhabited by Russians, it has a perfectly European look: straight streets, rows of modern houses, elegant shops, milliners, apothecaries, even a bookseller, with cafés, public buildings, a Government palace, and churches with cupolas and towers.[1] But where this European town ends, one of a perfectly Asiatic character begins, with bazaars,

[1] There are said to be in Tiflis twenty-two Russo-Georgian churches, fifteen Armenian churches, one Catholic church; also a Persian Masjid, a Tatar Masjid, and a Jewish synagogue. The German colonists have a Protestant church in their village outside Tiflis.

caravansaries, and long streets, in which the various trades are carried on in open shops. In one part is seen a row of smithies, the men all hammering away on their anvils, heedless of the crowds of passers-by. Then follows another row of houses, where tailors are seated at work, in precisely the same fashion, and with the same gesticulations and agility, as with us. After these succeed shoemakers, furriers, etc.

The population is no less varied and interesting: here Tartars, in the costume from which the so-called Polish dress is evidently derived; in another part thin, sunburnt Persians, with loose flowing dresses; Kurds, with a bold and enterprising look; Leghis and Circassians, engaged in their traffic of horses; lastly, the beautiful Georgian women, with long flowing veils and high-heeled slippers; nearly all the population displaying a beauty of varied character, which no other country can exhibit—an effect heightened by the parti-coloured, picturesque, and beautiful costumes. In no place are both the contrasts and the connecting links between Europe and Asia found in the same immediate juxtaposition as in Tiflis.

I met with an excellent lodging in the house of a colonist from Suabia, Herr Salzmann, who had established an inn on the banks of the Kur, and here I once more enjoyed German fare and comfort. My



LEGHIAN VILLAGE OF SEGITTA.

host showed himself to be a man of acute and practical understanding, united with considerable power of observation; no one is better acquainted with the people of the Caucasian district and their social and political relations; he has travelled over the whole country, and mixed with all classes of its inhabitants; in fact, I have gathered more information on these subjects from no person than from Herr Salzmann.

During our stay in Tiflis I made many interesting acquaintances, amongst others that of Herr von Kotzebue, a well-informed man, but not very communicative, maintaining the diplomatic reserve common to most Germans in the Russian service. The Civil Governor, Herr von Hourka, to whom I had a letter of introduction, rendered me all the attention and assistance in his power. But the most important acquaintance I made was a guide and interpreter, in the person of a shoemaker named Peter Neu. This man was a perfect original. Peter, when a lad, had emigrated with his kinsfolk and countrymen from Wurtemburg, and with them had settled first at Odessa, and afterwards in a newly-established village colony near Tiflis. But Peter Neu was of a restless disposition; he wandered about through various parts of the country, went afterwards to Asia Minor, then to Persia, was appointed interpreter to the Crown Prince,

Abbas Mirza, travelled with him for eight years, and after the death of the Prince returned to his countrymen. Peter was an invaluable treasure to me; he had a remarkable genius for languages, and knew a dozen European and Asiatic tongues—German, French, Russian, Circassian, Tatar, Turkish, Armenian, Georgian, Persian, Kurdish, &c. Peter had an astonishing memory, and in six weeks would, without any effort, acquire a power of expressing himself fluently in a language perfectly new to him. United with this talent he possessed a rich gift of poetical imagination, and had an inexhaustible treasury of *mährchen*, legends, and popular songs, gleaned from all the countries he had visited; and as we lay in our tarantas, day or night, he used to relate these stories with untiring energy, until I fell asleep. At first he was somewhat reserved, fancying that such popular stories were too trifling an amusement for a learned traveller; but after a few days we became bro.om friends, having food, lodging, and everything in common. And now the floodgates of Peter's knowledge were opened! Whenever, as we drove along, I observed any ruin, a strangely-shaped hill, a cavern, &c., I exclaimed, "Come, Peter, now for another story—some legend or a fairy tale!" And before an hour had passed, he would return from the nearest village, Tatar or Georgian, whatever place it happened to be, with a whole load of stories. At the same time, however, Peter was an adept in buffoonery, and was never satisfied without receiving every day or two a downright scolding for some act of stupidity. As soon as this was administered and over, he embraced and kissed me again in the tenderest manner.

After settling down in my lodging, then sauntering for an hour or two about this oriental town, which was of high interest to me, and paying a few visits, I went at noon with Herr Salzmann to the German colony, outside the town. At the hotel here I met the well-known German naturalist, Dr. Wagener, from Munich, who was busily engaged in packing the treasures of natural history he had collected, in order to have them shipped. Dr. Wagener had just ended his travels, and was now returning to Europe, to arrange the rich acquisitions he had made, and give the public the results of his researches.

The German colonies in the Transcaucasian provinces consist, I was told, entirely of Suabians, principally from Würtemberg, who emigrated about the year 1818, deeming their religious opinions and rights injuriously invaded in their own country. Among other innovations and grievances of which they complained, a new hymn-book had been introduced, which the country-people consider d unorthodox and too lax in its sentiments; they could not consent to part with their old church hymns, sound in doctrine and vigorous in tone, which had afforded them spiritual comfort for so many generations, and they resolved to emigrate. The Russian government assigned them plots of ground in the neighbourhood of Odessa; but the colony did not flourish, and at their request the majority were transplanted to the Transcaucasian provinces. Here likewise they had for some years to struggle with many difficulties, sickness, mortality of cattle, and bad harvests, resulting from their ignorance of the country. This impeded their success for a time in various ways; but they have now overcome all these obstacles, and the majority of the colonists are well off, whilst many have grown rich.

The Russian Government has not interfered with their religious belief and observances. The colonies are in general under the direction of the Protestant Consistory, but are left undisturbed in their faith and worship: they have retained their favourite old hymn-book, and choose their own ministers, after subjecting them to a strict examination, into the character and measure of their religious views. But where the spirit of dissidence has once taken root, its tendency is constantly to spread: the traditional feeling of religious oppression, which these colonists originally brought with them from their native country, has given rise to a belief that true religion will be everywhere suppressed by the enemy of the human race, and indeed that this has already taken place. According to this notion, we are entered on the period when only a small number of true believers remain, and when, likewise in accordance with the ancient prophecies, the advent of the Messiah and the Millennium are at hand. These people hold therefore that it is the duty of the true believers to prepare for this event, by exhibiting even in the external observances of life the purity and simplicity of the primitive Christians, surrendering all private property and gains, working only to obtain the bare necessaries of life, spending all the rest of their time in prayer and fasting, and abstaining from every kind of luxury. A work by Michel Hahn, of Würtemberg, and the writings of Jung Stilling, contributed much to the spread of these tenets. Two sects arose, the stricter one of which prophesied that the end of the world would arrive that very autumn, and insisted upon an entire abstinence from marriage; the other party did not conceive that the end of the world was so near, and allowed marriages to be contracted for the present. Both sects however agreed in abandoning all their possessions in this country, and emigrating to Jerusalem, there to await the issue of events. At the head of all these sectaries, but especially of the stricter party, was a woman, fifty years of age, who according to all that I heard related of her, must have been a very remarkable person. For many years past she had submitted to the greatest voluntary privations, and no word was ever heard from her lips but some passage or expression from the Bible: this she would ingeniously weave into every form of speech, and apply to every situation and circumstance of life. It was said that she knew the whole Bible by heart, from beginning to end. She exercised a kind of magical influence on all around her; this I was told by an unquestionable witness, Herr von Kotzebue, who took an active interest in these matters, as the plenipotentiary of government, and from whom I heard the following particulars. He confessed that this woman, whom his reason could only regard as a fanatic, had made an almost imposing impression upon him. I may add, that Herr von Kotzebue appeared a man more addicted to reasoning than to feeling, and professed no religious belief.

The sectaries began by selling their houses and ground to other colonists, for the most part at a mere nominal price, giving away all except simple necessaries, and establishing among themselves a community of goods. The woman, at their head, announced her intention of emigrating with her followers, on a certain day, in the direction of Jerusalem, whither she would lead them in a straight line. The Government now interfered, and explained to these people, by the proper authority, that no obstacle would be offered to

their emigration, in which they would even be assisted if they desired; but that, as their intention was to pass through Turkey, it was first necessary to request permission of the Turkish authorities; moreover, that they could not be permitted to start upon such an expedition almost destitute of the necessaries of life to support them on their journey; and consequently that the sale of their landed property could not be sanctioned. In the worst event, however, supposing they were obliged to return, their farms should be restored to them, upon their giving back the money they had received. The Government proposed that they should send a deputation to Constantinople, to lay their petition before the Sultan, offering that the expenses of this mission should be defrayed, and their request supported as far as possible. A part of them concurred in this view, and selected three deputies, who proceeded to Constantinople; they had not returned when I left the country. The rest, comprising nearly the entire population of a village of about fifty families, under the guidance of this singular woman, declared that they would not trust to human wisdom and foresight, but to the voice of God which spoke to their hearts. All attempts to influence them by persuasion being vain, Herr von Kotzebue at last received instructions to detain them if necessary by force, until an answer should be received from Constantinople.

Herr von Kotzebue was informed that on a certain day, at four o'clock in the morning these people had determined to start. At midnight therefore he placed guards of Cossacks on all the roads leading out of the village, and repaired himself to the spot where the emigrants were expected to set out. After posting sentinels, he retired to take a short rest. At three o'clock a sentinel aroused him, reporting that a bright flame was visible in the village. Herr von Kotzebue jumped up, but could see nothing: either the imagination of the sentinel had misled him, or the light was that of some meteor. Half an hour after the village was astir, and at daybreak the singing of a hymn was heard, the sound gradually drawing nearer, and soon the pilgrims were seen approaching, two and two in procession, the woman walking alone at the head. Herr von Kotzebue advanced to meet the troop, and addressed them; but without heeding him, they continued their way, singing. He kept receding, in vain endeavouring to obtain a hearing: at last, with a sudden resolution he seized the woman by both arms, and held her tight. At once there was a stop; the singing ceased, the woman knelt down, and all followed her example: a breathless silence ensued—every one, with clasped hands, was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes the woman stood up, and addressed Herr von Kotzebue in several passages from the Bible, declaring that the Lord had commanded them to yield to violence, and submit to the authority placed over them; she added that they would quietly return home, and await with resignation the issue of events. This scene took place shortly before I left the country, and I never heard the issue of the affair; but the truth of the particulars here related was confirmed by all the colonists with whom I spoke.

The German colony at Tiflis, as I have observed, is in a very flourishing state; to the European inhabitants, the Russian civil and military officers, it is almost indispensable. The supply of the products of the field and garden—vegetables, fruit, and poultry—is in their hands. The Georgians are an idle race: fond as they are, for example, of potatoes, they buy, beg, or steal them from the German colonists, but it has never occurred to them to cultivate these vegetables themselves.

The colonists have adopted many things which they found suited to this country; for instance, to my surprise, I observed the Georgian mode of threshing, before mentioned, in use among them. Herr Salzmann explained to me its advantages: the instrument is constructed of planks, to the under side of which are fastened small stones in several rows; a man then stands upon it, and is dragged by a horse over the corn, which it thus threshes out quickly and cleanly, at the same time completely crushing the straw. This straw, with a portion of the corn, is afterwards mixed with grass, and yields good and cheap fodder for the horses, whereas in Germany the straw is eaten usually uncut, and gives little nutriment. After threshing, the straw is tossed up into the air, and separated from the corn, which falls down. This method prevails throughout a great part of Asia.

The heat, and the equal temperature (it rains only at certain seasons, and some years not at all) render the irrigation, not only of the meadow, but still more of the arable land, absolutely necessary. In Armenia nothing will grow without watering, and in Georgia this is also indispensable.[1]

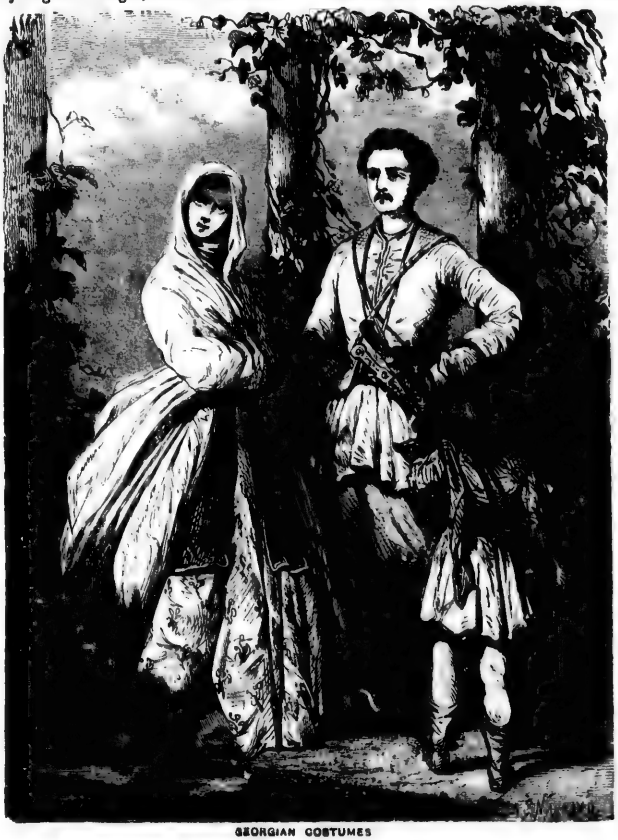
In all parts of the country still under cultivation, are found canals and corresponding systems of irrigation, every little brook being turned to account. These are kept up by the villages, several frequently uniting to maintain a small system of canals, which serves them in common. The inhabitants form a kind of corporate body, every one being called upon to bear a certain part of the burden, according to the extent of his landed property, and sharing proportionably in the advantages of the irrigation, the water being turned on to his fields for so many hours in the day. The corporation is under a water-bailiff (Merue), chosen by the inhabitants, who regulates the works and the use of the water, decides all disputes, &c. If any man resists the authority of the Merue, or offends him, the community distrain one of his cattle, kill and eat it. The Merue receives small dues from the gardens and land. It is evident that the country was formerly under much better cultivation—in extensive tracts of Steppes and forests may be observed frequent traces of cultivation, with innumerable ditches, dams, and even ruins of masonry, all clearly indicating the former existence of canals and sluices.[2] The Shura Steppe is traversed in every direction by ancient canals, which, if mapped down on paper, would show the former existence of a scientific, regular, and well-organised system of irrigation; the whole tract is now waste, although the soil is excellent. Madder grows here luxuriantly, and capers

[1] Below Kakhetia, the Persians in the last invasion, in 1797, destroyed all the canals, sluices, &c. There was no power to restore them. The population left the country; it is now only a Steppe.

[2] The present population of the districts subject to Russia is reckoned at about one million and-a-half, and that of the independent districts at two millions and-a-half. When Batukhan (in 1234) subjected all the country, he forced a levy of every tenth male, and 800,000 men were raised; accordingly the population consisted of sixteen millions, or fourfold its amount at this day. At the present time the land is incapable of supporting such a number of men; this could only have been possible when an immense system of irrigation existed.

are also found wild. Noble cedars are occasionally met with, and at the junction of the Alasan with the Yora are naphtha springs, which remain wholly unused. In the delta formed by the confluence of the Kur and the Araxes, I was informed, there once existed a large network of canals. Above this confluence, the Kur has been connected with the Araxes, east of the mountain-chain of Karabash, or Black Head, by a large canal, twenty to thirty leagues in length, which is still visible. The tract of country stretching from this canal which was fed by these streams, in a kind of amphitheatre up to the head of the Druk, has been cultivated for an extent of perhaps a hundred German square miles, watered by smaller canals, which receive their supplies from the parent one. The construction of such a system, in plan and execution, must have been a truly gigantic work.

There is no doubt that in former times Asiatic Turkey



GEORGIAN COSTUMES

and Persia had a much larger population, and were more cultivated than at the present day. The countries under the sway of the powerful monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, reckoning anciently many millions of inhabitants, are now almost entirely desert Steppes. Such a flourishing state in those early times necessarily implied the existence of extensive systems of irrigation, a fact confirmed by what we observe in China and India, where the dense population renders such a system indispensable. Who, we may ask, established these systems of irrigation in Western Asia? and why, when once destroyed, have they never been restored?—a task which would evidently be much less arduous than that of their first construction, since the ruins and remains of the past which still exist, actually trace out the lines and plans of these works.

The systems of irrigation in the Caucasian countries, especially, are of more ancient date than the present inhabitants of the soil, or there must have been a period when they were all subject to one despotic rule.

These systems extend beyond the limits of any one of the present nations; and yet it is very improbable that *different* peoples co-operated of their free will to construct a common system of irrigation: this would have implied a higher political state than ever existed here. It is therefore more than probable that the works belong to a period when these countries were under a single despotic dominion, to the times of the most ancient sovereigns of Asia—the Assyrian, Median, and Persian. On the fall of these governments, and their dissolution into small states, according to their respective nationalities, and in consequence of the wars that resulted, these colossal works were destroyed, the land became a desert, and the population dwindled away. At the present day there exist no internal elements of resuscitation, to re-establish the former flourishing cultivation by restoring the great systems of irrigation.

After this digression we return to the German colonists at Tiflis. The good cultivation of the estates is attributable to their irrigation; but not having sufficient works themselves, they hire the use of those belonging to a foreigner at a high price. These works have been constructed by a Persian, at his own cost, and he derives from them a considerable revenue. We shall give a short sketch of this remarkable man.

At the head of the Muhammadan clergy in Persia, stands the chief Mullah or Mushtahid, who is always a descendant of the sacred family of Ali, the son-in-law of Muhammad. Before the last Persian war, Aga Mir Fatah was invested with this hereditary dignity, and resided in Tabriz. When Paskewitsch appeared before Tabriz, the Mushtahid entered into negotiation for the surrender of the place; having thus incurred the hostility of the Shah, he subsequently went to Tiflis; but a few years after he returned to Persia, a new Mushtahid having usurped his authority. In Ispahan he was poisoned, from the effects of which, however, he recovered; his two eldest sons, who were also poisoned, died. He drove away his enemy, and now resides in Tabriz, the Shah not daring to oppose him. His eldest son, Hajji Agar, lives on his father's estate near Tiflis; he has also two younger sons there, with five of his wives. He often visits his family at Tiflis, and receives a pension of 20,000 roubles from the Russian Government.

This Mushtahid has constructed an aqueduct at Abjalah, sixteen versts from Tiflis; he has also, by the aid of Persian, Armenian, and Nestorian workmen, whom he brought with him, established a system of irrigation, from which he derives a large income, as all the neighbouring population are obliged to purchase their supply of water from him. Thus, for example, the German colony of Tiflis pays him annually the sum of five hundred silver roubles for the use of his aqueduct, which affords the principal supply of water for their gardens.

I gathered some particulars from Peter Neu respecting the Persian system of irrigation. Persia consists in great part of extensive plains, which especially require irrigation; and its decline is greatly attributable to the neglect of the construction and maintenance of the canals, under successive feeble governments. Everything is left to private enterprise, and it is considered one of the most religious and patriotic works to open springs and construct canals. In Persia there are two kinds of canals—one subterranean, for conveying fresh water to the towns; salt or brackish springs being more common than fresh ones. These canals are mostly cut in a stiff stratum of clay, which runs through a great part of Persia, beneath the surface soil. The canal is simply excavated, and at every twenty to thirty paces a small shaft is sunk down to it, and around these openings are little mounds of earth, looking like so many molehills, to indicate their site. In some parts the formation of these canals is attended with great difficulty and expense: thus, for instance, the grandfather of the present Mushtahid in Tabriz, in fulfilment of a vow he had made, constructed a canal two feet deep, for the benefit of that town, carrying it over high mountains and plains, a distance of twenty-four fersach (about four miles). Innumerable wells are met with, which have been dug to obtain fresh water, in fulfilment of vows. The surface water of the upper strata is almost invariably salt. A copper, or sometimes a silver cup, or a cocoa-nut shell, is attached by a small chain to the brink of the well, "for the thirsty traveller," who, in compliance with custom, offers up in return a pious "Allah rachnit illisson!" for the soul of the constructor of the well.

The German colonists frequently go on business to Persia, where they are very well received, especially among the grandees, on account of their honesty and fidelity. In the last Persian war a body of Persians attacked and began to plunder the German colony of Helenendorf; but no sooner was the Persian commander informed that it was a German village, than he ordered everything to be restored to the inhabitants. He then made them the offer of settling in Persia, promising that they should be well off, have as much ground as they desired, and receive all possible assistance; adding that, if eventually they grew tired of the country, they would be at liberty to leave it, upon the sole condition that they should not go to Russia; at the same time, however, a pretty daughter of one of the colonists was sent to the harem of the Shah.

The German colonists have hitherto exercised little influence on the civilisation of the surrounding Georgians and Tartars. The Georgians are indolent, and the Tartars, who are Muhammadan, are too far removed in a social point of view. The case would have been widely different had the colonies been founded in Armenia, the inhabitants of which country are much more active, susceptible, and intelligent; I am convinced that among this people the influence of such colonists would have been incalculable, and European civilisation would have found a ready admittance.

The Georgians, Tartars, and Armenians are alike ignorant of hay as food for cattle: the climate indeed is such, that the cattle can usually remain out at grass the whole year through. If frost and snow continue for an unusual duration, boughs are cut from the trees, which serve as fodder. The Georgians were quite astonished at seeing the colonists make and stack their hay, but they have not imitated their example.

These Georgians do not manure their fields. In May or June the ground is broken up, and in autumn the wheat is sown, without any previous ploughing, and consequently often in grass a foot high;[1] the seed is then bush-harrowed into the soil. For two or three

[1] At first the German colonists ploughed the land again before sowing, in spite of the warning of the Georgians; but a total failure of the crops ensued, the sharp winds destroying the tender unprotected seed.

years wheat is sown, once perhaps barley, and then the field lies fallow for several years; the manure upon it becomes dried, and serves as fuel, which is superior to turf. The meadow-land along the Koor is extremely fertile, the ears of wheat and barley yielding from twenty-five to thirty-five grains.

Farming-stock is a favourite source of wealth with the Georgians; they usually plough with oxen, and a very clumsy plough, to which they yoke eight or ten pair of oxen; and, as some of the peasants have not so many beasts, they form associations for ploughing. They trench nearly a foot deep, with a furrow two feet and a quarter in width. The colonists plough only with horses, six or eight to the light plough, and not more than half a foot deep; but they raise better crops than the Georgians.

The live stock of the Georgians consists chiefly of sheep and swine, and their ordinary diet is pork and mutton. Only the poorer classes among these people and the Armenians eat beef, which is of a bad quality; in fact, scarcely any part of the ox is eatable, and only the cow's flesh is tolerable. The Persians eat no beef. It has been a matter of wonder that the Georgians have never lapsed into Muhammadanism, although several of their Czars renounced Christianity, to maintain their crowns against the Persians, and the Christian churches in Georgia fell into disuse and decay; one writer attributes the fact to their invincible reluctance to abandon the two staple products of their country, wine and pork. The German colonists of Marienfeld keep no sheep, as in summer they would be obliged to drive them up to the mountains; and, having no superfluous herdsmen among themselves, they would have to hire Georgians, in whom they place little confidence.

The country-people in Georgia eat, morning and noon, usually a cold meal of bread, greens, celery, leeks, cress, and, except in fast-time, milk, sour-milk, and cheese; in the evening they have something warm, usually mutton dressed with celery, and are delighted when they can obtain potatoes from the colonists.

I gathered the following information respecting the wages of farm servants in the German colony near Tiflis. The ordinary labourer receives forty to fifty kopecks a day, but the artisan—carpenter or bricklayer—one rouble and twenty kopecks (about three shillings and tenpence). The wages of an able farm-servant, beside his board, are eight to ten roubles a month: a maid-servant has four to eight. A coachman, in the service of a Russian gentleman here, receives his board (at noon, consisting of two or three different dishes, meat and wine), a hat, caftan, and scarf, and 120 roubles annual wages. Generally speaking, all food is rather dearer at Tiflis than at Moscow.

In the colony of Marienfeld, a short day's journey from Tiflis, the rate of wages was somewhat different. Here a German farm-servant, besides his food and drink, with a pair of boots, receives in wages only from thirty-five to forty roubles a year. The Georgians are not considered useful men-servants, especially in the stable. A labourer receives from seventeen to twenty kopecks a day in winter, and in the haymaking time from forty to fifty.

The Georgians dwelling to the west of Tiflis require help, especially at certain seasons of the year: the Imeritians then come down from the mountains and take service with them, by the year or month: if the engagement is only by the day, the ordinary pay is twenty-five kopecks, but in harvest time forty.

## XII.

Ethnographical Archives in Tiflis—Russian Bureaucracy, Attempt at Reorganisation—Farms and Villages—The Natsval—Seignorial Titles—State Taxes—Crown Peasants.

In order to comprehend the political and social position which a people occupy, or to which they may at a future period attain, in the great family of nations—to discern the rudiments of that capacity for civilization which time may develope, and which will mark their history—it is necessary in the first place to learn their views of religion, and the external forms in which these are clothed; but above all to become acquainted with their domestic relations and communal constitution.

I pass over the ancient world; its social condition, as well as its views of religion and civilisation, were on the eve of extinction when Christ appeared. Since that era the Christian nations[1] alone have manifested a tendency towards a higher state of civilisation, and a capacity for solving the great problems of humanity.

The western portion of Christendom, imbued with the Germano-Romanic views of life and religion, had been a centre of unity in faith and the fosterer of civilisation; whilst the Eastern Church, with all its subdivisions, appeared buried in a deep sleep; and although in point of civilisation it occupied a much higher position than any of the heathen nations, or even than Muhammadanism, yet it remains on the same footing as during the Middle Ages. This was undoubtedly attributed to its separation from Rome, which checked all free movement, and induced a fixedness even in mere immaterial forms, which was maintained with an iron tenacity. But that which theology failed to accomplish was achieved by the offspring of Christianity in the West—modern civilisation: penetrating by slow but sure degrees into the East, diffusing itself throughout and transforming social life, and exercising an influence on the political institutions and views prevailing in the Muhammadan countries, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and India. In this new epoch of the world's history, Russia appears to be peculiarly fitted and called upon to interpose her mediation—a country which traces her national stem to the West, while she derives her religious views from the East. Hence the facility with which western civilisation found its way into the political and public affairs of Russia. There is no doubt that, from the same causes, the theology of the West will in time penetrate the Eastern Church, with all its divisions—Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, and Coptic. I incline however to the opinion, that if a reconciliation and union were to be effected between the Eastern and Western Churches, on a basis of equal rights and the establishment of a centre of unity, political civilisation, and with it the dominion of the world, would eventually pass over from the west to the east.

[1] Muhammadanism was essentially an offshoot from Christianity, of a semi-religious semi-political character; it presents the pure monotheistic direction which the Eastern Church, especially in its sects, has already indicated and followed—one sided and dogmatical. During a brief period of the highest civilisation, it appears only in the light of a sect of Christianity, as is clearly indicated in Muhammadan traditions, its tales and legends. Ser Weil, Sagen de Morgenländer.

My travels and observations, during more than twenty years, have convinced me that an acquaintance with the manners of a people their moral and material interests, domestic relations, corporate associations, and especially the communal relations of the lower classes, is indispensable to a real knowledge of the history and constitution of peoples and of states. In the course of my travels in the Caucasian provinces these objects constantly engaged my attention. Here perhaps may be found the solution of many problems in the history of the European family of nations, which unquestionably emigrated from hence; and it is not improbable that future investigations may trace all the European and Western Asiatic nations to this source.

These brief and general remarks can do no more than suggest subjects for future investigation, the requisites for which are an attentive and impartial survey of the every-day life of a people, together with diligent observations and study. For the latter, a rich store of materials, hitherto wholly unused, is extant, especially in the archives of Tiflis.

The tendency which prevails everywhere, among the large class of the bureaucracy—and perhaps in Russia in an especial degree—is toward centralisation, and the reduction of all relations of society to a certain uniformity. Life in its individual forms is radically distasteful to this class. Nor is this by any means peculiar to the officials in monarchical states; the Governments of the school of the French Republic understand this principle more completely, and carry it out with more energy, than any others. Now this essentially anti-Germanic spirit acts as a solvent on the elements of popular life in the German and Romanic nations. Popular life in England, which is completely embodied in the system of the government, forms a single and noble exception in Europe, and, in part, in North America, the offspring of England. It cannot, however, be denied, that centralisation and the generalisation of all forms of social and state polity—that Procrustean bed of popular character and life—greatly facilitates government, and admits of much more efficient means of developing the external power of the State. This is the great secret in France. The French people do not at all want freedom—in fact they cannot tolerate true freedom; they want only internally *equality*, and externally *power*. For this reason centralisation will always prevail in Paris, whatever clamour may be raised against it in the Departments.

In Russia the system of government is derived singly and simply from the theory and practice of modern bureaucracy. It is undeniable that centralisation and generalised forms of government in the higher departments of administration, perfectly correspond with the character of the Slavonic race, and are peculiarly adapted to Russia. But as there is a deep-seated contrast between the native character of the Germanic and Slavonic races, a system which is quite adapted and even necessary to Russia, and is felt to be so by the mass of the people themselves, is wholly unsuited, and perhaps fatal, on the shores of the Baltic and in the provinces of the Caucasus.

It is, as I have before observed, probable that serfdom did not formerly exist among the peasantry in Georgia and Mingrelia, and was not introduced until the occupation of those countries by Russia;—not by law, which would never have been sanctioned by the Emperors Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas, but in the ordinary course of administration. The Russian officials were accustomed to regard the peasants in their own country as serfs, and naturally looked upon those living under the nobles and princes in Georgia in the same light. The Crown peasants in Russia have been emancipated since the time of Alexander, and the same class in Georgia are consequently free likewise.[1]

The existence in all these countries of a certain system and constitution in family and communal life, arising out of manners and customs, and even sanctioned by law, however defective (in Georgia indeed by the Vakhtang code of laws), was entirely disregarded by the Russian officials. They were far too indolent to study the existing social condition of the people, and followed only the laws and principles of administration to which they were accustomed and which they brought from Russia; whilst their rule was not a little marked by arbitrary conduct, with occasional extortion and spoliation; the superintendence and control being naturally much feebler and more ineffectual in the Caucasian provinces than elsewhere. The entire administration was at the same time of a military character; and all complaints, even those of a merely civil nature, were referred to the General in command.

As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian Government grew up amongst all these Caucasian tribes. On occasion of a journey which the Emperor Nicholas made, in October, 1837, through these provinces, it is said that the tschinowniks, or officials, issued an order that no petitions should be presented to him. At Akhalzik, the inhabitants of an entire village were seen kneeling on the road in silence as the Emperor drove past, and this circumstance recurred several times. The Emperor inquired of the people what it meant; they replied, that they were forbidden to approach him with petitions: he told them it was not true, and that they might fearlessly present any petitions. Thereupon the people poured forth to meet the Emperor in such numbers, that during his journey only as far as Erivan, about fourteen hundred petitions and complaints were preferred to him.

The Emperor conceived the idea of effecting an important separation between the civil and the military administration; although the former could not be wholly withdrawn from the control of the commander-in-chief, as Governor-General of the whole province. To this end, the laws of the early princes, especially those of Georgia, the code of the Czar Vakhtang, the Armenian laws, nay even the customary rights of the Tatars, were collected and translated into Russian; and the officials were ordered to conform to these in the administration of the government.

In April, 1837, Baron Paul von Hahn was instructed to ascertain the condition of all these districts, with reference to national peculiarities, communal institutions and customary rights; he was at the same time commanded to lay down a comprehensive

[1] Attempts have in recent times been made, originating at St. Petersburgh, to check the spread of serfdom. A ukase was issued, which declares that in Georgia the presumption is against serfdom; it must in each case be proved. But every person who was registered as a serf previous to the 7th of August, 1809, was to remain so. Moreover, whoever was recognised as a serf, by a judicial decree before the year 1836, on the ground of thirty years' service, is incapable of establishing any claim against it.

plan, founded upon these inquiries, for the future administration of the country. Four Commissioners were associated with him in these labours, from the Ministries of the Interior, Justice, Finance, and War. Baron von Hahn belonged to what is called in Germany the historical school: in his opinion it was a matter of primary importance to maintain the peculiar and historical features of nationality in a people, upon which alone could be effectually founded a healthy state of social life in the lower classes—in the domestic and communal, the agricultural and commercial relations—which might be acceptable to the people at large, and productive of an increased attachment to the Russian government. Such a social organisation, modified according to their own political views, might be the best adapted to the inhabitants of the Caucasian provinces; consisting as they do of isolated tribes, sixty or seventy in number, each having its historical traditions, its own language and usages, and in many cases its peculiar religious rites: for although in the same village Armenians, Georgians, and Tatars are found living together, they scarcely ever intermix; each people preserving its own religion, customs, dress, manners, tribunals, and police. A project was formed by Baron von Hahn for organising the entire administration of this country, which was countersigned by the Governor-General Golovnin, and received the imperial sanction; and Baron Hahn went a second time to Tiflis, in 1840, to bring this project into operation.

Such views could not be acceptable to the heads of the army or the class of Russian officials (tschinowniks); and immediately after the departure of Baron Hahn, intrigues are said to have been set on foot to defeat the execution of his scheme; eventually it fell to the ground, and the old system was re-established in full force.

I communicated the above brief account to a well-informed man, acquainted both with the persons and localities in question; and he gave me full information on the matter, with permission to make any use of it I might think proper. The particulars with which he furnished me I shall give unabridged, as they present a clear picture of the social and political condition of these countries.

The present limits of Russia in the Transcaucasian provinces were defined in the last treaties of peace with Persia and Turkey. These provinces are divided into Christian and Muhammadan; the former comprising the ancient czardoms of Georgia, Immiritia, Guria, with the vassal countries, Mingrelia, Abkhasia, and Suanetia, in which the Greek faith prevails, together with the Armenian provinces. Among the latter are classed the khanats of Karabagh, Shamaka, Nukha, Derbend, Baku, Leukoran, inhabited by Muhammadans of the Shiah sect (anciently under the dominion of Persia), and the former Turkish pashaliks of Akhalsik and Alkaltalati, inhabited by Sunnite Muhammadans.

Russia found, especially in the Christian provinces, a perfect feudal system including all classes of the population; whilst the nobles left no means untried to convert the service of their vassals into serfdom.

Besides the customary laws in force in the different countries, Georgia has a code known by the name of the Laws of King Vakhtang. In the seventeenth century this monarch compiled a manuscript collection of Greek, Roman, Jewish, and Armenian laws, arranged with the local customary rights, intended to serve as a source of revenue to the weak and needy Czars, who as feudal lords held the office of judges, and also as a weapon against their rebellious vassals. This code of laws, however, which was printed and published by order of the Russian Government, is now almost entirely superseded, since its provisions no longer answer to the condition and wants of the people, and are, moreover, contradictory in questions relating to inheritance.

In Transcaucasia, as indeed throughout the East, courts of arbitration have been generally used for the settlement of private affairs; whilst the decrees of the spiritual tribunal of the Muhammadans, the Shariot, were received as law in matters of marriage and inheritance among their brethren of the faith: this, however, did not deter the despotic khans, sardars, and pashas, from bringing at pleasure every offence and dispute before their summary, rapacious, and frequently sanguinary tribunals.

The taxes were paid in personal service and natural produce, by charges on every branch of industry and commerce, and in customs levied not only on the frontier of each district, but also in the towns and their hamlets. The Muravs in Georgia and Immiritia, the Begs and Agalars in the Muhammadan and Armenian countries, had the charge of raising these taxes; as well as of the internal administration and police, assisted by the elders of the communes and superintendents. These Begs and Agalars, like true bloodsuckers of the people, carried on their corrupt practices, as long as by a division of their spoil they could purchase the collusion of their equally wicked superiors, or until they fell a sacrifice to popular vengeance.

Under such a race of feeble, rapacious, and incapable princes, Transcaucasia was for centuries exposed to the incursions and devastation of its predatory neighbours. Crops and cattle, women and children, and property of every kind were carried off. The natural consequences of these fatal calamities were poverty, demoralisation, and depopulation, as these countries, so richly favoured with the gifts of soil and climate, gradually fell under the dominion of Russia.

The brief sketch here given will suffice to show the obstacles and difficulties of every kind which the Russian government had to encounter and surmount, before it could succeed in reducing to order and tranquillity these Transcaucasian peoples, composed as they were of hostile nations and religious sects. The officers selected to carry out and achieve these objects, were Governor-General Prince Zizianoff and Prince Paskewitsch: the former was cut off in his heroic career by Persian treachery, before he had perfected his great enterprise; the latter, after vanquishing the Persians and Turks, was called away by the outbreak of the Polish Revolution, just as he was entering on the task of subjugating the mountain population, and commencing comprehensive operations for the settlement of the Transcaucasian provinces.

The emperor, however, soon turned his attention seriously to this important object; and the measures which were in consequence taken exhibited his penetration, his determined will, and at the same time his power to carry out and accomplish the work he had commenced, in spite of all difficulties. Predatory tribes were subdued, fortresses erected, the frontiers guarded and quarantine established, to secure the country against the incursion of these half-civilised

THE RIVER PHASIS.

ighbours, and the no less dangerous attacks of con-agious diseases. Military roads were opened, from the Elbrus to Mount Ararat, from the Blac' Sea to the Caspian, and in short in all directions where they appeared necessary; many thousand families, who had been forcibly carried off in former incursions of the Persians and Turks, were now enabled to return home, and settle once more upon the waste districts and devastated lands of their fathers.

In the year 1837, the Commission above-mentioned was sent to Transcaucasia, under the direction of Baron von Hahn: it comprised men of ability, peculiarly distinguished by their travels in the East, and by their works upon those countries. Furnished with all the information that could be obtained, and the results of previous experience, together with all the aid which the munificent foresight of the emperor alone could provide, the commission was instructed thoroughly to examine the country, and the condition of its inhabitants, and to draw up a project for the organisation of its government, with a view to the good of the people at large. At the same time, in order to examine personally the condition of affairs, the emperor, in spite of the distance and the perils of a sea-voyage at that advanced season, determined to undertake an expedition. In the autumn of 1837 he landed on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, inspected its fortresses, travelled through Immiritia, Mingrelia, the former pashalics of Akhalzik and Alkaltalati, Armenia, the Tatar provinces, Georgia, and Ossetia, gave audience to everyone, listened to grievances, complaints, and petitions, expended large sums of money in charity, and redressed great evils and abuses. The commission hastened their labours, and on the 1st of January, 1841, the new civil administration, which had been repeatedly examined and sanctioned by the emperor, was introduced amidst the rejoicings of the population.

The new system removed the influence of the military power from the civil department; their mutual relation was assimilated to that existing in Russia, and the political administration was strictly separated from that of justice and finance. The country, divided into governments, circles, and districts, was placed under the direction of the governor-general, who was trusted in extraordinary cases with extensive powers, and managed the public affairs with the aid of an administrative council. Before the introduction, however, of any reform or new measure, the governor was obliged to submit it, in the first instance, to the Transcaucasian committee, consisting of the ministers, and afterwards to the emperor, for his ratification. In order to assimilate as much as possible the political condition of Transcaucasia with that of the rest of Russia, the laws and institutions in force in the latter country, the names of the magistrates, their functions and routine of business, were extended to Transcaucasia, with only such modifications as the condition of the country and its inhabitants required.

For this organisation to accomplish its purpose, it was necessary to secure to the country an administration of justice as expeditious, simple, and inexpensive as possible, a fixed system of property taxation, free from the arbitrary interference of tax-gatherers, and also a restricted but immediate control of the government officers in urgent cases. All this was to be carried out, as far as possible, in the following manner.

First, life and efficiency were to be imparted to the communal system, which existed here as throughout the whole of the East, by extending and determining the powers and authority of the common council elected by each town and district, and of the communal administration. These councils, free from any interference of the crown officials, were in the first place to administer their own local affairs; to apportion the taxes paid by the community, according to the property of each person; and to raise these taxes, and pay them to the proper authorities, taking a receipt for the money. In addition to these duties, the councils were to ensure the execution of the magisterial decrees, the maintenance of peace and security, and the settlement of minor disputes.

The control exercised over these councils by the chiefs of the district and circle, and in the larger towns by the heads of the police, under the respective civil governors and governments, was limited to complaints of any excess or abuse in the exercise of the powers entrusted to the councils; neglect of the magisterial duties, or of the payment of the taxes collected, or interference in criminal cases, which were reserved to the exclusive jurisdiction of the imperial laws and officials.

In the second place, the courts of arbitration already in existence, and the Muhammadan tribunal of the Shariut, were consolidated and extended. The decisions of these courts were received as valid, as soon as the recognition of the court of arbitration, or the reference of the dispute to the Shariut, shall have been notified to the respective communal councils.

At the same time, every man retains a right, independent of the communal authorities, to seek redress from the ordinary tribunals, and lay his complaint before the civil authorities of the first instance, established in every circle; he has also the right of appeal to the civil authorities at the seat of government, and thence to the senate at St. Petersburgh.

Thirdly, a new system of taxation was introduced, annulling all the former classes of dues, and the innumerable imposts on the products of town and country, pressing upon the soil and stifling industry, trade, and commerce. For these were substituted the following:—

1. In the rural communes, a tithe on the previous valuation of the aggregate landed property of the community. Where any great difficulties arise, however, respecting the amount of this tithe, either from the failure or insufficiency of the irrigation, the inequality of income from the products of the soil, or the circumstance of rearing cattle being the chief trade of the commune, the latter is charged with a tax on the number of chimneys, of from three to five roubles. Both these assessments are valid for fifteen years, and, as above stated, are levied by the elective communal authorities on the property of each tax-payer; the money is paid into the treasury of each circle, and a receipt given.

2. In the town communes, a fixed tax is laid upon every trade, which is prescribed by ancient usage, its amount being dependent on the number of workmen employed by the master. A tax is also laid on commerce, in proportion to the class of business,—wholesale, middle-class, or retail. These taxes, as well as the minor ones on each workman in the towns, are paid into the exchequer by the taxpayers: the receipt serves the workman at the same time for a

passport. This system, which is carried out uniformly and equally, relieves the country of the cost and intrigue attending the collection of the taxes, apportions the burden to the means of each individual, and secures him for a certain number of years from any increase of payment.

Transcaucasia is rich in corn and salt, and any serious fluctuation in the price of these articles is prevented by free communication and the purchase of salt at a fixed price from the crown stores. The hills and valleys, which were formerly passable only on mules or horses, and in a few parts in waggons drawn by oxen, are now everywhere traversed by tolerable roads; the post service is under the best regulation for travelling, and intercourse is facilitated by a regular postal communication, which has been carried to the most distant communes.

The Emperor's care is extended likewise to the religious and spiritual wants of the inhabitants. The neglected state of the dominant Greek church, of the Armenian, the Lutheran (consisting of the colonists from Wurtemberg), and the Roman Catholic churches, as well as the two Muhammadan sects, was exchanged for discipline and order, with the aid and co-operation of the respective clergy of these religious bodies. Churches and chapels were restored or rebuilt, whilst education and a provision for the clergy of every faith were secured.

In Tiflis, Nukha, and Shamaka, institutions have been established to promote the cultivation of corn, silk, and wine; and in the Government departments artisans and labourers are trained for this wide field of agricultural enterprise. Free instruction is provided, in the excellent military schools, for the sons of the numerous and poor nobles. Every chief town of the Circle contains a school, amply endowed, for the education of the sons of nobles, merchants, and the upper class of citizens. The gymnasium, and the institute for daughters of men of rank, are supported in a manner corresponding to the education required. The pupils who distinguish themselves at these institutions have free admission to the Imperial universities and the Polytechnic schools of St. Petersburgh and Moscow. The sons of meritorious native inhabitants are received into these schools, and entire corps have been formed, principally of the sons of Muhammadans of rank, who never before passed the limits of their own country. Many of these Asiatics have made remarkable progress in science and civilisation, in the schools opened expressly for them at St. Petersburgh; whilst almost all return to their homes with feelings of affectionate attachment to the emperor, and gratitude for the advantages of European civilisation.

Nor have literary acquirements been neglected: a catalogue of the books and manuscripts in the library at Echmiadzin has been prepared and printed; rare documents have been either purchased or transcribed, and correct impressions of all the inscriptions dispersed in various public buildings in Transcaucasia have been collected.

Well knowing, however, that the success of the best efforts and arrangements in such institutions mainly depends on the zeal with which they are carried out, the emperor has encouraged the choice of able assistants, by assigning them nearly three times the ordinary amount of salary, together with considerable sums of money to defray the expenses of travelling and establishing themselves. Every five years these salaries are increased, and provision for old age and pensions to the surviving relatives of these officials are the rewards of steady, zealous, and upright conduct in the service of the State in Caucasia.

The local inquiries which Baron von Hahn made in every part of the Caucasian provinces, into questions of nationality, domestic relations, and the communal and corporate institutions, furnished the rich materials to which I have before adverted, as lying unemployed and useless in the archives at Tiflis. I had permission to inspect them, but of this I could not avail myself, not being acquainted with the Russian language, and no one offering himself able and willing to give me information and extracts from them.

In the mountains of Immiritia, part of Mingrelia, and in Georgia, the land is mostly cultivated in detached farms; in other districts there are villages, generally small, but occasionally of considerable size. Martkuphi, for instance, contains 361 of these farms, which lie scattered over the country, without any intercommunication by regular roads.

I have already given some account of the communes and peasant-life in Mingrelia. In Georgia, likewise, each commune has a Natzval at its head, who is called in the Georgian language the "Mamasaglisi," in Immiritia "Muchelli," and the Tartar villages "Köweha" (guardian). This officer is elected by the heads of families, by a majority of votes, and the Russian manorial court ratifies the election, upon his nomination by the chief of the circle; the landed proprietors of the village have no direct share or influence in this proceeding. The communes possess great freedom, and their affairs are little interfered with by the Government officials. The Natzval retains his office for life, unless he resigns it, or is dismissed in consequence of any legal complaints being brought against him and substantiated by the commune or the magistracy: he is free of personal service and the payment of taxes, and receives a small salary from the commune: the control of the police is in his hands, but all disputes are referred to the chief of the circle. His powers are thus considerable, and, in conjunction with the "White-beards," he has the allotment of the State taxes, which are levied by the Government according to the census; the burden is distributed in proportion to the property each family possesses, and the commune is responsible for the payment. The Natzval also collects the seignorial tithes. The Georgians ordinarily live together in large families, comprising several generations, on the same farms.

In those communes which appertain solely to the crown, without any seignorial peasantry, the Government levies the taxes proportionately to the number of individuals or families; thus recognising the principle adopted in Russia, which gives to every member of a parish an equal share and right in the soil. Practically, however, in the parishes of Georgia (at least in those which fell under my observation), the soil is always attached to certain farms; indeed I found some parishes—Sartschali, for instance, near the German colony of Marienfeld—in which there exists a distinct classification, similar to that in the north of Germany—peasants, half-peasants, and two classes of cotters. The first class here possess seventy dessatinas of land (about 188 acres), the second class has one-half this allotment, the third only a small plot of ground, and the fourth merely a house. To the last class are added a number of lodgers, who commonly pay four or five

roubles a year. In this part of the country, I was told the crown receives annually three kod of wheat and barley from each hearth, the Natzval apportioning the gross amount according to the classes.

In the village of Imaget the land belongs, one-fourth to the crown, one-fourth to Prince Baratoff, and one-half to a noble, Georgi Kurganoff. The property is said to lie confusedly, so that this distribution is merely ideal, and the crown in consequence desired to have its portion measured out. Herr von Kotzebue, to whom I related this statement, said that it was either erroneous, or a singular exception to the general rule, according to which each farm comprises a fixed portion of land.

In former times Georgia was very thinly peopled, and there are still large tracts around many villages

ACCLIVITY OF MOUNT SURHAM

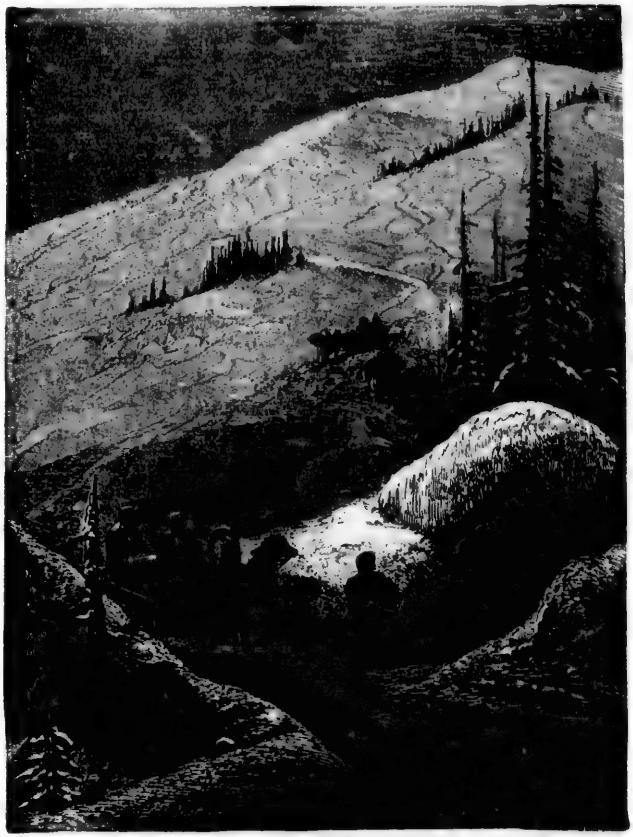
uncultivated. The farms have consequently no strict allotments; if, for example, a man dies, leaving a son in his minority, the nearest neighbour takes the seignorial land, with the taxes to which it is liable (in some instances at the instigation of the proprietor himself), and the heir, on coming of age, takes his share from the waste land.

This insecurity of tenure appears to have increased of late years. Many of the princes and nobles are said to have usurped in this manner extensive possession of the soil; to effect which the Armenians, who are extremely regardless of an oath, are frequently employed: twelve of them, without having any previous knowledge of the matter, are brought together, and take an oath that the land belongs to this or that person, to whom it is then adjudicated.

The land-tax is usually a tenth of the produce, but only in a few places is it paid in kind; that portion

which falls on the corn districts is commuted for a fixed payment, but I believe unequally. In some places I found that the crown peasants, on each day's work (*cididres-machnoli*), pay one kod of wheat or barley, whichever is on the ground. In a bad year the taxes are remitted, and this of course opens the door to the arbitrary intervention of officials. In other places I was told that the crown demands two kod from every family, levied according to the census: for this the parish is responsible, and the allotment rests with the Natsval.

In some parts the church and conventual peasants pay the tithe in kind, but on a fixed and moderate scale. In the village of Martkuphi there are 200 crown and 120 church peasants. The former pay a tax in wheat and barley in proportion to the ropsrty



CREST OF MOUNT SURHAM

held; the latter pay no tithes on the land, but a fixed tribute in wax and wine. Forty-one peasants, belonging to some princes or nobles, are said to be heavily burdened and oppressed; instead of a tenth (*galla*) they have to pay a sixth, and even a fifth, part of the crops. On New Year's day and at Easter they give small offerings, and every two or three years, according to their means, sums amounting to from one to two hundred roubles are extorted from them. One-fifth of the produce of the gardens is paid here; but in many places the gardens, as well as the houses, are the exclusive property of the peasants, for which they pay nothing. Prince Kurganoff granted all his land to his peasants, receiving in lieu of each day's work one kod of corn.

In other places, as at Khuri, the peasant pays his landlord a moderate ground-rent of seven to eight kopecks per dessatina; but in the time of sowing,

harvest, and threshing, the lord can demand two or three days' service in the week; he also claims a share in the produce of the poultry-yard. The peasant must moreover offer presents on the birth of an heir, and on the death of the lord. The landed property falls to the sons, and collateral relatives have no proper claim to any portion of the inheritance; the farmstead is, however, generally given them, in consideration of certain offerings. The peasant cannot therefore sell any land.

According to Russian law, a peasant cannot contract debts to a greater amount than five silver roubles; a creditor has no power to recover a larger sum.

The state taxes here are frequently paid in corn, each house contributing two kod; in Martkuphi two roubles are charged. The landlords are obliged to pay these taxes for their peasants, usually at the rate of one or two kod for every house, in the kinds of corn cultivated on the soil.

The limits of the parishes, as well as of single fields, are indicated by ancient boundary-stones: the paths and roads (*Quantsoge*, as the Würtemberg colonists call them) everywhere lead to these marks. The fields, which are separated by unploughed ridges and furrows, are all attached to their respective farms, and protected by a land-guard; in short, it is evident that from a remote period a regular system of land administration has existed here, which has for upwards of a century fallen into decay. Large tracts of country lie waste, and are overgrown with brushwood or forests; the old vineyards have disappeared, the wine-cellars lie in ruins, haunted only by wild beasts, and the divisions of the land are everywhere broken down.

Traditional rights and customs connected with agriculture are found in all parts of this country; for example, eight or ten yoke of oxen must be put to each plough; farming associations are formed, by the regulations of which one farm has to furnish the plough, another a yoke of oxen, and so on; the fields of all the farms are then ploughed regularly in turn.

Air, water, pasture, and wood, are all public property, according to traditional law among the Georgians, and the rights of the chase are free to everyone. The forests are indeed nominally divided, and belong to the respective parishes, the nobles, and the crown, but the unrestricted use of them is open to all. The natural result of this is, that in many parts the forests are devastated—an evil which must necessarily increase. A ukase was in consequence issued, ordering all the crown forests to be separated from the rest, and placed under a special administration, steps being taken for their preservation. This decree, however, caused such a ferment among the entire population, that in 1842 it was withdrawn. In my view such a measure appears, politically, unjustifiable; it would have been sufficient to establish securely the *property* of the crown forests, at the same time reserving the forest rights of parishes and individuals. A general regulation might have been laid down determining the limits and degree within which these rights should be exercised, and applicable not only to the crown forests, but to all. The first ukase aroused and irritated the popular prejudices respecting property and forest boundaries; and since that time the nobles also have sought to withdraw their forests from the common use of the people—an attempt which frequently gives rise to lawsuits, and, sometimes, even to serious disturbances.

Notwithstanding the annoyance and oppression of the tschinownika, or officials, the condition of the crown peasants is in many districts visibly improving. They not unfrequently accumulate large fortunes, which they eagerly seek to invest in land; in this they find little difficulty, as the nobles, impoverished and frivolous, are glad to sell their possessions, especially in parishes where the property is mixed, and the crown and nobles have peasants and land in common. It has already been mentioned, that the house and farmstead everywhere belong to the peasants; on the death of a father, one son receives the estate held under the crown, whilst the landed property is divided equally among all the sons, and in default of these, among the daughters. In the former case the daughters receive only a dowry. It is, however, considered a point of honour by the Georgians for fathers and brothers to settle in marriage and portion off their daughters and sisters. The most oppressive burden on the peasants is considered to be the obligation to furnish extra horses for the post and military service; in a country entirely subjected to military rule, this is calculated to give rise to endless abuse and annoyance.

## XIII.

THE HOUSES IN TIFLIS—CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—PERSIAN AMBASSADOR—STATE OF THE ARMY—ABUSES—ASSOCIATIONS OF WORKMEN—REGIMENT COLONIES—JERMALOW—INSECURITY OF ROADS—ARSEN, THE ROBBER.

IN Tiflis I made the acquaintance of an Armenian, named Abovian, of whom I shall frequently have occasion to speak, being especially indebted to him for my knowledge of the Armenian people. Abovian is descended from the family of an hereditary village-chief. In Georgia and Immiritia the Russian Government has recognised these families as of princely rank—in Armenia not even as noble! Early abuses on the one side have led to injustice on the other.

Abovian wished to be a monk, and passed his noviciate in the celebrated convent of Echmiadzin, at the time when the traveller Parrot[1] was preparing to ascend Mount Ararat. Parrot wanted to engage a native, suitable for his expedition, and proposed to the young monk to accompany him. He soon discovered in Abovian evidence of remarkable talent, and encouraged him to enter on a course of study at a German university. Abovian went to Dorpat, and in four years had attained a complete German university education, at the same time speaking and writing German so correctly that no one would have imagined him to be a foreigner: he married a German, and has established a complete German household.

At my request the governor allowed a young Georgian Prince, Zacharie Palavandischwili, to accompany me about the town, and show me every object of interest.

The population of Tiflis comprises, beside the Russians and Germans (artisans, artists, and merchants), representatives of three nations, Georgians, Tartars, and Armenians. The Georgians consist partly of a numerous class of nobles, partly of gardeners, but the large majority are needy and live by begging. The Tartars are artisans, smiths, saddlers, &c., and the Armenians almost all merchants.

[1] This excellent man is since dead: he went out one day and never returned; all search for him proved vain.

Tiflis is a central point of transit between Europe and Asia, but for the last twenty or thirty years it has declined in importance; the communication between England and France and India, which formerly passed through Tiflis to the Persian Gulf, being now carried on by way of Alexandria, and the steamers in the Red Sea. Nevertheless there are few towns in which are seen persons of so many nations—Russians, English, French, Germans, Persians, Turks, Tartars, Armenians, Kurds, Usbeks, and natives of all parts of the Caucasus. In like manner we here find all the various forms of religion—Christians of the Romish, Greek, Armenian, and Protestant churches, Muhammadans, Jews of various sects, and even heathens.

We visited the dwellings of these different peoples. The Tartars refused to admit us to the interior of their houses; the Armenians showed us little more than their shops, or occasionally a kind of sitting-room. It was with difficulty, also, that we could induce the Georgians of the poorer classes to let us see their *sakli*, or house.[1] These rooms have a miserable appearance; in the middle is a small hearth, with a hole directly over it in the roof, through which the smoke passes; on one side is a kind of closet, in which the beds are piled up (*aslo*), and on the opposite side another closet, or pantry, where the food is kept (*kidobani*). A few door-posts only (*bodsi*) were ornamented with some carving; a serviceable cradle (*aquani*) was suspended on an elastic rod. The Georgians, especially the women, pass the morning and evening, and frequently a portion of the night, on the flat roof, or the balconies (*scherdashi*); and there is nothing more charming than, in walking through the streets on a fine summer evening, to see these handsome women dressed in their pretty national costume, sauntering on the balconies, playing, singing, and coquetting with the passers-by.

I was received with great hospitality in the house of a Georgian nobleman of high rank, named Lorismerikow; his family formerly possessed the estate of Loris, a kind of sovereignty, on the road to Erivan. The house is a specimen of a fine old Georgian mansion, or palace, and was formerly used by the Czars of Georgia for holding solemn audiences, the celebration of marriages, &c. It forms a large quadrangle, in the middle of which is a spacious hall, with a vaulted ceiling, resting on two pillars, and having in the centre a round opening, through which the light is admitted. From this hall, and from a gallery on the second story which runs round the building, a number of doors open into various small apartments, with windows on this side, and others looking out upon the street. There are few houses of this description now in Tiflis, the modern dwellings of the Georgian nobles being all built in the European style. The house I have described was more peculiar than grand or imposing, as indeed is generally the case with modern Asiatic buildings.

The masonry of the modern houses in Tiflis is remarkably good, better than is usually seen in Russian buildings. I was informed that Persian masons, who are said to be the best in Asia, are employed: they may perhaps have inherited the manual skill and the secret of manufacturing mortar, which are evinced in the indestructible edifices of antiquity. Their pay is a silver rouble and a half a day.

I was cleverly cheated by an Armenian, whose shop I entered to purchase a few trifles. The Armenians constitute above one-third (exceeding ten thousand) of the population of Tiflis; they are active, industrious, and enterprising, and gradually acquire possession of the property of the idle and inactive Georgians: they make purchases, rent lands, lend money, and are on this account greatly disliked; they are moreover thorough cheats. The Georgians[2] have a reputation for honesty, with one exception—the common people are said to be addicted to stealing honey and bees. A regular thief is, however, seldom met with among either the Georgians or Armenians; whereas the Tartars have quite a passion for stealing, especially cattle and horses; they dislike any regular occupation, and follow agriculture only to procure necessaries, preferring the breeding of cattle and a nomadic life. When they have no flocks of their own, they willingly take service as herdsmen, although greatly preferring that of coachmen. They are frugal in their habits—only beware of showing them horseflesh!

Herr Salzmann told me that thirty years ago there were only three Government buildings in the European style, all of a single story—the Governor's residence, the police-office, and the Commandant's house. Scarcely any other buildings had at that time glass windows: in the winter, the holes which served as windows in the summer were pasted over with oiled paper. The bazaar consisted of booths of only one story.

At the period I refer to, the Georgian dress was still worn by all classes. The first trifling changes in it were introduced by the women. A certain class began by wearing white stockings and European shoes; the Georgian costume being simply embroidered leathern half boots, without stockings, and, in the streets, high-heeled slippers. At first the innovators were pointed at and ridiculed, but the European *chaussure* is now commonly adopted by the higher and middle classes. The picturesque Georgian head-dress however, with the long flowing *tshadra*, or white gauze veil, is still worn by all ranks. It is remarkable that a change of costume begins here with the feet—in Germany with the head. The German peasant-girls and women first discard the ancient national cap, and go bare-headed; after that, the cotton gown supplants the home-made stuff-dress, and so on. But in Tiflis there already exists a large school for young ladies, in which the Georgian misses chatter in French, and read Balzac's novels!

Marriages, I was told, take place very early, girls becoming wives at ten years of age. This custom

[1] *Sakli* signifies a room, as well as a house; among the very poor class the house consists of only one room.

[2] I cannot give a better description of the outward appearance and character of the Georgians than the following, sketched by a former traveller, the Chevalier Gamba (vol. ii., p. 186): "The Georgian is of tall stature, and strong, with handsome black eyes, and an aquiline nose, but more of the Jewish than the Roman cast; he is born a warrior and a horseman, but is more practised in guerilla warfare than in regular fighting. In the Persian armies they formerly constituted the reserve-guard, who usually decided the fate of the battle. They are brave, but often cruel; hospitable, but reserved in talking; clever, but ignorant. If ever Russia should make any serious attack upon the Muhammadan kingdoms of Asia, she would easily collect an army in Georgia more serviceable for such a war than a European one. The population is agricultural, and engaged in trade, but it despises commerce and speculation. The beauty of the Georgian woman is famed all over the world."

dates from the time when girls were regularly sold for the Muhammadan harems. The Georgian kings raised a revenue by kidnapping and selling the daughters of their subjects; but as the Muhammadans never purchase married women, esteeming them unworthy to enter their harems, the parents married off their daughters as early as possible, to secure them from being stolen. The Russian law and the Metropolitan have recently forbidden marriages before the completion of the twelfth year; but it is scarcely possible to check forcibly and on a sudden a bad custom so rooted in a country. The consequence is said to be a prevalent mortality in the female sex, especially among the young.

On the 12th of August I paid a visit to the Governor-General of Caucasia, the commander-in-chief of the army, General von Neithart. He had received the command this year, and resided during the hot months in the mountains on the heights of Priut, where a villa with numerous offices has been built and furnished for the Governor. The road thither was romantically beautiful, abounding in the grandest mountain scenery, with noble forests, and occasional views of ruined castles: we passed a German colony, lying in a peaceful valley. Half way we came to a kind of caravansary, or inn, where we rested for a short time; six powerful dogs, of the race of the steppes-hound, watched and protected the house. As we were preparing to resume our journey, a Georgian noble or prince, in his national costume, galloped up, with a beautiful Georgian girl and a servant. The young lady checked her steed, and leaped down with remarkable grace and agility; a saddle-girth was broken, which she repaired herself, without assistance; with equal agility she then sprang again on her horse, and in an instant they all vanished! It was like a living picture of the Middle Ages passing before our eyes.

General Neithart took part in the war of 1813-1815, in Germany and France; he has the appearance of a man of genius, energy, and frankness, and enjoys the reputation of being an able general. He invited me to be present the following day at a remarkable ceremony in Tiflis, the reception of a Persian ambassador.

The Russian Governor-General of Caucasia occupies the position of a viceroy, and is consequently treated by his Asiatic neighbours, the Turks and Persians, as a reigning sovereign. On assuming office he despatches a small embassy, consisting of officers, to Teheran, to notify to the Shah of Persia his elevation to office. The Shah thereupon immediately sends a regular ambassador to Tiflis, to congratulate and welcome the new Governor-General, never omitting at the same time to invest him with the Persian Order of the Sun.

At noon on the same day we all assembled in the large hall of the Governor-General's palace. In the open space outside the building, the troops were drawn up with their bands of music. On the arrival of the ambassador, the Governor-General received him at the door of the hall, which was filled with general officers and an assemblage of Georgian grandees. The Persian was tall and thin, but muscular, with sharply chiselled features; his dark brown face, and tall black cap, contrasted strongly with his long, flowing, snow-white dress: he spoke French fluently, and maintained a dignified and easy demeanour. On this occasion I made the acquaintance of a number of Russian officers, who communicated to me many interesting particulars.

The Russian army in Transcaucasia, independent of that division opposed to the mountaineers, has a different position from that in Russia Proper. For many years past it has been merely an army occupying a conquered country. The entire administration, as I have observed, is upon a military footing; the country groans under this system, but the army, and especially the officers, adhere to it resolutely, their interest being too much implicated in its maintenance. I have already said that, opposed to this interest, Baron von Hahn's project must of necessity fail. In addition to all this, many political causes, arising out of the state of things we have noticed, tend to maintain the permanence of the present system. Whether Prince Woronzow, by his personal influence, proud independence, and energy, united to high European cultivation, will succeed in effecting an entirely new organisation, or even a partial reform, by eradicating the most glaring abuses, time alone will show.

The position and life of the Russian army here resembles that of the Roman legions, stationed in the frontier countries and exposed to the incursive attacks of their enemies. The soldiers are early trained to every kind of labour, especially of a rural description, and mostly for the benefit of the officers. The Emperor, on being informed of the abuses which had arisen from this system, has in many instances in person abolished and punished them with inflexible severity. An anecdote is told, that on one occasion in Tiflis, in face of the troops, he degraded General Dadien for some such cause; the General, overwhelmed and humbled, merely said, "Czar, thou art just!"

It was with considerable reluctance that the Emperor allowed the soldiers to be employed on public works, such as the construction of high-roads and building of bridges, an object of primary importance in this country: up to the present day there is actually no carriage-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea! And yet the labour such works require would in no degree be demoralising, but rather beneficial, to the soldiers, who would doubtless receive wages for their labour. This is the more strange, as no other day-labourers are to be obtained, even at high wages.

I found here, as well as in the military colonies, companies of workmen in the regiments. In consequence of the great dearth of artisans, the soldiers are instructed and employed in all kinds of handicraft. To the great advantage of the public, every description of furniture and implement is solidly made, and complete manufactories of carriages and musical instruments exist here. The proceeds of all sales are paid into the regimental chest, which is under the immediate control of the soldiers. The chief portion of each man's earnings is given to himself, and the rest goes to the support of his comrades. Soldiers, after having served their time, have thus returned to their homes with as much as a thousand roubles. Nowhere are the Russian soldiers less harrassed with drill than here. Marriage is not only allowed, but even encouraged among them, and the married men are the best off, their wives being able to earn much by washing, sewing, etc., which all goes into the regimental chest. The married soldiers seldom return to their homes, but generally settle in these colonies, which are praised as models of order and prosperity:

each regiment has its own, in which the men belonging to it, on receiving their discharge, have the option of settling. The soldier who settles here may claim, if he has a wife and children in his own country, to have them brought hither at the public expense; his brothers and sisters are also allowed the same privilege.

Of all the early Governor-Generals who ruled here, no one lives so strongly in the recollection of the soldiers, and of the people at large, as General Jermalow. Anecdotes and traits of his character are on the lips of every one, but his memory is most cherished by the independent mountaineers, from a feeling that they received at his hands impartial justice. Every one who had any cause of complaint repaired directly to the General, who assisted him whenever he was able. Nevertheless, his discipline was inflexibly strict: if any village, or any inhabitant of one, did a wrong or committed a robbery, the General immediately ordered a space to be cleared near the church or sanctuary, a gallows to be erected upon it, and the guilty persons were without more ado hanged. Even in the enemy's country, among the Circassians, similar spots are still seen. Whenever any considerable robbery took place, and the thief could not be discovered, the Governor instantly ordered the village, or the whole district upon which the suspicion rested of being the home of the guilty person, to be summoned, and to make good the loss. This system worked so well, that reports of robbery or theft became very rare.

Until the time of Jermalow, there were not the slightest traces of attachment to the Russian Government. Russia prohibited the traffic in slaves; she introduced at least the basis of a legal status, and restricted in some degree the licentiousness of the princes and nobles. All this was little pleasing to the Georgians; hatred and animosity were excited against the Russians, although all sensible men must have clearly seen that the latter alone had the power of affording protection against the hostile incursions of the Turks, Persians, and Lesghis. Jermalow aroused the warlike spirit of the people, who, accustomed to an adventurous life by early and continual wars, had been compelled, during the first period of the Russian dominion, to remain quiet. He directed this martial spirit against the mountain population, and introduced a military organisation among the Georgians. At the same time he was actively engaged in reforming the internal affairs of the country, and the ukase issued October 8th, 1721, sufficiently attests his efforts to raise the state of its commerce.

General Arnep, who commanded the south Lesghian frontier in 1840, enjoyed a similar reputation, and as long as he was in this country scarcely a drop of blood was shed. His character for justice stood so high that the tribes all around, and even the mountain robbers, flocked to him on all occasions for his judgment.

I heard in society an anecdote of an officer, Herr von Turnau, who shortly before had been liberated from imprisonment among the Circassians. His sufferings had been very severe: the Circassians put him in heavy irons, and upon his complaining of this treatment, said to him, "If you were a woman, we should give you to our wives to guard; but you are a man, and a brave man, and what man will endure slavery except in chains?" What grand words and what a lofty spirit—worthy of antiquity! But no people meet with good treatment from the Circassians; even the Poles, who went over to join them, were received as slaves. Mr. Bell, the Englishman, who resided a long time in Circassia, was at first held in high honour; but when the Circassians saw that the promises of assistance from England which he held out were not likely to be fulfilled, he was regarded almost as a traitor or spy, and congratulated himself at last on escaping alive.

My coachman, a German colonist, told me that he had frequently been on trading visits to the Circassians, who were particularly friendly to honest Germans, and had never done him any harm. They often told him that they knew well enough the Czar at St. Petersburgh had personally good intentions towards them; but that the Russian officers and soldiers did them all the injury in their power, and such offences they could endure still less than robbery and oppression. They would gladly and frequently visit the Russian dominions, especially for purposes of trade; but that on reaching the Russian frontier they would assuredly be stripped of their weapons, not being allowed to pass the line with arms in their hands; and frequently, on their return, instead of receiving back their own weapons, which they perhaps inherited and prized above everything, worthless ones would be given them as in mockery, and if they complained they most likely received a flogging, which, they said, no man could bear!

In Mingrelia, Georgia, and Immiritia travelling is tolerably secure, and little is heard of robbery; but as soon as the Tartar population commences, robberies are numerous: it is not safe to venture far from Tiflis without being armed to the teeth. In the absence of historical tradition the people delight in recounting tales of robbery, which sound like the last echoes of the heroic age,[1] and often breathe a proud and chival-

[1] The old castles, towers, and fortifications which are met with in all parts of this country give ample proof of this heroic age. They go down to the eighteenth century, when the struggles with the Turks and Persians everywhere called forth and exercised an heroic spirit. The people have kept in remembrance many individual traits; but there are few accounts of it in writing. It would be interesting to collect all these traditions before they pass into oblivion and are lost. I shall here relate one of these stories, taken from the lips of the common people, which my friend Count S—— related to me.

The Turkish pashalik of Akhalsik, before its capture by the Russians in 1828, had been for a long period hereditary in a family originally driven from Georgia. The Pasha was a powerful feudal prince, almost independent of the Sultan. The orders from Constantinople were so little respected, that the Taman, for instance, respecting the dissolution of the Janissaries, was never published there, and consequently the latter still subsisted. The family, as I have said, came from Georgia. As early as the twelfth century the family of Botso-jakheli was renowned under the Georgian sovereignty, with the title of an Atabey; they ruled the district of Zemo-Kartli, where they resided in their old rock castle of Jwari-Tsekla. They had continual feuds and petty warfare with the neighbouring Turks. In the beginning of the sixteenth century lived the Atabey Konar-kuaré, a dreaded hero. In his town of Samlokhé was a merchant, who traded with the Turkish town of Shaki. It happened that he fell out with a merchant of that place, who, with his people, waylaid him on his return home, threw him down, and robbed him, in spite of the Christian threatening him with the vengeance of his lord the Atabey. "If your mighty lord is not a coward," was the reply, "let him come, and, if he can, nail me by the ear to a shop in the bazaar!" The Georgian merchant laid his complaint before the Atabey, but the latter stroked his moustaches, suppressed for the moment his rising rage, stopped the complainant short and dismissed him. The same night, however, he mustered five hundred of his boldest horsemen, dashed across the Kur at Gandja, and fell upon Shaki so suddenly as to render resistance

rous spirit, testifying to the ancient nobility of character of this people. The following story of the robber Arsen may serve as an example.

Arsen was a dushantschik, or shopkeeper, in Tiflis, and had the reputation of being a quiet, well-behaved man. He fell in love with the daughter of a bondman of Prince Baratow, who, however, would not consent to the marriage; he, therefore, resolved to purchase the freedom of the girl. Arsen worked hard for another year, and earned the sum demanded: but the Prince made fresh objections and conditions, whereupon Arsen mounted the best steed in the Prince's stable, by night, and rode off with the girl to the mountains. He was, however, betrayed, arrested and thrown into prison. On his release, at the expiration of his imprisonment, he found that his beloved had been married by the Prince to another person. Arsen left the town, went to the mountains, and turned robber; although alone, the whole neighbourhood of Tiflis was rendered unsafe by his daring exploits. Many are the tales related of his proud but generous character: his audacity, obstinate bravery, and gigantic strength were sufficient to disarm any resistance; his name was a terror to the country around. On one occasion he attacked and disarmed a merchant who was travelling with a considerable sum of money: the latter begged for his life—Arsen merely desired him to go to a certain place, and pay for him four roubles which he owed there. A price was set upon his head, but for a long time no one dared to attempt the capture. At last one of his kinsmen was tempted by the reward: he enticed the robber to his house, under pretext of talking over some family matters. Arsen's sharska (sword) was hung up on the wall: the host plied him with drink. "Who is that sneaking outside your house?" said Arsen. The host grew pale. "Treachery!" exclaimed Arsen, and rushing out unarmed, he flung himself upon his horse, which stood fastened to the door, and rode off at a furious pace. The balls whistled around him, he and his steed were wounded, but he escaped. From that day his kinsman lived in concealment, in fear of his life, and only ventured to sleep when protected by the presence of others.

Soon after this adventure came the day of the famous pilgrimage to Martkuphi. Arsen suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembled thousands; to at least half the multitude he was personally known, but no one appeared to notice him. Prince Orbelian was there with his family; Arsen went up to him and asked for a draught of wine. The Prince handed it to him. "Do you know me?" said Arsen. "Yes, to be sure; you are Arsen," was the reply. "Tell that man," said Arsen, pointing to an officer, "to give me his sword." "Tell him yourself," answered the Prince. The officer indignantly refused to comply with the demand, but the Prince stepping up to him, whispered a word in his ear, upon which he instantly handed his sword to Arsen.

Shortly after, Arsen, half intoxicated, again went up to Prince Orbelian and said, "I have taken a fancy to your pistols; give them to me." The Prince cocked a pistol and presented it at Arsen, saying, "Take them!" Arsen advanced; the young Princess, throwing herself into the Prince's arms, exclaimed, "Do not shed blood on so holy a day as this!" Thereupon Arsen went up to the Princess, and said: "You have saved my life, permit me to kiss the hem of your garment and your hand!" In an instant after he disappeared in the crowd. The following day Arsen returned the sword, with this line, "On so holy a day man ought to commit no injustice."

At length Arsen fell in single combat. He was sitting one day with some comrades by the roadside, in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, when an Immiritian nobleman with an attendant rode up to him. Arsen invited him to breakfast, but the latter declined, alleging that he had business to transact in haste with the authorities, which rendered it impossible for him to stop. As he rode off, Arsen's friends said, "Do you believe his excuse? Depend on it, he is ashamed of your company, and therefore will not drink with you." In an instant Arsen flung himself on his horse, and, riding after the nobleman, pressed him to return and breakfast with him. "Nay," replied the nobleman, "since you speak in such an authoritative tone, nothing shall induce me to go." Arsen drew his sword, his antagonist did the same, and a furious combat ensued. The attendant, meanwhile, looked quietly on. The nobleman, who was already bleeding from two wounds, while Arsen was uninjured, called out to his servant, "Fellow, do you look and see your lord murdered?" whereupon the man took deliberate aim, behind Arsen's back, and shot him through the head.

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impossible. He injured no one, but merely ordered that merchant to be seized, and to be nailed by his ear to his own shop in the bazar. He then departed peaceably, amidst the exclamations of his followers, "Let not the people of Shaki ever forget the justice of the Atabey Kosr-kuard!"

In 1579 this family fell off from Georgia, having been offended, and submitted to the power of Turkey, although without renouncing Christianity. They were, however, too powerful, and were dreaded by the Turks, especially the Atabey Manutscher, a chivalrous prince. The Turks sought to put him out of the way, but his gigantic strength and wild bravery protected him against the open attacks which were attempted upon him, among other occasions, at the chase. At length, however, he believed that his fall was inevitable—probably by poison: he left his residence and retired to the forest of Akhaldaba, where no man dared venture to attack him. His followers were Muhammadans, and went to Constantinople, and the Sultan granted them the Pashalik in perpetuity: this they retained, as we have observed, until the capture of the place by the Russians, in 1823.

At a much earlier period the district of Zemo-Kartli possessed greater historical importance: in the sixteenth century it was governed by Prince David Kurapalate, or David-Dido (the Great). He subjugated Georgia and Akhatzik, and was highly honoured by the Emperor at Constantinople: his territory was in a state of prosperity during his rule. He divided the kingdom into provinces, over which he appointed an Eristacos, or chief magistrate. He had, however, no children, and when he was old these governors endeavoured to make themselves independent, and sought to take away his life. Various attempts failed; at length they resolved, at Easter, A.D. 999, to poison him with the sacramental wafer. David was informed of everything, but he was weary of life: he made a will, in which he bequeathed his kingdom to the Emperor Basilius, and then prepared himself for death. He received the communion at the altar in the church, and died there, on the spot where he lies buried.

Another anecdote, of recent times, was also related to me of a famous robber and leader of the Kurds, Sulaiman Age, who was taken by the Turks, but released, at Erivan, in 1827: the evening of that very day he, together with his father, an old man eighty years of age, and a few hundred Kurds, fell upon and plundered a caravan.

## XIV.

Georgian Nobles—Legend of St. Gregory—Journey to Martkuphi—Convent and Churches—Divine Service—Visit to Prince Guramoff—Warm Baths at Tiflis—Guilds in Persia and Georgia—Jews in Caucasia.

The Georgians are the Christian, the Circassians the Muhammadan, cavaliers of the Caucasian countries:

they stand in the same relative position as the Goths and Moors in Spain. The two other principal peoples of this country are the Armenians, the mercantile class, and the Tartars, the artisans, coachmen, waggoners, and traders of the interior.

The Armenians had originally no class of nobles; at the present time there are a few princely families,—probably descended from the ancient governors, whose office gradually became hereditary; they are recognised by Russia as of noble descent. Among the Tartars are numerous families of Begs, or Beys, who are regarded by the people with high veneration, as an indigenous class of nobles: their origin, however, is lost in obscurity.

The basis and principles of the organisation and general condition of the Georgian people bore great resemblance to those of the Germanic race, comprising a feudal constitution, perfectly analogous to the Romano-Germanic. Under this constitution, the nobles, who surrounded their king, occupied the first station in the realm. The Georgian nobleman had a purely feudal character; he regarded the sovereign as his lord and chief, whilst the inferior nobles looked up to the higher class as their lords in turn. In the same manner the peasants, though not subjected to bondage under the nobles, were liable to military and seignorial service, tribute, &c.

The Georgian nobles are divided into three classes,—the Dedebuli, the Tavadi, and the Aznauri. The Dedebuli occupy the highest rank, and may be called the sovereign nobles; according to a legend, they are descended from Karthlos, the first king, who led his family and people into this country, of which he took possession. Karthlos was one of the eight Caucasian patriarchs, the sons of Togarmah, who, according to the Bible, was the great-grandson of Japheth, the son of Noah. Those of the Dedebuli who possessed some stronghold, castle, or small province, assumed the title of Mthavar (afterwards Tavad, or chief of the land): they were the hereditary grandees of the royal court. This bore a striking resemblance to the courts which existed at an early period in Western Europe,—more so than to that of Byzantium, with which nevertheless it had manifold relations, and upon which it was at one time dependent. Many of these grandees filled offices of high importance, as the Spasalar, or chancellor of the realm, who presided over the royal council; the Abramad, or chamberlain of the exchequer; the head of the Msakhurs (life-guards),—who was the master of the ordnance and had the superintendence of the arms and ammunition; and under him were the governors of the fortresses, the general-in-chief of the mercenary troops, the lord marshal, lord high steward, lord chief justice, the Amelakhur (master of the horse), the head falconer, and the Edjib (lord chamberlain), who superintended all persons in attendance at the palace, and who, at the royal banquets, answered for the king, no one being allowed to address the sovereign personally. Lower in rank, were the lord steward, master of the table, the cup-bearer, treasurer, hospitaller, and the cross-bearer, who had the office of inviting the Catholicos and the bishops, and occasionally also of publishing the sentences passed upon criminals.

The second class of the nobility are the Tavadi, or princes, probably descended from the governors of the numerous small provinces. These offices and dignities, like those of the ancient German counts and dukes, became in course of time hereditary. When, for instance, a governor (Eristav) died, his sword, his war-horse, and his eldest son were presented to the king, who conferred the appointment upon the son, if he considered him able and worthy to fill the post, in which case he was girt with his father's sword by the head of the Msakhurs (master of the ordnance), in the king's presence. But if the sovereign deemed the son incapable of holding the office, he bestowed upon him one for which he was more competent, and the charger was led into the royal stable.

Many of these princes at the present day style themselves shortly Eristav, or Governor: thus we meet with a number of Princes Eristav, descended from distinct Tavadi families, of which, in Kartli and Kakhetia, Prince Wakhut enumerates sixty-two.

The third order of Georgian nobles are the Aznauri. Whilst the first two classes were vassals of the king, this was composed of attendants partly of the king, partly of the higher vassals, and partly of the Catholicos and patriarch. No one, however, could bear this title who did not possess a castle or a village, and who could not take the field with horsemen, horses, and tents.

Each of these three classes of nobles had their own servants, esquires, or horsemen,—military followers, who had a higher standing than the peasants, and whose rank varied according to that of the chiefs whom they served: they were called Makhuri. The peasants are called Gleks,—prisoners of war, or their descendants. The legal position of the nobles in Immiritia, Mingrelia, Georgia, and Suanetia, is the same. Not only do they intermarry exclusively among themselves, but even the several classes of them are kept distinct. The price of blood paid by them in expiation of murder is generally double that paid by the lower classes.

The proud and warlike Georgians have an aversion to trade and commerce. With a view to elevate trade, the ancient kings constituted the merchants a separate class, and bestowed on them nearly the same honour as on the lower nobles, the Aznauri. This especially favoured the Armenians, who have been established in the towns of Georgia from time immemorial. There are preserved among them royal diplomas and documents, which date back six centuries.

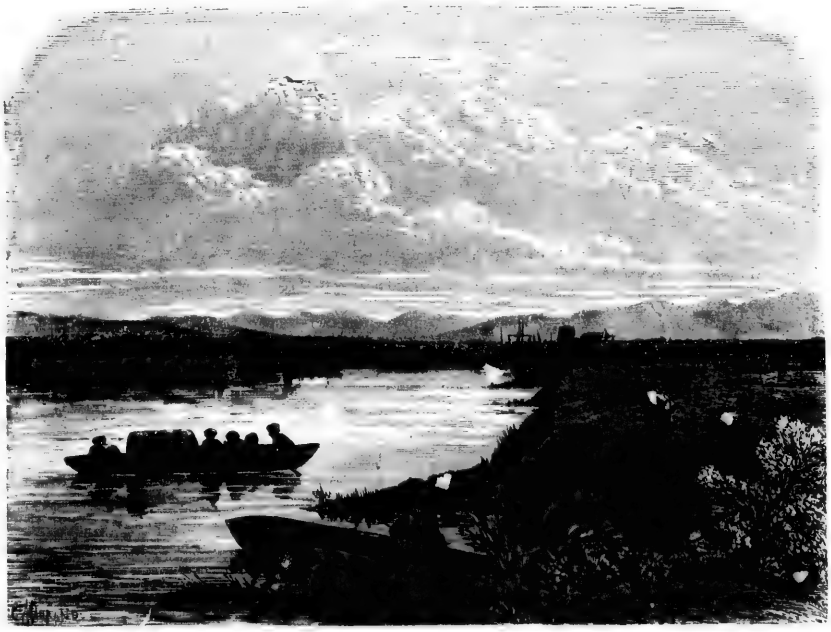
The vassals and followers, composing the military force in Georgia Proper (Kartli and Kakhetia), were ranged under four banners, in the centre of which was the royal banner of Kartalia. The nation was thoroughly martial, and the kings deemed it of primary importance to keep a considerable army in pay.

In this warlike country the Christian hierarchy was constituted in a perfectly analogous manner to the temporal feudal state, with which it was closely connected; the ecclesiastical dignitaries having similar gradations of rank to those of the temporal grandees. The Catholicos or patriarch enjoyed royal honours; next to him was the Archbishop of Dehgondid, who had the care and protection of, and the jurisdiction over, widows and orphans, the unfortunate, and the oppressed, for whom he interceded with the king. In war he bore the sacred cross at the head of the army. He, and the prelates of the thirteen convents founded by St. Gregory and his twelve apostolic followers, had the rank and honours of the Mthavars; the bishops were equal in rank with the Tavadi and Eristavs, and the priests with the Aznauri. The Mthavars and Tavadi had likewise the right of interment in the

cathedrals and abbeys, while the Aznauri were buried in the other churches. The bishops constantly followed to the wars, and administered the communion to the army previous to battle.

On New Year's Day morning the Archbishop presented to the king and queen, before their orisons, a small cross of wood or silver, the picture of a saint, a robe, and a few pieces of sugar. After the celebration of mass, the temporal lords, princes, Eristavs, and courtiers offered their presents, generally of a character appertaining to their position or office; the master of the chase, for instance, presented trained falcons, the master of the horse a richly ornamented saddle, the Eristavs chargers. All these persons appeared armed with bow and arrows. As soon as the royal pair appeared among them, they exclaimed, "God grant thee to rule for many years, and that this arrow may strike the heart of thy enemy!" Then began the banquet and amusements. The steeds which had been presented were led into the royal park, where during the night the wolves, jackals, foxes, etc., collected, and in the morning the king came forth with his grandees to hunt them.

On Easter eve, after the celebration of mass, the great banquet took place, which terminated the fast; all then repaired to the race course, where a golden or silver drinking-cup, fixed on the top of a high pole, served as a target for the young men. Then began



MOUTH OF THE PHASIS AT POTI.

the races and other sports. At the banquet, as long as the Catholicos and bishops were present, there was only singing; but as soon as they had retired, the instrumental music and dancing struck up.

Georgia, according to her own chronicles, is one of the most ancient monarchies in the world. She has maintained her internal state and constitution through successive ages, notwithstanding that externally she has been compelled to submit to the sovereignty of the great monarchies of the world, the Medes and Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, Byzantines, and lastly of the Persians and Turks. According to the chroniclers, the line of her kings commences with Karthlos, the contemporary of Abraham. The number and dates of this dynasty are lost in obscurity; to them succeeded the Nebrotides; then the Arsacides, numbering twenty-eight kings, who ruled for 566 years; and afterwards the dynasty of the twenty Khosroïdes, who governed for 454 years. In the year 575 of our era the first of the Bagratide family ascended the throne, and his successors retained the government until 1800, when they ceded it to Russia. But independent of the period of the Karthlosides, we have historical evidence that the Georgian monarchy had in 1800 existed uninterruptedly for 2245 years. No other princely family can trace back its genealogy to the ninth century of our era; the Bagratides occupied the Georgian throne in one unbroken line from the sixth century.

# MOROCCO OR MAROCCO.

## I.

## MAURETANIA, MUGHRIBU-L-AKSA.

A Land of Discord—Morocco physically contemplated—Composed of Five Great Valleys—Moors, Arabs, Berbers, Jews, and Negroes—Morocco Army—Ceuta—Other Spanish Presidios—Tetuan.

The narrow strip of land which lies between the Atlas and the sea-board of the Atlantic on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other, and which is known to Europeans as the Empire of Morocco or Marocco, has ever been the high court of turmoil and trouble;[1] as part of Numidia, Mauretania, [illegible] insurrection against Ptolemy, son of Juba, and w[illegible]duced by Claudius Cæsar, who divided the land [illegible] two prefectures, Tingitana, from Tingis, now Tangier, and Mauretania Cæsariensis, from the port of that name now in Algeria. When the Roman Empire was dismembered by the Northern hordes, Mauretania fell to the share of the Goths, in whose power it continued till the year 600, but the land of Satyrs was never doomed to know tranquillity: the Goths yielded it to the Vandals, the Vandals to the Greeks, and the Greeks, in their turn, were expelled by the Saracens.

Nor was this debatable frontier between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, the narrow strait between Europe and Africa,

> Hercules dirimente fretum.
>
> *Silius Italicus*, i. 199.

less a land of trouble under the ascendancy of the followers of the Prophet than it had been under the rule of Europeans. The dynasty of the so-called Aglabites, whose orginal seat of empire was fixed at Kairwan (the name of which is still preserved in that of a tribe, Kirrawan, pronounced Kirwan), and that of the Edrisites, or Edristes, whose capital was Fez (789-908), were both subjugated by the Fatimites, so called after the pearl-like Fatima, and who, being afterwards occupied with the conquest of Egypt, allowed the Zubeirites, or Zeirids, to usurp their western possessions (972). The latter were again succeeded by the Moravedi, or Marabuts, who rose into military consequence in A.D. 1069, under Abu Bekr, Ben Omar Lamethuna, a celebrated reformer of the Muhammadan religion, who created a sect, marked, in the first instance, by furious zeal, and which, issuing from the desert like a fiery hurricane, threatened by turns Africa and Europe. They not only, under their emir, Al Mumenim, or "Prince of the Faithful," conquered a great part of Barbary, but they even carried their arms into Spain, where they defeated the Christian forces in the great battle of Sala, A.D. 1086. But the ecclesiastical and political sway even of this enterprising sect only lasted for eighty years. In the middle of the twelfth century, they gave way before the Almohades, supposed to have been of the Berber nation. These, in their turn, became masters of Mughribu-l-Aksa, or the great empire of the west, and their princes assumed the title of Khalifs. After the lapse of a century, intestine discords laid the Almohades open to the successful inroads of rival tribes; about 1250 the Merinites seized Fez and Morocco, but made no effort to re-establish the great empire of Mughrib. Their power was overthrown by the Oatagi, or Oatasi, which circumstance gave an opportunity to a sheriff (Aulad Ali), or descendant of Muhammad, settled at Tafilet, to seize the sceptre, which he left to his family. The present sultan is of this family, which, notwithstanding frequent revolutions, and sundry acts of reprisal on the part of the European powers, has, owing to the international jealousy of those very powers, been enabled to hold its sway over a nation of bandits and pirates, with a small number of commercial centres from whence to derive a revenue, for nearly three centuries.

Contemplated in a physical point of view, Morocco is a strip of land which stretches down from the Atlas in three great terraces (Morocco itself, at the immediate foot of the mountains, being one thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea), down to the Atlantic—the Bahru-l-Dolmat, or sea of darkness. From the Straits of Gibraltar (Boghas) to the latitude of Fez, excepting the northern spur of the mountains (to judge from the bold sweeps of the rivers and the lakes), is nearly a level to the foot of Atlas. From the Sebu to the Um-r-Rebieh, the country dips considerably towards the west, and still more so from this latter river to the plain of Morocco.

With the exception of two ranges of schistose rocks with quartz, that break the uniformity of this long slope, the soil is mostly a light loam, succeeded by a rich loam, some gravel, then rich dark loam, and finally a sandy loam. "We cannot," says Captain Washington, R.N., the present hydrographer, in his geographical notice of the empire of Morocco (*Journ. of R. G. S.*, vol. i., p. 123 *et seq.*), "fail to be struck by the extraordinary capabilities of the soil; from the foot of Atlas to the shores of the Atlantic, one vast even plain. Give but direction to the waters, which are not wanting, and abundance would speedily follow. It is mortifying to see such blessings spurned by a bigoted and fanatic government—land covered with weeds that might give food to millions."

This simple configuration is, however, further interrupted here and there by rock formations, which advance down to the water's edge as at Cape Blanco, the ancient Hercules promontorium, and at Cape Cantin, ancient Usadium promontorium. On the Mediterranean, and in the province of Er Rif, the country is still more diversified; but the main features of the country may be said to be derived from a range of bulky mountains which attain an average elevation of 2,500 feet, and stretch down from the Atlas to the Straits of Gibraltar. This chain is generally known by the name of Jibal Hadid, or "Mountains of Iron," but Captain Washington has it Jibal Habid, "Beloved Mountain." (*See* p. [illegible].)

The fine central slope of territory is further marked out by its rivers, which divide it into five great valleys. These five lesser valleys may be more conveniently

[1] "Numidæque rebelles"—(Ovid). They were also vagi, fugaces, indomiti, belligeri, and feroces, with the Romans.

TAMBOURINE GIRL AND DANCER CHOOSING.

THE OUTLOOK, CHARLES E.

ELMER HESS PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

grouped into two great hydrographical basins, that of the Wad Sebu and that of [illegible] Rebieh; and these two divisions would correspond to the province of Fez and to that of Morocco. Or, according to Captain Washington, the two great rivers, the Sebu and the Um-r-Rebieh, may be viewed as dividing the country into three partitions, which would cut the said hydrographical basins in half.

The inhabitants of Morocco may be divided into five classes—Moors, Arabs, Berbers, Jews, and negroes. Xavier Darrieu estimates the population at about 8,000,000, of which, according to Captain Cave, in his introduction to Richardson's "Morocco" [illegible] are Moors and Arabs, 2,[illegible] Jews, and the remainder [illegible]

The Moors, degenerate race of [illegible] the descendants of those who were driven out of Spain when the conquest [illegible] Isabella, and the flight of Boabdil el Chico, [illegible] to the Moorish dynasty in that country. These [illegible] inhabit the towns, fill the high offices under Government, and [illegible] the military, their language [illegible] Mughrib, or occidental Arabic, intermixed with Spanish. The Moors are generally a fine looking race of men, of the middle stature, though at first sight their loose, flowing dress gives them the appearance of large men; after middle age they become corpulent, both men and women, owing to their inactive life. The characteristics of the Moor are idleness, apathy, pride, ignorance, and sensuality; though living in the most deplorable state of ignorance, they look with contempt on all others, terming them barbarians. Their bigotry, too, is excessive, and as to their sensuality, it knows no bounds. The day is usually lounged away in idleness, except for the [illegible] Lab el-Barud [illegible] rally, playing [illegible] charging at full gallop, firing their guns, and stopping short. The pride of the Moor is in his horse. With all their [illegible] they possess the usual virtues inculcated by [illegible] religion, hospitality, and fortitude under adversity and misfortune.

The Arabs, like the Moors, originally from the east, overspread the plains, living in tents usually pitched in a circle, hence called duwars, or douars, by the French, and following a nomadic pastoral, and predatory life. When the soil is unproductive, the herbage scanty, or their tents so full of fleas and vermin that they can no longer rest in quiet, they decamp and seek another spot, a spring of water or a saint's tomb generally influencing the selection. The Arabs are, by virtue of their faith, hospitable, and when they promise may be trusted; but they are great thieves, and always bent on mischief. It is they who, by the excesses they have committed on the French frontier and at Ceuta, and which the Moorish government have been unable to repress, involved the latter in war with France and Spain at the same time. The Arabs are a fine hardy race, slightly made, and under the middle size; the girls, when young, are pretty, but lose all attractions as age advances, as all the domestic duties fall on them. Their language is the Koraah, or Arabic of the Koran, but much corrupted.

The Berbers—Amazigh and Sheluhs—inhabit the mountain range of Atlas; the former the north eastern part, as far as to the province of Tedla, the latter thence to the south-west. They live chiefly in villages of houses built of stones and mud, with slate [illegible] occasionally in tents, and even in caves: their [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] men, yet they [illegible] cultivate the [illegible] Their [illegible] them [illegible] than [illegible] the plains. [illegible] the [illegible] of the country [illegible] the [illegible] the Moors [illegible] has long been a disputed point, whether [illegible] speak the same language [illegible] language. Jackson [illegible] Morocco, and spoke the [illegible] declares [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible]

The Jews [illegible] and [illegible] trades-men, and the [illegible] through which all commercial business is carried on with Europeans, they are also obliged to submit to the most menial offices, as servants, porters, and scavengers. They are obliged to live in a particular quarter of the town, and they are despised and insulted by the Moors, whom they [illegible] on all occasions. They have no redress, [illegible] mit to be beaten, struck, nay, to be stoned by a M[illegible] child, against whom, if a Jew lift [illegible] he will [illegible] passing a [illegible] take off his slippers [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] these [illegible] celebrity [illegible] have [illegible] day, however, [illegible] Emperor [illegible] about thirty [illegible] thousand [illegible] Abeed-Sidi-

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grouped into two great hydrographical basins, that of the Wad Sebu and that of the Wad Um-r-Rebieh; and these two divisions would correspond to the province of Fez and to that of Morocco. Or, according to Captain Washington, the two great rivers, the Sebu and the Um-r-Rebieh, may be viewed as dividing the country into three partitions, which would cut the said hydrographical basins in half.

The inhabitants of Morocco may be divided into five classes—Moors, Arabs, Berbers, Jews, and negroes. Xavier Darrieu estimates the population at about 8,000,000, of which, according to Captain Cave, in his introduction to Richardson's "Morocco," 4,000,000 are Moors and Arabs, 2,000,000 Berbers, 500,000 Jews, and the remainder negroes.

The Moors, degenerate race of noble ancestors, are the descendants of those who were driven out of Spain when the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and the flight of Boabdil el Chico, put an end to the Moorish dynasty in that country. These chiefly inhabit the towns, fill the high offices under Government, and form the military; their language, the Mughrib, or occidental Arabic, intermixed with Spanish. The Moors are generally a fine looking race of men, of the middle stature, though at first sight their loose, flowing dress gives them the appearance of large men; after middle age they become corpulent, both men and women, owing to their inactive life. The characteristics of the Moor are idleness, apathy, pride, ignorance, and sensuality; though living in the most deplorable state of ignorance, they look with contempt on all others, terming them barbarians. Their bigotry, too, is excessive, and as to their sensuality, it knows no bounds. The day is usually lounged away in idleness, except for the military exercise of Lab-el-Barud (literally, playing powder), which consists in charging at full gallop, firing their guns, and stopping short. The pride of the Moor is in his horse. With all their vices they possess the usual virtues inculcated by their religion, hospitality, and fortitude under adversity and misfortune.

The Arabs, like the Moors, originally from the east, overspread the plains, living in tents usually pitched in a circle, hence called duwars, or douars, by the French, and following a nomadic, pastoral, and predatory life. When the soil is unproductive, the herbage scanty, or their tents so full of fleas and vermin that they can no longer rest in quiet, they decamp and seek another spot, a spring of water or a saint's tomb generally influencing the selection. The Arabs are, by virtue of their faith, hospitable, and when they promise may be trusted; but they are great thieves, and always bent on mischief. It is they who, by the excesses they have committed on the French frontier and at Ceuta, and which the Moorish government have been unable to repress, involved the latter in war with France and Spain at the same time. The Arabs are a fine hardy race, slightly made, and under the middle size; the girls, when young, are pretty, but lose all attractions as age advances, as all the domestic duties fall on them. Their language is the Korash, or Arabic of the Koran, but much corrupted.

The Berbers—Amazigh and Shuluhs—inhabit the mountain range of Atlas; the former the north-eastern part, as far as to the province of Tedla, the latter thence to the south-west. They live chiefly in villages of houses built of stones and mud, with slate roofs, occasionally in tents, and even in caves: their chief occupation is that of huntsmen, yet they cultivate the ground and rear many bees. Their mode of life renders them more robust and active than their neighbours of the plains. They are apparently the aborigines of the country driven to the mountains by the incursions of the Moors and Arabs. It has long been a disputed point, whether the Amazigh and Shuluh speak the same language or a dialect of the same language. Jackson, who resided many years in Morocco, and spoke the occidental Arabic, or Mughrib, fluently, declares that they are not; but Captain Washington was satisfied, by further inquiry, that they were dialects of the same language. Count Graberg also speaks of the Shilah, plural Shuluh, as a branch of the Amazighs, having a dialect of their own. What Captain Washington suspected, Barth has since also established as a great ethnological fact, that the Berber is the language spoken among the Kabayil, or tribes dwelling the whole length of the mighty range of Atlas, and is, indeed, the native idiom of all Northern Africa.

The Jews of Morocco are a very numerous and serviceable body; they are the chief mechanics and tradesmen, and the medium through which all commercial business is carried on with Europeans; they are also obliged to submit to the most menial offices, as servants, porters, and scavengers. They are obliged to live in a particular quarter of the town, and they are despised and insulted by the Moors, whom they cheat in return on all occasions. They have no redress, but must submit to be abused, struck, nay, to be stoned by a Musulman child, against whom, if a Jew lift up his hand, he will infallibly lose it; if passing a mosque, he must take off his slippers; if he meet any of the Emperor's household, even the old negresses, the late imperial concubines, the Jew must doff his slippers, and stand close to the wall till they pass. Yet such persons are, or were, our official interpreters—nay, more, our consular agents; as for repeating a message on terms of equality to an emperor, or a spirited remonstrance, if necessary, they dare not for their lives.

The negroes, who are not very numerous, are slaves, and here, as in more civilised countries, are articles of traffic; yet they sometimes reach stations of great importance, and gain their freedom. The negro's character stands high for fidelity, and, as is well-known, the Sultan's body-guard, the only standing army, is chiefly composed of these. This body-guard, which is said to have reached 100,000 under Mulai Ishmael, was not above 5,000 strong when Captain Washington visited Morocco in 1829-30. These soldiers all carry long muskets, which they use with great dexterity, firing at full gallop. They are hardy, sleeping usually on the ground, without any extra covering, even in cold, wet nights.

Mr. Richardson describes the Moorish cavalry, or spahis, as being indifferently composed of Moors, Arabs, and Berbers. They are, he says, usually plainly dressed, but, beneath the burnus, many of them wear the Moorish dress, embroidered in the richest style.

But (adds Mr. Richardson) the defeat of the Emperor's eldest son, Sidi Muhammad, at the battle of Isly, who commanded upwards of forty thousand of these cavaliers, has thrown a shade over the ancient celebrity of this Moorish corps, and these proud horsemen have since become discouraged. On that fatal day, however, none of the black body-guard of the Emperor was brought into action. They muster about thirty thousand strong. This corps, or the Abeed-Sidi-

Bokhari,[1] are soldiers who possess the most cool and undaunted courage; retreat with them is never thought of. Unlike the Janissaries of old, their sole ambition is to *obey*, and not to *rule* their sovereign. This fidelity to the Shereefs remains unshaken through all the shocks of the empire, and to the person of the Emperor they are completely devoted. In a country like Morocco, of widely distinct races and hostile tribes, all naturally detesting each other, the Emperor finds in them his only safety. I cannot withhold the remark, that this body-guard places before us the character of the negro in a very favourable light. He is at once brave and faithful, the two essential ingredients in the formation and development of heroic natures.

There exists also a kind of militia system, by which the sultan's subjects are liable to be called out under certain circumstances, when they are supposed to be provided with a horse; but naturally, in case of invasion, this could not be expected to obtain in all cases, the supply being very limited.

The regular army, of which the sovereign of Morocco disposes is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, including the Black Guard, the Moorish cavalry, the artillery, which has cannon and howitzers on the new model, and some battalions of riflemen, armed with new rifles. In case of the proclamation of a holy war, the Berber tribes, including the Amazigh, the Shuluh, as well as all the other Kabayil of the distant Atlas, and even the warlike Tuwarik of the desert, swell the numbers of the enemy, by some hundreds of thousands of sober, intrepid, and enduring fanatics. The Arabs naturally take the side of their faith, and, although the Angads, or Anjads, and the Majers, or Maias, have been subjugated by the French, and the line of coast from Ceuta to Tetuan has been subjected in the late Spanish war, the Anjerah and other formidable tribes still hold the mountains of the Rif which are only accessible by sea at a single point near Cape Tres Forcas.

The Spaniards, it is to be observed, have held possession of Ceuta, a fortified port on the Mediterranean, —the Sebtah of the Moors—on the Bahru-i-Rumi, or "Sea of the Romans," and at the eastern entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, ever since 1641. Ceuta, built on a small peninsula, about three miles in length, which juts out in a north north-east direction, exactly opposite Gibraltar, is washed on three sides by the Mediterranean, and is separated on the fourth from Moorish territory by the Campo of Ceuta, a vacant space commanded by the guns of the fortress. To this Campo of Ceuta was added, by treaty in 1845, a further tract, as pasturage-ground for cattle, which had, from time immemorial, been the property of the Arab tribe of Anjerah, and which it was not in the power of any but a despotic government to alienate. Beyond this tract of pasturage is the Jebel Hadid, or the "Iron Mountain," also called Sierra Bullones, a range of hills which unite the Jebel Thatuth, or Apes Hill, the ancient Abyla, and one of the Columns of Hercules, with the Atlas, and of which, according to the ancients, the Septem Fratres formed the starting-point, beyond Abyla and Tingis, or Tangier.

[1] These trained bands of negroes call themselves *Abeed-Sidi-Bokhari*, from the patron saint whom they adopted in settling in Morocco, the celebrated Sidi-Bokhari, commentator on the Koran, and a native of Bokhara, as his name implies. His commentary is almost as much venerated as the Koran itself.

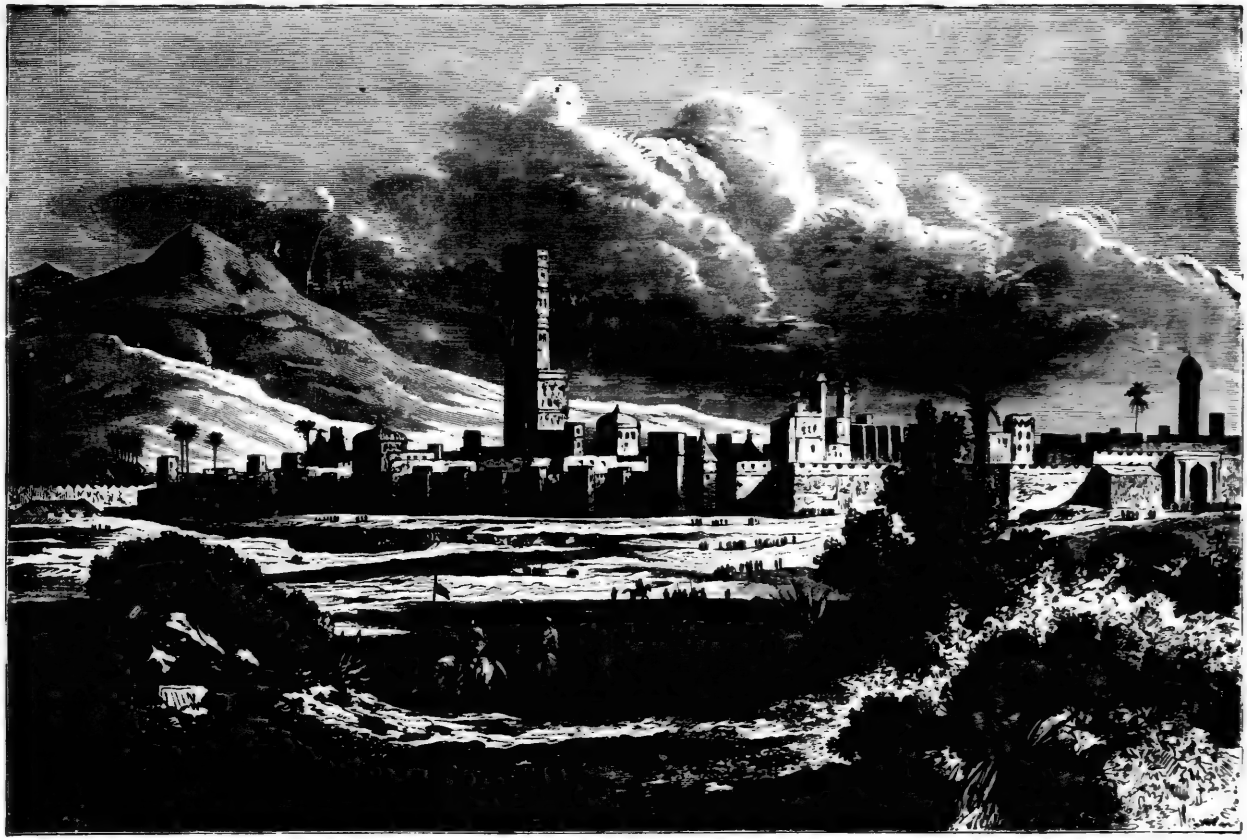
At the end of August and beginning of September last (1858), the Anjerah committed acts of aggression against the Spanish garrison of Ceuta, and removed the stones on which were carved the arms of Spain, that marked the boundary between Spanish and Moorish territory, and it was this act of primary aggression on the part of the Arabs that led to the late war.

The towns and ports on the Mediterranean aspect of Morocco are of considerable interest, but our information regarding them is very scanty, except as far as regards the presidios of Spain, or the well-known and frequented towns of Tetuan and Tangier. At the mouth of the Muluyah, or Malwia, now the frontier river, is the little town with a castle called Kalat-el-Wad, "the castle of the river," "the castellum mediocre" of Sallust. To the west of this river are Jezairu-l-Ja'farin, or islands of the Beni Jaffar, commonly known as the Zaffarines, or Jaffarines, and which belong to Spain. These islands have been recently fortified—it would appear in anticipation of events now going on.

The next Spanish possession is Melilah (Melilla of our map), a very ancient city, founded by the Carthaginians, and built near the Cape of Tres Forcas. It is said to contain a population of 3000 souls. On an isle near and joined to the mainland by a drawbridge is a Spanish convict settlement. There is an exceedingly spacious and commodious bay to the east. Alhucemos is another small island and presidio of the Spaniards, and contains 500 to 600 inhabitants. It commands the bay of same name, and is at the mouth of a river. Penon de Veles is the third presidio island; it is on a rock, and commands a very strong position at the mouth of the River Ghomarah, where was the ancient city Parietina, known to the Spaniards as Velez de la Gomera. Beyond are the small ports of Gellis, and the fishing-town of Tegaza, said to contain a thousand souls.

Richardson says of the provinces of Rif (Er Rif of our map), and Garet, which contain these maritime towns, that they are "rich and highly cultivated, but inhabited by a warlike and semi-barbarous race of Berbers, over whom the Emperor exercises an extremely precarious authority. Among these tribes Abd-el-Kader sought refuge and support when he was obliged to retire from Algeria, and where he defied all the power of the imperial government for several months. Had the emir chosen, he could have remained in Rif till this time; but he determined to try his strength in a pitched battle, which should decide his fate.

The savage Rifians assemble for barter and trade on market days, which are occasions of fierce and incessant quarrels among themselves, when it is not unusual for two or three persons to be left dead on the spot. Should any unfortunate vessel strike on these coasts, the crew find themselves in the hands of inhuman wreckers. No European traveller has ever visited these provinces, and we may state positively that journeying here is more dangerous than in the farthest wastes of Sahara. Spanish renegades, however, are found among them, who have escaped from the presidios, or penal settlements. The Rif country is full of mines, and is bounded south by one of the lesser chains of the Atlas running parallel with the coast. Forests of cork clothe the mountain slopes; the Berbers graze their herds and flocks in the deep green valleys, and export quantities of skins.



CITY OF MOROCCO.

Tetuan (Tetawin, Eyes, plural of the Berber word Tit) is the most central point from which to control the piracy of the Rifians. The town is built on the declivity of a hill, about half a mile from a small river (Martel, or Martin), which falls into the Mediterranean five miles from the town. The mouth of the river forms a harbour for vessels of middling size. Tetuan carries on a considerable commerce with Gibraltar, Spain, France, and Italy, exporting wool, barley, wax, leather, hides, cattle, mules, and fruit, of which latter the valley of the Martel produces abundance of the finest quality. It is a very ancient city, and was called by the Romans Tetuanum. The houses are good, but the streets are exceedingly narrow. The castle is built higher on the hill, so that it has full command over the town. The population has been variously estimated, one account fixing it at 16,000, and another at 40,000. Mr. Richardson amusingly enough values the population at from 9,000 to 12,000 souls, "including, besides Moors and Arabs, 4,000 Jews, 2,000 negroes, and 8,000 Berbers." The latter alone would make 14,000, without Moors and Arabs.

## II.

Tangier and Tingis—Labours of Hercules—Fable of Antæus—An English Port in the Time of Charles II.—Description of the Tower and Castle—Its chief Mosque—Labours of the Anti-Slavery Society—Bombardment by the French—Anecdote of a Moorish Emperor—Cupidity of the Moors—British Commercial Acuteness—Street Minstrels—Anecdotes of European Consuls—Degradation of High Functionaries—The Cicerone of the English.

If any one wishes to pass at once from European civilisation to oriental barbarism, he has only to cross the strait from Gibraltar to Tangier, a distance not exceeding that between Dover and Calais, and his desires will in every way be gratified. Expelled for now more than two centuries from the rich lands which they had usurped from the Saracens in Europe, the Moors have ever since, with Berbers in the mountains, Arabs on their pastures, and Jews in their ports, held to that narrow strip of land which is known among themselves as Mughribu l'akss, or western Mughrib, to distinguish it from Algeria, or Mughribu l'aussat of "the east," and they have there perpetuated those evils and upheld that form of civilisation which has ever been declining when not stationary; a state of things which is inseparable from a religion which discourages knowledge and intercommunication, and a government which discards liberty and enlightenment.

Situated as this port and stronghold of the Moors is, like Gibraltar at the narrowest part of the strait, it has been a place of more or less importance from remote antiquity. The Tingis or Tiggis of the Greeks and Romans, it gave its name to the province of Tingitana in Mauretania, and Pliny ascribes its foundation to Antæus—that Lybian giant, son of Neptune and Terra, who boasted that he would erect a temple to his father with the sculls of his antagonists, but who was overthrown by Hercules—it is to be supposed at the time when that great civiliser of antiquity ended his labours by opening the gates of the Atlantic to olden navigation.

Tingis was raised by Augustus to the rank of a free city, and, in the time of Claudius Cæsar, became a Roman colony, and was some time known by the name of Julia Traducta, and of Cæsarea. Of its subsequent fortunes or misfortunes we know little till it was conquered by the Saracens.

The Moors call the place Tanjah, "amidst vines," and they relate that Benhad Sahab El Alem, who built it, also surrounded it with walls of metal, and constructed its houses of gold and silver. And it remained in this prosperous condition until destroyed by some Berber kings, who carried away all its treasures.

Not only did the Phoenicians, in whose times the "Straits" were known as the "fretum Gaditanum," Romans, Goths, and Arabs successively effect the conquest of this threshold of Europe and Africa, but it was long a bone of eager contention between the Moors and Portuguese. In 1471, Alonzo, King of Portugal, took it from the Moors; and in 1662, it came into the hands of the English, as part of the dowry of Catherine, queen of Charles II., but it was evacuated in 1684, on account of the expense.

Old Tangier (Tanjah-baliya) is situated about four miles east of the present town, near a little river called Khalk, or Tingia, and which is partly spanned over by the remains of a once finely-built Roman bridge. Here was likewise an artificial port, where the Roman galleys retired; and Lemprière tells us, that before the mouth of the Tingis was choked up with sand-banks, the Emperor used to winter his ships at its mouth. The old bridge does not appear to have broken down with time, but to have been wilfully destroyed by the Moors. Count Grabert estimates the population of Tangier at 10,000, including 2,500 Jews, 1,400 negroes, 300 Berbers, and about 100 Christians.

The town occupies a very small space of ground, being built upon an eminence "which appears to rise out of the sea" (son of Neptune and Terra!) and is surrounded by a wall. The land for a small distance round is laid out into vineyards, orchards, and cornfields, beyond which are tracts of sand, with lofty and barren hills. The houses are also described as being in general mean and ill furnished, the roofs quite flat, both these and the walls white-washed, and all the apartments in ground floor, as there is no second story. Contrary to the usual custom in Barbary, the Moors and Jews live intermixed at Tangier. The Jews also, instead of going bare-footed by compulsion, as at Morocco, are only required to do it when passing a street where there is a mosque or a sanctuary.

The foreign consuls, except the French, who had a residence at Salee, all resided at that time at Tangier. Before the reign of the preceding emperor Sidi Muhammad, they were allowed to live at Tetuan (Tetawin, "eyes"), a town greatly preferable to Tangier for the beauty of the adjacent country. A singular circumstance occasioned the expulsion of the Christians from that place. An European gentleman was amusing himself with shooting birds in the vicinity of the town, when he accidentally wounded an old Moorish woman. Upon this the Emperor swore by his beard that no Christian should ever again enter the town of Tetuan. The consuls indemnified themselves as far as possible for this change by erecting country-houses in which they for the most part dwelt, in enjoying there such amusements as the country affords, and which, as far as shooting, fishing, gardening, and the pursuits of natural history are concerned, are by no means despicable.

Captain Washington describes Tangier in 1831 as

situated on a steep acclivity, rising at once from the beach and presenting its eastern and not unpleasing aspect to a bay about three miles wide. It was surrounded by mouldering walls, round and square towers every sixty paces, and three strong gates. Its defences towards the sea were two batteries, one above the other on the south side of the sea-gate. Directly in front of the landing place, high on the wall, were about twelve guns; to the north, in a circular battery commanding the bay, about twenty guns of all calibres, mounted on clumsy Moorish carriages, which would not stand fire for ten minutes; crowning all, to the north, was an old and extensive castle—Al Kasbah—and the residence of the Governor. It was in ruins in Lemprière's time (1789), and at the time it was visited by Washington, ruined walls and a ditch were its only defences on the land side.

The streets, except the main street which crosses the town irregularly from the sea to the land-gate, are narrow and crooked. The low houses with flat tops have been relieved in more recent times by the loftier houses of the consuls. In an open space above the middle of the main street there is a vegetable and fruit market. But the principal market, Suk-el-wahad, is held on Sunday (this, we believe, is now changed to Thursday), outside the western gate, and is well supplied with meat, poultry, game, vegetables, dates, fruit, &c. The Jamma Kibir, or Great Mosque, is large and rather handsome. Its sma, as minarets or towers are called in Morocco, placed at the north-west angle, are lofty and wrought in coloured tesellated work, as is also the pavement of the mosque, round which stands a colonnade of low pillars, with a fountain in the centre. Mr. Borrow said of its minarets that they looked like the offspring of the celebrated Giralda of Seville. M. F. Schinkler describes one minaret as being red, and the other green.

The Catholics have a convent in Tangier, and a church within it, to which are attached some half-a-dozen monks. There is no Protestant church, but Mr. Hay used to read service in the British consulate, to which he invited all the Protestant residents. The Jews have three or four small synagogues.

From the terrace of the Swedish consul's house there is an extensive and pleasing view over the town of Tangier and its bay; the distant peaks of the lesser Atlas in the south-east; and to the north, across the dark blue waters of the Straits, the coast of Spain, from the memorable Cape Trafalgar to the rock of Gibraltar.

When Richardson, the traveller who perished in Sudan, crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier, "the city protected of the Lord," as he terms it in Oriental phraseology, appeared, on coming on deck in the morning, in all its North African lineaments, white and bright, shining square masses of masonry, domes of fair and modest santos, and the heaven-pointing minarets; here and there a graceful palm, a dark olive, or the dark musky kharub, and all defined sharply and clearly in the goodly prospect.

The Prince de Joinville was going to open Morocco, as we are going to open China, but the bullets and shot which his royal highness showered upon Tangier and Mogador only closed faster the approaches and waters of this well-guarded empire—only more hermetically sealed the capitals of Fez and Morocco against the prying or morbid curiosity of the tourist, or the mappings and measurings of the political spy.

A striking anecdote, illustrating the exclusive policy of the Moroccan court, is familiar to all who have read the history of the Moorish sultans. Years ago, a European squadron threatened to bombard Tangier unless their demands were instantly satisfied, and the then reigning Sultan sent down from Fez this imperial message—

"How much will the enemy give me if I, myself, burn to ashes my well-beloved city of Tangier? Tell the enemy, O governor of the mighty city of Tangier, that I can reduce this self-same city to a heap of smoking ruins at a much cheaper rate than he can, with all his ships, his warlike machines, and his fighting men."

Cupidity is the characteristic of most Orientals, but of none more than of the Moors, from the poor who bury their money, to the sultans who hoard it in palaces. When Mr. Richardson, as the envoy of the Abolition Society, wanted to present his address to the Sultan, he made inquiry of a man with a sanctified name—Sidi Ali—as to the best means of proceeding:

*Traveller.*—"Sidi Ali, what can I do to impress Mulaï Abderrahman in my favour?"

*Sidi Ali.*—"Money!"

*Traveller.*—"But will the Emir of the Sherifs accept of money from us Christians?"

*Sidi Ali.*—"Money!"

*Traveller.*—"What am I to give the minister, Ben Dris, to get his favour?"

*Sidi Ali.*—"Money!"

*Traveller.*—"Can I travel in safety to Morocco?"

*Sidi Ali.*—"Money!"

The importance of Tangier to Gibraltar is well known; not only is there a considerable inlet there for British goods to the interior of Morocco, and of the countries beyond, but the garrison of Gibraltar almost depends for its supplies upon the vast pastures and fertile lands of Morocco, the produce of which is shipped at Tangier. So vital is the connection between Abyla and Calpe, that, on the occasion of the late Spanish invasion, the British government would have made the permanent occupation of Tangier a *casus belli*. Although we cannot hold the place ourselves, and the French declare that "the question of Algeria cannot be confined within the limit of the French possessions" (*Souvenir d'un Voyage du Maroc*, par M. Rey, Paris), still it is manifest, that Great Britain will not willingly allow of the occupation of this important site by any other civilised power.

Very amusing stories are told by the masters of the small craft, who transport the bullocks from hence to Gibraltar. The government of that place are only allowed to export, at a low duty, per annum a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over, and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue ensues:—

*Agent of Contractor.*—"Count away!"

*Captain of the Port.*—"One, two, three," &c., "thirty, forty. Ah! stop, stop. Too many."

*Agent of Contractor.*—"No, you fool! there are only thirty."

*Captain of the Port.*—"You lie! there are forty."

*Agent of Contractor.*—"Only thirty, I tell you," (putting three or four dollars into his hand).

*Captain of the Port.*—"Well, well, there are only thirty."

The dreary monotony of Moorish life is described by a traveller as one day broken into by a juvenile strolling

singer, who attracted a crowd of silent and attentive listeners. It was a grateful sight to see old men, with long and silvery beards, reclining in mute and serious attention; young men lounging in the pride and consciousness of animal strength; little children intermixed, but without prattle or merriment—all fixed and fascinated with the charm of vocal song. The vocalist himself was a picturesque object: his face was burnt black with Afric's sun, his bare head was wildly covered with long, black matted, and curly hair, but his eye was soft and serene; and, as he stretched his throat upwards to give compass to his voice, he seemed as if he would catch inspiration from the Prophet in Heaven. A coarse brown blanket enveloped his spare and way-worn body, his only clothing and shelter from the heat by day and the cold by night, a fold of which fell upon his naked feet.

The voice of the Arab vocalist was extremely plaintive, even to the tones and inflections of distress, and the burden of his song was of religion and of love—two sentiments which all pure minds delight to combine. When he stopped a moment to take breath, a murmur of applause vibrated through the still air of the evening, not indeed for the youth, but for God![1] for it was a prayer of the artless and enraptured bystanders, invoking Allah to bless the singing lad, and also to bless them, while ascribing all praise to the Deity. This devout scene raised the Moors greatly in my estimation. I thought men could not be barbarians, or even a jealous or vindictive race, who were charmed with such simple melody of sounds, and with sentiments so pure and true to nature.

The Arab youth sang—

Oh, there's none but the One God!
I'll journey over the Desert far
To seek my love the fairest of maidens;
The camels moan loudly to carry me thither,
Gainly are they, and fleeter than the swift-legged ostrich.
Oh, there's none but One God!
What though the Desert wind slay me;
What of it? death is from God.
And woe to me! I cannot repine.
But I'll away to the abode of my love,
I'll embrace her with all my strength,
I'll bear her back thence, and rest her on my couch.
Oh, there's none but the One God!

so sang in plaintive accents the youth, until the last ray of the sun lingered on the minaret's tops, when by the louder and authoritative voice of the Muezin calling the Faithful to prayers, this crowd of the worshippers of song and vocal harmony was dispersed to meet again, and forthwith chant a more solemn strain. The poor lad of the streets and highways went into the mosque along with his motley group of admirers: and all blended their voices and devotion together in prayer and adoration, lowly and in profound prostration, before the Great Allah.

Many curious anecdotes are current respecting the consuls and Moorish government. A Spanish consul once took it into his head to strike his flag and leave Tangier. Whilst he was gone, the Emperor ordered all the Jews to go and take possession of his house and live in it, as a degradation. The consular house was soon crammed with dirty Jews, whose vermin and filth rendered the house untenantable until it had undergone a thorough repair and cleansing. Sometimes the Emperor shows a great affection for a particular consular family. The family of the Portuguese consul were great favourites. During the war of succession in Portugal, the Portuguese consul contracted debts in Tangier, not being able to get his salary amidst the strife of parties. The Moors complained to the Emperor of the consul's debts. Muley Abd Erahman, though a thorough miser himself, paid the consul's debts, alleging as a reason, "The consul was a friend of my ancestors, and he shall be my friend." The Portuguese government wished to remove this consul on account of his alleged Miguelite propensities, but the Emperor threatened, if they did, that he would not receive another.

A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Shereefian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manœuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the Emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered; and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back. These worthies replied, "Oh dear, no! it is of no consequence, the Emperor says, he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the King of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of Shereefs for his extreme condescension in accepting two shiploads of sulphur instead of one.

There are occasional communications between Tangier and Tarifa, in Spain, but they are very frequent with Gibraltar. A vast quantity of European merchandise is imported here from Gibraltar for Fez and the north of Morocco.

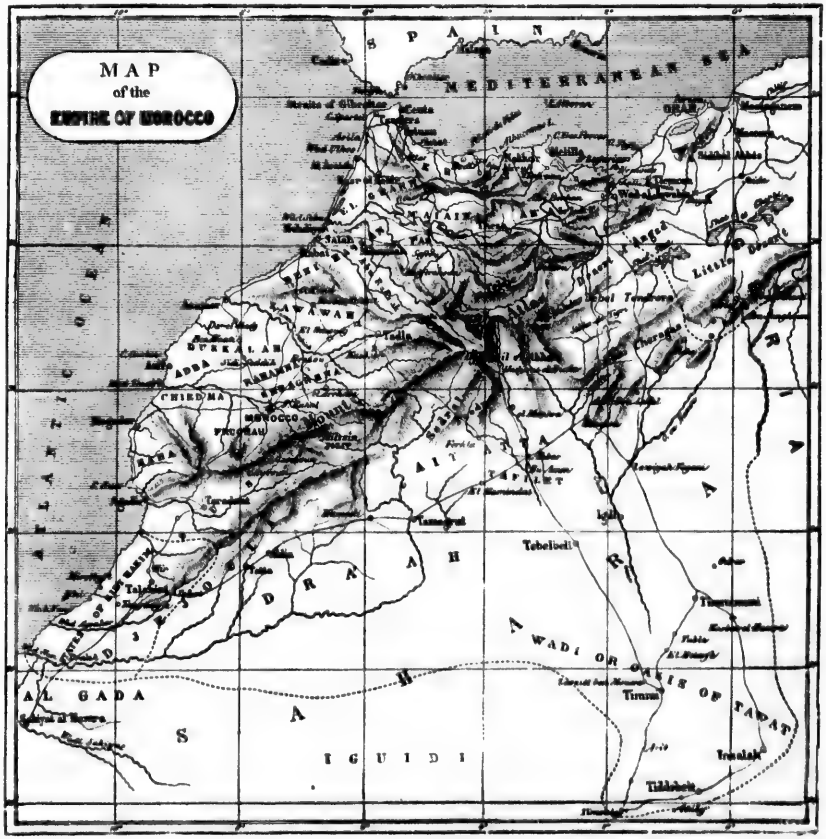
All the postal and despatch business also comes through Tangier, which has privileges that few or no other Maroquine cities possess. The emperors, indeed, have been wont to call it "the City of Christians." In the environs there is at times a good deal of game, and the European residents go out to shoot as in other countries to take a walk. The principal game is the partridge and hare, and the grand sport the wild boar. Our officers of the Gibraltar garrison come over for shooting; but quackery and humbug exist in everything. A young man has just arrived from Gibraltar, who had been previously six weeks on his passage from Holland to that place, with his legs fixed in a pair of three-league boots. He says he has come from Holland on purpose to sport and hunt in Morocco. Several of the consuls, when they go out sporting, metamorphose themselves into veteran Numidian sportsmen. You would imagine they were going to hunt lions for months in the ravines of the Atlas, whereas it is only to shoot a stray partridge or a limping hare, or perchance they may meet with a boar. And this they do for a couple of days, or twenty-four hours, sleeping during the night very snugly under tents, and fed and feasted with milk, fowls, and sheep by the Arabs.

Morocco, like all despotic countries, furnishes some severe examples of the degrading of high functionaries. There is an old man, Sidi-el-Artz-es-Said, living there, who is a marked victim of imperial tyranny. Some years ago the emperor despoiled him of all his wealth, and threw him into prison, after he had been twenty years bashaw of his district. He was in prison one year with his two sons. The object of the emperor

[1] No people understand better than the Moors the noble feeling of gratitude, contained in the words "Nos nobis Domine," &c.

was to extort the last filse of his money, and he entirely succeeded. The oppressor, however, relented a little on the death of one of his victim's sons, released him from confinement, and gave the ex-bashaw two houses, one for himself and the other for his surviving son. The old captain of the port has been no less than a dozen times in prison, under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial miser had copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again. The old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment from his imperial taskmaster.

The grand cicerone for the English at Tangier is Benoliel. He is a man of about sixty years of age, and initiated into the sublimest mysteries of the consular politics of the Shereefs. Ben is full of anecdotes of everybody and everything, from the emperor on the Shereefian throne, down to the mad and ragged dervish in the street. Our cicerone keeps a book, in whic'




the names of all his English guests have been from time to time inscribed. His visitors have been principally officers from Gibraltar, who come here for a few days' sporting. On the bombardment of Tangier, Ben left the country with other fugitives. The Moorish rabble plundered his house; and many valuables which were there concealed, pledged by persons belonging to Tangier, were carried away. Ben was therefore ruined. Some foolish people at Gibraltar told Ben that the streets of London were paved with gold, or, at any rate, that inasmuch as he (Ben) had in his time entertained so many Englishmen at his hospitable establishment at Tangier (for which, however, he was well paid), he would be sure to make his fortune by a visit to England.

Mr. Richardson met Ben accidentally in the streets of London in great distress. Some friends of the Anti-Slavery Society subscribed a small sum for him, and

sent him back to his family in Gibraltar. Poor Ben was astonished to find as much misery in the streets of our own metropolis as in any town of Morocco.

Regarding his co-religionists in England, Ben observed with bitterness, "The Jews there are no good; they are great blackguards." He was disappointed at their want of liberality, as well as their want of sympathy for Morocco Jews. Ben thought he knew everything, and the ways of this wicked world, but his visit to England convinced him he must begin the world over again. Our cicerone is very shrewd, is blessed with a good share of common sense, is by no means bigoted against Muhammadans or Christians, and is one of the most respectable of the Barbary Jews. His information on Morocco is, however, so mixed up with the marvellous, that only a person well acquainted with North Africa can distinguish the probable from the improbable, or separate the wheat from the chaff. Ben has a large family, like most of the Maroquine Jews; but the great attraction of his family is a most beautiful daughter, with a complexion of jasmine, and locks of the raven; a perfect Rachel in loveliness, proving fully the assertion of Ali Bey, and all other travellers in Morocco, that the fairest women in this country are the Jewesses. Ben is the type of many a Barbary Jew, who, to considerable intelligence, and a few grains of what may be called fair English honesty, unites the ordinarily deteriorated character of men, and especially Jews, born and brought up under oppressive governments. Ben would sell you to the emperor for a moderate price; and so would the Jewish consular agents of Morocco. A traveller in this country must, therefore, never trust a Maroquine Jew in a matter of vital importance.

## III.

Port of Arzilla—Battle Field of Portuguese and Moors—Larache or Al Araish—Al Kasr Kebir, "the Great Castle"—Great Plain of Morah—Port of Mehdiyah—Salee Rovers and Corsairs—Description of Salee—The Father of Ripples—Description of Rabat—Lofty Tower or Sma Hassan—Saints and Marabuts—British Obstinacy—Superstitions—Snake Charmers.

Between Tangier and Arzilla (Asila, good), the ancient Zilia, is a country of schistose hills, a valley with a well-known spring, Ain-ud Daliah, or the vineyard spring and village attached; then the Wad Marharr (?), composed of two streams, the second of which is called Wad-Meshra-el-Ashef, or "the healing watering-place." Beyond this is the Wad el-Ayyashah, "the life-giving stream;" and then Arzilla. These rivers are small streams in the dry season, but they present difficulties to ford in the winter. Hills about five hundred feet high, called the Dar Aklan, covered with cork oaks, wild olive, myrtle, heath and palmetto, separate the first two streams. It is curious sometimes to peruse the etymologies of old travellers. Lemprière calls this hilly forest Rabe-a-Clow, and the river Machira-la-Chef. At the head of the valley of the El Ayyashah is a rock called Al Autad (L'Ooted of Captain Washington), "the tent-pins," with blocks of stone disposed around its base, like a Celtic remain.

Beyond is Arzilla, in a champaign country. This small sea-port, which was sacked by the English in 936, was once in the possession of the Portuguese, and was at that time a place of strength; but through the indolence and caprice of the Moorish princes, its fortifications have been neglected, and its walls are rapidly decaying. The castle covers a large space of ground, and, though it has been long in a very ruinous condition, appears to have been a building erected formerly in a superior style of Moorish grandeur. The houses have a miserable appearance, and the inhabitants, who consist of about a thousand Moors and Jews, live in a state of the most abject poverty. The Arabs dwell in the villages around, more especially in the valleys of the rivers and pasture lands, in huts rudely constructed of stones, earth, and canes, covered with thatch, and enclosed with thick and high hedges, generally of aloes and prickly pear, with here and there a patch of dhurrah, or guinea-corn. This town and river were well known to the older geographers as a colony, under the various names of Zilia, Zelis, and Zili.

The lower road from Arzilla to Larache (Al Araish, "the trellises"), lies along the coast, and presents nothing remarkable. Not quite half way is the white cliff (Hafatu-l-Beida), rising to an altitude of three hundred and eight feet above the sea. The upper road passes a valley of myrtle (Fahs-ur-Rihan), a plain similarly shrub-clad, another valley with coarse herbage and sandstone boulders, known as the Camel's Neck (Rukbah Dhi-l-Jemel), to the cork-tree forest of Al Araish (Belut, Quercus Ballota). Beyond this is the valley, or Wad-el-Mashan, "the benefactor," a tributary to the Wad Ulkos. This valley is green and fertile, and well peopled with Arabs, with several kubbehs of dazzling white, and embosomed in wild olive and fig plantations. The bridge known as Al Kantarah, *par excellence*, is still in a state of good preservation. This is the scene of the great action fought between the Moors and Portuguese in 1578, in which Don Sebastian lost his life.

The Wad Ulkos (Ouad-el-Kous of the French and Portuguese), and the river of Al Araish, is a rapid yellow stream, about one hundred yards in width, but much wider at its mouth, where, according to Lemprière, it spreads out to nigh half-a mile. This river was known to the ancients as the Lix (Ptol), Lixa, Lixus, and even Linx and Lynx.

Al Araish, according to Mr. Richardson, contains a population of 2,700 Moors, and 1,300 Jews. The houses, the same traveller remarks, are substantially built; and the fortifications are good, because built by the Spaniards, who captured this place in 1610, but it was retaken by Mulai Ishmael in 1689. The climate is soft and delicious. It exports cork, wool, cotton, charcoal, skins, bark, beans, grain, and fruit, and receives in exchange iron, cloth, cottons, muslins, sugar, and tea. The Moors have become much addicted to the use of the latter beverage.

Al Araish was, indeed, once the most important commercial port on the coast, but the accumulation of alluvium and sand at the mouth of the river caused it to decline. It was bombarded by the French in 1765 for acts of piracy and insult to the national flag. The town is situated upon an easy ascent from the sea, and it possesses a fort and two batteries, said to be in tolerable repair. The streets are paved, and there is a decent market-place with stone piazzas. The agreeable windings of the river, and the gardens, orchards, and groves of palm and orange-trees, with which the town is surrounded, give to it a peculiarly pleasing appearance.

Higher up the river, and on its northern bank, is Al Kasr Kebir, or the great castle originally founded by

the renowned Al Mansur, "the victorious," who designed it as a magazine and place of rendezvous for his troops during the great preparation he was making for the conquest of Granada, and still a tolerable large and populous town, surrounded by old and ruinous walls of herring-bone brickwork and tapia, battlements, loopholes, and small square towers, fifty paces apart, and about a mile and a half in circumference. The streets are narrow, and at intervals arched across, and the houses are remarkable for having ridged roofs of tile. There were originally fifteen mosques, but few of these are now in use. The bazaar (Al Kaiseriya) contains only a few mean shops; the soks, or markets, and funduks, or inns, are deserted and lifeless. The population is about 8,000, of whom about 500 may be Jews. The town is surrounded by orchards and gardens of orange, pomegranate, and palm, in great luxuriance.

Proceeding from Al Kasr to the south-westward, or from Al Araish along the sea-shore, the great plain of Mamorah—and which is said to stretch eighty miles inland—is alike reached. At the head are the ruins of a site called Old Mamorah, with the cape designated as Mulai-abu-Sellum, i.e. Father ladder, or my Lord Bussellum. Close by is an extensive lagoon, and, beyond, a castle in ruins, now called Dar-el-Kurisi, "cold or bleak house," but said by Lemprière to be called after a Moorish noble who was put to death there. On these plains Arab villages change into Duwars, or circular encampments of from twenty to thirty tents, and there are very numerous Kubbehs: more ancient tumuli also abound. The plains, being rich in verdure, afford abundant pasturage, and trees group together naturally, so as to give them a park-like appearance.

Passing Ain-el-felfel, or pepper-spring, the traveller comes upon another and still greater lagoon, twenty miles long by one and a-half broad, and of fresh water. It is called Morshah Ras-ud Daura, or the lake or morass of the round cape, a low sandy cape on the Atlantic (Murja Ras-ed-Doura, or lake with the winding head, of Captain Washington). This fine sheet of water abounds with water-fowl and fish, especially eels. The soil is light and sandy, and the herbage coarse, with dense growths of annuals, which, in this prolific country, attain an elevation of ten feet, with stems five inches thick. There are numerous Duwars and Kubbehs along the shores, but few trees, and there are also several islands on the lake decorated with sanctuaries—insular spots being here, as elsewhere, sacred to holy purposes.

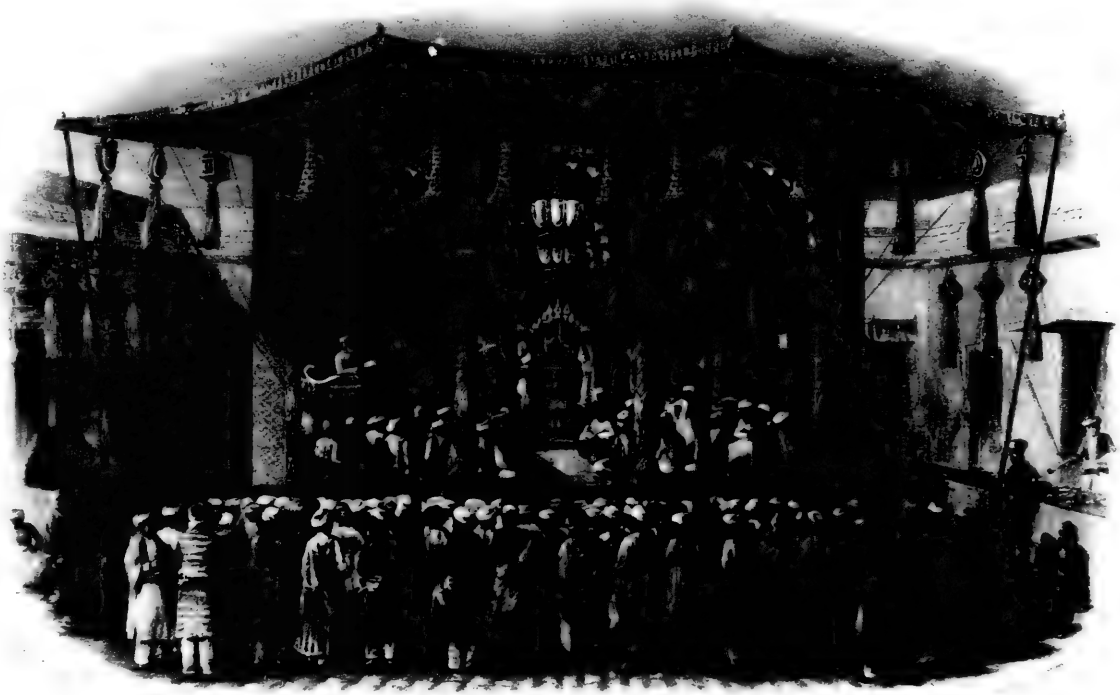
This lake is separated by a low ridge of sandstone from the Wad Sebu, or Ouad Sebou, "mountain river," the ancient Subur, which winds, in the boldest sweeps imaginable, through a rich and varied plain as far as the eye can reach. It is about four hundred yards wide at its mouth, with a bar of sand, nearly dry at low-water spring tides. On the southern bank of the river, situated on a height of about ten feet, and distant one mile from the sea, is the town of Mehdiyah, commonly written Mehedia, and also called Nuova Mamorah. According to Marmel, this town was built by Yakub-al-Mansur "the victorious," to defend the embouchure of the river. It was captured by the Spaniards in 1614, and retaken by the Moors in 1681. The Corsairs used formerly to take refuge here, as also at Al Araish. When in the possession of the Spaniards, this was a place of some consequence, as the ruins of handsome fountains, arches, and churches attest; its fortifications were respectable; a double wall, if not a ditch on the south-western side; a long, low battery defended the beach and entrance of the river, and the citadel commanded the whole. The town now contains only from 300 to 400 inhabitants, chiefly fishermen, who subsist by the sale of shebbel, or Barbary salmon, which is caught here in great abundance. Water communication exists between this city and Fes, but is not taken advantage of. The ruins of a third Mamorah are met with some twenty miles up the river. It is possible that this particular Mamorah represents the site of the ancient colony called Banasa, and which is described by Pliny as on the river Subur, "amnis, magnificus, et navigabilis."

Mehdiyah is situated on the same extensive plain as old Mamorah, with fertile pastures, expanding lakes, winding rivers, and verdant plantations, diversified by the encampments and whitewashed sanctuaries of the nomadic Arabs, and their flocks and herds. "What a delightful residence," exclaimed old Lemprière, "it would be if the country had not the misfortune to groan under an arbitrary and oppressive government!"

The way from Mehdiyah to Salee (fifteen miles) lies in great part along a vale, towards which the hills slope gently on each side; there is a small lake to the right, tenanted, like the other, by the splendid Boch Hhamar, or "red goose," nearly as large as a swan. To the north is the great forest of Mamora (Ghabah-dha-l-Belut, or forest of oaks), of unknown extent. The only traveller who appears to have passed through it, Don Juan Badia, better known as Ali Bey, describes it as a wood of holm oak, almonds, lentisca, and large willows, through which he journeyed in a few hours. It gives shelter to many wild beasts, among which boars are the most numerous, and lions the least so. Richardson only gives this forest an extent of sixty acres, but that was from [illegible]

Morocco, like Algiers, has been always celebrated for its piracies, but of all the places in the first-mentioned country that has earned the most unenviable notoriety in that respect is Salee. This place at one time grew so powerful from its freebooting and marauding expeditions, as to form a species of naval and military republic, which set the authority of the Sultan himself at defiance. These Salee rovers were at that time amongst the most courageous and the most ferocious in the world, and they have been actually known to lie under Lundy Island in the British Channel, waiting to intercept British traders.

On the side opposite to Salee is situated the town of Rabat, which formerly partook equally with Salee in its piratical depredations, and was generally confounded with it. While Salee and Rabat were thus formidable, they were what might be termed independent states, paying only a very small tribute to the Emperor, and barely acknowledging him for their sovereign. This state of independence undoubtedly gave uncommon vigour to their piratical exertions. Few will take much pains, or encounter great risks for the acquisition of wealth, without the certainty of enjoying it unmolested. Sidi Mahomet, however, when prince, subdued these towns, and annexed them to the empire. This was a mortal blow to their piracies; for when those desperate mariners felt the uncertainty of possessing any length of time their captures, they no longer became solicitous to acquire them; and at length, when the man who had deprived them of their



*Mohammedan Festival of the Mohurrum*

privileges became emperor, he put a total stop to their depredations, by declaring himself at peace with all Europe. Since that period the entrance of the river has been so gradually filling up with sand washed in by the sea, that was it possible for these people to recover their independence, it would inconvenience them from carrying on their piracies to their former extent.

In the time of Sultan Mulaï Zidan, in 1648, the prince, finding himself unable to reduce the rovers by his own power, and no doubt disliking a state of things which gave credit to the empire for a vast number of predatorial exploits, which brought nothing to the imperial exchequer, hit upon the notable expedient of claiming the assistance of one of the greatest sufferers from these very piracies—Charles I. of England. The request made was that that prince should send a squadron to beleaguer the place by sea, while the Sultan should attack it by land. The combined operations met with happy success, [illegible] duced for the time being, [illegible] put to death.

The town of Italist [illegible] fended on the seaside by three forts tolerably well finished, and which had been erected only some short time previously by an English renegade (a word which we are happy to say has become almost obsolete in our language) and furnished with guns from Gibraltar. The wall of the town inclosed a large space of ground. The houses in general were good, and many of the inhabitants wealthy. The Jews who were very numerous, were generally in better circumstances than those of Larache (El Arash) the [illegible] of Tangier. [illegible] and Captain Washington, [illegible] are by far more beautiful than at any other [illegible] this empire. He was introduced [illegible] particular, where he says, out of eight sisters, nature had been so lavish to them all that he felt himself at a loss to determine which was the handsomest. A combination of regular features, clearness of complexion, and expressive black eyes, gave them a distinguished pre-eminence over their nation in general; and their persons, though not improved by the advantage which European ladies derive from dress, were still replete with grace and elegance.

Passing under an aqueduct extending one mile southeast, its arches thirty feet high, eight wide, four thick, of masonry, and of antiquity, though it is difficult to say of what construction, but in good repair, Captain Washington relates that he entered the town of Sla, or Salee, once the terror of the seas, so renowned for its rovers, whose daring exploits reached even to our own coast of Christendom; whose city and port were a constant scene of riot and bustle and activity, now ruined, still, and lifeless, [illegible] the fruits of ignorance, despotism, and Mahommedanism. The present town, built on a sandy point, extending to the sea, forming the north-eastern bank of the river, is about half a-mile in length, by a [illegible] in breadth, surrounded by walls thirty feet high, [illegible] square towers every fifty paces. Its defences are a long battery of twenty guns, facing the [illegible] fort at entrance of the river, and [illegible] gates. The mosques, arches and fountains in the city showed traces of beautiful sculpture, and of great antiquity, but the streets were narrow and the houses sombre, as in all Moorish towns.

Salee [illegible] called by the Moors [illegible] vengeful [illegible] of a mile from [illegible] Moors [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] the town [illegible] strong wall [illegible] fifty paces [illegible] town extend [illegible] one third [illegible] two hundred [illegible] towards the [illegible] alluded.

The [illegible] Moors [illegible] There are ten [illegible] sultan that of the [illegible] built by Al Mansur, and [illegible] monuments to saints and [illegible]

The coasts and [illegible] of Morocco are inundated with saints of every description and degree of sanctity. Morocco, in fact, is not only the classic land of Marabuts, but their home and home and sphere of agitation. There are ten thousand Abd-el-Kaders and Bu Mazas, all disputing [illegible] with the High Priest, who sits on the [illegible] of the Sherifs. Sometimes they assume the [illegible] and inveigh against the rapacity and [illegible] the court and government. At other [illegible] prophets, prophets of ill, by preaching [illegible]

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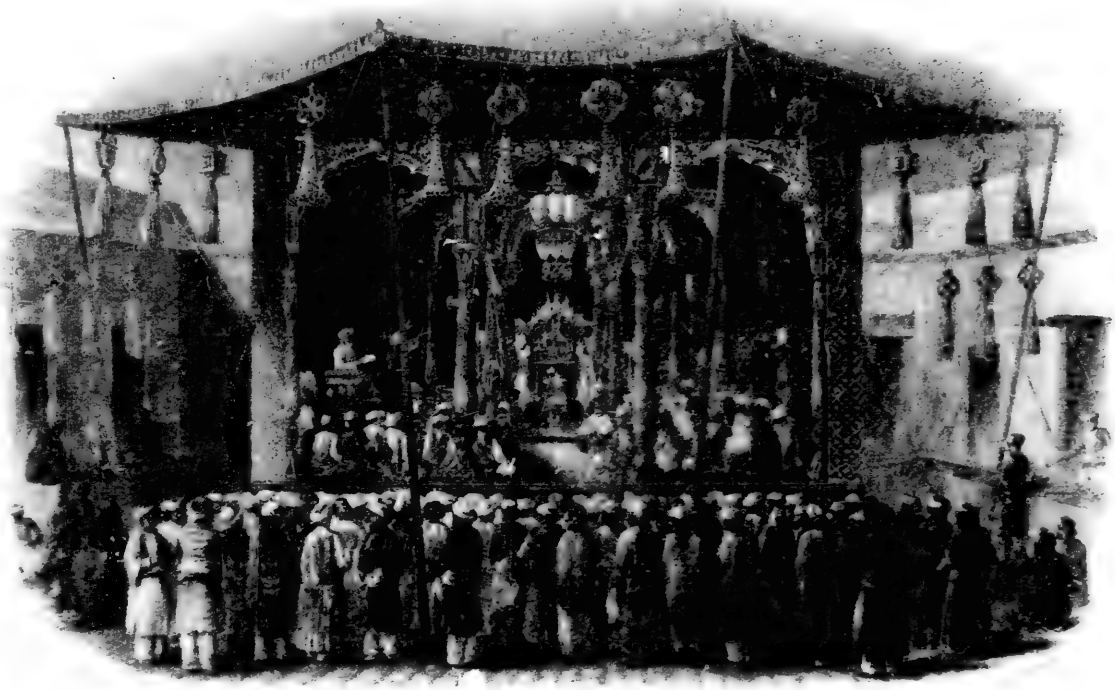

[illegible]

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Salee and Rabat are separated by a river, called by the Moors, "the Father of Ripples" or Abu Rakrak, vulgarly Bu Rakrak—whence the Bouregrag of our map—which is described as being about five hundred yards broad when full. The bar, about one-eighth of a mile from the entrance, runs almost across, to a west-south-west direction, with three or four feet in it at low water, leaving a channel at each end—the Moors use the eastern; the rise of tide is from nine to ten feet, and, inside, the harbour is quite sheltered, with water for a frigate. The imperial dockyard is here, and the few ships, small traders, fishing-boats, and the ferry-boats, plying to and fro between the two towns, imparted an animation to the scene that was exceedingly rare in Morocco.

Rabat stands on the south-western side of the river, fifty or sixty feet above its level, on banks of crumbling sandstone. As seen from the opposite shore, the grouping of minarets, palm-trees, ruined walls, and old mosques, crowned by its venerable and battlemented Kasbah, across a broad full river, is very picturesque. A curtain of five hundred yards facing the sea, flanked by two circular batteries of twelve guns each, about as many more in the Kasbah or citadel, and a small battery overlooking the river, at the south-western end of the town, form its sea defences. On the land side is a strong wall, thirty feet high, with square towers every fifty paces, of tapis work with angles of masonry. The town extends three-quarters of a mile in length, by one-third in breadth, and walled orchards of about two hundred acres reach along the banks of the river towards the ruined mosque with the lofty tower before alluded to.

This tower, the Sma Hassan, as it is called by the Moors, standing, as it does, two hundred and twenty feet above the level of the river, is the most conspicuous object, and the first by which this coast would be recognised in approaching from the sea, as it must be visible, from the deck of a frigate, six or seven leagues. There are ten mosques, besides the mausoleum of a sultan that of the hero of Moorish Africa, the mighty Al Mansur, and no end of kubbehs or sepulchral monuments to saints and marabuts.

The coasts and cities of Morocco are inundated with saints of every description and degree of sanctity. Morocco, in fact, is not only the classic land of Maributs, but their home and haunt, and sphere of agitation. There are ten thousand Abd-el-Kaders and Bu Mazas, all disputing authority with the High Priest, who sits on the green throne of the Sherifs. Sometimes they assume the character of demagogues, and inveigh against the rapacity and corruption of the court and government. At others they appear as prophets, prophets of ill, by preaching boldly the Holy War.

Sometime ago a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogador, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the Emperor, who thinking the Christians were ridiculing the sacred book, ordered instanter all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant he was not found out. His highness commanded that all the handkerchiefs which were collected should be destroyed.

When Mr. Davidson was at Morocco, he prescribed some seidlitz water for the use of the Sultan, and placed on the sides of the bottles, containing the beverage, Arabic verses from the Koran. The Sultan was highly

exasperated at this intended compliment to his religion, and had it privately intimated to Mr. Davidson not to desecrate the Holy Book in that abominable manner. The latter then very prudently gave up to the minister all the printed verses he had brought with him, which were concealed from public view.

But if some of these emperors are so rigid and scrupulous, there are others more liberal and tolerant. Mulai Sulaiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr. Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely nonsuited, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr. Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and importuned the governor to obtain her some pecuniary indemnification.

His Excellency advised Mr. Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the Emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His Imperial Highness wrote a letter to the merchant, condescendingly begging him to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr. Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the Emperor at Morocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head, she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter.

The Emperor was at his wits' end, and endeavoured to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *lex talionis*, and have two of his teeth drawn if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor Emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr. Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two shiploads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the Emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.

With so unenlightened a people, superstitions are as rife as among many who deem themselves enlightened. They are met with in unfrequented as well as in frequented spots. In the Sahara, by a lonely well, in the midst of boundless sterility, where the curse on earth seems to have burnt blackest, a camel passes every night groaning piteously, and wandering about in search of its murdered master.

About two days' journey from Mogador, there is a well, containing within its dank and dark hollow a perpetual apparition. At its bottom is seen the motionless statue of a negress with a variety of wearing materials placed beside her, all made of fine burnished gold, and so bright that the dreary cavern of the deep well is illuminated. Whoever presumes to look down the well at her, and covets her shining property, is instantaneously seized with thirst and fever, and, if he does not expire at once, he never recovers from the fatal effects of his combined curiosity and avarice. People draw water daily from this well, but no one dare look down it.

Even the practices of the so called snake-charmers appear to combine a mixture of skill and trickery combined with superstition. These gentry, as Richardson calls them, are a company under the protection of their great saint, Sidi Ayss, who has gone long upwards, but also is now profitably employed in helping the juggling of the snake-mountebanks. These fellows take their snakes about in small bags or boxes, the said snakes being perfectly harmless, their teeth and poison-bags being extracted. They carry them in their bosoms, put them in their mouths, stuffing a long one in of some feet in length, twist them round their arms, use them as a whip to frighten the people, in the meanwhile screaming out and crying unto their Heavenly Protector for help, the bystanders devoutly joining in their prayers. The snake-charmers usually perform other tricks, such as swallowing nails, and sticking an iron bar in their eyes; and they wear their hair long like women, which gives them a very wild and maniacal look.

## IV.

### The Jews of Morocco—Beautiful Jewesses—Weddings and other Festivities—Jewish and Spanish Renegades.

The Jewesses of Salee, as also of Tangier and Mogador, are admitted by most travellers to be, at least at one period of their life, the most perfect and classic types of female loveliness. Alas, says one ungallant traveller, that these beauties should be only charming animals, their minds and affections being left uncultivated or converted into caves of unclean and tormenting passions. The Jewesses, in general, until they become enormously stout and weighed down with obesity, are of extreme beauty. Most of them have fair complexions; their rose and jasmine faces, their pure wax-like delicate features, and their exceedingly expressive and bewitching eyes, would fascinate the most fastidious of European connoisseurs of female beauty.

But these Israelitish ladies, recalling the fair image of Rachel in the patriarchal times of Holy Writ, and worthy to serve as models for a Grecian sculptor, are treated with savage disdain by the churlish Moors, and sometimes are obliged to walk barefoot and prostrate themselves before their ugly negress concubines. The male infants of Jews are engaging and good looking when young, but as they grow up they become ordinary, and Jews of a certain age are decidedly and most disgustingly ugly. It is possible that the degrading slavery in which they usually live, their continued habits of cringing servility, by which the countenance acquires a sinister air and fiendishly cunning smirk, may cause this change in their appearance. Then again, what contrasts in the beauty of countenance and form does Jewish society in Morocco present! You frequently see a youthful woman, nay, a girl of exquisite beauty and delicacy of features married to an old wretched, ill-looking, fellow of some sixty or seventy years of age, tottering over the grave, or an incurable invalid. To render them worse looking, whilst the woman may dress in any, and the gayest colours, the men wear a dark blue and black turban and dress, and though this is prescribed as a badge of oppression, they will often assume it when they may attire themselves

in white and other lively colours. However, men get used to their misery, and hug their chains.

The weddings and attendant feasts of the Jews are the most remarkable, when we consider the circumstances of the social state of this oppressed race in Morocco, their precarious condition, and the numberless insults and oppressions inflicted on them both by the government and the people. Yet it may be safely asserted that no people in Barbary enjoy themselves more than the Jews, or more pamper and gratify their appetites. What with wedding feasts, and obligatory festivals, their existence is one round of eating and drinking. These feasts, besides, do not take place in a corner, nor are they barricaded from public, or envious, or inquisitorial view, but are open to all, being attended by Christians, Moors, and Arabs. The wedding feasts are substantial things.

A bullock is generally killed at the house of the bridegroom, tea and cakes and spirits are freely, nay universally, distributed there. The company afterwards go off with the bridegroom to the house of the bride, where another distribution of the same kind takes place, whilst half of the bullock is brought for the bride's friends. Here the bridegroom, in true oriental style, mounts upon a couch of damask and gold. The bride, laden with bridal ornaments of gold and jewels, and covered with a gauze veil, is led out by the women and placed by his side. She is then left alone to sit in state as queen of the feast, whilst the company regale themselves with every imaginable luxury of eating and drinking. Her future husband now produces, as a present for his bride, a splendid pair of jewelled earrings, which are held up amidst the screaming approbation of the guests. The Jewesses present are weighed down under the dead weight of a profusion of jewels and gold, tiaras of pearls, necklaces of corals and gems, armlets, wristlets, and anklets of silver, gold, and jet, with gold and silver braided gowns, skirts and petticoats. This fiesta is kept up for seven days. Another traveller describes the celebration of the nuptials of a portion of the family of the feather merchants, a rich and powerful firm established in the south for the purchase of ostrich feathers.

This was a wedding of great *éclat*; all the native Jewish aristocracy of Mogador being invited to it. The festivities began at noon, with the bride sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and bawling out her praises.

"As beautiful as the moon is Rachael!" said one.

"Fairer than the jessamine!" exclaims another.

"Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb!" ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed immodest to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse.

To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every time she was going through, and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest patience, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted, cheeks vermillion, lips browned, with an odoriferous composition, eye-lashes blackened with antimony, and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion.

The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan. The ladies now arranged themselves in tiers, one above the other, and most gorgeous was the sight. Most of them wore tiaras, all flaming with gems and jewels. They were literally covered from head to foot with gold and precious stones. As each lady had but ten fingers, it was necessary to tie some score of rings on their hair. The beauty of the female form, in these women, was quite destroyed by this excessive quantity of jewellery. These jewels were chiefly pearls, brilliants, rubies, and emeralds. They were amassed and descend as heirlooms in families, from mother to daughter. Some of the jewels being very ancient, they constitute the riches of many families. In reverses of fortune they are pledged, or turned into money to relieve immediate necessity. The upper tiers of ladies were the youngest, and the least adorned, and consequently the prettiest. The ancient dowagers sat below as so many queens enthroned, challenging scrutiny and admiration. They were mostly of enormous corpulency, spreading out their naked feet and trousered legs of an enormous expanse.

Several dowagers seemed scarcely to be able to breathe from heat, and the plethora of their own well-fed and pampered flesh. Next came music, and several attempts were made to get up the indecent Moorish dance, which, however, was forbidden as too vulgar for such fashionable Jews, and honoured by the presence of Europeans. In the court-yard were a couple of butcher's boys slaughtering a bullock for the evening's carousal. A number of boys were dipping their hands in the blood, and making with it the representation of an outspread hand on the doors, posts, and walls, for the purpose of keeping off the "evil eye" (*el ojo maligno*), and so insuring good luck to the new married couple. On the house-top a game was being played by the young men. Here, on the flat roof, was assembled a court, with a sultan sitting in the midst. Various prisoners were tried and condemned. Two or three of the greatest culprits were then secured and dragged down to the ladies, the officers of justice informing them that, if no one stepped forward to rescue them, it was the sultan's orders that they should be imprisoned. Several young Jewesses now clamorously demanded their release. It is understood that these compassionate maidens who, on such occasions, step forward to the rescue, and take one of the young men by the hand, are willing to accept the same when it may hereafter be offered to them in marriage, so the contagion of wedding feasts spreads, and one marriage makes many.

The elders were by this time at the supper-table, where the party ate and drank to gluttonous satiety. Several rabbis were hired to chant, over the supper-table, prayers composed of portions of Scripture and legends of the Talmud. The men supped by themselves, and the women, of course, were also apart. Unlike the men, who sat up round a table because there were several Europeans among them, the women lay sprawling and rolling on carpets and couches.

In their own allotted apartments these gorgeous daughters of Israel looked still more huge and enormous, feasting almost to repletion, like so many

princesses of the royal orgies of Belshazzar. But this was a native wedding, and, of course, when we consider the education of these Barbary women, we must expect, when they drink, like men, white spirits for procrastinated hours until midnight, the proprieties of society are easily dispensed with. Happily, the class of women who so kept up the feast were all said to be married, the maidens having gone home with the bride.

The Jews at times, though but very rarely, avail themselves of their privilege of four wives granted them in Muhammadan countries, and a nice mess they make of it. There was a Jew of this description at Tunis. He was a lively, jocose fellow, with a libidinous countenance, singing always some catch of a song. He was a silk-mercer, and pretty well off. His house was small, and besides a common dining-room was divided into four compartments for his four wives, each defending her room with the ferocity of a tigress. Two of them were of his own age, about fifty, and two not more than twenty. The two elder ones, his neighbours said, were entirely abandoned by the husband, and the two younger ones were always bickering and quarreling as to which of them should have the greater favour of their common tyrant; the house a scene of tumult, disorder, and indecency.

Amongst the whole of the wives there was only one child, a boy, of course an immense pet, a little surly wretch; his growth smothered, his health nearly ruined, by the over-attentions of the four women, whom he kicked and pelted when out of humour. This little imp was the fit type or interpretation of the presiding genius of polygamy. A traveller once visited this happy family, this biting satire on domestic bliss and the beauty of the harem of the east. The women were all sour and busy at work, weaving or spinning cotton.

"Do you work for your husband?" he inquired.

*The Women.*—"Thank rabbi, no."

*Traveller.*—"What do you do with your money?"

*The Women.*—"Spend it ourselves."

*Traveller.*—"How do you like to have only one husband among you four?"

*The Women.*—"Pooh! is it not the will of God?"

*Traveller.*—"Whose boy is that?"

*The Women.*—"It belongs to us all."

*Traveller.*—"Have you no other children?"

*The Women.*—"Our husband is good for no more than that."

Whilst the traveller was thus talking to these angelic creatures, their beloved lord was quietly stuffing capons, without hearing their polite discourse. A European Jew, who knew the native society of Jews well, represents domestic bliss to be a mere phantom, and scarcely ever thought of or sought after. Poor human nature!

Continual disputes arise between the Jew and the Moor: when the Jew is wrong, the Moor takes his own satisfaction; and if the Jew be right, he lodges a complaint with the judge, who always decides in favour of the Mussulman. Muhammadan children may be seen amusing themselves by beating little Jews, who durst not defend themselves. When a Jew passes a mosque he is obliged to take off his slippers, or shoes; he must do the same when he passes the house of the Kayyid, the Kadi, or any Mussulman of distinction. At Fez, and in some other towns, they are obliged to walk bare-footed.

Ali Bey dwells much upon the wretched condition of the Jews in his days, which, however, was greatly ameliorated within the last half century, and Richardson says that Jewesses are now exempt from taking off their slippers or sandals when passing the mosques; many native Jews have attempted to wear European clothes; and a European hat or coat is now the rage among native Jewesses, who all aspire to get a husband wearing either. The late Emperor, Mulai Sulaiman, the predecessor of Mulai Abd-Errahman, professed to be a rigidly exact Mussulman, and considered it very indecent, and a great scandal that Jewesses, some of them, like most women of this country, of enormous dimensions, should be allowed to disturb the decent frame of mind of pious Mussulmen, whilst entering the threshold of the house of prayer, by the sad exhibitions of these good ladies stooping down and showing their tremendous calves, when in the act of taking off their shoes, before passing the mosques. For such reasons, Jewesses are now privileged and exempted from the painful necessity of walking barefoot in the streets.

The policy of the Court, in relation to the Jews, continually fluctuates. Sometimes the Emperor thinks they ought to be treated like the rest of his subjects; at other times, he seems anxious to renew, in all its vigour, the system described by Ali Bey. Hearing that the Jews of Tangier, on returning from Gibraltar, would often adopt the European dress, and so, by disguising themselves, be treated like Christians and Europeans, he ordered all these would-be Europeans forthwith to be undressed, and to resume their black turban.

Alas, how were all their passover, tabernacle, and wedding festivals, these happy and joyous days of the Jewish society of Mogador, changed on the bombardment of that city! What became of the rich and powerful merchants, the imperial vassals of commerce, with their gorgeous wives, bending under the weight of diamonds, pearls, and precious gems, during that sad and unexpected period? The newspapers of the day recorded the melancholy story. Many of the Jews were massacred, or buried underneath the ruins of the city; their wives subjected to plunder; the rest were left wandering, naked, and starving, on the desolate sandy coast of the Atlantic, or hidden in the mountains, obtaining a momentary respite from the rapacious fury of the savage Berbers and Arabs.

It is well known that while the French bombarded Tangier and Mogador from without, the Berber and Arab tribes, aided by the lower classes among the Moors, plundered the city from within. Several of the Moorish rabble declared publicly, and with the greatest cowardice and villanous effrontery, "When the French come to destroy Mogador, we shall go and pillage the Jews' houses, strip the women of their ornaments, and then escape to the mountains from the pursuit of the Christians." These threats they faithfully executed; but by a just vengeance they were pillaged in turn, for the Berbers not only plundered the Jews themselves, but the Moors who had escaped from the city laden with their booty.

It is to be hoped, however, that a better day is dawning for North African Jews. The governments of Spain, France, and England can do much for them, and are prepared to exert themselves in their favour. The consentaneous progress of Morocco in the universal movement of the age, is argued by the merchants even from so trifling a circumstances as an increased

use of chairs, and knives and forks. Some years ago, scarcely a knife and fork, or a chair, was to be found out of Tangier. Now, almost every Jewish house in the different ports has them. The Jew of Barbary can use them with less scruple than the orthodox Moor, who sets his face like flint against all changes, because his European brethren adopt them. Many innovations of this domestic sort are introduced from Europe into North Africa through the instrumentality of the native Jews. Tea has become an article of universal consumption. It is, indeed, the wine of the Maroquine Mussulmans. Even in remote provinces, amongst Berbers and Bedouins, the most miserable looking and living of people, the finest green tea is to be found.

You enter a miserable looking hut, when you are amazed by the hostess unlocking an old box, and taking out a choice tea service, cups, saucers, tea-pot, and tea-tray, often of white china with gilt edges. These, after use, are always kept locked up, as objects of most precious value. The sugar is put in the tea-pot, and the Moors and Jews usually drink their tea so sweet that it may be called syrup.

Morocco has its fashions and manias as well as Europe. House building is now the rage. They say it is not so easy for the Sultan to fleece the people of their property when it consists of houses. Almost every distinguished Moor in the interior has built or is building himself a spacious house. This mania is happily a useful one, and must advance the comfort

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and sanitary improvement of the people. It is as good as a Health of Towns' Bill for them.

There are always a few Jewish renegades in large Moorish towns, just enough to confirm the Muhammadans in the idea entertained by them of the superiority of their religion to that of other nations; for whilst they obtain converts from both Jews and Christians, and make proselytes of scores of negroes, they never hear of apostates from Islamism. The manner, however, in which these renegades abandon their religion, is no very evident proof of the divine authority of the Prophet of Mecca. Here is an instance.

A boy ran away from his father, and prostrated himself before the governor, imploring him to make him a Mussulman. The governor, actuated by the most rational and proper feeling, remarked to the boy, "You are a child, you have not arrived at years of discretion, you have not intellect enough to make a choice between two religions." The boy was kept confined one night, then beaten, and sent home in the morning.

Another case happened like this, when the boy was admitted within the pale of Islamism. Jewish boys will often cry out when their fathers are correcting them, "I will turn Mussulman!" A respectable Jew observed to a traveller, "Were I to hear any of my sons cry out in this manner, I would immediately give them a dose of poison, and finish them. I could not bear to see my children formed into Mussulman devils."

It really seems the vulgar opinion among the Jews and Moors alike, that females have no souls. A traveller asked many women themselves about the matter; they replied, "We don't care, if we have no souls." A rabbi observed, "If women bear children, make good wives, and live virtuously and chastely, they will go to heaven and enjoy an immortal existence; if not, after death they will suffer annihilation."

This appears to be the opinion of all the well educated. But a Jewish lady who heard this conversation with the rabbi, retorted with spirit: "Whether I bear children or not, if my husband, or any man, has a soul, I have one likewise; for are not all men born of us women?"

All, however, are well satisfied with this life, whatever may happen in the next; male and female, Jew and Mussulmans, hold on their mutual career with the greatest tenacity. Few persons have been known to be so foolish in Morocco as to kill themselves. "We leave it to the Emperor to take away a man's life, if such be the will of God." And yet the Moors are habitually a grave, dreamy, and melancholy people. No doubt the light buoyant atmosphere keeps them from falling into such a state of mental prostration as to induce suicide.

Spanish renegades are also met with at all the ports on the coast of Morocco. They are convicts who have made their escape from the presidios of the Rifian coast. On getting away from convict establishments they adopt the Muhammadan religion, are pretty well received by the Maroquines, and generally pass the rest of their days tranquilly among the Moors. The better sort of them remain Christians at heart, notwithstanding their public assumption of Islamism. One renegade, a stonemason, whom a traveller found at work, was not at all distinguishable by travellers from the Moors, being dressed precisely in the same fashion. A few words of conversation with him were characteristic.

*Traveller.*—"How long have you escaped?"

*Renegade.*—"More than twenty years."

*Traveller.*—"Do you like this country and the Moors?"

*Renegade.*—"Better is Marruècos than Spain."

*Traveller.*—"Shall you ever attempt to return to Spain?"

*Renegade.*—"Why? here I have all I want. Besides, they would stretch my neck for sending a fellow out of the world without previously having had an interview with his confessor."

*Traveller.*—"Are you not conscience stricken? Having committed such a crime, how can you mention it?"

*Renegade.*—"Pooh, conscience! Pooh, corazon!"

Many of those wretched men have indeed lost their corazon, or it is seared with a red hot iron. Some hundreds of these Spanish convicts are scattered over the country, but they soon lose their nationality. It is probable that, from some knowledge of them, the emperor presumed lately to call the Spaniards, "the vilest of nations," and yet, at various times, the Maroquines have shown great sympathy for the Spaniards. Some of the renegades were found at the battle of Isly in charge of field-pieces, where, according to the French reports, they displayed great devotion to the cause of the emperor. When the governors of the convict settlements find too many on their hands, or the prisons too full, they let a number of their best conducted escape to the interior. The presence of those cut-throats in Morocco may have something to do with such broils as the following. Two fellows quarrelled violently, and were on the point of sticking one another with their knives, when up stepped a third party and cried out, "What, do you intend to act like Christians, and kill one another?" At the talismanic word of Ensara ("Christians" or "Nazareens"), they instantly desisted and became friends. The term "Christian" or "Nazareen" is one of the most opprobrious names with which the people of Mogador can abuse one another.

Salee is an ancient city; Rabat being of more modern origin. Sala is noticed as a city on the river of the same name, both by Pliny and Ptolemy. The former speaks of the existence of vast deserts in the same neighbourhood, tenanted by herds of elephants. This manifestly alludes to the extensive forest known as that of Mamora, and the great lagoons which line the coast between the Sala and the Sabur rivers (now Wad Sebu) and even eastward of the latter river, and which are still frequented by lions, boars, and other wild animals.

Salee was captured in 1263, by Alphonso the Wise, king of Castile, who was, a short time after, dispossessed of it in conquest by the king of Fez. We have seen that this city of pirates has, however, often thrown off the yoke of the Sultans of Morocco, and once the latter has even been indebted for the assistance of a British fleet for its restoration.

Rabat, or Nuova Sale, as it is called by the Spaniards and Portuguese, was built by the famous Yakut Al Mansur, nephew of Abd Al Mumin, and named by him, Rabat el Fatah, or, "the Camp of Victory." Al Mansur, the same who expelled the Moravedi from Spain, intended that this city should have been his capital. In the middle ages, the Genoese had a great trade with the same place, which was afterwards removed to Mogador. What navy the Maroquines have, says Richardson, is still laid up here; but the dock-yard is now nearly deserted, and the few remainings ships are unserviceable. Alas! for the shade of the great Al Mansur! All that is left to the inhabitants is an unvarying enmity to Christianity. The sketch which accompanies our description of Salee and Rabat, comprises, it will be perceived, the twin towns, with the river between, and the Kasbah, or citadel, on the neighbouring heights.

## V.

### Old Capital of Mekinez—City of Fez—Coast-way to Azakor—Across Country to Morocco—Description of Morocco—Mount Atlas.

We have no accurate topographical details regarding the country that intervenes between the unlike ports of Sala and Rabat, and the cities of Mekinez and Fez. The road would manifestly lie up the valley of the "Father of Ripples," and thence along the tributary to that river upon which Mekinez is situated. The correct name of this latter city is, according to Grüberg, Miknasah, "a broom," but Richardson says that the city of Miknas, or Miknasa, in Arabic, was founded by the tribe of Berbers Meknassah, a fraction of the Zenabah, in the middle of the tenth century, and hence its Spanish and Portuguese name of Mequinez or Mekinez. This city is described as being sixty miles from Sala, but as the itinerary only allows three days' jour-

ney between the two places, we must suppose that there is some error in this. The old capital of Morocco stands on a fertile soil, well watered with small streams. The climate is also temperate and healthy. Like Morocco, it is surrounded with a triple wall thirty feet high; like that city, too, it has a separate quarter inhabited by Jews. This quarter is likewise walled, and the gates are shut every night. In other respects the buildings are similar to those of every other Moorish city. The streets are narrow, and, as they are not paved, they are in winter extremely dirty. On one side stands a town, formerly peopled by negroes, and hence designated as the town of slaves. It is now uninhabited. The palace is strengthened by two bastions, on which are mounted some small pieces of artillery, and two thousand black troops are said to be in charge of the royal treasures, estimated at some fifty million dollars. These treasures, according to Richardson, consist of jewels, bars of gold and silver, and money in the two precious metals, the greater part being Spanish and Mexican dollars. It is to be observed that Richardson had this at second-hand, and it is well known how little credit is to be attached to oriental reports of fabulous wealth. Richardson, in reality, only visited Tangier and Mogador personally.

Windhus, who accompanied Commodore Stewart on his embassy to the Sultan Abu-l-Mazir Mulai Ishmael in 1721, and who, at that time, resided at Mekinez, describes his palace as being about four miles in circumference, standing upon even ground, in form almost square, and no hill near to overlook it. The inside of the palace, which is built of mortar, without either brick or stone except for pillars and arches, consists of divers oblong squares, some of them larger than Lincoln's Inn-fields, having piazzas all round. Some of the squares were chequered throughout the whole space, others had gardens in the middle, that were sunk very deep, and planted round with tall cypress trees, the tops of which appearing above the rails produced a pleasing effect of palace and garden intermixed. Within the palace were also many Kobbehs, built square, with plain walls on the outside, except the front, which consists of piazzas of five or six arches, and the roofs were covered with green tiles, and rose up in the shape of a pyramid. In some of these squares were rows of marble basins, with little channels cut in stone, conveying water from one to another. In others were fountains, with channels of marble that made a labyrinth. The sultan's stables were about a league from the town, and could contain one thousand horses, each in an arch twelve feet asunder. The communication between the palace and stables was kept up by means of a causeway, with a wall on each side, and a stone bridge carried over a pomegranate garden, from one hill to another. There was at that time, when Christian slaves and captives were exceedingly numerous at Mekinez, a convent built, and supported at the expense of the King of Spain, for their relief when ill.

Mekinez was of small note before Abu-l-Mazir Mulai Ishmael chose to build his palace there, for though, according to Leo Africanus, it was, about two hundred years ago, a place of considerable trade and riches, it had since been ruined by civil wars. The reason of Mulai Ishmael's preference to Mekinez over Fez and Morocco was, that being Al Kaid of the former at the time that his brother Mulai Aran set up in Tafilet, *vulgo*, Taffet, "the abode of the Fileli" (Berber), and his nephew Mulai Hamet had been proclaimed at Morocco, and having vanquished these claimants to the crown, he made this place the seat of empire. Having further, during the course of a very long reign, succeeded in capturing Mehdiyah, or Mamorah, in 1681, and Al Araish in 1689, from the Spaniards, he further filled the magazines of his vast palace with a number of arms, saddles, gold, silver, jewels, and other such as had never before been in the possession of the Moor. At Mamorah he captured eighty-eight pieces of brass cannon, fifteen of iron, ammunition of all sorts, more than he had in his whole dominions before, and a great prize of pearls and jewels. So burdened was the emperor with spoil and riches, that Windhus describes even the Kobbehs, or sanctuaries within the palace, as filled with goods of various descriptions, among which were presents from Christian princes, seven or eight coaches, and "in one of them were hung up the fine glass sconces that his Majesty King George had sent by the ambassador."

There were, at this time, at Mekinez, 1,100 Christian slaves, of whom about 300 were English, 400 Spaniards, 165 Portuguese, 152 French, 69 Dutch, 25 Genoese, and 3 Greeks. Some of these had turned Muhammadans, thereby for ever losing hopes of redemption. The toleration of such a state of things by Christian nations, always jealous, and ever and anon at war with one another, was a disgrace to the age. The subjugation of Algeria has opened the way for a better state of things, and one way or another an empire of ignorance, despotism, bigotry, and intolerance must succumb under the ban of civilisation, or be supplanted.

The city of Fez is so named, according to Gräberg and others, from Faz, the Arabic for a pickaxe, because one was found in digging its foundations. Others derive it from Fetha, silver. It is no longer the marvellous city described by Leo Africanus, yet its industry, wealth, commerce, and population place it in the first rank of the cities of Morocco.

During the eighth century, the Arabs, masters of Tunis, of all Algeria, and the maritime cities of Morocco, seemed to think only of invading Europe and consolidating their power in Spain; but at this epoch a descendant of Ali and Fatima, Edris Ben Abdalluh, quitted Arabia, passed into Morocco, and established himself at Oudili, the capital, where he remained till his death, and where he was buried. His character was generally known and venerated for its sanctity, and drew upon him the affectionate regard of the people, and all instinctively placed themselves near him as a leader of the Faithful, likely to put an end to anarchy, and establish order in the Mussulman world. His son, Edris-Ben-Edris, who inherited his virtues and influence, offering a species of ancient prototype to Abd-el-Kader and his venerable father, Muhadin, was the first *bonâ fide* Mussulman sovereign of the Maroquine empire, and founded Fez.

Fez, however, is a most ancient centre of population, and had long been a famed city, before Mulai Idris gave it its present form in A.D. 807, or, according to others, in A.D. 793. The Spanish philologists, as Casiri and J. A. Conde, make Fut of the prophet Nahum to be the same as Fez and Labim, Lybia. The modern Medinatu-l-Beida, or white city, as it is also called by the Arabs, lies in a valley, and on the gentle slope of several hills by which it is surrounded, and whose heights are crowned with gardens, country-houses, and Kobbehs, or Saints' tombs. Fez differs from Morocco

and most other Moorish towns in its houses, which are generally of brick or stone, being of two, and sometimes even three stories in height. Many of them are also adorned with elevated towers, and are otherwise much decorated. The streets, as usual in hot countries, are very narrow, arched over in places, and Colonel Scott says some of them are a mile in length. The city is watered by the Wad-al-Jewahir, or river of jewels, a tributary to the Sebu, and which is artificially conducted to the different quarters and houses.

Fez contained, in the time of Leo Africanus, seven hundred mosques and one hundred public baths, and Richardson repeats the fact just as if it obtained in the present day. The most famous is the Karubin, said to contain many valuable Greek and Latin authors, and amongst others the lost books of Titus Livy. Ali Bey said of this renowned mosque that it appeared mean after the cathedral at Cordova. The university of Fez was once celebrated, but its high minded orthodox mulahs are now succeeded by a fanatic and ignorant race of marabuts. The fanaticism of the people is shown in the notorious doggrel couplet, universally diffused throughout Morocco:

> Rusara fi Senara,
> El Hud fi Sifud.
>
> Christians on the hook,
> Jews on the spit.

The shops are numerous and well frequented. Nearly all the Jews reside in the Dar Jedidah, or new town, and which by its position dominates the old one. The population, estimated once by its hundreds of thousands, is not supposed to amount in the present day to more than fifty thousand. The inhabitants are still distinguished by their fanaticism, and Richardson says that a European cannot walk in the streets unless disguised, or without an escort of troops.

Fez is surrounded by a high wall, but little calculated to resist aught but undisciplined Berbers. The city has also seven gates and two castles, but still it is everywhere commanded by accessible heights, and it could make little or no resistance to a European army.

## VI.

Port of Mogador—Tribulations of a Landsman—Actual Representatives of the Rovers of Salee—Captain of the Port—The Moorish Cemetery—"Playing at Powder"—Imperial Guard of Negroes.

The port of Morocco is Mogador, as it is also the safest along the coast of the Atlantic; hence it is also the most frequented by British and other ships of any of the ports of the empire. Mr. Richardson, who sailed from Gibraltar to Mogador in a small Genoese brig, gives the following amusing account of his arrival at the latter port.

After a voyage of four days, we found ourselves off the coast of Mogador. The wind had been pretty good, but we had suffered some delay from a south wind, which headed us for a short time. We prayed for a westerly breeze, of which we soon got enough from west and north-west. The first twelve hours it came gently on, but gradually increased till it blew a gale. The captain was suddenly called up in the night, as though the ship was going to sink, or could sink, whilst she was running, as fast as we would let her, before the wind. But the real danger lay in missing the coast of Mogador, or not being able to get within its port from the violence of the breakers near the shore. Our vessel was a small Genoese brig; and, though the Genoese are the best sailors in the Mediterranean—even superior to the Greeks, who rank next—our captain and his crew began to quake. At daylight, the coast-line loomed before us, immersed in fog, and two hours after, the tall minaret of the great mosque of Mogador, shooting erect, a dull lofty pyramid, stood over the thick haze lying on the lower part of the coast.

This phenomenon of the higher objects and mountains being visible over a dense fog on the shore, is frequent on this side of the Atlantic. Wind also prevails here. It scarcely ever rains, but wind the people have nine months out of the twelve. It is a species of trade-wind, which commences at the Straits, or the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and sweeps down north-west with fury, making the entire coast of Morocco a mountain-barrier of breakers, increasing in its course, and extending as far as Wadnoun, Cape Bajdor, Cape Blanco, even to the Senegal. It does not, however, extend far out at sea, being chiefly confined to the coast range. Our alarm now was lest we should get within the clutches of this fell swoop, for the port once past, it would have required us weeks to beat up again, whilst this wind lasted.

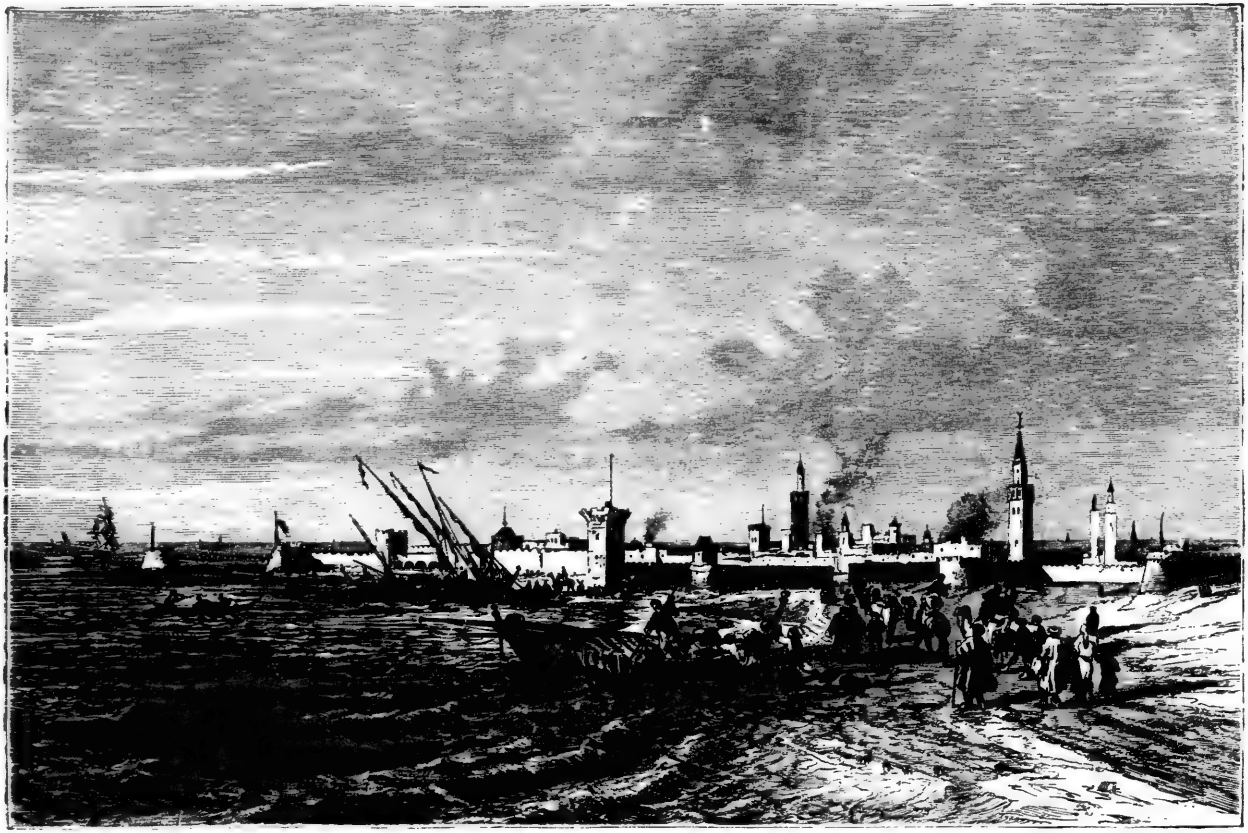
The Atlantic coast of Morocco is an indented or waving line, and there are only two or three ports deserving the name of harbours—harbours of refuge from these storms. Unlike the western coast of Ireland, so finely indented by the Atlantic wave, this portion of the Morocco coast is rounded off by the ocean.

Our excitement was great. The capitano began yelping like a cowardly school-boy, who has been well punched by a lesser and more courageous antagonist. Immediately I got on deck, I produced an English book, which mentioned the port of Mogador as a "good" port.

"Per Dio Santo!" exclaimed our capitano; "yes, for the English it *is* a good port—you dare-devils at sea—for them it *is* a good port. The open sea, with a gale of wind, is a good port for the *malaletti* English."

Irritated at this extreme politeness to our gallant tars, who have so long "braved the battle and the breeze," I did not trouble farther the dauntless Genoese, who certainly was not destined to become a Columbus. Now the men began to snivel and yelp, following the example of their commander. "We won't go into the port, Santa Virgine! We won't go in to be shivered to pieces on the rocks." At this moment our experienced capitano fancied we had got into shoal-water; the surf was seen running in foaming circles, as if in a whirlpool. Now, indeed, our capitano did yelp; now did the crew yelp, invoking all the saints of the Roman calendar, instead of attending to the ship. Here was a scene of indescribable confusion. Our ship was suddenly put round and back.

My fellow passengers, a couple of Jews from Gibraltar, began swearing at the capitano and his brave men. One of them, whilst cursing, thought it just as well, at the same time, to call upon Father Abraham. Our little brig pitched her bows two or three times under water like a storm-bird, and did *not* ground. It was seen to be a false alarm. The capitano now took courage on seeing all the flags flying over the fortifications, it being Friday, the Muhammadan Sabbath. The silly fellow had heard, that the port authorities always hauled down their colours, when the entrance to the



PORT OF MOGADOR.

harbour was unsafe by reason of bad weather. Seeing the colours, he imagined all was right.

There are two entrances to the port of Mogador; one from the south, which is quite open; the other from the north-west, which is only a narrow passage, with scarcely room to admit a ship of the line. The "Suffren," in which the Prince de Joinville commanded the bombardment of the town, stood right over this entrance, on the northern channel, having south east the Isle of Mogador, and north-west the coast of the continent. The Prince took up a bold and critical position, exposed to violent currents, to grounding on a rocky bottom, and to many other serious accidents.[1]

As we neared this difficult entrance, we were all in a state of the most feverish excitement, expecting, such was the fury of the breakers, to be thrown on the rock on either side. Thus, it was a veritable Scylla and Charybdis. A man from the rigging descried several small vessels moored snugly behind the isle. We ventured in with breathless agitation. A man from one of the fortifications, guessing or seeing, I suppose, our timidity and bad seamanship, cried out at the top of his lungs, "Salvo!" which being interpreted, meant, "The entrance is safe."

But this was not enough; we were to have another trial of patience. The foolish captain—to terrify us to the last—had to cast his anchor as a matter of course; and imagine, dear reader, our alarm, our terror, when we heard him scream out, "The chain is snapped!" We were now to be driven out southwards by the fury of the wind, which had become a hurricane, no very agreeable prospect! Happily, also, this was a false alarm. The capitano then came up to me, to shake hands, apologise, and present congratulations on our safe harbouring. The perspiration of fever and a heated brain was coursing down his cheeks. The capitano lit an extra candle before the picture of the Virgin below, and observed to me whilst the men were saying their prayers of gratitude for deliverance, "Per un miraculo della santissima Vergina, noi sciamo salvati!"—(We are saved by a miracle of the Most Holy Virgin!)—which, of course, I did not or could not dispute, allowing, as I do, all men in such circumstances to indulge freely in their peculiar faith, so long as it does not interfere with me or mine.

It is well that our merchant-vessels have never been reduced to the condition of Genoese craft, or been manned by such chicken-hearted crews. I believe the pusillanimity of the latter is traceable, in a great measure, to the miserable way in which the poor fellows are fed. These Genoese had no meat whilst I was with them. I sailed once in a Neapolitan vessel, a whole month, during which time the crew lived on horse-beans, coarse maccaroni, Sardinian fish, mouldy biscuit, and griping black wine. Meat they had none. How is it possible for men thus fed, to fight and wrestle with the billows and terrors of the deep?

We had no ordinary task to get on shore; the ocean was without, but sea was within port. The wind increased with such fury, that we abandoned for the day the idea of landing. We had, however, specie on board, which it was necessary forthwith to land. Mr. Phillips, captain of the port, and a merchant's clerk, therefore came alongside with great difficulty in a Moorish boat, to take ashore the specie; and in it I embarked. This said barque was the miserable but apt representation of the bygone formidable Maroquine navy, which, not many centuries ago, pushed its audacity to such lengths, that the "rovers of Salee" cruised off the English coast, and defied the British fleets. Now the whole naval force of the once-dreaded piratic states of Barbary can hardly boast of two or three badly-manned brigs or frigates. As to Morocco, the emperor has not a single captain who can conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar.

The most skilful *rais* his ports can furnish made an attempt lately, and was blown up and down for months on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, being at last driven into the Straits by almost miraculous interposition.

What was this Moorish boat in which I went on shore? A mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in this little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of straight pole for an oar; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish rais at the helm, encouraging their labours by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said:—"Khobsah!" (a loaf) cried the rais.

All the men echoed "Khobsah."

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the rais.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull; God hears and sees you!" cried the rais.

"We pull, we pull; God hears and sees us!" cried the men

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by G—; sweetmeats, by G— you shall have, only pull away!" swore the rais.

"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God! sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and bawling In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.

It is usual for Moors, particularly negroes, to sing certain choruses, and thus encourage one another in their work. What, however, is remarkable, these choruses are mostly on sacred subjects, being frequently the formula of their confession, "There is no God, but one God, and Muhammad is his Prophet," &c. These

[1] The entrance to the port of Mogador, however, is difficult to all seamen. We were besides in the depth of winter. The Prince de Joinville describes his mishaps during the height of summer, or in August, when placing his vessels in position before the town. He says, in his report of the bombardment: "New difficulties, and of more than one kind, awaited us. For four days, the violence of the wind and the roughness of the sea prevented us from communicating with one another. Anchored upon a rocky bottom, our anchors and cables broke, and the loss of them deprived us of resources which were indispensable in order to obtain our object. Some vessels had only one chain and one anchor. We could not think of maintaining ourselves before Mogador under sail. The violence of the currents and of the gale, would probably have carried us too far, and we should have lost the opportunity of acting. Besides, in causing the steamers to get to proceed with us, they would have consumed their fuel, and in leaving them by themselves they would be exposed to run short of provisions and water. It was therefore necessary to remain at anchor. At last, the wind abated, and there remained of the hurricane of the preceding days, a considerable swell from N.N.W. Then the vessels were tormented by the swell, and became ungovernable."

clownish tars were deeply coloured, and some quite black. I found, in fact, the greatest part of the Moorish population of Mogador coloured persons. We may here easily trace the origin of the epithet "Black-a-Moor," and we are not so surprised that Shakespeare made his Moor black; indeed, the present emperor, Mulai Abd Errahman, is of very dark complexion, though his features are not at all of the negro cast. But he has sons quite black, and with negro features, who, of course, are children of the negresses. One of these is Governor of Rabat. In no country is the colour of the human skin so little thought of. This is a very important matter in the question of abolition. There is no objection to the skin and features of the negro; it is only the luxury of having slaves, or their usefulness for heavy work which weighs in the scale against abolition.

As soon as we landed, we visited the lieutenant-governor, who congratulated us on not being carried down to the Canary Islands. Then his Excellency asked, in due studied form:

"Where do you come from?"

*Traveller.*—"Gibraltar."

*His Excellency.*—"Where are you going?"

*Traveller.*—"To see the Sultan, Mulai Abd Errahman."

*His Excellency.*—"What's your business?"

*Traveller.*—"I will let your Excellency know to-morrow."

I then proceeded to the house of Mr. Phillips, where I took up my quarters. Mr. Wilshire, our vice-consul, was absent, having gone up to Morocco with all the principal merchants of Mogador, to pay a visit to the emperor.

The port of Mogador (*See* p. 801) had to-day a most wild and desolate appearance, which was rendered still more dreary and hideous by a dark tempest sweeping over it. On the shore there was no appearance of life, much less of trade and shipping. All had abandoned it, save a guard, who lay stretched at the water-port, like a grim watch-dog. From this place we proceeded to the merchants' quarter of the town, which was solitary and immersed in profound gloom. Altogether, my first impressions of Mogador were most unfavourable. I went to bed and dreamt of wind and seas, and struggled with tempests the greater part of the night. Then I was shipwrecked off the Canaries; thrown on the coast of Wadnun, and made a slave by the wild Arabs wandering in the Desert—I awoke.

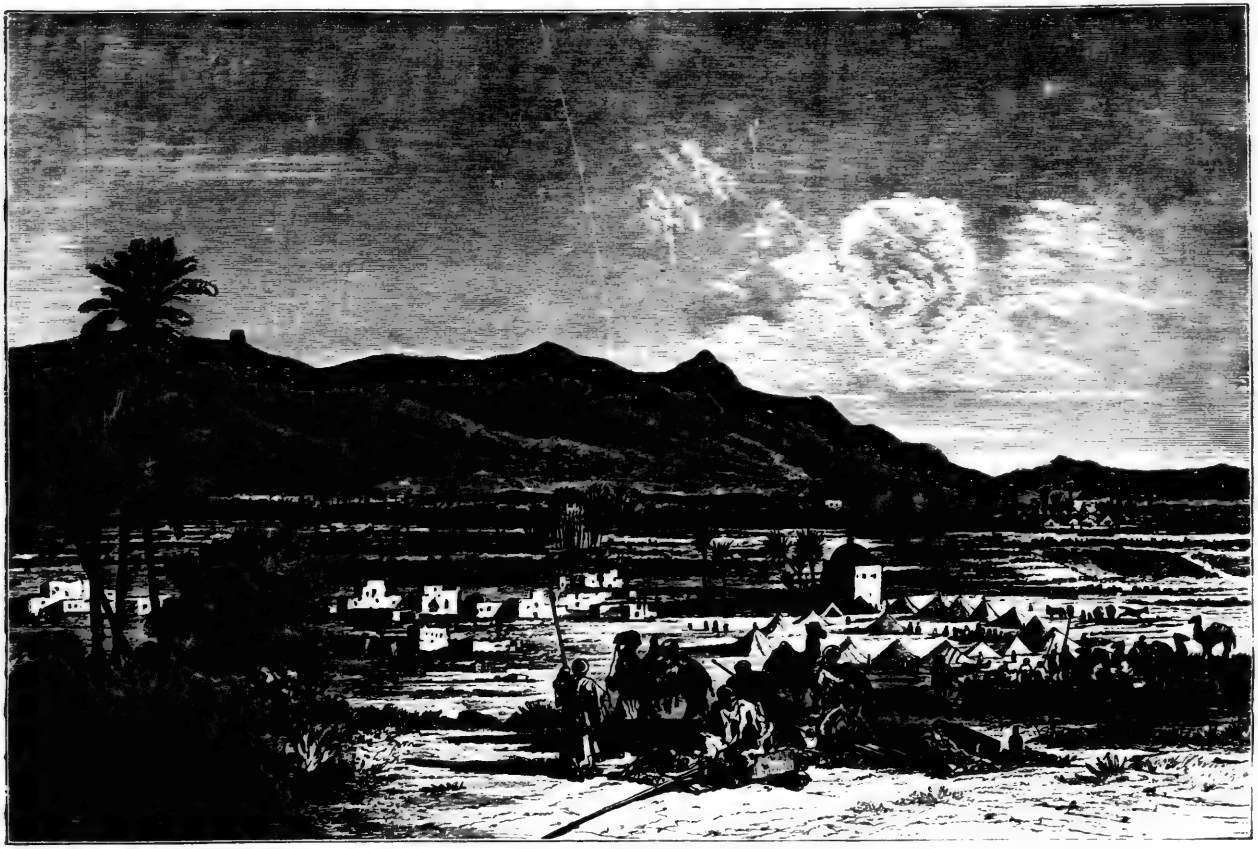
Mr. Phillips, mine host, soon became my right-hand man. His extraordinary character, and the adventures of his life, are worth a brief notice. Phillips said he was descended from those York Jews who, on refusing to pay a contribution levied on them by one of our most Christian kings, had a tooth drawn out every morning (without the aid of chloroform), until they satisfied the cruel avarice of the tyrant. In person, Phillips was a smart old gentleman, with the ordinary lineaments of his race stamped on his countenance. The greater part of his life has been spent in South America, where he attained the honours of aide-de-camp to Bolivar. In those sanguinary revolutions, heaving with the birth of the young republic, he had often been shut up in the capilla to be shot, and was rescued always by the Jesuit fathers, who pitied and saved the poor Jew, on his expressing himself favourable to Christianity. Returning to England, after twenty years' absence, his mother did not fully recognise him, until he one day got up and admired, with youthful ardour, a china figure on the chimney-piece, which had been his toy in boyhood. On the occurrence of this little domestic incident, the mother passionately embraced her lost prodigal, once dead, but now "alive again." Phillips came to Mogador on a military speculation, and offered to take the command of the emperor's cavalry against all his enemies.

This audacity of a Jew filled the Moor with alarm. "How could a Jew, who was not a devil, propose such an insult to the commander of the faithful, as to presume to take charge of his invincible warriors!" Nevertheless, the little fellow weathered the storm, and got appointed "captain of the port of Mogador," with the liberal salary of about thirty shillings per month; but this did not prevent our aide-de-camp, now metamorphosed into a sea captain, from wearing an admiral's uniform, which he obtained in a curious way on a visit to England. He met, in the streets of London, with an acquaintance, who pretended to patronise him. The gentleman jokingly said, "Well, Phillips, I must give you an uniform, since you are appointed captain of the port of Mogador." The said gentleman received, a few months afterwards, when his quondam *protégé* was safe with his uniform strutting about Mogador, to the amazement of the Moors, and the delight of his co-religionists, a bill of thirty pounds or so, charged for a "suit of admiral's uniform for Mr. Phillips, captain of the port of Mogador;" and found that a joke sometimes has a serious termination.

Phillips, on his first arrival in this country, entered into a diplomatic contest with the Moorish authorities, demanding the privileges of a native British-born Jew, and he determined to ride a horse, in order to vindicate the rights of British Jews, before the awful presence of the Shereefian court! About this business, the Consul-general Hay is said to have written eleven long, and Mr. Willshire about twenty one short and pithy despatches but the affair ended in smoke. Phillips, with great magnanimity and self-denial, consented to relinquish the privilege, on the prayer of his brethren, natives of Mogador, who were very naturally afraid, lest the incensed emperor might visit on them what he durst not inflict on the British born Jew.

Of the achievements of Phillips in the way of science (for he assures he is born to the high destiny of enlightening both barbarians and civilised nations), I take the liberty, with his permission, of mentioning one. Phillips brought here a pair of horse-shoes belonging to a dray-horse of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., to astonish the Moors by their size, who are great connoisseurs of horse-flesh. The Moors protested their unbelief, and swore it was a lie,—"such shoes never shod a horse." Phillips then got a skeleton of a head from England. This they also scouted as an imposition, alleging that Phillips had got it purposely made to deceive them. "Although they believed in the Prophet, whom they never saw, they were still not such fools as to believe in everything which an infidel might bring to their country." Phillips now gave up in despair the attempt to propagate science among the Moors.

Our ancient aide-de-camp of Bolivar is a liberal English Jew, and boasts that, on Christmas-day, he always has his roast beef and plum-pudding. I supped with him often on a sucking-pig, for the Christians breed pigs in this place, to the horror of pious Mussulmen. This amusing adventurer subsequently left Mogador



MOUNTAINS OF IRON.

and went to Lisbon, where he purposed writing a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, containing the plan of a new Unitarian system of religion, by which the Jews might be brought within the pale of the Christian church.

For some time I felt the effects of my sea-voyage; my apartment rocked in my brain. People speculated about the object of my mission; the most absurd rumours were afloat. "The Christian has come to settle the affairs of Mr. Darman, whom the emperor killed," some said. Others remarked, "The Christian has come to buy all the slaves in the country in order to liberate them." The lieutenant-governor sent for Phillips, to know what I came for, who I was, and how I passed my time? Phillips told him all about my mission, and that I was a great taleb. When Phillips mentioned to the governor, that Great Britain had paid a hundred million of dollars for the liberation of slaves belonging to Englishmen, his excellency, struck with astonishment, exclaimed, "The English Sultan is inspired by God!"

I visited the burying-place of Christians, situated on the north side of the town by the sea-shore. A fine tomb was erected here to the memory of Mrs. Willshire's father. The ignorant country people coming to Mogador stopped to repeat prayers before it, believing it the tomb of some favourite saint. The government, hearing of this idolatry to a Christian, begged Mr. Willshire to have the tomb covered with cement. When this was done, so perverse are these people, that they partially divested it of covering, and chipped off pieces of marble for their women, who ground them to powder, and dusted their faces with it to make them fair. Every six months it is necessary to replaster the tomb. This cemetery is the most desolate place the mind of man can conceive. There is no green turf here to rest lightly on the bosom of the dead! No tree, no cypress of mourning; no shade or shelter for those who seek to indulge in grief. All is a sandy desolation, swept by the wild winds of the solitary shore of the ocean.

Farther on, is the Moorish cemetery, which I passed through. What a spectacle of human corruption! Here, indeed, we may learn to despise this world's poor renown, and cease tormenting ourselves with vain and godless pursuits (*See* p. 816). It was then sunset, the moon had risen far up on the fading brow of the departing day, casting pale lights and fearful shadows over this house of the dead. It was time to return or the gates of the city would shut me out amidst the wreck of poor human dust and bones. I saw, moving in the doubtful shadows of approaching night, the grave-digging hyæna!

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The wreckers of this coast boldly assert that a shipwreck is a blessing (*birkah*), sent to them by Providence. The port authorities have even the impudence to declare, that to erect lighthouses at the mouth of ports would be thwarting the decrees of Divine Providence! In spite of all this, however, at the urgent request of Mr. Willshire, when, on one occasion, the weather was very bad, the governor of Mogador stationed guards on various parts of the coast to preserve the lives and property of shipwrecked vessels. But I do not think I have heard worse cases of Moorish wreckers than those which have happened not very many years ago on the French and English coasts. Some of my readers will recollect the case of an Indiaman wrecked off the coast of France, when poor ladies, in a state of suspended animation, had their fingers cut off to get possession of their diamond rings. During my stay at Mogador, a courier arrived from Sus, bringing the news of some Christians being wrecked off the coast. A Jew had purchased one poor fellow from the Arabs for two camels. Two others were dead, their bodies cast upon the inhospitable beach by the Atlantic surge, where they lay unburied, to be mangled by the wild tribes, or to feed the hungry hyæna.

Some of the merchants came hither from the capital; amongst the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Elton; they, as well as others, brought a favourable account of the emperor and his ministers, and lauded very much the commercial policy of the governor of Mogador. Moderation, it is said, is the characteristic of the court's proceedings towards the merchants. Trade was not very brisk, it being the rainy season, when the Arabs are occupied with sowing the ground; the busy time is from September to January.

The produce sold at that time was simply that which is left of the past season, having been kept back with the object of getting a better price for it. Gum is brought in great quantities for exportation. An immense quantity of sugar is imported, a third of which is loaf beet-root sugar brought from Marseilles.

Mr. Phillips came to me to beg ten thousand pardons for having only fowls for dinner. One morning two bullocks were killed by the Jews, but "not according to the law," and the greater part of the Jews that day would have to go without meat. On these occasions the Jews sell their meat to the Moors and Christians at a reduced price. Phillips observed, "I am obliged to eat meat according to the law, or I should have no peace of my life."

A good many people were affected by colds, but the climate of Mogador is reckoned very good. All the year round there is not much variation; N.W. and N.E winds bring cold in winter, and cool refreshing breezes in summer. There was not a single medical man in Mogador, although there were some fifty Europeans, including Jews. Some years ago a clever young man was practising here. For one year, each European paid his share of salary; but alas! those whom God blessed with good health, refused to pay their quota to the support of a physician for their sickly neighbours, consequently, every European's life was in the greatest danger, should a serious accident occur to them. With regard to money, they would prefer a broken leg all their life-time to paying five pounds to have it set. The consuls of Tangier subscribe for a resident physician.

One afternoon I went to see the Moorish cavalry "playing at powder" (*Lab Al Barud*), being a stirring and novel scene. A troop of these haughty cavaliers assembled with their chiefs almost daily on the plaza, or parade. Then they divided themselves into parties of twenty or thirty; proceeding with their manœuvres, the cavaliers at first advanced slowly in a single line, then canter, and then gallop, spurring on the horse to its last gasp, meantime standing up erect on their shovel-stirrups, and turning from one side to the other; looking round with an air of defiance, they fire off their matchlocks, throw themselves into various dexterous attitudes, sometimes letting fall the bridle. The pieces being discharged, the horses instantaneously stop The most difficult lesson a barb learns, is to halt suddenly in mid career of a full gallop. To discharge hi

matchlock, standing on the stirrups while the horse is in full gallop, is the great lesson of perfection of the Maroquine soldiery. The cavaliers now wheel out of the way for the next file, returning reloaded, and taking their places to gallop off and fire again. Crowds of people attend these equestrian exhibitions, of which they are passionately fond. They squat round the parade in double or treble rows, muffled up within their bournouses, in mute admiration. Occasionally women are present, but females here join in very few out-door amusements. When a whole troop of cavaliers are thus manœuvring, galloping at the utmost stretch of the horses' muscles, the men screaming and hallowing "Hah! hah! hah!" the dust and sand rising in clouds before the foaming fiery barb, with the deafening noise and confusion of a simultaneous discharge of firelocks, the picture represents in vivid colours what might be conceived of the wild Nubian cavalry of ancient Africa.

These cavaliers are sometimes called *spahis;* they are composed of Moors, Arabs, Berbers, and all the native races in Morocco. They are usually plainly dressed, but, beneath the burnuss, many of them wear the Moorish dress, embroidered in the richest style. Some of the horses are magnificently caparisoned in superb harness, worked in silk and gold. Fine harness is one of the luxuries of North Africa, and is

SERPENT CHARMERS.

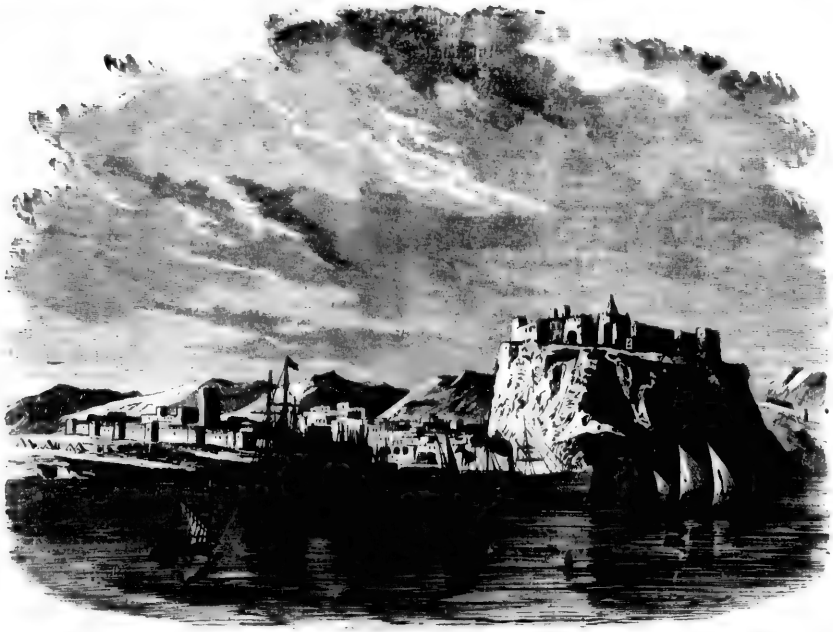
still much used, even in Tunis and Tripoli, where the new system of European military dress and tactics has been introduced.

Mr. Lord relates, on the authority of the French, that, when the invading army invested Fort de l'Empereur, and had silenced all its guns, the Dey ordered the Turkish general to retreat to the Kasbah, and leave three negroes to blow up the fort. It seemed, therefore, abandoned, but two red flags floated still on its outward line of defence, and a third on the angle towards the city. The French continued all their efforts towards effecting a practicable breach. Three negroes were now seen calmly walking on the ramparts, and from time to time looking over as if examining the progress of the breach. One of them, struck by a cannon-ball, fell; and the others, as if to avenge his death, ran to a cannon, pointed it, and fired three shots. At the third the gun turned over, and they were unable to replace it. They tried another, and as they were in the act of raising it, a shot swept the legs from under one of them. The remaining negro gazed for a moment on his comrade, drew him a little aside, left him, and once more examined the breach. He then snatched one of the flags, and retired to the interior of the tower. In a few minutes he reappeared, took a second flag and descended. The French continued their cannonade, and the breach appeared almost practicable, when suddenly they were astounded by a terrific explosion, which shook the whole ground as with an earthquake. An immense

column of smoke, mixed with streaks of flames, burst from the centre of the fortress; masses of solid masonry were hurled into the air to an amazing height, while cannon, stones, timbers, projectiles, and dead bodies were scattered in every direction. What was all this? The negro had done his duty—the fort was blown up!

In a skirmish near Mascara, one of Abd-el-Kader's negro soldiers killed two Frenchmen with his own hand. The Emir, who was an eye-witness of his bravery, rewarded him on the field of battle by presenting him with his own sword and the Cross of the Crescent, the only military order in the service, and which is never awarded except for a very distinguished action. Colonel Scott says the black was presented to him, and seemed as proud of the honour conferred on him as if he had been made a K.G.C.B.

In the strifes and disputes for succession that have characterised the history of the Barbary princes, and reddened their annals with blood, nothing has been more remarkable than the fidelity of the negroes to their respective masters, and the bravery with which they have defended them to the last hour of their reign or existence. When all his partisans have deserted a pretender—when the soldiers of the successful competitor to the throne have been in the act of pouncing upon the fallen or falling prince, a handful of brave followers has rushed to the rescue, and surrounded



VIEW OF SALEE AND RABAT.

the person of their beloved leader, pouring out their life-blood in his defence—and these men were negroes! To use a vulgar metaphor, the negro will defend his master with the savage courage and tenacity of a bull-dog. And this is the principal reason which has induced the despotic princes of North Africa to cherish the negroes, of whom they have encouraged a continual supply from the interior.

The history of this Imperial Guard of Negroes is interesting, as showing the inconveniences as well as the advantage of such a corps, for these troops have not been always so well-conducted as they are at present. At one time the Shereefs claimed a species of sovereignty over the city of Timbukhtu and the adjacent countries. In the year 1727, Mulai Isman determined to re-people his wasted districts by a colony of negroes. His secret object was, however, to form a body-guard to keep his own people in check, a sort of black Swiss regiment—so alike is the policy of all tyrants. In a few years these troops exceeded 100,000 men. Finding their numbers so great, and their services so much needed by the Sultan, they became exigeant and rapacious, dictating to their royal master. Mulai Abdallah was deposed six times by them. The Sultan on his side finding their yoke intolerable, decimated them by sending them to fight in the mountains. Others were disbanded for the same reasons by Sidi Muhammad. Still the effect of this new colonisation was

beneficially experienced throughout the country. The Moors taking the black women as concubines, a mixed race of industrious people sprang up, and gave an impetus to the empire. It is questionable, however, if North Africa could be colonised by negroes. By mixing with the Caucasian race, this experiment partly succeeded But in general, North Africa is too bleak and uncongenial for the negroes' nature during winter. The negro race does not increase of itself on this coast. Their present number is kept up by a continual supply of slaves. When this is stopped, coloured people will begin gradually to disappear.

The French in Africa now furnish them with an everlasting theme of denunciation. From Morocco they travel eastwards, filling the Sahara and the Atlas with the odours of their holy reputation. So that religious light, like that of civilisation, is now moving from the west—eastwards, instead of, as in times past, from the east—eastwards. The Maroquine Muhammadans may be cited as a case in point. They find too frequently only the form of religion in the east, as we do in the eastern churches. They are beginning to assault Mekka as we have assaulted Jerusalem.

## VII.

THE RECENT SPANISH CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO—COMBATS IN FRONT OF CEUTA—MOORISH STRATAGEMS—SKIRMISHES ON THE RIVER ASMIR—MOORISH CAVALRY OVERRATED—ACTION AT WADI AL JALU—ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BULL RING—SPANISH ARTILLERY—MOORS GOOD MARKSMEN—FINAL ACTION IN FRONT OF TETUAN—STUBBORN DEFENCE OF THE MOORS—RETROSPECT OF THE CAMPAIGN—A GREAT POLITICAL AND MILITARY MISTAKE.

THE first standing army of negroes was formed more especially of Songhay tribes, dwelling on the Niger, in the time of Mulai Ismaal, about A.D. 1672. This prince married his Songhay contingent to Moroccoin women in order to rule his own subjects. (Barth, *Chronological Table of the History of Songhay*, vol iv. p. 627.)

The reputation which this imperial negro guard enjoyed for devotion and gallantry—the historical halo that surrounded the heads of the descendants of the Mauretanians and Moors of old—the well-attested pluck of the Arabs, and the power of resistance of the Berbers, great as it is in their own mountains, were neither allowed full play, or could not cope with the perfection of civilized warfare, when pitched in our own days against Spain.

Mr. Frederick Hardman speaks, indeed, in his work on *The Spanish Campaign in Morocco*, in very depreciatory terms of the Moorish cavalry, as, indeed, of Moorish tactics generally.

So far, he says, as I have as yet had opportunity of observing, and of ascertaining from officers who have been here from the very first day of the war, the military tactics of the Moors are limited and monotonous. Their stratagem is always the same; they throw out a few men as a decoy—a sort of forlorn hope—in the expectation that the Spaniards will advance against them as an easy prey. If the Spaniards did so they would instantly become a mark for hundreds of sharpshooters, concealed in holes and corners, among rocks and behind trees, and vigilantly watching for a mark. To the possible success of this *ruse de guerre* it is obviously essential that the Spaniards should not be aware of the proximity of a lurking foe fifty times more numerous than the one visible on the open ground. To conceal their ambush the Moors display all the craft of savages. One rarely sees a strong body of them ensconcing themselves in a position. You may see five or six in one direction, and eight or ten in another, converging towards an apparently uncertain point, whilst in other directions other small groups move, often only two or three men, sloping quietly along as if they were admiring the landscape rather than meaning mischief. Then they disappear, either among trees or behind inequalities of the ground, and are seen no more, and you know not whither they are gone until you have had enough experience of their ways to feel sure that they have all betaken themselves to allotted positions, and that while perhaps you have never seen fifty men at a time, there are probably a thousand assembled within range of your skirmishers. The aversion they show to coming to close quarters and encountering a bayonet charge, renders it difficult to believe that their frequent advances against our positions are prompted by a serious hope of obtaining possession of any part of works fully manned, defended by artillery, and which every day renders stronger. I should rather take their object to be to provoke the Spaniards to move out from their cover to ground where they might afford easy marks for their *espingardas*. The Moors have been only too often successful in this, and the consequence has been the killing and wounding of hundreds of men without any corresponding advantage. A great deal of ammunition has thus been fired away, which had been much better spared. The Spanish generals, however, have begun to find out their mistake. The first corps, which has been longest here, and has had the most experience of this kind of warfare, has for some time past adopted the plan of not replying to the Moorish skirmishers, but of lying quiet, and letting them come on (if they please, which they rarely do) until they are near enough for action more decisive than the exchange of long shots. Similar reserve has, I hear, now been enjoined to the second corps, and, judging from the conduct of those troops of the third corps which were yesterday engaged, it is probable that General Ros de Olano, who on his first arrival here seemed rather disposed to retaliate upon and follow up the foe, now sees that there is nothing to be gained by such a course, with a quickfooted enemy, who flies when attacked, and returns in swarms when the Spaniards retire, as they must ultimately do, to their positions, to hang upon their rear and pelt them with bullets.

Then again at the camp on the River Asmir. The day, Mr. Hardman says, is mild but cloudy, after one of the most gorgeous and remarkable sunrises I ever saw,—the whole eastern sky flaked and barred with clouds glowing like burnished copper, on a background the tints of which varied from the pale green of the willow leaf to an almost emerald hue. For a few minutes it was wonderful to contemplate; then the sun rose like a golden ball from the sea horizon, slightly veiled by a low bank of mist, but almost as soon as it appeared clouds floated across, and the whole morning, without being exactly dull, has passed without brightness. The soldiers are going through the duty, lately so unpleasantly frequent, of discharging and cleaning their damp muskets; the contents of the tents are being spread out to dry; horses are being cleaned and rubbed and brushed, which they greatly need, poor fellows, after standing all night up to their fetlocks in mud, with rain pelting through their covering, and now

much to eat. Some of the mules look very thin and miserable, and all greatly in want of the contents of the steamer marked "Hay!" one poor lean wretch, on beholding some scanty handfuls of that desirable article spread before a horse this morning, came tottering up to claim a share, but fell from weakness before he could reach the much-needed forage. The cavalry horses seem to bear up pretty well; at least two squadrons of dragoons, which went forward yesterday and rode all along the line during the action in hopes of getting a chance of a charge, looked plucky and in hard condition, and trotted briskly up and down rugged declivities and through the thick jungles of briars and gum-cistus. The Moors apparently did not like their looks, for they kept carefully out of their way. I confess I begin to think there is a great deal of exaggeration in what has been said of the formidable valour of the Moorish horsemen. They have had, before my eyes, several opportunities of attacking, with far superior force, small bodies of Spanish cavalry, and not once have they availed themselves of them. As yet, all they have shown themselves good for is to scamper about the country, generally at a pretty safe distance from the Spanish sharpshooters, and to perform feats which would excite much admiration in Batty's Circus, such as firing at a canter, levelling their long *espingardas*, and discharging them at the same instant that their well-trained horses turn short round and make at speed for the rear. Considering the length of their guns, and the need they have of a prop for steady aim, I cannot believe that this kind of practice causes many casualties in their enemy's ranks. The kind of estimation in which the Spanish infantry hold them may be judged of from the fact that at the termination of our last march but one—the hazardous but completely successful movement between the sea and the lagoons—when there was skirmishing on the heights above our position, and the soldiers, looking down from the rocky summits, saw Moorish cavalry moving in the plain below, a battalion was extremely indignant because it was not allowed to descend and charge them with the bayonet.

The only Moors as yet seen to day have been two or three small parties wandering over the ground of yesterday's combat, probably looking for wounded and collecting dead. With a glass one can see some horses lying about on the hills. A number of arms were brought in yesterday, among them several *gumais*. These are much the shape of a butcher's knife—broad and square next the handle or hilt, with a projecting corner, and tapering off to the point. The edge of most of those that have been taken since the war began was ground as sharp as that of a razor. The usual length of the blade is about 18 or 20 inches. Yesterday a sabre was also brought in which apparently belonged to an officer or some person of distinction. It was in a scabbard of red leather, with brass tip and bands, with slings of crimson cord. Edge and point were as sharp as grindstone could make them. For a cavalry sabre it was short—a heavy, ill-balanced weapon, with a cramped, inconvenient guard. General Prim has got a *haick* of crimson cloth, and in such clean and good condition that I hear he intends wearing it. Another capture, and by far the most interesting, made yesterday by the soldiers in their pursuit of the flying Moors, was a handsome album, in a case, containing drawings and paintings of scenery and positions, some in this neighbourhood, with manuscript notes. It came into possession of General Enrique O'Donnell, brother of the Commander-in-chief, and he had it under his arm, when, in passing on foot through part of the camp, after dark, he unfortunately lost it, and all the efforts that have been made to find it have hitherto proved unsuccessful. This loss is much to be regretted.

I find that nobody attempts to estimate the number of the Moors who yesterday attacked, and, indeed, it is the wisest plan not to do so, for the reason I have more than once given. The positions they occupied could hardly be less than four miles in length. They were met by seven battalions, which, being stronger than some we have here, must be reckoned at 4000 men. Of these only four battalions, Toledo, Castilla, Savoya, and Cordova, were actually engaged; the other three were in reserve. The first-named two particularly distinguished themselves by the charges they made. Cordova is the battalion that suffered so much on the 1st inst., and is even said to have shown symptoms of faltering, at which moment it was that Marshal O'Donnell galloped forward to the front and placed himself and staff in a heavy fire, as described to you in a previous letter. A Spanish artist who accompanies this army has made a spirited sketch of the scene, at the moment when the Marshal put spurs to his horse, and, shouting to a battalion of light infantry close at hand, "*Cazadores! a la bayoneta! Viva la Reina!*" dashed up the ascent. The Cordova Regiment has lost heavily in the campaign; its two senior field officers, and a number of others of all ranks have been killed or wounded. The great loss of officers in the army of Africa up to the present time shows that they do their duty, and is also to be attributed to their standing upright, while their men of course get as much as possible under cover to load and fire, and in many instances have fought from behind low parapets thrown up for the purpose of affording them shelter. The casualties yesterday were somewhat heavier than I thought, although the Moorish fire was certainly very heavy at times, until they were disheartened and driven to flight by the bayonet charges and rapid advance of the battalions above named, as well as by the rapid discharges of twenty pieces of artillery. One battalion I saw charging *à discrétion*, as it is called—that is to say, as the men like, without keeping ranks or any sort of order; it pushed on very rapidly, and must have suffered from the fire from the wood in which the Moors sought shelter.

Again, when the Spaniards were getting up to Tetuan, the Moors offered no real resistance:

### Camp of Wadi al Jalu, *Feb.* 1.

There was an action yesterday, but, unless the force of artillery displayed, and the loss it occasioned the Moors, should induce them to surrender Tetuan, it has not placed the Spaniards one inch nearer to the possession of that place. Strictly speaking, they may be said to be further from the attainment of that end than they were, since they have lost out of their little army 200 or 300 men, more or less acclimatised and inured to this kind of warfare, and who can be but imperfectly replaced by an equal number of recruits from Spain. The combat of yesterday was useless and unprofitable, like many others that this army has had since its arrival in Africa. The position of the Spaniards is this: they occupy an intrenched camp and forts before Tetuan, in which they are waiting until they have completed their preparations for attacking that place. Until then they have nothing

to gain by engaging in combats in the plain around them, and across which it is in their power to advance whenever they please. They are constructing a new fort, which is slow in completion by reason of the nature of the ground, and of the form selected, which requires a great deal of labour. This fort the Moors come down and attack, or, at least, make a demonstration of attacking. It might be thought sufficient to defend it, driving away the enemy when he approaches, and to this the Spanish military chiefs have, it is said, more than once expressed their intention of limiting themselves. Unfortunately, when the moment comes, good resolutions are apt to evaporate. The smell of powder has an intoxicating effect on most heads. A little *amour propre* may, perhaps, have its influence, for it must not be thought in Europe that the Moors are masters of the plain, and that we dare not sally forth and drive them back in confusion even greater than that of their disorderly approach. So that, in fact, during this time of waiting and preparation, while guns and tools and stores are being disembarked, the Moors have it at their option to fight or not. If they choose to remain in their tents nobody will molest them; when they feel pugnacious and have got a fresh supply of powder and some new leader arrives among them, they have nothing to do but to come down into the plain but to fire and yell, and they are quite sure that troops will be sent out to meet them, and that, although their own loss may be great, they will have the satisfaction of killing some of the "Christian dogs." Spaniards are apt to take illustrations from the bull-ring, and I have heard this army and the Moors compared to the bull and the bull-fighter. The Spanish bull stands calm and firm in his African arena, confident of his power to repel and somewhat scornful of his foe, worsted in many encounters. Forth rides the Moorish *toreador*, brandishing a red flag, which he shakes in defiance and provocation, and followed by a swarm of long legged, long-gun bearing Moriscos, who look, upon the brown hill-side and in their dirty white haicks, like lively gentles. "Come on, come on!" he may be imagined to say, as he makes his charger curvet and waves his banner on high, while his followers crouch behind bushes and seek supports for their *espingardas*, and fire and vituperate. At the sound of their hideous yell and of a whistling bullet or two, the eager Spaniard pricks up his ears, paws the ground, and soon forgets prudent resolves. Like the unreflecting bull, he is not long in losing his temper and accepting his enemy's challenge. Forward the skirmishers! Bring up the mountain battery! Up with Vergara's sharpshooters! Where are the rifled four-pounders? And forward they all hurry—the active red-legged light infantry, with Minié on shoulder, and the tall powerful mules, which the weight of guns and carriages perched upon their high pack-saddles cannot restrain from furious neighing and inconvenient rearing, and other antics highly annoying to their conductors, and scarcely to be checked by sharp jerks at the severe iron apparatus affixed to their nose and mouth. Battalions move up in support, the field artillery rumbles in the rear, and lines of cavalry glitter on the flank, waiting an opportunity to charge. And soon the Minié whistles, and the sharp report of the rifled guns is heard, and the Moriscos, who are not anxious to come to close quarters, knock over a few men by parting shots, and scamper off to another position, and again career to and fro, and wave their dirty little flags and howl abuse of the Spaniards, who again as before, are seduced to follow them up. And thus some miles of ground are gone over, and the enemy doubtless suffers severely, which does not, however, prevent him, when he sees the Spaniards retire, from following them and killing and wounding a few more. The telegraph announces a fresh victory to Madrid where there is probably much rejoicing on the occasion; but the next morning the "butcher's bill" is added up, and the loss is ascertained, while anything like a gain, either substantial or moral, is sought for in vain. It may be questioned whether such expenditure of soldiers' lives be justifiable, but under present circumstances it certainly seems unwise.

The above is much the sort of thing that went on yesterday, beginning soon after ten and lasting till nightfall. The Spaniards brought up the whole of their artillery and pounded the Moors considerably. The affair began to our right front, just beyond the new fort, still incomplete, which was supposed to be the object of the Moorish advance. Soon it spread over a much more extensive line; and while, on the Spanish left, a few battalions kept the enemy at bay, the right and centre cleared the plain and advanced nearly five miles from their position, through a country inconveniently sprinkled with ponds and long narrow lagoons. As regards military movements, there is not much to describe in those actions. When I read the Spanish official accounts of those I myself have witnessed, I am often puzzled to trace all the strategical ideas therein attributed to the Moors. Now and then they have seemed to have some glimmerings of that kind, but usually their plan, if such it may be called, is much like that of a dog attacking a bull, and who careers around him seeking opportunity to rush in and bite with impunity, but retreats in haste when he meets the horns. This was the case yesterday. The Moors were no sooner repulsed on one part of the line than they scampered off to another, in hopes of finding a weak point, but everywhere they were disappointed; and, in the afternoon, a general advance put them utterly to the route, and a greater part of them disappeared, abandoning the spurs of the Sierra Bermeja to the Spaniards, and seeking refuge in the recesses, and even on the summits of the mountains. Their camp on the hill, referred to in former letters, was in evident danger, and its occupants began to strike tents, in anticipation of an attack. It might easily have been taken, and many thought that such was the intention, but the attempt was not made.

I perceive that the Spanish bulletin of the little combat of the 23rd of January speaks highly of the practice made by the artillery. This, I suppose, was out of consideration for the feelings of the gunners. I persist in saying that it was very indifferent, and some of it very bad, and that some of the shells from the gunboats burst much nearer to the Spaniards than to the Moors, and even in dangerous proximity to the former. This was very well known and freely commented on by many here. Yesterday the case was different. There was some extremely good practice, and, although I do not know by what process of calculation the Spanish head-quarters arrive at their estimate of 2,000 as the loss of the Moors, it would not be surprising if they had lost quite that, and the prisoners taken say that their army suffered greatly, especially the cavalry. The whole of the field artillery, and some, if not all, of the mountain batteries, were out and engaged, so that there must have been at least

fifty or sixty guns in the field. Frequently four batteries were firing at a time, from different points of the line; and as the Moors, although they do not form in line or columns, were very thick yesterday, they must have suffered much from the shell and round shot, especially from the former, many of which fell and burst in the very midst of their groups. The rocket troop also came out, for the first time in this campaign, and greatly astonished the dusky warriors of Mulai Abbas. As the first missile issued from the tube, and, rushing through the air like a red-hot arrow, with a train of smoke behind it, ricochetted twice or thrice, and then, plunging into a field full of Moors, exploded in the midst of them, they fled in every direction in the utmost consternation. The rocket practice was remarkably good, and must have been very damaging to the enemy. One of the mountain batteries—that of Lopez Dominguez, which has been constantly engaged from a very early period of the campaign, and has done excellent service—went out among the skirmishers on the left, at a time when the Moorish fire was very heavy at that point, and fired grape with good effect, but suffered severely, losing one-third of his men. To all this storm of artillery the Moors could only oppose two or three small guns, which it is presumable they inherited from their remote forefathers, and which the Spaniards would not have known to have been fired but for the smoke and report, and for a ball which was picked up in the plain and showed the pieces to be three-pounders.

They were stationed in the Moorish camp below the Sierra Bermeja, and the Moors were very industrious in changing their position, in hopes of improving the effect of their practice. One of the prisoners taken said that his countrymen were greatly puzzled to understand why their guns did not carry as far as those of the Spaniards, for that they put in a great deal of powder. I presume the Spaniards will no longer believe, as some were disposed to do a few weeks ago, that their antagonists have had the advantage of instruction from British artillerymen.

The number of horse shown yesterday by the Moors was considerable. One prisoner said there were 2,000; another 3,000; and it would not be surprising if the larger of these numbers were correct. The opinion in this camp seems to be that they showed a greater force of both infantry and cavalry than they had previously done in the war, and I certainly had not yet seen them bring forward so many horsemen, some of whom appeared well mounted. The Spanish cavalry was not idle, but neither was it fortunate. A considerable body—six or seven squadrons—was with the third corps, which occupied the centre of the line, and with which General O'Donnell passed the greater part of the day. When to the right, and in advance of the headquarters staff, this cavalry was led to the charge against a very numerous force of Moorish horse and foot, and it certainly was not handled with much judgment. The movements were so rapid, and took place in such a cloud of dust and on such uneven ground, that it was impossible for a spectator's eye to follow all the details, but the main outlines of the affair was perceptible enough, and it was to the effect that the Spaniards went on bravely and in good order, went too far, got under the heaviest and best sustained fire I have as yet heard proceed from the Moors, and came out in no small confusion, leaving dead, wounded, and a few prisoners behind them. I have since heard many details and episodes of the affair, which was certainly the least satisfactory part of the day's work for the Spaniards. According to the official return there are two officers and sixteen men dead, eleven officers and thirty-four men wounded. Among the dead and wounded are three field officers. I do not hear of any being returned as "missing," but I am assured that a subaltern and three or four men were made prisoners and taken away by the Moors, who yesterday were more merciful than usual, and did not invariably cut off all the heads that came within their reach. The Moorish cavalry did not shrink from crossing sabres with the Spanish dragoons; indeed the Moors in general show much individual pluck; what they are deficient in is organisation, generalship, and artillery. Their muskets are certainly not of the most modern and convenient construction, but that they who use them are good shots is evident from the large number of Spanish officers they knock over—a disproportion with the casualties among the soldiers not to be entirely accounted for by the forwardness of the officers, or by the fact that they are often on horseback or erect while their men are stooping behind banks and partly sheltered from fire. It is also observed that a large proportion of the wounds received in this army are above the waist, and a great many of them in the head and neck. To revert, however, to the cavalry charge of yesterday. The headlong advance of the leading squadrons led them towards a tract of brushwood at the foot of the hills, along which it was easy to discern, even from a distance, that the Moors had a parapet. As the horsemen galloped within short range of this, a steady file fire was opened upon them, which lasted in a prolonged and continuous roll fully two minutes, and doubtless seemed longer to those who were under it. The cavalry went files about and made for the rear, and soon the Moorish horsemen were mingled with them. There was a good deal of cutting and slashing, and not all the wounds were where a soldier takes most pride in showing them. I saw one dragoon, a tall powerful fellow, lying on the ground with two tremendous sabre cuts across the back. He was dead, and had been stripped by some of the rascally camp-followers, of whom a great number hang about the skirts of the army when it moves, on the look out for plunder, and against whom a severe general order has to day been issued, promising them 200 blows of a stick for future transgressions. The Moors seem more accustomed to cut than to thrust, and thus it is that many of the wounds they inflict are slight. An officer of the Principe Regiment, Major Moraski, a Pole, found himself engaged with four or five of the enemy—an encounter which he somewhat rashly sought. He received, as his comrades inform me, upwards of twenty wounds about the head and shoulders, but his life is not in danger, and he left this morning in an hospital ship for Malaga. Another officer of the same regiment was saved by the courage and devotedness of two of his soldiers. He was lying on the ground, severely wounded, both by shot and sabre, in three or four places, when the two dragoons approached him and urged him to accompany them. He said it was impossible for him to stir, and warned them to be off, for that five Moors were in ambush only a few paces on. They immediately rushed to the place, killed two of the Moors, put the others to flight, and brought off their officer. I met them bringing him in across their saddles, as I was riding forward towards the scene of the charge. The

poor fellow could not repress cries of agony, but fortunately a neighbouring square of infantry supplied a litter. To sum up these scattered details, the fault of the Spanish cavalry yesterday does not appear to have been want of courage, but want of proper leading and direction. They charged stoutly enough, but there seems to have been no one there to bid them halt at the proper time, and thus they got into a heavy fire, which they had no means of returning, were disordered and driven back, and then were assailed by a swarm of mounted Moors, intrepid combatants and skilful horsemen. The cavalry, in short, were unlucky. On the extreme left General Rubin, who commanded there, sent a squadron to charge a large number of Moors who were scattered over the low marshy plain that stretches from the camp up to the foot of the rising ground on which Tetuan stands. The squadron got into a treacherous morass, which let in the horses up to their girths, and sixteen or eighteen were killed there. One man had a most miraculous escape. With a cut in the wrist that nearly severed hand from arm, and a severe wound in the throat, he was stripped naked by the Moors, who thought him dead, and left him half immersed in the water. He lay there for about three hours insensible, then recovering himself, got up, and approached the Spanish skirmishers, between whom and the Moors he had lain, they firing at each other over him. It was dusk, and the Spaniards did not know what to make of this strange figure, and some, taking him for an enemy, fired at him. He made signs and moved towards them as fast as he could, and finally he was saved and brought into camp, and will very probably recover.

General Prim commanded on the right yesterday, and had little to do in the way of fighting, which must rather have annoyed him. He found himself, however, towards the middle of the day, menaced by a large force of Moorish cavalry, which, after being driven back from the Spanish centre, chiefly by the very heavy artillery fire, galloped off to the right, in pursuance of their usual system, to seek a weak place there. Prim had no cavalry with him, or at most a mere handful, but he had reliance on his infantry, and his infantry have unbounded confidence in him. He addressed them in his usual laconic style. "Men," he said (it was thus that his words were repeated to me), "there is cavalry in our front, and we have none to send against them, but we will charge them with the bayonet. Form squares, and let the music play." So, accordingly, in solid masses, their colours in the middle, and the bands playing their most inspiriting tunes, the infantry advanced against the Moors, who did not wait for them.

And lastly, in the decisive battle fought after the capture of Tetuan, on the 23rd of March, and where the negro cavalry were in great force, and displayed, as did also the Moorish infantry, great intrepidity, still the absence of organisation, discipline, and artillery, as also of competent leaders, rendered personal bravery of no avail whatsoever.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd instant, the diana sounded in the streets of Tetuan and in the camps in front and rear of the city; tents were struck, mules loaded, and before six the whole Spanish army, between 20,000 and 25,000 strong, was in motion westwards. In Tetuan remained a slender garrison of barely 1,500 men; the three forts near the sea, known respectively as Martin, Custom-house, and Star, were intrusted to the care of a small force of infantry of the line and a few companies of the Basque contingent, besides the necessary artillerymen for working the guns. It was evident the general-in-chief expected to have occasion for every man he could muster. The order of march was in parallel columns, and was led by that portion of the first corps which lately came to Tetuan from the lines of Ceuta. These were the same regiments which first landed in Africa, and fought in the sharp action of the 25th of November, and now they led the van in the closing fight of the war. They were eight battalions, with two batteries of mountain artillery, and a small body of cavalry, forming a division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Echague and Major-General Sir Richard La Saussaye. They were followed by Marshal O'Donnell and his staff, swollen by the presence of a number of foreign officers, most of whom had arrived since the capture of Tetuan, and two or three of whom were slightly wounded in the combat of the 11th inst., or in the far more important action of the day before yesterday. Their tents stands together in head-quarters camp, and that section of it is facetiously denominated *La Legion Etrangère*, "the Foreign Legion." There are several Prussians, a Russian, an Austrian, Swedes, and Bavarians, and one Frenchman, Baron Clary. I have seen it repeatedly stated in print, that there were British officers at these head-quarters; but that is not the case. The mistake may have arisen from the visits that have been occasionally made to the camp and to Tetuan by officers of Gibraltar garrison, or, more probably, from the fact that an Englishman holding the rank of colonel of cavalry in the Spanish army has served throughout the whole war on O'Donnell's staff, without pay, and at his own charges. The Comte d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, a gallant young soldier and general favourite, is also still here; and this, I think, completes our list of distinguished foreigners. To return to the order of march. After the staff came the second corps, the fighting corps *par excellence*, under its dashing chief, Don Juan Prim, and the third corps under Rios de Olano; then came the baggage, protected in rear by the first division of the reserve. The line of march was flanked and protected on the right by the second division of the reserve, under General Rios, which moved along the heights—a fortunate precaution, since it fell in with a large body of Moors hurrying in the contrary direction, with the manifest intention of getting in the rear of the Spaniards. Rios's was probable the strongest division in the field, including, as it did, five-sixths of the Basque contingent, lately arrived. This contingent is 3,000 strong, most of them young soldiers, but all active hardy fellows, whose flat red caps (the Pyrenean *beret*) recalled to the minds of many here present the *chapelgorris* and Carlists of the civil war now twenty years concluded. Distributed among the various divisions went the whole of the mountain artillery (borne on mules), and two batteries of field artillery of four guns each. Also the cavalry, which is but a small force—that arm having suffered considerably during the present war. The whole number of combatants is here estimated at fully 25,000, and very probably was not less. Upwards of 40,000 rations are now drawn daily for the Spanish army in Africa, which, allowing for the double rations of officers, for muleteers, camel-drivers, servants, sick, and all classes of non-combatants, as well as for the small garrisons left in Tetuan and the forts, ought to leave a disposable fighting force of at least the number above stated.

The action commenced at a short league from Tetuan; the ground where it terminated, and where the Spaniards encamped, is about a league and a half further off. The River Guad el Jelu, or Martin, changes its name in more than one place, and at a league and a half from Tetuan, where it makes an abrupt turn to the right and crosses the road under a bridge, it is known as the Guad el Ras. The road to Tangier is rather more like a road than the imperfect tracks which generally bear that name in this country. The positions successively held and abandoned by the Moors on the line of advance of the main body of the Spanish army were of an advantageous nature, a series of hills partially covered with brushwood, and here and there a *douar*, or hamlet, of the poor huts the rural population hereabouts inhabit. To give you a correct detailed account of the action is scarcely possible, owing to the extent of the ground over which it was fought, and because it was in a great measure a collection of desultory combats. The plan of the Moors was evident enough. They are, as you know, but poor tacticians; and, judging, it may be supposed, of others by themselves, they imagined that the Spaniards would advance along the valley without guarding the lofty and extensive heights upon their right. Thither, however, General Rios betook himself, and soon became aware of the presence of a large force of the enemy, estimated at about 12,000 men. While that general, making a wide circuit, checked the advance of this left wing, Echague, Prim, and a small portion of the third corps, were fighting their way along the lower ground and over the hills that diversified it. The most severe conflict was after the passage of the river, where the Moors held very strong positions opposite to the Spanish left. Here the army changed its front about three-quarters to the left, and Prim attacked a village in which the Moors had established themselves in great force, and where they made a most obstinate resistance. A charge of cavalry directed against it proved as might have been expected, utterly fruitless, and was repulsed with a loss of about eighty men and horses. Twice was the village taken and retaken, until at last the Spaniards permanently occupied it. There can be no question that the Moors fought on Friday better than they have ever yet done in this campaign. Their leaders had found means to inspirit them, notwithstanding their many previous defeats, to redeem which they made a desperate effort. Fresh troops had evidently been brought up from remote parts of the empire. The black cavalry were there in force, and displayed great intrepidity. There were several hand-to-hand conflicts, in which bodies of Moorish infantry boldly attacked Spanish battalions. In one instance a mere handful of men rushed fearlessly upon the Spanish line, dying upon the bayonets, but not until some of them had actually penetrated the battalion. Wherever there was a position favourable to the irregular mode of fighting of the Moors, these stubbornly defended it, and were more than once driven out only at the point of the bayonet. Doubtless, the leaders were for some time in hopes of their fire being responded to by that of the force which had been sent along the heights to get into the Spanish rear, but to which Rios opposed a barrier. Owing to the nature of the ground, and to avoid himself being outflanked by the large body of the enemy he encountered, Rios had to make a very wide circuit, and the Moors, seeing this, attempted to push in between him and the main body of the army, and to turn the flank of the latter. They were repulsed, and after that, as already mentioned, the principal contest was on the left. From ridge to ridge, from one captured position to another, the Spaniards at last came in sight of the Moorish camps. These were three in number, and great hopes were entertained that, as on the 4th of February, they would become the prize of the victors. But the enemy had profited by experience, and no longer entertained a blind confidence in their power of successfully defending any position. With extraordinary celerity their camps were raised. It is true that they are not generally encumbered with much baggage, and most of them had probably little to transport beyond their canvass dwellings and a few old clothes and blankets; nevertheless the rapidity of the operation was surprising. A staff officer, who was observing and sketching, assured me that not more than ten or twelve minutes elapsed from the time when every tent was standing to the moment when the last had disappeared.

Soon after four o'clock all was over, and nearly the last shots fired were by the two batteries of field artillery at the dispersed Moorish cavalry. After half-past four no more shots were heard, and this is worthy of note, as showing how completely the Moors must have considered the game up, and have felt themselves proportionately disheartened, for in previous actions (except in one or two, when heavy rain seemed to have the effect of rendering their fire-arms unserviceable) they have invariably, even after they felt themselves beaten, kept up skirmishing until dark. Perhaps, however, on this occasion their leaders desired them to withdraw, for, as a few hours more were to show, they felt that their last stake had been played and lost. The Spanish army encamped on the ground where the Moorish tents had stood; not exactly on the spot, however, since leavings of a Moorish encampment are not pleasant to pass the night among. It had been a hard day's work; but fatigue was forgotten in the exultation of victory. There were the usual painful sights and sounds inseparable from every battle, whether won or lost. The killed were numerous the wounded much more so, but the hurts of many of the latter were slight, and between 200 and 300 were able to walk back to Tetuan, and the next day to the sea-shore for embarkation. There was considerable loss of officers as usual in this war. All the commanding officers of Cazadores, light infantry battalions, engaged were hit.

The late campaign of the Spanish army in Morocco, it has been justly observed, divides itself naturally into three periods. The first comprises the six weeks that elapsed from the landing of Echague's corps, in the middle of November, to the march of the army from the lines of Ceuta, on the 1st of January. It was a time of severe labour, of great suffering, of heavy losses from disease and the enemy's fire, and also of some discouragement. The second period extends from the action of Castillejos to the capture of Tetuan; it included the most important events of the war, and its general character was that of movement, progress, and success. The last period reaches to the 25th of March. It was chiefly employed in negotiations and preparations, and it ended with a battle and a treaty. Of the principal events of the war, as they passed before my eyes, I have endeavoured to keep you correctly informed. The present moment seems opportune for a retrospective glance at the whole campaign, subject to the above divisions. Some omissions may thus be supplied, and a broader idea given.

The Spanish army of operations consisted of three corps, of at least 10,000 men each, formed at Algesiras, Cadiz, and Malaga, and of a corps of reserve, to remain in Spain until wanted, but one of whose divisions was sent to Africa within a fortnight of the commencement of the war. Although much had still to be done in the way of preparation and organisation before any part of the army could be considered fit to take the field, the campaign was precipitately commenced on the 18th of November by the landing at Ceuta of the first corps, which had been collected at Algesiras, where it had already suffered severely from cholera. The dilapidated Moorish palace known as the Serallo, situated on hilly wooded ground, at a distance of about two miles from Ceuta, was taken possession of by these troops, with no great opposition on the part of the Moors, who were driven into the mountains, and defensive works were undertaken. The Moors had probably been unprepared for this sudden aggression; they were few in number, but, quickly collecting larger forces, they, in their turn, on the 25th of November, made a vigorous attack upon the Spanish positions, fighting with a determination and valour such as they subsequently on few occasions to the same degree displayed. The Spaniards were young troops, unused to fire; the nature of the ground was favourable to the Moors, who found abundant cover; and, although the assailants were finally repulsed,

CEMETERY AT MOGADOR.

victory more than once seemed doubtful, and the Spanish loss was very heavy. The news of this obstinate conflict determined O'Donnell's immediate departure from Cadiz. He left at midnight on the 26th of November, and was at Ceuta the next morning. At the same time the second corps was hurried on, and orders were given for the first division of the reserve to follow as soon as possible. The shipment of artillery, cavalry, ammunition, mules, and stores of all kinds proceeded with the utmost speed, and with no little confusion. The organisation of the various departments was as yet most imperfect, and it became at once evident that the war had been prematurely commenced, and that the army would suffer for the undue haste. To heighten the discouraging aspect of affairs, the troops no sooner landed at Ceuta than cholera spread among them, while the climate, which some had fondly imagined would prove temperate and genial in the winter months, was found to be as unfavourable as well could be imagined to an army under canvass.

The first engagement between Spaniards and Moors, after the arrival of O'Donnell at the seat of war, was on the 30th of November, when the enemy advanced against the Spanish positions, and were repulsed without great difficulty. During the whole of December small combats were of frequent occurrence. There were no less than nine in that month, besides some skirmishes not worth naming.

One of the severest fights was on the 9th, when the Moors made a resolute attack on the redoubts then in course of construction, and were defeated only after very hard fighting and with considerable loss on the part of the Spaniards. Regularly twice or thrice a week the pertinacious enemy approached the lines and opened fire, although he seldom made anything like a resolute attack upon the works in progress, and which consisted of five redoubts defending the tract of land round Ceuta demanded by the Spaniards and secured to them by the late treaty, and of a road which was making near the shore in the direction of Tetuan. The plan of warfare adopted by the Spaniards during the month that they stood upon the defensive round Ceuta has been the subject of criticism. It has been said, and I think with justice, that they were too ready to engage in skirmishes and combats with the Moors, in a manner favourable to the tactics of the latter. Instead of remaining sheltered within their lines, and rather encouraging the enemy's advance, with a view of engaging him at close quarters, and dealing him severe and rapid blows, they indulged him with the game at long shots in which, although ultimately foiled, he generally managed to inflict heavier loss than he sustained. Notwithstanding the clumsiness and weight of their long-barrelled flint muskets, the Moors, throughout the whole war, showed themselves excellent marksmen. As skilful as Caffres

START OF A CARAVAN.

or Indians in availing themselves of cover, they presented the least possible targets to their opponents, who had great need of large ones. The Spaniards fired a great deal more than the Moors, probably ten shots for their one, but, nevertheless, I suspect that more of the Moorish bullets told. Had the fighting been limited to musketry, the Spaniards would frequently have got the worst of it. It is to their artillery, and also, but in a less degree, to their bayonets, that they owe the successful issue of many an action.

The roads made, and although the weather, which had been most tempestuous during the latter half of December, was by no means promising, the march began, and the second period of the campaign was inaugurated by the victory of Castillejos. It was not obtained without heavy loss to the Spaniards, and at one time the day was nearly going against them. Prim's division, which was in the advance, was slender in numbers and had lost heavily. The Moors pressed upon it strongly; from impending heights they rushed down, confident and formidable. There were battalions that faltered, and the day's event hung upon a thread. Prim seized a banner, and rushed forward in front of his troops; O'Donnell, who from the valley below saw the critical state of affairs, galloped up the rugged slopes and suddenly appeared, with his staff and escort, in the thick of the fire; fresh battalions came on, and the Moors were finally repulsed. This first victory was of good omen, and gave additional confidence to an army which during its detention in

the lines of Ceuta had become inured to danger and accustomed to an enemy whose wild appearance, great bodily strength and activity, hideous yells, and savage mode of warfare, had at first made some impression upon such young soldiers as most of the Spaniards were. In three or four combats which occurred between Castillejos and Cape Negro, the Moors were easily and completely defeated; and to the surprise of everybody, the strong positions on the line of mountains that stretches inland from the cape were abandoned by them on the 14th of January, after a very feeble defence. From the summit of those mountains the army looked down upon the broad valley of Tetuan. It was one of the most triumphant moments of the campaign, and made amends for much hardship endured upon the march, when the troops were detained for days in the wretched swamps near the River Azmir, deprived of supplies and of communication with Spain by violent tempests from the east. Before risking his little army in the plain, which was intersected by treacherous swamps, O'Donnell desired to ascertain the force of the Moors, and to this end he sent down from his camp upon the heights overlooking the valley a strong force of artillery, the whole of his cavalry, and a picked body of infantry. These troops advanced towards the Moorish positions, formed up, and offered battle. It was declined, and the guns, which were rifled, opening upon the enemy, the latter hastily retreated, in dismay at their prodigious range. Encouraged by this retreat, and by the moderate numbers the Moors showed, O'Donnell led his forces into the plain and along the sea-shore to Fort Martin, which the Moors had abandoned, and where he received a reinforcement of 4,500 men, under General Rios, who landed there from Spain on the 17th of January. From that date to the 4th of February the army rested in its new position, fortifying it and landing stores and siege artillery. Two combats occurred on the 23rd and 31st of January, in the latter and most considerable of which the Spaniards, who had previously rarely used other artillery than their small mountain guns, brought out all their field batteries and the rocket troop, and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, who fled, utterly routed. The action, nevertheless, was of little real advantage, and was hardly worth the lives it cost. The Spaniards returned to their camp at nightfall. Their cavalry, which was unfortunate throughout the whole campaign, suffered considerably that day. On the left a squadron, when charging, stuck in a bog, when many men and horses were killed by the Moors. On the right, where the chief force of cavalry was, several squadrons charged too far, got under a severe fire, and also lost men and officers in hand-to-hand conflicts with a swarm of Moorish horsemen. The Spanish cavalry, which, in respect to horses and general appearance has greatly improved within the last five or six years, has shown itself in the late war brave, but by no means efficient. It has never done much harm to the enemy, and in all the actions in which it has been seriously engaged—notably on the 23rd and 31st of January, and the 23rd of March—it has suffered heavy losses. The Spaniards themselves admit that it is the worst branch of their service, that its organisation is defective, and that they are deficient in good cavalry officers. If it be true, as I have heard it more than once stated in camp, that O'Donnell takes little interest in cavalry, and attaches slight importance to it there is probably not much chance of its improving while he remains at the head of the War Department.

From the 6th of February to the 23rd of March the only military event worth naming was a combat, of no great importance, which took place on the 11th of the latter month, in the vicinity of Tetuan. The 11th was Sunday, and the fight began just as the Spaniards had heard mass, an hour before noon. The Moors advanced in their usual semicircular order of battle, but were soon driven back and their positions taken. The General who commanded them was killed by a cannon-shot. For the first and only time in that war, skirmishing continued for some hours after dark, and it was nearly eleven at night before the last shots were fired. During the five weeks preceding this affair, and even after it had taken place, there was much negotiation, a frequent passage to and fro of Moorish magnates, who professed a great desire for peace, but who, some suspected, were in reality anxious only to gain time, in order to get up troops from the interior of the empire to replace the disheartened Kabyles and regulars who had been so soundly beaten on the 4th of February. The Moors who visited the camp on those pacific missions were profuse in professions of respect and kindly feeling, in complimentary speeches, and in confessions of military inferiority to the valiant Spaniards. It is impossible to say how far they were sincere in their alleged wish for peace. There are various opinions on this subject, but the prevailing one in the army is that it was not until defeated on the 23rd of March that the Moors really gave up hope, and resolved to make the required sacrifices. Possibly until then the artful Africans were merely playing a part, and cajoling the Christian. On the other hand, it is also quite possible that Mulai Abbas himself desired to put an end to the war, but that he did not dare to comply with the demand of the permanent cession of Tetuan. Some have gone so far as to assert that before the action of the 23rd of March there was an understanding between O'Donnell and the Moorish prince that peace should be made, but that the latter declared he could not venture to make it in presence of the opposition of the tribes, who were bent upon continuing hostilities, and it was therefore agreed that another battle should be fought. This seems rather far-fetched, but it is quite certain that many of the Moors were for continuing the war even after their defeat on the 23rd. Without pausing to weigh the various hypotheses that have been indulged in, we may admit as highly probable the one founded on the notoriously astute and treacherous character of the Moors—that their negotiations and fair words were directed merely to gaining time. The visits of the plenipotentiaries and messengers were so frequent that at last they almost ceased to excite curiosity. They came and went, and brought *douceurs* of dates. These curious and protracted negotiations, however, were brought to an abrupt close, and preparations were actively made for the resumption of active operations—for an advance, in short, upon Tangier. Such preparations had, indeed, being going on nearly ever since the fall of Tetuan; camels and mules had been sent for, the siege train was embarked, large suppplies of provisions and ammunition had been brought from Spain; but the prevalence of the east wind, by preventing vessels from remaining on that part of the coast of Morocco had caused great delay, and it was not until the 23rd of March that O'Donnell was able to lead

his army forward, and fight the sanguinary battle of Guad-el-Ras (popularly Gualdras), so called from the name of the river and valley near and in which the greater part of the conflict took place. Since the battle, we have been told by the Moors themselves that the Spaniards had forestalled them but by one day, and that it was their intention to have attacked them on the 24th. Every means had been employed to stimulate the warlike ardour and fanaticism of the Moors, and oaths had been administered to them to fight to the death. By not a few of them this vow was faithfully observed; I mentioned at the time instances of desperation and self-sacrifice similar to those occasionally witnessed during the late mutiny in India or among Schamyl's Murides in the Circassian war, when a few men rushed upon overpowering odds, careless of death so long as they inflicted it. All agree that the Moors never fought so well as they did upon that day, and more than one superior officer has since confessed to me that there were moments when he thought the battle lost Considerable bodies of Spanish troops were repeatedly driven back; the Moors seem to have, in a great measure, overcome their old fear of the artillery, and braved its fire at a very short distance from the muzzles of the guns. The Spanish loss was heavier than in any other action of the war, and the quantity of ammunition fired away was so large that it was necessary to halt the next day while fresh supplies were sent for. It is the misfortune of the Moors that, after a defeat, their ill-organised forces cannot be kept together, or even rallied within any moderate time. They scatter over the country; and the tribes especially —who form no part of what are called the regular forces, but are a sort of levy *en masse* for the emergency—are apt to quit the army altogether and return to their own districts. They depart, considering that they have done all that can be expected of them, and that Allah is angry with their lord the emperor. Thus did they disperse after the battle of the 4th of February, and again after that of Gualdras In the latter fight they were very numerous, and, although their loss may have been heavy, could the survivors have been kept together and have been induced to fight another battle or two as stoutly as on the 23rd, the Spaniards would have been ultimately defeated. But, as the Moors themselves would doubtless say, it was otherwise written in the book of fate, and the preliminaries of peace were signed, upon terms extremely advantageous to Spain, within forty-eight hours after the close of the battle.

There can be no doubt that the campaign in Morocco has done credit to the Spanish army, and has deservedly raised its reputation, although it has not placed it on that pinnacle of superiority assigned to it by the ill-judging zeal and patriotic enthusiasm of certain Spanish writers. In Spain the events of the war have been generally exaggerated; and a prominent cause of the coldness with which the news of a most favourable treaty of peace has been received, is to be found in the tone adopted by the Spanish press, and in the flattery it has lavished upon the nation and the army. After largely contributing to force the Government into war, it did its best, when the proper time for making peace arrived, to prevent the contest being brought to an honourable and advantageous close. It had so vaunted the prowess of the army, so unduly exalted the expectations of the people, that there was no account made by the multitude of the difficulties and dangers inseparable from a continuation of the struggle. In the popular idea, the Spanish soldier had but to show himself to vanquish, and there was no reason why peace should not be signed at Fez instead of at Tetuan. The army, on the other hand, conscious of the sufferings and sacrifices by which its successes had been won, judging of future difficulties by those it had surmounted, appreciating at his just value a brave and warlike, although unmilitary foe, and also, as I believe, forming a more modest estimate of its own prowess and efficiency than that which had been proclaimed by the Spanish journalists, thought that the time had come for peace, and rightly judged that Spain would gain nothing by prolonging war. The day before I left Africa news had reached the camp that the treaty had given but little satisfaction in Spain, and I heard among the officers more than one expression of disgust at the intelligence. My inquiries here, however, and information on which I can rely from Madrid and other large towns, induce me to believe that the sensible part of the nation, the intelligent, the industrious —all, in short, who have something to lose, and taxes to pay, and who are not interested in stimulating discontent with the present Government—are well pleased that the war is over, consider the conditions of peace highly favourable, and desire only that they may be faithfully executed.

As a result of the Spanish campaign it soon became quite clear that it was a great mistake. The minister, Herrera, and his friends, entertained dreams and projects which they were utterly incapable of realising.

What France has done in Algeria they seem to have aspired to do in Morocco—a country of twice or thrice the population of that which France has conquered in Africa, at an immense expense of men and money, and after thirty years of obstinate struggle. They thought that extensive possessions in Africa, and the protracted hostilities entailed by their conquest and retention, would form a good school for the Spanish army. In fact, they were bent upon a parody of France. They lost sight of a few important differences. They forgot that, while France has a population of 36,000,000, Spain has but 15,000,000 or 16,000,000; that France can keep Algeria in order with a tenth part of her enormous standing army, while Spain, although she may be, as she now boasts, able on an emergency to send into the field upwards of 200,000 efficient troops, has no need to maintain one-half of that force, and would be draining her exchequer and plunging into financial embarrassments by doing more, and by protracting a war of conquest in Morocco. I have heard it urged in conversation, by persons from whom sounder views might have been expected, that extensive possessions in Africa would be advantageous to Spain, as an outlet for the considerable number of emigrants that now annually resort to Montevideo and other distant places, as well as to Algeria. Now, there can be no reason for emigration from a thinly peopled and naturally rich country like Spain, except that of misgovernment. Spaniards in general are much attached to their native land, and when they abandon it to seek a precarious existence in unknown and distant regions, we may be sure that it is misery and want of employment that drive them forth. If Spain wishes to retain her children at home, where there is ample room and much need for all of them, she will employ her increasing resources, not in Quixotic wars, but in domestic improvement. What great good might have been done,

what important and profitable public works advanced and undertaken, with the money she has spent in this African campaign, and the recovery of which is now by many thought so doubtful! Railways, roads, artesian wells, stimulus to industry—are not these better worth paying for than the barren glories of a campaign which has cost, according to the lowest estimate, the lives of 15,000 able-bodied young men, and nearly three millions sterling? Suppose even the case that the Moor prove insolvent, and that Tetuan and the valley between it and the sea remain in the hands of Spain, as has been so much clamoured for in that country. It is difficult to imagine a more undesirable and unprofitable acquisition. It might gratify the vanity of the Queen and a part of the nation, but that gratification must be of heavy annual cost. Had Tetuan a good port, and were the districts around it peopled by an industrious and civilized race, it might, as I have before pointed out, become an extremely flourishing place. The extensive valleys east and west of it, naturally fertile, might be drained and rendered wonderfully productive, and railways might be made through them at small expense. But this supposes a state of things entirely different from that under which the Spaniards would possess it. They would be surrounded on all sides by a savage, warlike population, whose goodwill they would in vain attempt to win, and from whose inroads they could secure themselves only by retaining there a large military force. In times of the greatest apparent tranquility they would be liable to sudden molestation from the wild and fanatical tribes by whom they would be environed. Supplies from the neighbouring country they could never reckon upon; the Moors, whenever they chose, could cut off everything of the kind. The place would have to be provisioned by fleets of transports, and the stores thus received must be conveyed under escort over the seven miles between the shore and the city. Dismissing as preposterous the idea of making Tetuan the base of operations for future Spanish conquests in Africa, and supposing Spain to retain the city and the land between it and the sea, she would have to keep permanently there and in the lines of Ceuta an army of 20,000 men. This is the estimate accepted by all those persons I have met with, military or civilians, who have had opportunities of making themselves practically acquainted with the circumstances of the country and the character and disposition of the inhabitants. There would be no chance of compensation for the cost of so considerable an establishment. It is not to be found in the trade that could be carried on thence, nor in the produce of the small tract of territory annexed to Tetuan, and which yields little but what may be equally well cultivated in southern Spain; and that the town, for its own sake, is not worth the keeping, you will have gathered from former letters. I believe that in Spain very exaggerated ideas have been formed of the wealth, splendour and value of Tetuan. A certain licence is always conceded to travellers in little known lands; allowance must be made for the flights of southern imaginations, heated by the excitement of success, and dwelling on the scene of recent triumphs; and we must not be surprised if some of the accounts of Tetuan transmitted to Spain have painted that filthy, worthless city in colours rather too glowing. General Rios, who rules in Tetuan, and is quartered in the best house in the place, is doubtless quite unaware that he dwells in a palace such as we read of in the *Arabian Nights*, and might find paralleled in the abodes of oriental grandees and potentates, but which we should certainly seek in vain in Tetuan. He would probably gladly exchange the accommodations afforded by the residence of the richest of Tetuan's inhabitants for those of a modest European lodging-house. The truth is that Tetuan is altogether a wretched place according to European ideas. It has a very few large houses, whose arrangements are completely opposed to all our notions of comfort, the remainder of the buildings composing it are miserable cribs, in which the filth of ages nestles; its streets are intricate, squalid and evil-smelling, and the general misery of its aspect is now increased by extensive demolitions recently made by the Spaniards with a strategic object. Its site is magnificent, and worthy to be covered by a city of palaces. Around it are fertile plains and hill-slopes clothed with olive and vine; fig and orange in front and rear; on either hand picturesque mountain ranges; in the distance the Mediterranean; on one side, rippling through a ravine, and almost washing the walls of the lowest houses, a clear river; within the town water everywhere, little availed of, at least for purposes of cleanliness, by a large portion of its present inhabitants. Demolish Tetuan, pass the ploughshare over its foundations, irrigate it for a week with chloride of lime, and build there a model city, with a flower-filled *patio* to every house, and sparkling fountains in every street—that would, indeed, be a possession of beauty such as any country might covet, even at some cost to keep it; but Tetuan, as it now exists, is not worth retention.

Such towns, from Mogador to Kandahar, all resemble one another, in their fallen condition. Scarcely a Mussulman city is now to be met with, not even excepting Constantinople, Cairo, or Teheran, where putting aside the palaces of the ruling powers and their satellites and the abodes of Europeans, everything is not falling into ruin. The halo of romance and the memory of the past invest the East with an interest that nothing can efface, but the reality will be found by many travellers to be very different from the conceptions that are formed at home.

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